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*The National Guide to Motion Pictures*

N.S.E.

# PHOTOPLAY

January

25 cents



COLLEEN MOORE

In This Issue  
The Names of **\$5,000 Prize Winners**





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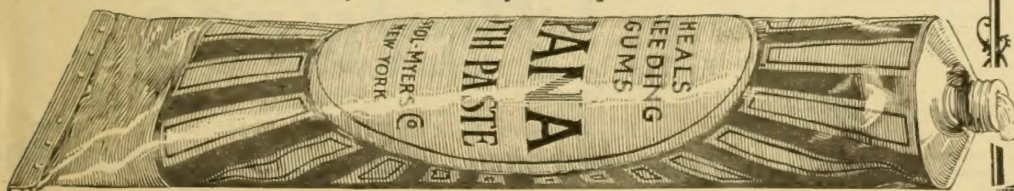
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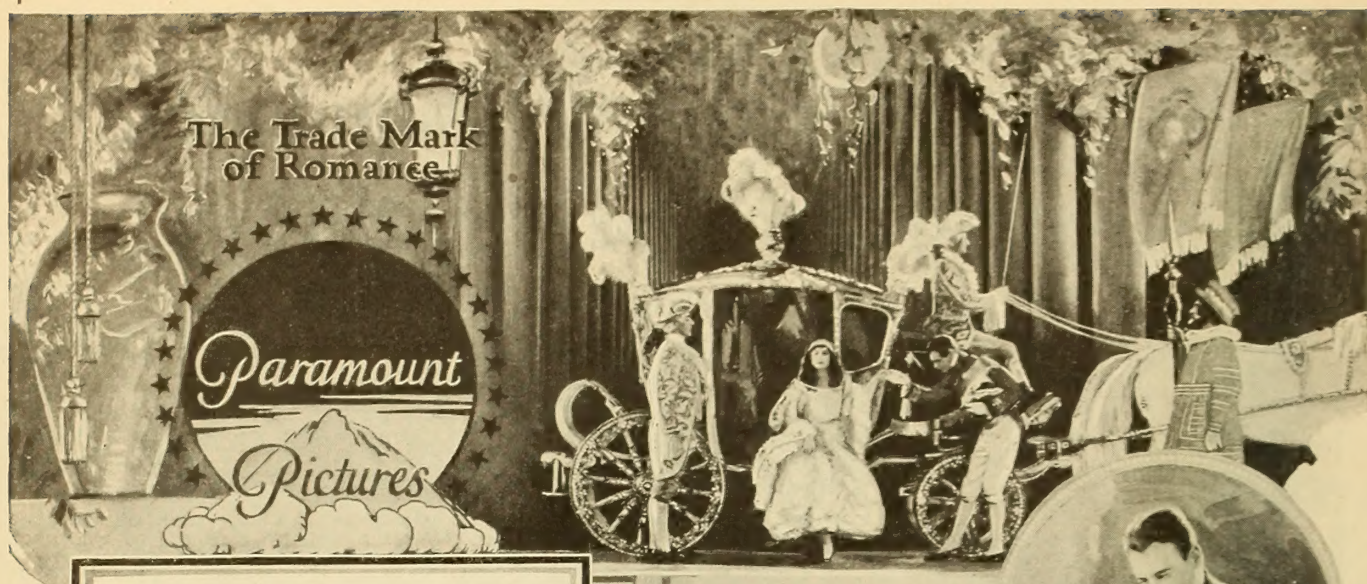
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### Personalities of Paramount— and their Paramount Pictures



*Betty Bronson*

Where the Peter Pan girl appears, hearts grow lighter. There's more than a touch of fairyland about her, and the work-a-day world seems slow when she's around. See her in "Are Parents People?" "Not So Long Ago," "The Golden Princess."



*Herbert Brenon*

He directed "A Kiss for Cinderella." Remember how "Peter Pan" delighted you! He directed that, too! Other Paramount Pictures of his are: "The Street of Forgotten Men," "The Little French Girl," and "The Song and Dance Man."



*Gloria Swanson*

Gloria Swanson's success and popularity sweep forward like a tidal wave. Her Paramount Pictures are centers of fascinated human groups at all points of the compass. See her in "Madame Sans-Gene," "The Coast of Folly," "Stage Struck."



*Thomas Meighan*

People who would not stir to see a king pass by would break half a dozen appointments to meet Tom Meighan. His is a triple success; a man's man, a woman's man, and the kid's man, too! Be sure to see "Old Home Week," "The Man Who Found Himself," and "Irish Luck."



*D.W. Griffith*

D. W. Griffith's "That Royle Girl" reveals more mastery than ever. Griffith's Paramount Pictures are the harvest of his art. See Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields and Harrison Ford, in "That Royle Girl." Watch for the huge Griffith special, "Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli.



*Pola Negri*

Pola Negri is a complex and dramatic personality whose charm is today exercising its full power in the United States. Michael Arlen is writing "Crossroads of the World" especially for her. See her in "Flower of Night," and "A Countess in Iowa."

### "A Kiss for Cinderella"

Herbert Brenon Production

## Paramount's Xmas Gift to All!

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If you seem so much older than you used to, if you feel that life might be a little kinder to you than it is, come watch Betty Bronson and Tom Moore contrive happiness out of old boards, small feet and a policeman's point of view!

The peculiar thing about "A Kiss for Cinderella" as about "Peter Pan," is that although children enjoy it intensely there are ten times as many grownups in the long lines at the box offices!

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# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXIX

No. 2

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## WHAT IS IT?

Elinor Glyn invented IT. Some actors and actresses have risen to stardom on IT. Equally talented ones have failed because of lack of IT. Dorothy Spensley spent weeks pursuing IT all over Hollywood and finally captured IT. She will tell you about it next month.

**Adela Rogers St. Johns'**  
impressions of  
her friend

**Norma Talmadge**  
*the woman and actress*

**Julian Johnson**

interviewed Emil Jannings in Berlin and brings you an intensely interesting word picture of this greatest of all character actors.

*In the*  
**February Issue**

**Out January 15**



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*Rose Weinstein*





# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**AFTER BUSINESS HOURS**—Columbia.—Elaine Hammerstein and Lou Tellegen enact one of those far-fetched domestic dramas. (September.)

**AMERICAN PLUCK**—Chadwick.—She is a princess and he is only a poor American prize fighter if there is such a thing—but love finds the usual way! (September.)

**ANY WOMAN**—Paramount.—A trite story of the perils of a refined working girl. Alice Terry heads the cast. (August.)

**ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?**—Paramount.—Daughter reunites her quarreling parents. The daughter is Betty Bronson; the parents are Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou. A thoroughly charming comedy. (August.)

**AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Producers Distributing.—It is awful, at that, and not what anyone would call first-rate amusement. (September.)

**BALTO'S RACE TO NOME**—Educational.—A splendid record of Gunnar Kasson's fight through the frozen north to bring the antitoxin to stricken Nome. (July.)

**BANDIT'S BABY, THE**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this more amusing than the average Western. (August.)

**BAREE, SON OF KAZAN**—Vitagraph.—Just one of those dog stories of the frozen north. Rather mediocre entertainment. (August.)

**BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN**—Producers Distributing.—A gambler in a mining town plays benefactor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful prima donna marries him. Good, if you can believe it. (September.)

**BELOW THE LINE**—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. Johnny Harron and June Marlowe are pleasing. (December.)

**BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK**—Paramount.—Satire and fantasy so well directed by James Cruze that it is one of the most entertaining pictures of the year. (July.)

**BLACK CYCLONE**—Pathe.—Rex, the King of Wild Horses, scores one of the hits of the year. The remarkable acting of the not-so-dumb animals makes this unusual amusement. (August.)

**BLOODHOUND, THE**—F. B. O.—What do you think the Royal Mounted boy does? He gets his man. The man is his brother. And—that's the plot. (September.)

**BOBBED HAIR**—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost, ably assisted by Louise Fazenda, put plenty of pep in a slapstick melodrama. (November.)

**BUSTIN' THROUGH**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western with plenty of action. (December.)

**CALGARY STAMPEDE, THE**—Universal.—The best Western in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts. (December.)

**CALL OF COURAGE, THE**—Universal.—Art Acord as a lazy cowboy, just for a change. The picture is helped by the dumb efforts of a dog and a horse. (November.)

**CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD**—Universal.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Reginald Denny. (November.)

**CAMILLE OF THE BARBARY COAST**—Associated Exhibitors.—Owen Moore and Mae Busch in a new version of the old theme. Not for the children. (September.)

**CIRCLE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak tea society drama that is neither interesting nor real. Complete failure as a translation of Somerset Maugham's clever play. (December.)

**CIRCUS CYCLONE, THE**—Universal.—A pleasant mixture of Western and circus stuff, with Art Acord proving he can ride. (October.)

**COAST OF FOLLY, THE**—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in a modern role. In fact, Gloria in two modern roles—that of mother and daughter. Her work in this picture will be much discussed; so don't miss it. (November.)

**COMING OF AMOS, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Rod La Rocque, as a big diamond man from South Africa, and Jetta Goudal, as a Russian princess in a Cecil B. De Mille romance of the Riviera. (November.)

**CRACKERJACK, THE**—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his liveliest. There's no sense to it but it is lots of fun. (July.)

**CROWDED HOUR, THE**—Paramount.—A war story, humanly told, and well acted by Bebe Daniels. (July.)

**CYCLONIC CAVALIER, THE**—Reed Howes, the star, is handsome—but that's about all. A melodrama of one of those South American revolutions. (November.)

**CYRANO DE BERGERAC**—Atlas.—A commendable film version of Rostand's great play, made by a French company, and excellently acted by Pierre Magnier. (September.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

**DARK ANGEL, THE**—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Fitzmaurice and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. You'll want to see it. (November.)

**DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX, A**—Davis Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (Nov.)

**DESERT FLOWER, THE**—First National.—Colleen Moore's unflinching vivacity saves it from being just another one of those Cinderella tales. (August.)

**DON Q.**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks stages another great show. It has beauty, adventure and thrills. It's one of the treats of the year. (August.)

**DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION**—F. B. O.—It's hokum but it's good hokum and splendidly acted by Mary Carr. Be sure to take a handkerchief with you. (August.)

**DUPED**—The title tells all. Crook stuff played by Helen Holmes and William Desmond. Not so good. (July.)

**DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS**—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones, but weak on story. Marion Nixon is a pleasing heroine. (December.)

**EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff with draggy action. (December.)

**EVERYMAN'S WIFE**—Fox.—Marking the welcome return of Dorothy Phillips. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (August.)

**EVE'S SECRET**—Paramount.—Wherein the Duke educates a peasant girl and marries her. Another version of Pygmalion and Galatea played by Jack Holt and Betty Compson. (August.)

**EVE'S LOVER**—Warner Brothers.—The story of a modern American girl and her titled husband. Nothing extra as a picture, but Irene Rich, Bert Lytell, Clara Bow and Willard Louis are in the cast. (July.)

**EXCHANGE OF WIVES, AN**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Two couples flirting madly with the dear old marriage tie. Good entertainment. Lew Cody, Creighton Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree shine. (December.)

**FAINT PERFUME**—B. P. Schulberg.—Faint is right. A jumbled movieized version of Zona Gale's excellent novel. (September.)

**FIFTY-FIFTY**—Associated Exhibitors.—What happens when an American roue marries a French dancer. Lionel Barrymore and Hope Hampton are in it. (September.)

**FIGHTING DEMON, THE**—F. B. O.—Only the very glib will like this one. Richard Talmadge dashing through impossible melodrama. (August.)

**FIGHTING HEART, THE**—Fox.—George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are great. (Nov.)

**FINE CLOTHES**—First National.—A subtle and human story ably acted by Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith. (October.)

**FLOWER OF THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—Jo Horgeshimer's special story for Pola proves a dud. Norgri fans will like parts of it. (December.)

**FLYIN' THROUGH**—Davis Dist. Co.—Al Wilson, the stunt aviator, provides a flock of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

**FREE AND EQUAL**—A. H. Woods.—Pulled out of its grave for no good reason. The film is ten years old and deals with racial problems. Not for anybody. (July.)

**FRESHMAN, THE**—Associated Exhibitor.—Harold Lloyd's comedy of college life is so funny that it defies description. It's the liveliest and the most youthful comedy now on the screen. (September.)

**FRIENDLY ENEMIES**—Producers Distributing.—Weber and Fields doing their stuff in a ready-made plot. (July.)

**GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK, THE**—B. P. Schulberg.—The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. Good work by Marguerite de la Motte and Lionel Barrymore. (October.)

**GOLDEN PRINCESS, THE**—Paramount.—A charming story of California in the days of the gold rush. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (November.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



# HOW DOES CECIL B. DEMILLE MAKE HIS STARS?



Wallace Reid,  
Thomas Meighan,  
Gloria Swanson —  
stars made by Cecil  
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Watch for Cecil B. DeMille's productions, if you are seeking perfect motion picture entertainment—the finest type of stories magnificently produced and supremely well acted! Ask at your favorite theatre when the next DeMille picture is coming.



Rod LaRocque's magnetic personality makes him a favorite. Do not miss seeing him in "The Coming of Amos", "Braveheart", "Red Dice" or "Bachelor's Brides".



The beauty and poise of Leatrice Joy are unusually effective in her new pictures, "The Wedding Song", "Hell's Highway", "Made for Love" and "Eve's Leaves".



Fresh and winsome—Vera Reynolds captures hearts everywhere as the lovely little heroine in "The Road to Yesterday".



Above are notable artists in "The Road to Yesterday". Top—William Boyd, lovable true American type. Center—Jetta Goudal, baffling, bewitching. Bottom—Joseph Schildkraut who is as splendidly successful on the screen as on the stage.



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# METROPOLITAN PICTURES

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**COULD** this stern woman really have been the pitiful girl he had hurt so cruelly—in body and soul—twenty years earlier? Now he was in her power. Relentlessly, she demanded payment.

Trembling in the balance was the fate of a lovely girl, a political situation and a fortune! An absorbing story of love—hate—and a woman's revenge. *Don't miss it!*



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- Young love that fights against tremendous obstacles.

And when you get all these thrills in one magnificent picture, you get entertainment that can't be beaten. Every minute of "STEEL PREFERRED" is breathlessly absorbing.

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# Brickbats & Bouquets

Three prizes to be given every month  
for the best letters—\$25, \$10 and \$5

## LETTERS FROM READERS

### Down With Dual Roles

Atlantic City, N. J.

One last feeble remonstrance before I expire! From a frequent picture patron comes this heart-felt lament. Words fail me when I try to express my supreme weariness and boredom—not to mention acute resentment and distaste—at the spectacle of young and beautiful stars made up as old, wrinkled, gray-haired women. Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, May McAvoy—please desist. Why should they waste one moment of their glorious youth? A true sense of the appropriate dictates that elderly rôles be left to elderly persons.

Authentic old age has its own proper appeal, dignity and charm; but a caricature is always unlovely.

Will someone please second the motion to banish utterly all these dual, triple and quadruple rôles from the screen? Whatever element of novelty or interest it might once have contained is now completely exhausted. Another horrible example was the exquisite little Norma Shearer as a "lady of the night." I am still shuddering from that shock.

With the many attempts at a convincing portrayal of the dual type of rôle by numerous actors and actresses passing in review before me, the only satisfactory interpretation that comes to mind as a real artistic triumph is the inspired performance of John Barrymore as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

MILDRED GAREE.

### Ouch!

Washington, D. C.

Here is a brickbat for my favorite movie magazine, *PHOTOPLAY*. I think that the messy picture you published with all our favorite movie heroes mixed up was perfectly terrible.

We really do want some good pictures of Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Jack Gilbert, and Ronald Colman. It is very tiresome to see girls, girls, girls, all through a movie magazine, even if we are fond of them.

So please won't you give us some pictures of men?

I say "we" because I am writing for a great number of fans.

GLADYS.

### We Feel the Deepest Gratitude

San Pedro, Calif.

May I take a few moments of your time in telling you my feeling toward your fine, uplifting magazine, *PHOTOPLAY*? I have been getting your magazine for the past two and one-half years and I'll continue to get it as long as it is published. I notice these two catch lines in your magazine, "The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication" and "The National Guide to Motion Pictures."

Certainly, to me, I don't think anyone could have picked a more perfect description to put on a magazine.

Two years ago when you first had the cut-picture puzzle contest, I entered it, but due to my lack of knowledge of movie stars I had some of them wrong. But this year I am entering it again and I feel sure, through the help of *PHOTOPLAY*, which has brought me into closer contact with the famous stars, that I will have them right.

I have recommended your magazine to my school friends and they have immediately become enthusiastic.

CORNELIUS FREDERICK HILKER.

The readers of *PHOTOPLAY* are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 150 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

### Character, Good Looks and Good Acting

Ossining, N. Y.

I want to express my hearty thanks to *PHOTOPLAY* for the many interesting moments I have enjoyed through reading this best of all magazines. I have read *PHOTOPLAY* for five years and intend to read it as long as I live. It is the friendliest, most just movie magazine published.

Also I should like to ask *PHOTOPLAY* to give us more pictures and articles about the ever-popular and admired Jack Kerrigan, who proved his popularity by a successful return after a painfully long absence from the screen. Everyone admits that "The Covered Wagon" is great, and without Mr. Kerrigan the wagon would have been stuck in its own mud. Stars become my favorites through character, good looks and good acting.

Here are some of them: Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook, Huntley Gordon, Ronald Colman and Lewis Stone. Everyone misses our own lovable Roscoe Arbuckle.

ROSALY HUNTER.

### Bad Mr. Watkins

Grants Pass, Oregon.

I have never written to this department before, but feel I just must now, to criticize, not an actor or actress, but the writers of some of these Brickbats.

I refer to H. J. Watkins' letter in the November issue of *PHOTOPLAY*. This person certainly must be very young to think that middle-aged men such as Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, Thomas Meighan, and Eugene O'Brien are too old to play hero parts.

Watkins also asks why the above named men do not step aside and give the younger actors a chance. But who among us would prefer the conceited handsomeness of Ben Lyon to the dear character of Thomas Meighan? Milton Sills nor Conway Tearle are neither my special favorites, but I admire both of them and dislike to hear anyone attack them.

I also wish to challenge the statement of "Lou and John" that Mae Murray cannot act. I think she was very wonderful in "The Merry Widow," and even if she couldn't act, she can certainly pass muster on her looks and form. Indeed, I do like her.

ELOISE OGLESBEE.

### Twelve Greatest Screen Performances of All Time

New York, N. Y.

I am wondering how many fans will agree with my choice of the twelve greatest screen performances of all time: Pola Negri, "Passion"; Emil Jannings, "The Last Laugh"; John Barrymore, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; Norma Talmadge, "The Lady"; Charles Chaplin, "Shoulder Arms"; Mary Pickford, "Stella Maris"; Lois Wilson, "Miss Lulu Bett"; Carol Dempster, "Isn't Life Wonderful?"; Douglas Fairbanks, "Three Musketeers"; Lillian Gish, "The White Sister"; Pauline Frederick, "Smouldering Fires"; Mary Alden, "Siege."

A FAN.

### Foreigners Not Eligible for "Ten Most Beautiful"

Pittsburgh, Penna.

I think Herbert Howe should have left out the foreigners in his choice of the ten most beautiful women of the screen, especially if it is argument he is looking for. Aren't the standards of beauty in Europe entirely different from those in this country? And we know only American beauty. Pola Negri, without her striking personality, would be simply a typical Polish girl, maybe a beautiful one in Poland, but not here. According to American standards of beauty, her face is too wide and her upper lip too short and thin. And I think she shows her gums when she laughs.

Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi fall short of beauty by the American standard, too, because they do not look natural, and an American beauty must be natural. Who ever saw anybody look like them?

I think the reason foreign films are not popular in this country is because the women are odd looking and not beautiful to us.

MRS. MARY REID.

### Vilma's First Brickbat

New York City, N. Y.

Vilma Banky is good looking and a capable actress, but she will never be a star. She is not star material like Gloria and Pola and Corinne Griffith.

I think she lacks distinction. She's just another beautiful blonde. She hasn't anything definite about her personality to make her a star.

ALTHEA.

### Live and Let Live

Boston, Mass.

I read a great many letters in your columns by readers extolling their favorites and knocking the others. Why cannot there be room for all?

I have my favorite in Valentino, but I go to see Colman, Cortez, and Gilbert, and enjoy them.

Also I read many statements such as—why let Conway Tearle play romantic parts? I thought everyone knew that the directors are responsible for the parts played by actors and are to blame when a fine actor is cast in a rôle in which he appears ridiculous.

Can't we all live and let live? There's so much room for all our tastes.

EDITH HARLAN CORNING.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



# What Will You be Earning One Year from Today?

A practical plan that is doubling men's salaries

You have said good-bye to Yesterday, with its failures and disappointments. A new Tomorrow lies ahead of you. What are you going to do with it?

To the man who gives little thought to his business progress, one day is much like another—filled with routine work—rewarded by routine pay. He has **no right** to expect great things of the future.

But—how different the outlook of the man who is **training** for promotion, and what a difference a mere twelve months can make in his earning power!

Give a thought, for instance, to the experience of S. N. Williams, a Kentucky man, who has specialized—with the co-operation of LaSalle Extension University—in **Salesmanship**. "My salary was practically doubled a short time ago," writes Williams, "but my greatest satisfaction comes from knowing that the amount of business I have written this year is easily five times greater than before." Williams, you see, has a **real future**—because he is constantly **preparing** for it.

## Increases Salary 150%

Again, consider the experience of Arthur W. Weber, now Assistant Secretary of the Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company, one of the largest and most influential banks in the state. One of his earlier letters reads as follows:

"Since I have been training, my salary has been increased 150 per cent. This increase is an annual return of 1,107 per cent upon my investment. Not so bad when you consider that most conservative investments net only 6 or 8 per cent. Incidentally, LaSalle training has aided me in jumping from the job of timekeeper in an automobile factory to my present position as assistant auditor of the largest and best bank in Toledo in less than eighteen months.

"There is one outstanding point about

LaSalle Extension University—it is not your excellent text-books or your well-built organization, but your willingness to help and encourage the student to succeed. It has been my experience that an enrollment with you is not a cold-blooded business proposition, but a real, cheerful, sympathetic willingness to help the student."

More recently he writes as follows: "Monthly dividends are being paid me on my investment in LaSalle training in

many, many times is evidenced by the fact that during only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases, as a result of training under the LaSalle Problem Method, totaling \$1,399,567. The average increase per man was 89 per cent.

The records of these 1,248 members—representing every state in the Union and every province of Canada—are all recounted in a fascinating book entitled "A Geography of Success." The following are a few of the promotions here recorded:

"From \$110 to \$385 a month."

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"Salesman to Sales Manager; salary doubled."

"From \$1,400 to \$5,000 a year."

"Passes C. P. A. examination; now partner in \$20,000 firm."

A copy of this book will be sent you for the asking. And—it's well worth sending for!

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Yesterday is past. Let's not be hampered by it. Tomorrow is ahead of us. Let's make the most of it!

Below this text there's a coupon—just such a coupon

as Williams and Weber once signed, and hundreds of thousands of others who, thru home-study training, have added greatly to their earning power.

You know your ambitions. They will decide for you the training you should undertake.

You do **not** know your **capabilities**. But—they will unfold for you more wonderfully than you could dare to hope, once you begin with seriousness to fit yourself for bigger things.

Start today toward that better place, that bigger salary, by checking, signing and mailing the coupon NOW.



the form of increased salary **at a rate in excess of 125 per cent per month.**"

## You Have the Same Good Opportunity

Skeptics may suggest that the records of Mr. Williams and Mr. Weber are exceptional. And—if these men had won their advancement **without** the aid of home-study training, we should be bound to agree with the skeptics. For men are rarely promoted to positions they are not qualified to **fill**. When men have **fitted** themselves for advancement, however, such promotions are not exceptional at all.

That their experience could be paralleled

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☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

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☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

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Name..... Present Position..... Address.....



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

**GOLD RUSH, THE**—United Artists.—It marks the long-awaited return of Charles Chaplin to the screen. A great—but not the greatest—comedy of a fine artist. (September.)

**GOOSE WOMAN, THE**—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a striking but repellent character set in the atmosphere of a murder mystery. Superbly acted by Louise Dresser, Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett. (September.)

**GO STRAIGHT**—Schulberg.—A crook story dressed up with some off-screen views of the stars at work. Just fair. (July.)

**GRAUSTARK**—First National.—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. Good for those who are fond of sweets. (November.)

**GROUND'S FOR DIVORCE**—Paramount.—A French farce that just misses being delightfully frothy. Matt Moore and Florence Vidor are in it. (September.)

**HALF WAY GIRL, THE**—First National.—Doris Kenyon in a story of the sordid side of the Orient. A ship explosion adds a much-needed thrill to a commonplace movie. (October.)

**HAPPY WARRIOR, THE**—Vitagraph.—The story is oversentimental, although it has its exciting moments. Malcolm MacGregor is good as the hero. (September.)

**HAUNTED RANGE, THE**—Davis Distributing.—Ken Maynard, a newcomer, joins the "heavy ridin' brigade." Just another of those "Westerns." (November.)

**HAVOC**—Fox.—Showing the disastrous effects of the war on London society. A dismal drama is relieved by George O'Brien. (November.)

**HEADLINES**—Associated Exhibitors.—A fairly interesting newspaper story with Alice Joyce, Virginia Lee Corbin, Elliott Nugent and Malcolm MacGregor. (September.)

**HEARTS AND SPURS**—Fox.—Buck Jones in a riot of hard-riding. It has plenty of action, so why worry about the story? (August.)

**HELEN'S BABIES**—Principal.—A nice little entertainment for the children with Baby Peggy furnishing most of the fun. (July.)

**HELL'S HIGHROAD**—Producers Distributing.—Cecil B. De Mille again gives the low-down on the lives of the rich. Leatrice Joy is starred. (November.)

**HER SISTER FROM PARIS**—First National.—Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman and George Arthur make this one of the funniest comedies of the year. But not for the children; oh dear, no! (Nov.)

**HIS BUDDY'S WIFE**—Associated Exhibitors.—An Enoch Arden story of the World War, capably acted by Edna Murphy and Glenn Hunter. (September.)

**HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN**—Warner Brothers.—A good plot is ruined to make a slapstick holiday. Matt Moore does his worst with the title role. (November.)

**HOME MAKER, THE**—Universal.—A domestic drama with an unusually intelligent and thoughtful plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October.)

**HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN**—Warner Brothers.—Matt Moore as a sappy clerk who would be a hero. He gets his wish. An amusing comedy melodrama. (August.)

**HUMAN TORNADO, THE**—F. B. O.—Wherein the wild-ridin' Westerner again establishes his innocence of a lot of neatly assorted crimes. (September.)

**IF MARRIAGE FAILS?**—F. B. O.—Another one of those society dramas. Clive Brook, as the rich man, falls in love with a fortune-teller, played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (August.)

**I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN**—Universal.—Another hit for Reginald Denny. A genuinely amusing farce. (August.)

**ISLE OF HOPE, THE**—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (November.)

**JUST A WOMAN**—First National.—Just a picture. Redeemed by some good acting by Claire Windsor, Percy Marmont and Conway Tearle. (August.)

**KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE**—F. B. O.—Not worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Gene Stratton, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December.)

**KEEP SMILING**—Associated Exhibitors.—In which Monty Banks again tries to prove that he's a comedian. (September.)

**KENTUCKY PRIDE**—Fox.—The biography of a race horse, interwoven with a human story. A pleasant novelty. (October.)

**KISS BARRIER, THE**—Fox.—Claire Adams and Edmund Lowe in a light romance. (July.)

**KISS ME AGAIN**—Warner Brothers.—An ideal picture for adults. It's sophisticated, witty and shrewd. Ernst Lubitsch directed it and Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Clara Bow are in the cast. (July.)

**KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS**—Earl Rossman.—Like "Nanook of the North," another fine picture that was made within the Arctic Circle. (September.)

**KNOCKOUT, THE**—First National.—If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. If not—well, here's your warning. (November.)

**LADY WHO LIED, THE**—First National.—A colorful production with a rather weak plot, ably acted by Lewis Stone, Nita Naldi and Virginia Valli. Not for the children. (September.)

**LAST EDITION, THE**—F. B. O.—An exciting story of the inside workings of a great metropolitan daily, with Ralph Lewis as foreman of the press room. Good. (December.)

**LAW OR LOYALTY**—Davis Dist. Co.—Again our friends, the Mounted Police, struggling between love and duty. Fairly interesting. (December.)

**LET'S GO GALLAGHER**—F. B. O.—Introducing a new Western star, Tom Tyler. The boys will like him. Good fights, stunts and rescues. (December.)

**LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS**—Paramount.—One of Zane Grey's standard Western stories with Noah Beery doing his stuff as a swell villain. (September.)

**LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Much of the rare humor of the stage play is strangely missing from the screen version. It's rather mechanical and routine entertainment. (October.)

**LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY**—United Artists.—In which Mary Pickford returns again as Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (October.)

**LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, THE**—Paramount.—A study in French and English morals, not particularly suited to the screen. But it has its interest. Alice Joyce and Mary Brian take the acting honors. (August.)

**LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Universal.—A nice little story of young married life with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. (September.)

**LIMITED MAIL, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Monte Blue in a railroad melodrama that sometimes misses fire. (September.)

**LIVE WIRE, THE**—First National.—Johnny Hines in the title role. Lots of "gags" and rough-neck comedy. (November.)

**LORRAINE OF THE LIONS**—Universal.—The story of a little girl cast away on a desert island. Patsy Ruth Miller, as the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry assisted by the long arm of coincidence. (October.)

**LOST—A WIFE**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those devilish French farces. Fairly amusing. (September.)

**LOVE HOUR, THE**—Vitagraph.—The heroine goes to Coney Island and wins a millionaire. It's one of the silliest pictures of the year. (November.)

**LOVERS IN QUARANTINE**—Paramount.—The younger set will think this hot stuff. Their elders may be amused. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford, good. (December.)

**LUCKY DEVIL, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix dashes through an extremely dashing and entertaining automobile story. (September.)

**LUCKY HORSESHOE, THE**—Fox.—Wherein Tom Mix falls asleep and dreams that he's Don Juan. Just another Mix success with Tony and, as an added attraction, Ann Pennington. (October.)

**LYING WIVES**—Abramson.—Lots of intense domestic trouble enjoyed by a batch of characters who seem to be half-witted. (July.)

**MAD DANCER, THE**—Jans.—A mean trick on little Ann Pennington who deserves something better. Not for the kids. (July.)

**MAD WHIRL, THE**—Universal.—You'll be surprised to see May McAvoy in this story of the evils of cocktail drinking. May leads the crusade against the vice. (September.)

**MAKING OF O'MALLEY, THE**—First National.—Milton Sills glorifies the New York cop. Dorothy Mackaill is the rich school teacher who marries him. (September.)



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**MANHATTAN MADNESS**—Associated Exhibitors.—Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor revive the old Fairbanks success. Who is going to be silly enough to say anything against the champ? (Sept.)

**MANICURE GIRL, THE**—Paramount.—She tries to be a gold-digger but true romance wins. Bebe Daniels in a pert comedy. (September.)

**MAN OF IRON, A**—Chadwick.—Lionel Barrymore attempts to prove that a man may be great in business but a dud with women. He does. (Sept.)

**MAN ON THE BOX, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Spend a good evening with Syd Chaplin and get a lot of laughs. (December.)

**MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE**—Thomas Meighan goes to Sing Sing for a crime he didn't commit. It's Meighan at his most noble. (November.)

**MARRIAGE WHIRL, THE**—First National.—Another and rather tedious expose of the evils of society. Corinne Griffith is in it. (September.)

**MARRY ME**—Paramount.—James Cruze does his best with a slender story. Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton do good work. (September.)

**MEDDLER, THE**—Universal.—William Desmond as a rich Wall Street Man who hits the open spaces and hits them hard. (July.)

**MERRY WIDOW, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A brilliant and gorgeous screen version of the romantic light opera with Mae Murray, John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy contributing three of the finest performances of the year. (October.)

**MIDSHIPMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rather juvenile story, but it brings back Ramon Novarro, and that's enough for most fans. (December.)

**MY LADY'S LIPS**—B. P. Schulberg.—A crook melodrama that is lively and often amusing. But we dare you to try to believe in the plot. (October.)

**MYSTIC, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Aileen Pringle gives a good performance in this melodrama of a fake fortune-teller. (November.)

**NECESSARY EVIL, THE**—First National.—Improbable and far-fetched with Viola Dana and Ben Lyon to save the day. (July.)

**NEVER THE TWIN SHALL MEET**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart gives a piquant performance of a South Sea Island queen who loves and loses—but wins in the end. A colorful and popular picture. (October.)

**NEVER WEAKEN**—Associated Exhibitors.—A welcome revival of a Harold Lloyd comedy. (Sept.)

**NIGHT CLUB, THE**—Paramount.—Which proves that Raymond Griffith is one of our foremost young comics. Great amusement. (July.)

**NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK**—Paramount.—A round of sight-seeing in New York's hotels and night clubs. You are accompanied by Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence. It's lots of fun. (September.)

**NOT SO LONG AGO**—Paramount.—Aside from the work of Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez, this is a rather dull story of Manhattan in its Age of Innocence. (October.)

**OLD HOME WEEK**—Paramount.—A Grade A Meighan picture—his best in a long time. George Ade wrote the story and Lila Lee is in it. (August.)

**ONE YEAR TO LIVE**—First National.—Aileen Pringle hears the sentence of the doctor and then cuts loose in Paris. It all turns out right. (September.)

**ON PROBATION**—Steiner.—The escapades of a rich flapper. It's fair enough if you are not tired of goings-on of the younger set. (August.)

**OPEN TRAIL, THE**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie dresses up like an Indian and gives the young boys a good time. (July.)

**PACE THAT THRILLS, THE**—First National.—Very bad, with Ben Lyon. Beautiful Mary Astor is wasted in this silly story. (December.)

**PAINT AND POWDER**—Chadwick.—The good little chorus girl becomes a star and marries the producer. Fair entertainment if you aren't too fussy. (December.)

**PARISIAN LOVE**—B. P. Schulberg.—Just another one of those things. In case anyone cares, it's the romance of an Apache girl. Not for the children. (October.)

**PASSIONATE YOUTH**—Truart.—Now, really, after all, what did you expect from the title? (September.)

**PATHS TO PARADISE**—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith again proves that he is a real star in this riotous crook comedy. (September.)

**PEACOCK FEATHERS**—Universal.—An intelligent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well directed by Sven Gade and capably acted by Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis. (November.)

**PEAK OF FATE, THE**—Frank B. Rowland.—A fine scenic—with an incidental love story—told in the Swiss Alps. (September.)

**PLASTIC AGE, THE**—The college girls of the city—meets the city. The usual sex-drama, with Clara Bow and Donald Keith. (December.)

**PONY EXPRESS, THE**—Paramount.—John C. Rice directs another great story of the West. Wonderful acting by Wallace Berry, Ricardo Cortez and Ernest Torrence. (November.)

**PRETTY LADIES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A good humor, interest story plus the Ziegfeld Follies and an all-star cast. A treat for the eye. (September.)

**PRICE OF PLEASURE, THE**—Universal.—In which Cinderella is lured by the Prince's family. Some good comedy by Louise Fazenda and T. Roy Barnes. (August.)

**PRIVATE AFFAIRS**—Producers Distributing.—A charming story of small town life, accurately presented and well acted. (September.)

**PROUD HEART** (title changed from **HIS PEOPLE**)—Universal.—One of the finest pictures of Jewish immigrant life we've seen. Schildkraut, *fore*, contributes a great performance to the screen. Don't miss it. (December.)

**RAFFLES**—Universal.—A good crook story marred by some slow direction. House Peters heads the cast. (July.)

**RANGER OF THE BIG PINES**—Vitagraph.—The usual Western with the usual fight, and a good performance by Eulalie Jensen to recommend it. (October.)

**RED HOT TIRES**—Warner Brothers.—Just a mix-up of good, bad and indifferent comedy, played by Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. (November.)

**REGULAR FELLOW, A**—Paramount.—(Reviewed under the original title, "He's a Prince"). A gay burlesque of royalty with Raymond Griffith as a prince with democratic ideas. (November.)

**RIDIN' THE WIND**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson disappoints. A trite story. He rescues his brother from bandits, returns the stolen money and wins the girl. (December.)

**RIDIN' THUNDER**—Jack Hoxie as the leader of another war between cattlemen and rustlers. (July.)

**RUGGED WATERS**—Paramount.—Outside of a few good storms and some rousing sea stuff, it's just an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

**SALLY OF THE SAWDUST**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith proves that he can make great comedy. It's his gayest and most light-hearted picture. Wonderful acting by W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster. Everyone should see it. (August.)

**SATAN IN SABLES**—Warner Brothers.—Lowell Sherman is a bad Russian grand duke. Pauline Garon is a little rose from Montmartre. Pretty good. (December.)

**SCANDAL PROOF**—Fox.—The story of one of those good but misunderstood girls. Sympathetically acted by Shirley Mason. (August.)

**SEVEN CHANCES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another amusing one from Buster Keaton. (June.)

**SEVEN DAYS**—Producers Distributing.—The famous farce is given splendid production and it is well acted. Eddie Gribbon is very amusing. (November.)

**SHE WOLVES**—Fox.—Old Home Week in the Paris cafes as pictured by a movie mind. (July.)

**SHOCK PUNCH, THE**—Fun on a skyscraper with Richard Dix romping about New York's skyline. A good show for everybody. (July.)

**SHORE LEAVE**—First National.—A genuinely funny comedy, a charming love story and Richard Barthelmess at his best as a tough gob. (September.)

**SIEGE**—Universal. Mary Alden and Virginia Valli in a powerful drama of two generations. Highly recommended. (August.)

**SIEGFRIED**—Ufa.—Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking of the screen. A spectacularly beautiful and slightly dull version of the Niebelungen legend. Made in Germany. (August.)

**SILENT SANDERSON**—Producers Distributing.—A really first-class Western with our old friend Harry Carey giving zest to the plot. (August.)

**SLAVE OF FASHION, A**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Wherein a guileless Cinderella gets her man. A silly but beautifully mounted story with the lovely Norma Shearer and the charming Lew. (October.)

**SMOOTH AS SATIN**—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent looking her prettiest in an ingenious crook story. (September.)



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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

**SON OF HIS FATHER, A**—Paramount.—One of the dullest pictures on record, from a Harold Bell Wright story. (December.)

**SOULS FOR SABLES**—Tiffany.—A great display of feminine finery and a story of fair value. Good for grown-ups. Claire Windsor and Eugene O'Brien head the cast. (November.)

**SPEED, WILD**—F. B. O.—Maurice Flynn as a speed-demon thwarts the usual crook band. (July.)

**SPOOK RANCH**—Universal.—A mixture of melodrama and comedy that is fairly amusing. Hoot Gibson plays the lead. (July.)

**SPORTING VENUS, THE**—A lady of high degree marries the commoner instead of the prince. A routine story made passable by Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman and Lew Cody. (July.)

**SPORTING CHANCE, THE**—Tiffany.—A good racing melodrama with plenty of speed and pep. (September.)

**SPORTING LIFE**—Universal.—A new version of an old melodrama of life in the fighting, racing and spending circles of London. (November.)

**STEELE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**—Vita-graph.—This time it's Bert Lytell who does his stuff in the great Northwest. (September.)

**STELLA DALLAS**—United Artists.—An almost perfect picture, with one of the greatest performances ever given to the screen—that of Belle Bennett in the title role. (December.)

**STORM BREAKER, THE**—Universal.—A good story, some consistent character studies and excellent sea atmosphere make this a fine picture for adult entertainment. House Peters, Ruth Clifford, Nina Romano and Ray Hallor in the cast. (November.)

**STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE**—Paramount.—A weird and unusual story of a professional beggar, well told by Herbert Brenon and splendidly acted by Percy Marmont. (October.)

**SUN-UP**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel, Lucille La Verne and Pauline Starke, and beautifully photographed. (October.)

**TALKER, THE**—A dull story of domestic mix-ups that is helped along by the acting of Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason. (July.)

**TEASER, THE**—Universal.—A comedy snappily acted by Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley. (August.)

**TEXAS BEARCAT, THE**—Another Western and that's about all. Bob Custer and Sally Rand are in it. (July.)

**TEXAS TRAILER, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Harry Carey in that rare treat—a really entertaining and amusing Western picture. (September.)

**THANK YOU**—Fox.—The performance of Alec Francis as a small town minister is the only redeeming feature of this film. (December.)

**THAT MAN, JACK**—F. B. O.—Bob Custer again—just as loyal and brave as ever and full of fight. (September.)

**THREE WISE CROOKS**—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Brent tries to rescue the picture from mediocrity by some good acting, but to no avail. (December.)

**THUNDER MOUNTAIN**—Fox.—The old feud story, refreshingly told, with fine humor and an excellent cast. (December.)

**TIDES OF PASSIONS**—Vitagraph.—A slow and old-fashioned story filled with grief and agony. Mae Marsh ought to know better. (July.)

**TIMBER WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones doing his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November.)

**TOWER OF LIES, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A worthwhile picture spoiled by a too-conscious effort to achieve art. Consequently, a human story suffers from artificiality. Well played by Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer. (November.)

**TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY**—Warner Brothers.—Starring Rin-tin-tin. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (October.)

**TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE**—Paramount.—A shrewdly amusing domestic comedy with Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Ford Sterling and Esther Ralston. (October.)

**UNDER THE ROUGE**—Associated Exhibitors.—While it isn't for the children, it is an ingratiating and exciting crook story. (September.)

**UNHOLY THREE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A striking and unusual story beautifully directed by Tod Browning and finely acted by Lon Chaney and Mae Busch. It's the thriller of the year. (July.)

**VANISHING AMERICAN, THE**—Paramount.—In spite of its weak points, this epic of the American Indian is very worth while seeing. Richard Dix gives a fine performance. Take an extra handkerchief. (December.)

**VERDICT, THE**—Tru-Art.—A far-fetched mystery story with William Collier, Jr., doing some effective acting. (August.)

**WANDERER, THE**—Paramount.—It's a spectacularly beautiful production of the story of the Prodigal Son, with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery and Kathlyn Williams in the cast. (October.)

**WELCOME HOME**—Paramount.—A brilliantly realistic story of an unwanted old man, finely presented by James Cruze and beautifully acted by Luke Cosgrave. (August.)

**WHAT FOOLS MEN**—First National.—A nice little picture, with Lewis Stone. Introducing a new hero, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December.)

**WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES**—Universal.—A peach of a comedy with Reginald Denny, Marion Nixon and ZaSu Pitts. Plenty of suspense. (December.)

**WHEEL, THE**—Fox.—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Mahlon Hamilton in a good screen version of a popular play. (November.)

**WHITE DESERT, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A stirring story of a Colorado mining camp, with some fine spectacular scenes. (September.)

**WHITE MONKEY, THE**—First National.—A riotous burlesque of Galsworthy's novel with Barbara La Marr contributing to the massacre. (August.)

**WHITE OUTLAW, THE**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie, in a Western, is ably assisted by a horse and a dog. Better than average of its type. (September.)

**WHITE THUNDER**—F. B. O.—A total loss and no insurance. (August.)

**WHY WOMEN LOVE**—First National.—A good sea story with a number of thrilling episodes. You won't be bored. (December.)

**WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Irene Rich is the victim of a plot that contains all the old movie hokum ever presented. (November.)

**WILD BULL'S LAIR, THE**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in the sort of Western melodrama that delights the children. (October.)

**WILD HORSE MESA**—Paramount.—A dashing melodrama, with fine scenery and an active plot. Well acted by Billie Dove, Jack Holt and Noah Beery. (October.)

**WILD, WILD SUSAN**—Paramount.—A sprightly and amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. (October.)

**WILD-FIRE**—Vitagraph.—Old-fashioned and badly presented race-track melodrama. With Aileen Pringle. (July.)

**WINDING STAIR, THE**—Fox.—A passable romantic melodrama that falls short through a colorless performance given by Alma Rubens. But Edmund Lowe is good and handsome in his French officer's uniform. (December.)

**WINDS OF CHANCE**—First National.—Plenty of thrills, plenty of story action and a large cast of popular players make this Alaskan melodrama worth your attention. (October.)

**WINGS OF YOUTH**—Fox.—A modern mother reforms her flapper daughters. Good acting by Ethel Clayton. (July.)

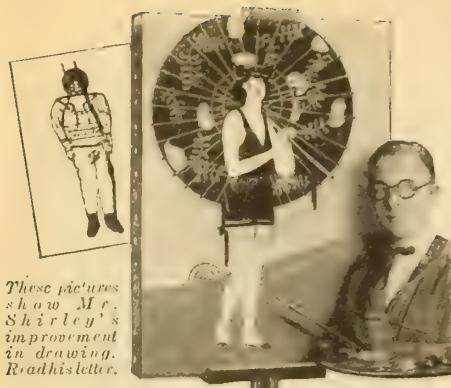
**WITH THIS RING**—Just one of those sexy affairs. If you're broad-minded and over twenty-five—all right. (November.)

**WOMAN'S FAITH, A**—Universal.—A dull and tiresome story that cannot be redeemed by the acting of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (October.)

**WOMAN HATER, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Clive Brook and Helene Chadwick are the leading players in a story of fairly stormy love. (September.)

**WRECKAGE**—Banner.—A fairly entertaining melodrama made worthwhile by performances by Mae Allison and Holmes Herbert. (November.)

**ZANDER THE GREAT**—Metro-Goldwyn.—An amusing picture, in spite of too much hokum. Marion Davies at her best and merriest. (July.)



These pictures show Mr. Shirley's improvement in drawing. Read this letter.

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# At the LAKE PLACID Club

## 133 Women Guests say they find this soap best to keep their skin *smooth and soft*



THE LAKE PLACID CLUB has been called "a University Club in the wilderness." It numbers among its guests some of the most distinguished men and women in America. It is unique in this country—rivalling, in its wonderful winter sports, the great Alpine resorts of St. Moritz and Chamonix.

Among 208 women interviewed this season at Lake Placid Club, Woodbury's is more than seven times as popular as any other soap.

**B**RILLIANT, rosy, laughing faces, soft, smooth as flowers in their setting of snow and ice—

Women with the perfection of outdoor beauty—they flock year by year to the Lake Placid Club, unsurpassed throughout the world for its winter sports.

Straight from the tropical warmth of their town houses to a land of frost and wind, of crystal cold; out all day skating, skiing, tobogganing, making a plaything of winter; how do these women manage to keep their skin soft and smooth, exquisite in spite of exposure to the dry Adirondack winds?

We asked 208 women guests at the Lake Placid Club what toilet soap they found best for the care of their skin.

Nearly two-thirds answered that they use Woodbury's Facial Soap because of its wonderful effect in keeping their skin in good condition in spite of the out-door exposure.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial

### Their Comments in their own words

"I find it most helpful in this climate, especially in the winter, when the air is so drying to the skin."

"It seems to protect my skin from the effects of out-doors, keeping it very smooth."

"It keeps my skin so soft."

"The only satisfactory soap for the face I've ever used."

"I never could use soap on my face until I used Woodbury's. Other soaps always left my skin smarting and uncomfortable."

Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for common skin defects. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

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Woodbury

## New Pictures

**T**WO beautiful Days in Hollywood, Marceline Day and Alice Day. One of these Days, Marceline, (left), is in "The Splendid Road" while the other Day, Alice, is the only girl besides Mabel Normand whom Sennett has starred. She is head pie stop of the Sennett team.





Melbourne Spurr

**A**PERT pupil at Prof. Sennett's aquatic academy, Alberta Vaughan, got fired when she asked for a raise. Mack said she wasn't worth it. She did the "Telephone Girl" series and proved him wrong. Now she's playing "The Adventures of Mazie."





Melbourne Spurr

**E**UGENE O'BRIEN, the screen's perennial bachelor. Every time it looks as though Eugene were snowed under a series of mediocre films, he stages a come-back like his magnificent "Graustark" performance. His next is "Simon, the Jester," with Lillian Rich.





Melbourne Spurr

**S**YD CHAPLIN had been at the photographer's all day long, smiling politely as the corner picture reveals. The camera caught him napping when he relaxed for just one moment. His next is a sleepy role, anyway, in "Nightie, Night, Nurse."





Melbourne Spurr

**E**RNEST TORRENCE seems to be giving his handsome son, Ian, a new hat and a dirty look, both at the same time. Ernest, when you appear in "The Golden Journey," won't you please change the style of your acting a little? You are too good an actor to become lazy.





WHERE other actresses have sat around and demanded star parts, Anna Q. Nilsson has taken every role offered to her—and run away with the picture. She is now on the top of the wave. This picture was taken when she was filming "The Splendid Road."





Strauss-Peyton

**D**ISCOVERED during the sheik series, Ramon Novarro has founded his popularity on genuine ability. A fine and sincere actor, his characterization of "Ben-Hur" in that gigantic spectacle is eagerly awaited. Rex Ingram was Ramon's Columbus.





## Beauty's truthful suitor

"GOODNESS! Another suitor?" And the lovely Princess frowned severely on the handsome young stranger.

"Why not?" replied the youth pleasantly.

"Well," said the Princess, "do you see those three rather cross-looking Princes? They came from Egypt and India and China with perfectly splendid gifts—magic beauty soaps and magic beauty lotions and magic mirrors. I've just refused them!"

"Ah, but I bring you truth," smiled the youth. "With *this* mirror," said he, pointing to the pool, "and *this* lotion," collecting a little clear water in his palm, "and *this!*" drawing forth a cake of Ivory Soap, "your Royal Highness needs no magic—oh, lovely Princess, nothing can make

you lovelier, but these will help keep you lovely. Will you marry me?"

"How charming!" said her Highness, in great excitement. "You are absolutely the first sensible man I have interviewed this week. I should like to see you often."

MAGIC never did hold beauty's secret. Always, lovely complexions have depended upon two things—good health and perfect cleanliness. If your skin requires special treatment, you should consult a physician. Ivory does not agree to bestow health, but it does promise you safe cleansing. It contains no drugs, no medicaments, no strong perfumes. It is a pure soap—the best friend your delicate complexion can have.

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PRICELESS— 5 CENTS





# PHOTOPLAY

January, 1926

## Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

A VASE of roses on my desk reminds me that it is eleven years ago today since I walked into two little offices in the Hartford Building, in Chicago, as publisher and editor of PHOTOPLAY. It was then emerging from the theater-program stage. Its circulation was 13,000 and its only power seemed to be in the accumulation of debts. I was in the optimistic twenties, and the world was my lollypop.

The bliss of ignorance I had. Optimism, instead of good judgment, was my guide. Then Julian Johnson came to help me, the Julian who became, I believe, the greatest constructive critic the motion picture ever developed. The films won him away and he is now one of the executives responsible for the splendid product of the eastern Famous Players-Lasky Studio.

ONCE in a while we get together and sigh for those old days when we reveled in pictures, good and bad, mostly bad. We reviewed "The Birth of a Nation" together. Francis X. Bushman, then in his glory, and Blanche Sweet, and Henry Walthall, and D. W. Griffith would drop in, and we would borrow the bookkeeper's chair for the guest. And Warren Kerrigan came in one day and, while Julian and I were out in West Madison Street seeing "Traffic in Souls," brought in sandwiches for Miss Dougherty, then our high-priced \$15.00 a week keeper of the books, who insisted on being called accountant. Now she's known as Kay Dee in picture and publishing circles from coast to coast, and is the only woman business manager in the business. This morning she told me we were printing 700,000 copies of this issue.

WHAT a difference those eleven years have wrought in motion pictures. Instead of the dingy, smelly, little improvised theaters of those days, we now have great palaces with symphony orchestras instead of stringy pianos. Instead of the "Traffic in Souls" and "The Adventures of Kathlyn," we have "The Covered Wagon" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." Even a few years later, when Chaplin appeared, respectable folk went surreptitiously to witness Chaplin's antics. Today the pastor and his family make a fete of "The Gold Rush."

A FEMININE reformer has just discovered that "Films are being propagandized by organized vice, that the movies are worse today than ever before, and

that films are breaking down the standards of civilization and undermining the moral welfare of our youth." She announced this epochal revelation to a Chicago ministers' conference.

Lady, lady. You must go and stand in the corner. You forgot to give the full recitation. You omitted "Sinister Influence," "Tool of Satan," "Dastardly Effort to Destroy Christianity," and "Greatest Evil of All Times."

Now, little boys and little girls, we shall all stand and sing "London Bridge Is Falling Down," and next week you shall each bring in a paper on the care and feeding of orphan sparrows.

AND just the week before, the American Humane Association and one of the greatest child welfare organizations adopted resolutions thanking Mr. Hays for the interest the motion picture industry had proven in these movements.

I SUPPOSE next month Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler will go into the courts and enjoin Herbert Howe from writing any more stories like his Christmas Carol Manual on page 34 of this issue.

AND in the meantime these folks glory in their achievement of turning pure Kentucky bourbon into synthetic gin, and with one wave of the handkerchief transferring the flask from the hip pocket of the drunkard to the reticule of the high school girl.

HERBERT BRENON has done it again. He has repeated his artistic success of that beautiful fantasy of Barrie's, "Peter Pan," with an equally delightful and more gorgeous one in "A Kiss for Cinderella."

I have known Brenon since he started in pictures, and have always believed in him. A student, a splendid actor and stage technician, he brought to the screen a vision far in advance of the motion picture of those days. His sensitive nature chafed under the difficulties he encountered and he deliberately dropped out for years.

Then one day he walked into the office of Jesse Lasky and said he wanted to make "Peter Pan." Critics shook their heads. Brenon was temperamental. Brenon was a dreamer. They were right—but so was Brenon. Without these

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]



# Can Barbara Come Back?

This scene with Lewis Stone, in "The Girl from Montmartre", is

the last one Barbara La Marr made before illness forced her to retire



By  
Cal  
York

**B**ARBARA LA MARR has had a complete nervous and physical breakdown and has temporarily retired from the screen into the mountains for a long period of absolute rest and quiet ordered by her doctors.

That her condition is extremely serious, if not acutely dangerous, none who saw her in the last days of her stay in Hollywood could doubt. How she managed to finish her last picture, "The Girl from Montmartre," nobody will ever know. Three or four hours work a day was all she could stand, and even then she fainted from sheer weakness on the set many times. Personally, I think Bobby's fight in the mountains is a fight for life, and she needs the earnest prayers and sympathy of everyone of us who have loved her on the screen in the past if we are ever to see her there in the future.

**T**HERE was something terribly pitiful about Barbara—to see the gorgeous, exotic woman as thin and pale as some ghost of herself, trying to smile her old, mesmeric smile. To see

her driving to the studio in her Rolls-Royce, acquired at the height of her sudden fame, when I don't suppose she has given a thought to such commonplace things as savings accounts and rainy days. To see her get rid, one by one, of all the staff of paid and unpaid slaves and admirers, and cling at the last to her old Dad, who has stood by Barbara through all the ups and downs of her wild youth and dazzling fame and prodigal generosity.

Barbara knows—that is the strange thing about Barbara, she always knows—what it means to give up your place in the sun even for a little while. She knows what it means to let them forget you. She knows that she will have to take up the battle all over again.

The doctors call it overwork, and that in some measure it undoubtedly is. Barbara has worked terribly hard, she has never considered herself if anyone needed her in any way; she has always lived in the day with no thought of the morrow.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



# Ronald Talks at Last

By  
Ruth  
Waterbury



Ronald himself, and scenes from his first picture, "The White Sister," and from his last, "Stella Dallas"



**I** MADE Ronald Colman talk. Life will never be the same again. From now on I shall know that I am one of those fatal women. A Circe. One of those gals with Lure. I never dreamed it before. After all these years of keeping quiet and sitting back, to find out that I have what Madame Glyn so succinctly calls IT. Gosh! I made Ronald Colman talk. It was this way. Nobody knew about Ronald and everybody seemed to care. From men and women alike came the tide of interest in him. Everybody was, and is, asking questions about him, and nobody had the answers. A particularly efficient and hard-boiled New York newspaper

woman confessed to me that she had talked with Ronald for two hours, had a wonderful time, and learned nothing. In Hollywood, where nobody retains any privacy, Ronald has it completely tamed. Ivan St. Johns announced flatly that Ronald was a Sphinx and conversation with him was impossible. Even the distinguished editor of this family paper, from whom no secrets are hid, admitted he knew nothing about Colman. And, after all that, I made Ronald talk. My life has not been lived in vain.

It was Saturday afternoon at the Ritz, the Ritz at mid-season. Every table in the place was crowded. All the glitter and glow that makes New York loved and hated was there. In



some hidden corner the orchestra played a Chopin melody. The air stirred with perfume and softly modulated voices. Every table has its celebrity. Yet there wasn't a person in that room who wasn't conscious of Ronald Colman's presence there. Their excited whispers concerning him buzzed constantly.

If he heard them, if he saw the heads turning, he gave no sign. He has the appearance of complete concentration. He gives you the feeling that, for all his reserve, you are one of the few people capable of getting under it. He conveys that impression at the very moment of meeting. It's a beautiful trick.

When you are introduced, his first glance meets yours quite politely, but casually. An instant later his eyes flash interest, a deep interest in you whom he has just seen that moment. It's enough to make any woman glow like a red-hot stove.

OF course, it may be due to his being a marvelous actor. Every woman in his life must have felt that she, out of all the world, was closest to him. And afterward, she must have known she didn't know him at all. He makes you feel that he could be the most charming person in the world, the most wonderful companion, the most ardent lover. These things are in the depths of his cynical and amused eyes, in the well-bred tones of his fine voice, in his flattering attention to your silliest words.

Yet he would always retain a part of himself, a self that he could share with no one. He is never quite revealed. He is conscious of this, too. I think he regrets it a little. But the need for isolation of his own spirit is, obviously, so deeply rooted within him, I believe he will never overcome it.

He is a definitely mental type. He is conscious of everything every moment. Nothing has more than one meaning for him, the unspoken meaning. He dives instantly below the superficialities of social intercourse to something harder and deeper, fraught with cosmic meaning.

**T**HIS article introduces to Photoplay readers a new screen writer. Before joining the Photoplay editorial staff she was one of New York's most brilliant newspaper writers. Her first assignment was a difficult one—to make Ronald Colman break his long silence about himself. How well she did it you can judge for yourself.

This is the characteristic, I feel, that has given him his reputation for being a Sphinx on one hand, and slight'v rude on the other. I can't imagine him indulging in small talk. I doubt that he knows any, and he plainly hates small talk when it is directed at him.

Complete simplicity is utterly baffling. Ronald Colman is mysterious because he knows all about himself. For that reason he is poised. He has hit rock bottom and come up again. The heights, now that he is once more among them, can't kid him.

We had discussed his childhood and it sounded like a merry, healthy one. A bunch of children in a big, old house in London, a quiet English father, a Scotch mother. He has three sisters and several brothers and it is his own name that he uses.

"I was quite mad about the theater always," he explained. "No actors in the family or anything of that sort. It would have made it so much easier if there had been. As it was I felt rather a fool for such an infatuation. I had only my mother for encouragement. She's a rather remarkable person. Anything that any one of her children might do, she'd think all right. I'm sure if I were to commit murder, her only comment would be to say, 'Well, Ronnie must have had a good reason for doing it, or he'd not have done it.' That sort of thing, you know."

**T**HE deep Colman smile flashed. It made you aware of what such maternal faith had meant to a sensitive youth.

"There was no family pressure upon me, but I was quite aware that they rather wanted me to join my uncle in his business. That was out in China and it was a good chance. But I wanted to go into the theater. So I kept putting China off.

"Then came the war. I went out for three years and when I came back, in common with two or three million other Englishmen, I had to look for work. I went about the theaters, feeling very shy, but somehow I got a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



Paramount discovered it had a shortage of blondes under contract. They had Gloria, Pola, Bebe and Betty, beautiful all, but brunette. When Mary Brian heard their cries, she went and got a blonde wig



This is the golden Mary. They liked her so much in the wig they are having her wear it in her next picture. What, with wigs and cosmetics, any woman can now be anything she desires to be



# "I Wouldn't Wish it on a Dog"

By  
Joseph Jackson

For every Cinderella there is a thousand  
who miss the Silver Slipper

**A** GIRL who had been a fairly successful motion picture actress for several years and then retired was telling me the other day what she thought about it.

"I wouldn't wish it on a dog!" she said emphatically.

I couldn't help but think of all the little girls all over the country who think that Hollywood is right next door to Heaven, and all the little girls who think that Hollywood is right next door to Hell. And want to be there all the more.

For the greater percentage, Hollywood is Heartbreak House. You hear a lot about the Cinderellas, and there are a lot of Cinderellas to hear about. But for every Cinderella there are a thousand failures.

Hollywood stimulates the ambition, but doesn't always satisfy it. And there is no canker that gnaws more hungrily at the soul than an overweening and unfulfilled ambition. Dotty Twoshoes rides by in a purple limousine. Three years ago she didn't have a thin dime—or a thick one either. Lily Dimples

**T**HE business manager of a studio said recently: "You would be surprised at the well-known actors and actresses who come into my office and tell me they are dead broke—people whose names are known everywhere, who are regarded as eminently successful."

watches Dotty's fleet flight to flap per lane and swears by all the iron in her soul that she will have a purple limousine.

Now there are purple limousines in other cities besides Hollywood, but little girls are not in the habit of getting them by their own efforts, that is, if they are the kind of little girls that say their prayers at night. So Lily Dimples of Red Oak, Iowa, hasn't the same spur to ambition, the same visible example

of what a girl can do if she tries hard and is true to her art.

Robert Browning, who used to be to poetry what Babe Ruth is to baseball, said:

*"A man's reach must exceed his grasp.*

*"Or what's a Heaven for?"*

In other words, there should always be something beyond for us to hope for. That's a beautiful thought, but it doesn't apply to Hollywood. Not by a purple limousine, a couple of police dogs and a private yacht.

If I were getting out a Hollywood edition of Mr. Browning's works—I have no intention of risking [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

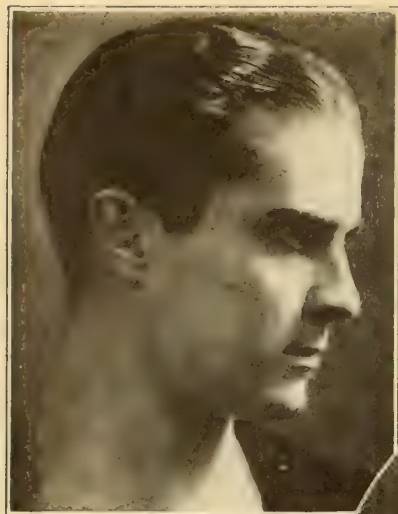


The return of the "Rocking Moon" company from location resulted in three romantic reunions: John Bowers and Marguerite De La Motte; Edmund Lowe and his bride, Lilyan Tashman; and Director George Melford and Diana Miller, to whom he is engaged

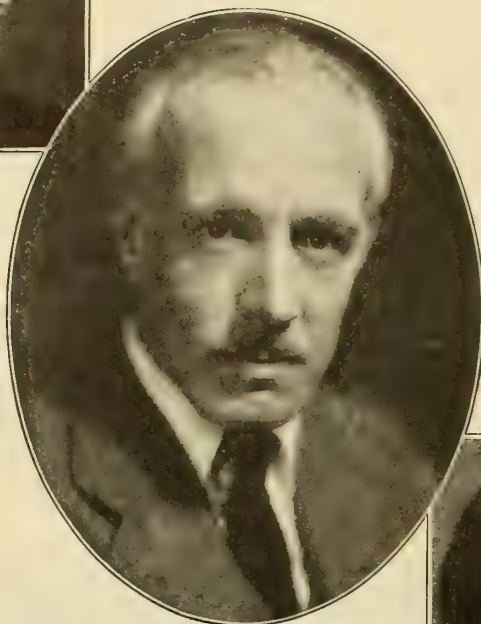


# Ten Handsome

By Adela  
Rogers St. Johns



**Ramon Novarro**—  
The perfect troubadour, lyric charm and the beauty of a Greek boy



**Lewis Stone**—The man-of-the-world, the aristocrat, the diplomat, the seigneur



**George O'Brien**—The most irresistible thing that walks the globe—a black Irishman

IT is no longer considered quite the thing to speak of manly beauty. I don't know why. The word beauty need not necessarily be effeminate. If a woodland spring is a thing of beauty, so is the storm-tossed ocean. If a violet is beautiful, so is a mighty oak. The Greeks and the Romans and the Vikings of old had a standard of masculine beauty and they played Olympic games, fought wicked battles and conquered vast and unknown deeps in no mean fashion.

In the animal world, the male of the species is always given ornamentation in the way of mane and bright plumage and such like.

STILL, if I tried using it now, the very men I selected would arise and call me very far from blessed. And as I shall probably be in enough hot water without that, I shall simply call this my choice of the ten handsomest men and let it go at that.

Herb Howe, as you will remember, picked the ten most beautiful women on the screen and he has been in hiding ever since. He built himself a monastery in Beverly Hills with a white plaster wall twelve feet high across the front of it and you have to stand outside and shout your conversation at him. When Herb included Nita Naldi and left out Norma Talmadge it was like shouting "Long Live the Czar" in Petrograd.

When it came to picking out the ten handsomest men I had no idea there would be so much excitement. But I brought the mere idea up at a quiet and supposedly friendly little dinner at George Fitzmaurice's the other evening and in a moment soup and rolls and caviar were flying all over the place; to say nothing of words and phrases more poignant than polite.

**Jack Gilbert**—The fiery Slav—that stirs your pulses with the wanderlust



**Ben Lyon**—The way football heroes should look in their street clothes

Upon Enid Bennett's declaring she thought So-and-So the handsomest man on the screen, her husband, Fred Niblo, said that personally he much preferred Farina. Mrs. Vidor having admired such and such a gentleman's personal appearance, Mr. Fitzmaurice called attention to the fact that his mouth opened endwise like a fish. While one and all, male and female, contended violently for some favorite who, while qualified as an actor and even perhaps as a gentleman, certainly had no place in any list compiled solely upon my idea of good looks.

Bearing all this in mind, and with the private conviction that to be good-looking a man must have strength, cleanness and intelligence combined with artistic symmetry of features and body, I present the following list, which is the result of several months of concentrated thought:

Richard Barthelmess, John Barrymore, John Gilbert, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Reginald Denny, Ben Lyon, George O'Brien, Lewis Stone, and Ronald Colman.

Why?



# Men of the Screen

Wow! This is going to start some battle.  
Mrs. St. Johns is a brave soul to attempt it  
—and she gives her reasons why

Well, let me see.

Richard Barthelmess is the embodiment of the way every man looks to a woman when she is really in love with him. He is the picture a girl carries around in her heart and fits on over the sandy hair and commonplace countenance of the man who wins her heart. The mouth, whose clean, young lines melt into that crooked little smile, the dark, fine, intelligent eyes—oh yes, quite, I think, the handsomest man on the screen.

John Barrymore—leave it here just as a matter of line, just a sculptor's ideal. Classic sim-

**Reginald Denny**—The perfect athlete—the Roman gladiator of our century



**Richard Barthelmess**—The way every man looks to the woman who loves him



**Ronald Colman**—Soldier-man, explorer, adventurer—he draws you against your will



**John Barrymore**  
Classic simplicity  
an old Greek God in  
a museum

licity, like the heads of the old Greek gods in the museums.

The splendid blaze of a prairie fire, a forest fire, a gypsy fire, that stirs your pulses with the wanderlust—Jack Gilbert. Every way you turn for description, explanation, comparison

for Jack, you find the thought of fire flaming madly. Black hair, black eyes, dangerous white teeth in a lean, dark face, he is the perfect thing of his kind, the fiery Slav, not the Latin.

For the typical young American, as story-tellers have sung him, as the world pictures him, you can't do better for that than Richard Dix. If you asked a little French girl, a pretty English girl, for her description of an ideal American, I always imagine she could answer in two words, "Richard Dix." One of the men other men don't mind their women calling handsome. And to me, there is always a breath, an intriguing breath, of the Viking ancestors somewhere.

Ramon Novarro, the perfect troubadour. Lyric charm, poetical charm, plus the beauty of a Greek boy. Think of him when you read of Keats, when you read of Byron, when you read Romeo and Juliet.

Twenty pounds overweight, and Reginald Denny might cease to be even good-looking. Trained fine, trained down, he has the strength, the complete masculinity, the grace of the perfect athlete. The well-set head, the fine shoulders, the slim waist, the long, tapering legs, the smooth, steel, undulating muscles—from toe to crown, for proportions of a statue, Reggie has it on any of them. The Roman gladiator of our century.

**Richard Dix**—The typical young American, as story-tellers sing of him

**Ben Lyon**—The way football heroes should look but almost never do. The way you think the  
[CONT'D ON PAGE 109]



# How to be Merry

By  
Herbert  
Howe

And yet avoid  
being poisoned



**M**Y, my! Christmas only two weeks off and I haven't even *started* my Christmas shopping. So don't expect as long a letter this month, Aunt Minnie, and if anything sounds funny it's because I'm trying to write with one hand and finish up a few little gifts with the other.

People always appreciate anything you make yourself so much more, don't you think, than anything you can buy, no matter how expensive, for a dollar.

Being at home for the first time in years I'm looking forward to a verrie, verrie merrie Christmas, though goodness knows the last thirty-one (or is it thirty-two?—one's memory fails so with the years!) have brought nothing but disappointments which you couldn't exchange on account of the tags being removed.

I'M likely the only writer alive who never received a silver-plated cigarette box from Mary Pickford or an autographed photograph in colors of Ruth Roland, though Lillian Gish did send me a postal card, and Christmas before last in Tunis, Alice Terry gave me an Arab burnous embroidered in gold and smelling slightly second-hand, which the one time I wore it in Los Angeles nearly got me pinched for a Swami who had gipped an old lady out of everything but her curl papers.

Last Christmas Eve I attended a movie banquet in Rome (midnight mass in St. Peter's was suspended in his honor or because of the noise).

After listening to after dinner jokes until one A. M. all I got was a tin horn.

Prior to that they had given me so many champagne glasses that I couldn't blow the horn, and so started crying, thinking it was broken.

But when I asked Scott Fitzgerald to see if he could blow it he said he would if he could see it. So, after all, I was luckier than he who couldn't even enjoy *seeing* his horn, which was a pretty bright red.

Christmas morning Ramon Novarro dragged me down to the Trastevere quarter—or somewhere spelled something like that and smelling worse—to distribute candy to the poor little Italian children, who are not to blame for being Dagoes.

When I arrived among the childies in the whatever-it-was quarter I was a perfectly immaculate, though slightly unsteady, Santa Claus. Five minutes later and I looked like the official finger print bureau.

**I**NSTEAD of hailing me as Santa the dear little kiddies seemed to take me for a practice football dummy until I picked up an antique fragment in the form of a paving block and said, "The next little boy or girl who knocks off Santa Claus' hat is going to take a nice big bump home to mamma."

If Ramon wants to distribute candy to the poor little Hollywood children this year he will do it alone. Can you fancy giving a sack of peanuts to a Hollywood kiddie? He'd yowl: "Lookit, he gave me a rotten sack of peanuts and I wanted a little Lincoln roadster."

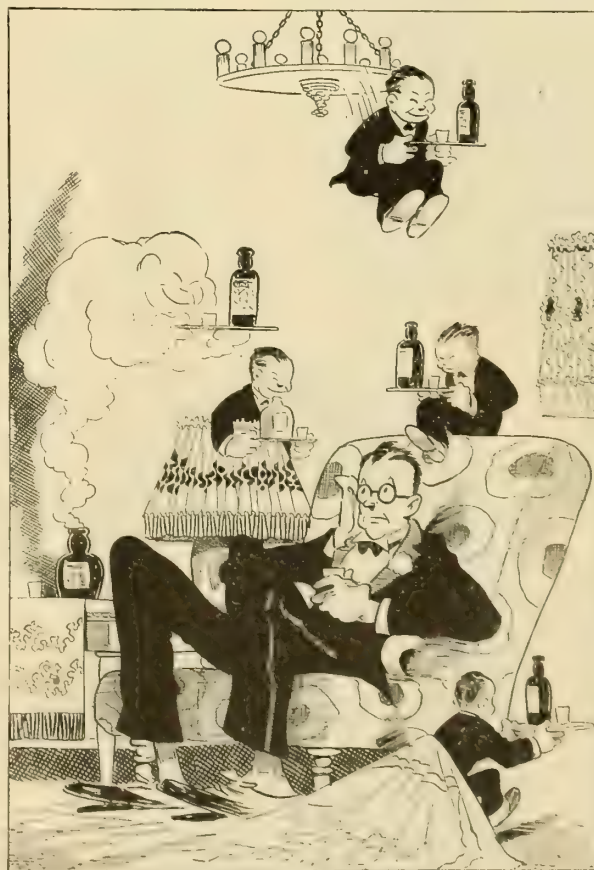
As for Ramon trying to get by as Santa Claus with a bunch of little Hollywood wise-crackers, they'd hoot, "Oh, look, Santa Claus has a black beard this year, mama. He musta been taking gland treatments like papa."

I'D like to tell my readers just how I will spend Christmas in Hollywood, as I realize that having a merrie Christmas is a problem for us all and many look to me for a way out, but I haven't decided just which invitation to accept.

You can't be too careful because the revenuers are predicting an unprecedented toll of casualties owing to the difficulty in getting the stuff that makes Christmas merrie.

It's a horrible thing to suspect Santa Claus, but the fact remains that many people after emptying their stockings last Christmas spent the remainder of the day in funeral parlors.

My secretaries are filing all



"Little Japs swarm suddenly from everywhere. I don't know whether they get in through the plumbing or come out from under the rugs"



# on Christmas Day

## The holiday problem of a Hollywood bachelor

invitations in their numerical order. Those that are not accepted will be promptly returned with courteous rejection slips and, where future promise is shown, with little notes of encouragement.

Novarro has invited me to spend Christmas in the Mexican style known as—(oh, well, I can't be bothered calling him up for the spelling, and anyhow you couldn't pronounce it, let alone spend it). It consists of marching around the patio in a procession carrying a plateau of snowflakes (any grade of cotton will do) with statues of Mary, Joseph and the Child.

At each door in the court you stop and sing a request for lodgings. The people inside then sing six stanzas back meaning "No," or maybe if they're real mean they sing something worse and throw something hard at you.

After making the rounds asking for rooms in about thirty-six different verses and getting nothing but wise-cracks, you finally hit one where the door is thrown open and you're welcomed with candles and music and kisses from relatives.

Gifts are thrown onto the pavement outside and you scramble merrily until you get something which probably has been stepped on.

Unfortunately I'm not gifted for singing, or marching either.

At about the second door where they sang out, "Nothing doing," I'd be looking around for a bicycle or else take a park bench as on previous occasions.

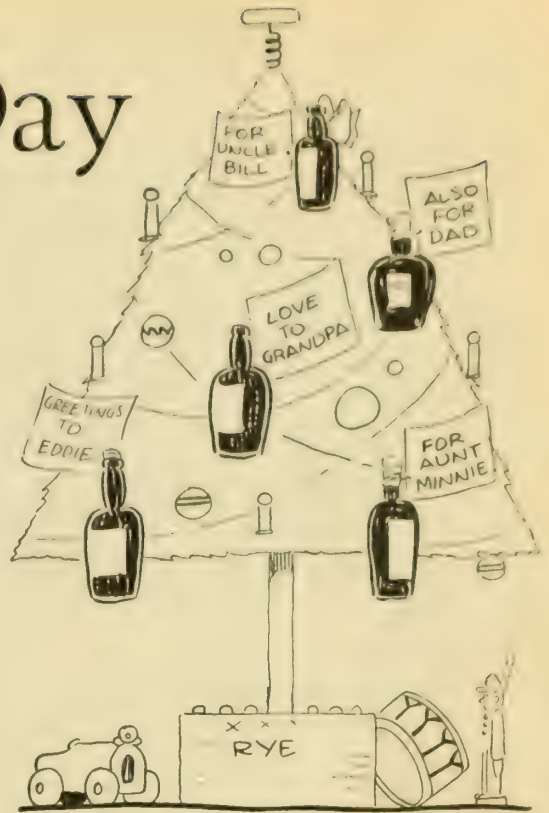
Regarding the merry scramble for presents where you get your bridge work knocked out and come up with a broken doll that says, "Mama!" I haven't participated since a Sunday school event when I accidentally kicked the superintendent's child and he said "Mama!" and I got drummed out, with a motto reading, "Suffer little children."

**CORINNE GRIFFITH** has invited me to turkey dinner. Every day while I was on an orange juice diet trying to get handsomelike Malcolm McGregor, Willis Goldbeck, Ramon Novarro and all the other boys who take them, Corinne would call up and invite me to a chicken or turkey dinner.

Now nobody can have turkey or chicken as often as that and be honest, no matter what their salary may be.

The only people I ever knew who had chicken every day were some colored folk and they died suddenly one night in a friend's hen roost, of acute indigestion, the coroner said—due to inability to digest lead.

I've also found that people who talk turkey usually serve canned salmon.



The last time I was at Corinne's she served a buffet supper where you helped yourself, and you should have seen my suit when I finished. It was a sight!

Marie Prevost preceded me in making the rounds of the table, and all I got was mint jelly, that being the only thing that Marie didn't just love. I guess that all she and Kenneth Harlan eat at home are appetizers.

Another thing, Corinne always tactfully suggests that you take a dip in the swimming pool before sitting down to dinner. Even when you ask plaintively if you couldn't be fumigated or sprinkled with insect powder just as well, she'll insist upon you going into the pool at least once.

**POLA NEGRI** gets sore every time you turn down one of her invitations. But the chances are if you accept you'll arrive to find that Pola has left for Del Monte or Tia Juana without even leaving enough to feed the dogs.

Last Christmas Pola was suddenly stricken with piety, dashed off to Del Monte and invited all the fathers of Carmel mission to have dinner with her.

I like the fathers and would enjoy dinner with them, but I'm not going to take chances on Pola's secular mood.

You're just as liable to find her surrounded with a bunch of deacons singing, "Lips that touch tobacco and wine shall never, no never, touch mine." Or in a psalm fest for boot-

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 107 ]



"When friends file by they'll say, 'A smile on his face—how lifelike!—Oh, well, he's probably better off'"



# Here are the Winners of Photoplay's Cut Puzzle Contest



First Prize—Miss Maenae Nichols' entry was sym-  
bolical of the famous personalities pictured in the  
contest. She submitted a book, star-shaped,  
bearing the title, "Stars of the Silver Screen"

HERE are the correct names of the thirty-two stars whose  
pictures appeared in the contest.

## JUNE

Thomas Meighan	Jack Holt	Mary Astor
Harold Lloyd	Pola Negri	Gloria Swanson
Dick Barthelmess		Leatrice Joy

## JULY

Tom Mix	John Harron	Lois Wilson
Noah Beery	Frances Howard	Betty Compson
Lewis Stone		Mildred Davis

## AUGUST

Betty Bronson	Constance Tal-	Pat O'Malley
May McAvoy	madge	Rod La Rocque
Barbara Bedford	William Collier, Jr.	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

## SEPTEMBER

Jobyna Ralston	Mary Philbin	Ramon Novarro
Bessie Love	Adolphe Menjou	Ricardo Cortez
Norma Talmadge		Syd. Chaplin

## The Prize Winners

1st Prize \$1500.00—Hand Colored Star

MISS MAENAE NICHOLS  
215 South C Street, Arkansas City, Kansas

2nd Prize \$1000.00—Theater with  
Lights, Music Box, etc.

WALTER R. BOLLINGER  
706 Ohio Street, St. Paul, Minn.

3rd Prize \$500.00—Cow Boy and Farm  
Girl Dolls

MRS. ANDREW J. WOLF, JR.  
Alexandria, La.

4th Prize \$250.00—Pink Lamp Doll  
with Long Train

MRS. J. R. HUNT  
273 Plaza Drive, St. Louis, Mo.

5th Prize \$125.00—Pink Lamp Shade

MRS. A. H. SCHURMER  
2510 Foothill Boulevard, Pasadena, California

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 30 ]

PHOTOPLAY'S second cut puzzle contest is decided! From the more than thirty-five thousand solutions received in the Cut Puzzle Contest that appeared in the June, July, August and September issues, PHOTOPLAY has now selected the winners of the fifty prizes. The names of the winners are published herewith.

Selecting these winners was almost the most difficult problem PHOTOPLAY has ever handled. Puzzles to right of us, puzzles to left of us, hundreds of them perfect, nearly all ingeniously worked out, PHOTOPLAY was deluged with them. They were so numerous that an entire extra floor in PHOTOPLAY'S New York office building had to be leased to hold them. In every way these thousands of entries far exceeded every anticipation of the management. A special staff of employees worked on them constantly, sorting and listing them. Every puzzle was carefully examined. Every one was acknowledged.

In our first cut puzzle contest, held two years ago, the

thousands of solutions were finally sorted down to those that were perfect as far as proper fitting together and identification were concerned.

It took more than a month, however, to eliminate the incorrect puzzles, to search the others for minor errors, misspelled names and other slight defects. Every prize winning solution was one hundred per cent perfect.

The terrific task of picking out the fifty best puzzles of all, of choosing the ones revealing the greatest neatness and imaginative detail, the ones that were in every way superior in arrangement and presentation, was still to be done.

They were all so excellent. That was the hard part of it.

The judges selected from PHOTOPLAY'S staff had many long and heated arguments before the final decisions were made. Each and all of them feel that the awards published here are entirely fair and just.

Every form of presentation was submitted. Stars in picture





**Second Prize**—Walter Bollinger built a movie theater. It has lights, peopled boxes, a thirteen-piece music-box orchestra that actually plays, and a screen, which turned by the knob at the side, reveals the stars



**Third Prize**—Mrs. Andrew Wolf, Jr., created this gay couple. The cowboy has eighteen feminine stars in his heart, while the simple gingham maiden, holding his hand, keeps the men in hers

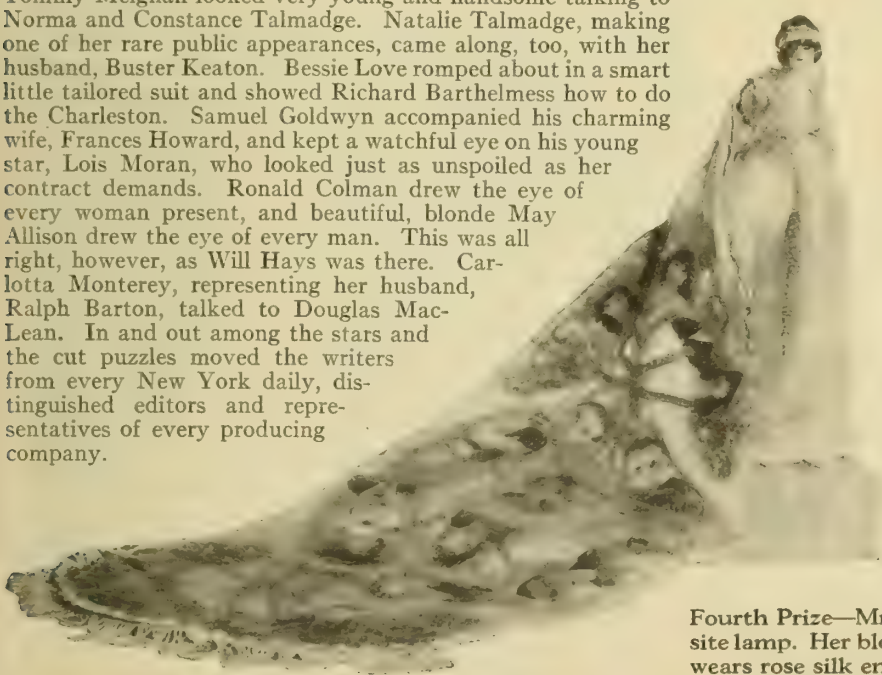
hats, stars in lamp shades, stars in old copies of PHOTOPLAY, stars in theaters, on bridge tables, in fans of soft ostrich, in gaily painted treasure chests, in theaters, on screens, on parasols, on bridal veils and ballet dresses. There were hundreds upon hundreds of albums, all of them extremely neat.

Every state in the Union was represented among the answers and many countries outside of ours. In the foreign mail were puzzles from the Argentine, Costa Rica, Holland, Hawaii, the Philippines, Spain, Mexico, England, Brazil, Australia, France, Sweden, Norway, Egypt, India, Japan and China.

It was all amazing and revealing. It was flattering to learn from the number of replies and the distances which they came, the strength and prestige of PHOTOPLAY's circulation. It was inspiring to witness the beauty and novelty of the work submitted.

On the day before the prizes were definitely determined, PHOTOPLAY gave a party to the motion picture and the journalistic world to let them see just what the movie fans could do in the way of creative work. The judges wanted to have the party to help them in their selection of the winners.

What a party it was! Every star in the East was present. Tommy Meighan looked very young and handsome talking to Norma and Constance Talmadge. Natalie Talmadge, making one of her rare public appearances, came along, too, with her husband, Buster Keaton. Bessie Love romped about in a smart little tailored suit and showed Richard Barthelmess how to do the Charleston. Samuel Goldwyn accompanied his charming wife, Frances Howard, and kept a watchful eye on his young star, Lois Moran, who looked just as unspoiled as her contract demands. Ronald Colman drew the eye of every woman present, and beautiful, blonde May Allison drew the eye of every man. This was all right, however, as Will Hays was there. Carlotta Monterey, representing her husband, Ralph Barton, talked to Douglas MacLean. In and out among the stars and the cut puzzles moved the writers from every New York daily, distinguished editors and representatives of every producing company.



All were unanimous in their praise of the entries in the contest, which unearthed many young poets and several dozen clever pen and ink artists. Marad Serriov of Miami, Florida, accompanying each star's portrait with a cartoon of him in one of his principal rôles, wrote a rhymed character sketch of each. Here is his appraisal of Pola Negri:

"Pola, the gypsy, with slumberous eyes,  
With tumultuous, turbulent soul;  
Who's likely—if she wants to—  
Kiss beggars, snub kings,  
Or bathe in her own fingerbowl."

In a neat album Betty Soleman of Tama, Iowa, wrote:

"If I had cut the proper caper,  
'Twould not be made of wrapping paper,  
Yet why with riches attempt to compete  
When this recommends it—'tis cheap and neat,  
I'm hoping and praying to win a prize now,  
Oh for a Herbert to tell me Howe!"

In a large frame with the stars' photographs pasted on gold stars against a grey background, Anne B. Tyndall, 58 East 102nd Street, New York City, wrote:

From month to month the "stars" come  
out,  
To take their little whirl  
And please the folks who still possess  
Much of the boy or girl.

Now one is high above the rest  
And then he takes a flop,  
I trust that none will sink so low  
We'll need to call a cop.

I love to see them twinkle  
They wise and wane and set  
(I hope this humble effort  
A handsome prize will get).

On the chest of the prize-winning cowboy, Mrs. Andrew J. Wolf, Jr., Box 717, Alexandria, Louisiana, printed (maybe to hide his polygamous heart):

**Fourth Prize**—Mrs. Jasayle Hunt made this exquisite lamp. Her blonde highness, eighteen inches tall, wears rose silk encrusted with pearls. In her train, framed in lace, are the thirty-two stars



“An Oriental Bazaar,” exclaimed Tommy Meighan when he



Here is Photoplay's cut puzzle contest. Maybe you can pick out your own reply. It took a whole floor to hold  
ness, skill and accuracy everywhere, and

I'm a cowboy movie fan  
From the land where the cactus grows  
And there's nothing I like better than  
The moving picture shows.  
I have my favorite actresses  
Numbering sixteen in all,  
Some of them are short, some plump,  
Some of them are tall.  
Now you just take a little time  
To look into my heart  
And you will find that each star  
Holds her own separate part.

Miss Eileen Block, Route 5, Plymouth, Michigan, sent a great square of soap, three feet high by three wide, with hand-carved likenesses of the cut puzzle stars. Each picture was carefully tinted and a remarkable likeness. Here is the verse that accompanied Miss Block's entry:

Upon opening this you'll see some soap.  
I've made a "clean" solution, that I hope  
I trust it's correct in every detail  
If it's not, well, I'll not set up a whale  
For without puzzles life would be a bore  
So all I'd do would be to carve some more!

Letters received from the two first prize winners written in response to PHOTOPLAY's notification of their success, indicate that the awards will be well spent.

Maenae Nichols, winner of the first prize, says: "I recently resigned from office work, due to poor health. The death of my father compelled me to work. I am going to use the prize money to further my education."

Walter R. Bollinger, winner of the second prize, writes: "I find it rather hard to say to just what of many worthwhile uses

I could put the award, but Mrs. Bollinger has solved the problem by saying: 'A home.' "

To the thousands who sent in answers to this puzzle, PHOTOPLAY wishes to say that even if they did not win a prize, their



Fifth Prize—Mrs. A. H. Schurmer's entry was this beautiful lamp shade fashioned of pleated rose georgette, chiffon, old gold lace, flowers in pastel shades, and crystal beads of white and rose



# viewed these solutions to the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest



them! Look at them all and you will understand the gigantic task that confronted Photoplay's judges. Clever-35,000 of them from which to choose fifty!

time and labor mean more than just the effort to win. The solutions are to be used, as they were in the first contest, to delight the children in the hospitals in and around New York. These little children, some too ill to leave their beds, some

crippled, some convalescent, will receive your bright and ingenious answers. So your work, even if it did not win a prize, will gladden the days of one of these little ones.

Finally, PHOTOPLAY wishes to thank every one of you who participated in the contest. It was in every way a remarkable contest. To the winners, PHOTOPLAY sends congratulations. To the less fortunate, PHOTOPLAY says, "Try again, and better luck next time."

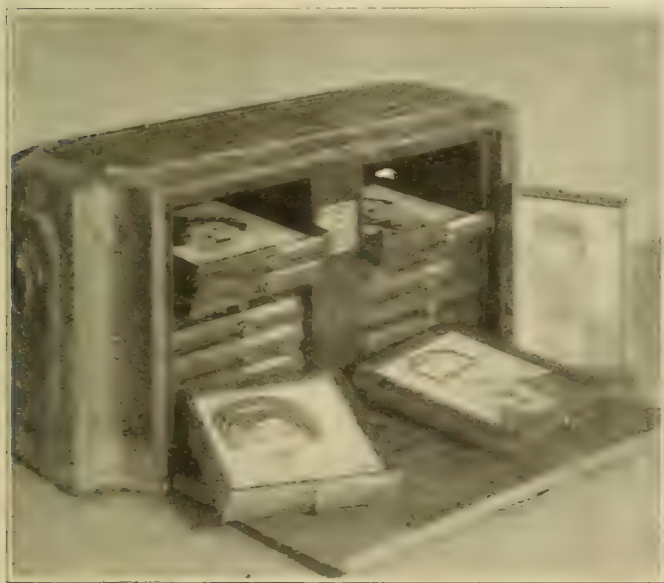
## The Prize Winners

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36 ]

### 20—Fifty Dollar Prizes

MRS. EILEEN BLOCK, Route 5, Plymouth, Mich.  
 MRS. E. E. TEVIS, 3377 Detroit Ave., Toledo, Ohio.  
 MRS. MAE COUPLAND, Box 497, Dallas, Texas.  
 MISS HELEN ASHFORD, Watkinsville, Georgia.  
 MARY RYAN, 248 E. Main Street, Somerville, N. J.  
 MRS. J. M. MACKENZIE, 933 Lipton Street, Winnipeg, Canada.  
 BURT D. BURNES, 807 West 22<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Street, Austin, Texas.  
 MARIE M. MEYER, 7802 Bellevue Avenue, Augusta, Georgia.  
 MRS. J. LEE KUHLMAN, 2905 Woodburn Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 BILLIE MCCARTHY, 531 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 JACK NISSEN, 485 Seneca Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 MRS. HILDA GRAY, 2317 Malcolm Avenue, "Westwood," Sawtelle, California.  
 MRS. J. N. PROCTOR, R. F. D. 1, Bethel, Conn.  
 MRS. A. D. RAMSAY, P. O. Box 954, Charleston, W. Va.  
 MRS. FRANK C. BOWERS, 3309 Nations Avenue, El Paso, Texas.  
 MISS LYDIA ENGI, 1345 Bond Street, Los Angeles, California.  
 THOMAS PRINCE, 733 Lawton Place, Fort Wayne, Indiana.  
 ALEXANDER BLIEDUNG, 209 North Byers, Joplin, Mo.  
 CORNELIUS HILKER, 242<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Oliver Street, San Pedro, California.  
 JENNE A. TAYLOR, Railroad & Warehouse Commission, No. 18 State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 115 ]



No. 7 on List of Prizes—Mrs. E. E. Trevis created this golden treasure chest. The inner woodwork is black and gold with the photographs, back to back, in sixteen black wooden frames tipped with gold handles



# STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



No, this is not a halitosis guard. It is a flirting fan that demonstrates what the old Spanish sheiks were up against. It was handed down to Louise Fazenda by her great-grandmother



Matt Moore as a big rough man of the great open coal holes in his latest picture, "The Cave Man." Quite a change from the timid youth of "How Baxter Butted In." This picture will not be popular with barbers

NOT since Gloria brought home the Marquis, has Hollywood been so excited about anything as the arrival of Michael Arlen, author of that famous chronicle of a "lovely lady" who wore "The Green Hat." Nor has any other topic been discussed, before and after, with such zeal.

Mr. Arlen came. Just what people expected, after reading "The Green Hat" and "Piracy," I don't know. Whatever it was, they seemed a little disappointed in Mike. He is a pleasant little chap, almost too well-groomed and a trifle overdressed, but he goes about his work in a business-like manner. If the admiring feminine contingent hoped to see him live perhaps a Purple Hat in Hollywood, it has been badly stung. The creator of *Iris Storm* seems not at all interested in women. He dines very frequently with his much admired Bebe Daniels—he knew her in New York—plays bridge with her friends, goes with her to dinner at the Harold Lloyds, is in his office at nine and prepares manuscripts for Pola until six.

Nothing terribly exciting. But I do think it was a little unfair of some of the men delegates to call him the perfumed rug merchant. He may be Armenian, but he has all the earmarks of an English gentleman. Men are so jealous.

And Hollywood has been a trial to him. "If anyone asks me once more what I think of women," he said, distractedly, "I shall go crazy."

**M**ISTAKEN identity is always good for a laugh.

The other day Leatrice Joy was returning from the beach with her publicity man, where she had been posing for some pictures. A hot dog

stand on the by-road flagrantly flirted its sign and the odor of sizzling doggies permeated the air. They paused to indulge.

The proprietress was a jovial Irish-woman who was not remiss in tendering compliments with her wares. Turning to her attendant, she said in tones audible enough for Letty to hear:

"Dearie, don't you think this young lady looks a great deal like Priscilla Dean?"

**A**T last Mary and Doug are to get their much-planned-for trip around the world. Upon the completion of "Scraps," Mary's current production, she will make a story of a little shop girl in a big city. This will be finished in March, when she and Doug will leave for their tour of the world.

After doing the four corners of the globe, they will linger in Europe long enough to make a picture in which both Mary and Doug will be featured.

The Fairbanks itinerary at present schedules their return to the States in the spring of 1927, when Mary will do another picture with a New England locale, similar in character to "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." This picture will be followed by a crook story. After this, probably, Mary will be so hopelessly aged and bent that she will be forced to play adolescent rôles.

**B**RONCHO BILLY, the first two-gun man of the films, is down and out, broke, ill. For seven years the ex-star has been unable to work

because of poor health. He has managed to exist on funds given him from time to time by relatives.

**T**HE Charleston craze has died a sudden and violent death so far as the motion picture girls are concerned. Reason: somebody circulated the report that a well-known orthopedic hospital claims this dance causes flat feet!

We hope Bessie Love didn't hear the rumor before she sailed for Europe. Not that we want Bessie to get flat feet, but we like to imagine her knocking the continental sheiks for a row of cocktails when she goes into her Charleston. Wait till you see her do it in "The King on Main Street."

**W**HILE in San Francisco making a picture, James Cruze pointed out the site of the old Occidental hotel, once a famous hostelry, to members of the company, with this remark: "It was at the old Occidental that I met Mark Twain."

Then he told how and why, and here's the yarn:

"Not only did I meet him," confided Cruze, "but he spoke to me."

"No! What did he say?" came the chorus.

"Waiter, bring me another cup of coffee!"

**T**HE story of a reconciliation between Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, recently published and circulated in Los Angeles, seems to be without foundation and is being vigorously



# EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Gwen Lee of the Metro Studios demonstrating the latest thing in London bridal bonnets for the boyish bob. There's really only one step beyond this—to shave the scalp and paint on the orange blossoms



Those were not the good old days, for Tommy Meighan made \$7,250 a week less than now when he played in "The College Widow" twenty years ago. Evelyn Vaughn, later Mrs. Bert Lytell, played the widow

denied by both of them. It grew out of the fact that Jack recently paid his first visit to little Leatrice II.

Even without the denials of the principals, I should have said it to be a false rumor. The breach between these two is a wide one, and filled still with bitterness. Nothing could surprise Hollywood, which is not easily surprised, more than to see these two reunited.

What strange tricks fate plays. When Leatrice broke with Jack, she seemed about to enter into the highest honors the screen can bestow. Jack was in comparative obscurity. Many people thought that Leatrice's divorce action would do him much damage. But it seems to have been a boomerang.

Today, Leatrice is not progressing. She seems to be failing to fulfil the great promise of her charm and ability in "Manslaughter" and "The Ten Commandments," while "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" have swept Jack to dazzling heights.

Gives one something to ponder, doesn't it? Is it just luck? Has justice merely leveled things out in its own way? Or does the sinner flourish like the green bay tree? Funny— isn't it?

**T**HERE is a certain young actor in Hollywood who is a devout believer in the adage "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." His worship of Jack Barrymore is apparent in the choice of his cravats, haircuts and gestures.

The other day a little office girl, at the studio where he was working, unintentionally blocked the exit from

the set and with his best Hamlet gesture the actor swept her from his path. But she had her revenge.

Timidly approaching him later she said: "Pardon me, you are Mr. So-and-so, aren't you?" Admiration was mingled with awe in manner.

"Indeed, I am!" spake the actor, rising wonderfully to the occasion, and hand hastening to its accustomed place beneath the left lapel.

"Where could one get some of your fan pictures, please?" asked the girl.

The actor told her—grandiosely.

"Thanks. I just wanted to know in case someone asked me!"

**R**EFLECTED glory seldom satisfies. Now it is Leni Lubitsch, wife of Ernst Lubitsch, the director, who wants a little glory of her own. She has signed a contract with Warner Brothers to play stellar rôles in a number of productions.

Mrs. Lubitsch was a stage star in Germany before her husband came to this country to direct pictures. She is pretty and blonde, slightly resembling Agnes Ayres.

**R**ALPH GRAVES fell heir to a good joke the other evening. It was during a dinner at the Ambassador Hotel and the woman on Ralph's left was an out-of-town visitor. Turning to him with her sweetest smile, she tapped him lightly on the sleeve:

"I should think you would be a

very good screen type, Mr. Graves. Why don't you try to get in pictures?"

Ralph gulped—and replied:

"Perhaps you didn't hear the name correctly. . . . I am Ralph Graves!"

The woman smiled again and airily said . . .

"Oh, that's all right! You could change your name. A lot of them have!"

**M**AY ALLISON is one motion picture actress who has both feet on the ground—to stay. She was scheduled to take the air in a small airplane for a sequence in "Men of Steel." There was not room in the machine for more than three people—the pilot, Miss Allison and the cameraman—so a system of "still" cameras was worked out whereby Miss Allison could press a button and take the "still" pictures of herself.

Before going up George Archainbaud, her director, suggested that he take a short flight to tell the pilot where he wanted him to go. Miss Allison watched him leave the ground at one o'clock in the afternoon. She was still waiting when night fell. About 8 o'clock a battered old Ford car deposited the bedraggled director at her feet.

The plane had broken down and had landed in a muddy field miles away. No one was hurt, but just the same Miss Allison decided that another system would have to be evolved for the photographing of that sequence.

**B**ILL POWELL, that estimable heavy man who is getting absolutely dizzy from running back and





We suspect Gloria Swanson of a conspiracy with the hairdressers. This is her newest bob. The effect is obtained by cutting the top shorter than the rest and curling it over in a soft wave

Gloria Swanson discovered beautiful Arlette Marchal (above) in France and cast her for the Queen in "Madame Sans Gene." Gloria had Paramount bring her over. Brave gal—she imports her own competition

forth between Hollywood and New York to pursue his nefarious career, brings this one from Hollywood:

First Young Thing: "I would love to get in pictures."

Second Older Thing: "A lot of them have!"

**O**LD Dame Rumor has been working overtime lately.

Her latest effort—that of a separation between Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor—was given a knockout blow when the champ returned from his Eastern trip and the two flew into each other's arms.

And this, too, in spite of the fact that there are some who think Jack has plenty of grounds for leaving Estelle.

You see it was like this. While Jack was away his little actress wife got lonely and so amused herself by painting a portrait of her fighter husband.

Now Estelle is a capable little actress, but no one ever told her she was an artist—I mean the brush and oil kind—and what she did to Jack—in the picture—well, I won't even try to tell you.

Some who have seen the portrait say—well, never mind. But just to show you how far apart this happy couple is, Jack took Estelle in his arms again when he saw the picture and said—

"WONDERFUL."

Ain't love grand?

**N**UDITY—"pour le sport," as Michael Arlen is so fond of saying—will not cause the barring of any motion pictures in Germany, the State Board of Censorship ruled recently.

The picture which started the controversy is a propaganda film for the naked culture movement that is breaking the hearts of German tailors, and gaining great popularity in Germany, Russia and Austria.

A private showing of the film was arranged for President von Hindenburg. He put the official Prussian stamp upon it and opened it to the public.

Old thrillers and melodramas are banned in Prussia, but nudity—never.

**Y**OU just cannot keep Michael Arlen out of print. Charlie Chaplin was showing him around Hollywood shortly after the author's arrival. They were just leaving a studio when a huge truck, loaded with rock, crashed into the rear of Chaplin's Rolls-Royce, demolishing it.

In an instant a crowd gathered.

"Any casualties, Mr. Chaplin?" queried a solicitous onlooker.

"None," replied Charlie, "except to our itinerary. And I guess we can save that with a taxicab."

**A**NNA Q. NILSSON got her divorce from Young Gunnerson, the business man she married a few years ago. And that is the end of another romance, and everybody is sorry.

Anna Q.—whom everybody loves—is one of those actresses with a thoroughly domestic disposition. I have met them on the New York stage—the kind that save up and hope some day to have a duck farm down on Long Island. She loved the little home she and her husband built on their little ranch about twenty miles from Hollywood. It was her great delight to spend her time there, being a real housewife. Anna Q. is a good cook, too.

But—the strange part of it is, that apparently that was just what ruined her marriage. A man who marries a beautiful and high-powered actress doesn't always want her to settle down and be domestic.

**M**ARSHALL NEILAN proved himself a good picker when he discovered little Sally O'Neil and gave her the featured rôle in his latest picture, "Mike." But why, oh why, did he change her delightful name of Chotsey Noonan, to Sally O'Neil?

Incidentally, Chotsey—I mean Sally—atmosphered around Mack Sennett's lot for a couple of months, but the well-known discoverer of feminine beauty didn't, or couldn't, see her.

**C**AN you imagine Aileen Pringle, the striking, the gorgeous, ever an ugly duckling?

Well, she was—the prize Ugly Duckling of the little town of Newcastle, California, which never tires of talking of the wonderful transformation of the little girl who grew up in Newcastle.

I had it from a friend with whom I went to college. He dropped in for a chat one day—visiting Hollywood from a northern city—and the first question he asked was if I knew Aileen Pringle.

"You know, Cal," says he, "I knew her when she was just a little kid with pigtails down her back. And plain, why we didn't think she had one redeeming feature then. And now just look at her."

**D**OUGLAS MACLEAN and his wife recently went to New York via the Panama Canal, thinking that the delightful boat trip would give them a pleasant rest.

"And it did," says Douglas. "Furthermore, if I was a betting man I could easily make my expenses off the trip on the information I got. I haven't found anybody yet in New York or





When Herbert Henley introduced Bebe Daniels to his stenographer, Bebe never recognized Norma Shearer in her "Free Lips" make-up. If Norma can look like this, maybe you can look as Norma really does. Maybe!



The keynote to Kathleen Key's gown is on her eyelids. Kathleen got that way through the assistance of Cecil Holland, make-up expert. This may start a new profession. "Eyelids painted here while you wait"

Hollywood that wouldn't argue and offer to bet on the following proposition—that the Pacific Ocean side of the Panama Canal is east of the Atlantic Ocean side, or, to put it the other way around, that the Atlantic Ocean side of the Panama Canal is west of the Pacific Ocean side. But it is—they are. If you don't believe me, get out the atlas. Really, I ought to get a rake-off from the atlas company on the number of them I've sold since I made that trip."

**YOUNG** Gloria Lloyd, only daughter of Harold and Mildred Lloyd, is walking all over the place these days, and talking, too.

There is an amusing little story about Harold and Gloria and the dogs. Harold is a great dog lover, and he especially likes big dogs. He wanted the baby to have a dog to grow up with, so he spent considerable time hunting one. Finally, he came home with a Great Dane. The thing, even at puppy age, was as big as a small pony, and Gloria, after one look, literally turned and fled. Harold scratched his head, looked some more, and acquired a full-blooded St. Bernard of majestic proportions. Gloria, not to be taken off her guard a second time, welcomed the St. Bernard cautiously and was willing to try to get along. But it couldn't be done. He knocked her over every time he tried to be playful, and after the second time, little Gloria had had enough of that.

"What she wants," said her grandmother, wisely, "is a little dog."

Harold accepted defeat, brought home a fuzzy, ordinary little cocker spaniel, and now Gloria has a dog that she delights in.

**CAN** you imagine an actor or actress fleeing from publicity?

If you have ever been an editor, you can't, but I have really seen it happen.

A short time ago a Jewish daily paper, published in Los Angeles, wrote to all the studios and asked all actors and actresses of their persuasion to communicate with the office—they

wanted to send a man out to interview some of their own people.

The letter was pasted on all of the studio bulletin boards and I became interested.

I called the office of the Jewish daily several times, and up to the time of *PHOTOPLAY*'s going to press there have been no customers. Not a single Jewish artist!

**THESE** little girls certainly get away with murder. Patsy Ruth Miller is the latest diminutive one to perpetrate a crime in rompers.

One of Pat's recent pictures gave her an opportunity to wear pig-tails and short dresses. It must be known that Pat in her grown-up attire is something of a wit and the gems of conversation that fall from her lips are often quoted and regurgitated in cinema circles.

A celebrated Britisher was visiting Warners' Studio where Pat was working. Eventually Pat—in pig-tails and calico—was introduced to him, and commenced her usual sure-fire line. The Englishman was dazed but bore up wonderfully. Finally Pat was called to the set. He followed her with his eyes and then said:

"My word! Aren't these film youngsters precocious!"

**FRANCES MARION** and Fred Thomson, who, besides being respectively the screen's leading scenario writer and the most promising Western star, are also husband and wife, are living over the garage.

It's like this. Having bought a magnificent estate in Beverly Hills, they built the stables

and garage first. Then, as the house—which has twenty-nine rooms—took shape, they got so interested they moved into the servants' rooms above the garage.

"It was easier," says Frances. "We camped there all the time anyway. It's a great vantage point from which to watch things grow."

Frances, by the way, has just finished her first production, which she wrote and directed. It is William J. Locke's "Simon, the Jester." It should be a knockout. Miss Marion has given more directors great scripts from which they have made pictures which boosted them to success, than anybody else in the business. She ought to do it for herself now.

**BIG-HEARTED** Tom Meighan recently donated a thousand dollars toward the \$14,000,000 drive being made by the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. He also offered to give his services in any way possible to help.

And there's a little Catholic church in Hollywood that is grateful to Tom for many generous gifts.

**THEDA BARA**, the originator of the fictitious character known as the screen vampire, is in New York consulting with the leading publishers. Miss Bara has written a book called "The Things That Women Won't Tell."

We'll bet you Elinor Glyn will writhe with envy when she hears that title.

**DOUG FAIRBANKS** tells this one on Harold Lloyd, and Harold admits it's true—so it must be.

The two stars had been down to watch the filming of the great chariot races for "Ben Hur," and on their return stopped at Doug's studio, where there were three kids waiting whom Fairbanks had promised to let go through the studio and see all his pirate stuff.

Harold was without his glasses, of course.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



# Growing Old Gracefully



This is the Myrtle Stedman of ten years ago. When this photograph was taken Myrtle was the bright particular star of the old Bosworth and Morosco companies, organizations long since extinct

“Look for youth in the heart. Make the change from youth to age, as you would make it from one country to another. And I tell you that you will lay up for yourselves treasures where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves cannot break through nor steal”

*By Myrtle Stedman*



Here, showing how lightly the years have touched her, is Myrtle Stedman today. Her eyes are kinder, her mouth gentler. Otherwise time has been unable to do anything save flatter her

I KNOW two women who are growing old.

One of them is fighting Time with little white jars full of this and that, with gold topped bottles of fragrant lotions, with visits to specialists and beauty surgeons in immaculate white aprons.

Whenever I meet her she tells me rapturously about some new beauty shop she has just discovered.

Her face looks young enough, there are no wrinkles in her smoothly stretched skin, and her hair is a glossy henna. But her eyes! Those tortured, harassed, *old* eyes, and her shrill, nervous, frightened voice.

The other is not fighting Time at all. She is making Time her ally. She goes hand in hand with Time, and asks him for his gifts.

Whenever I meet her she tells me of some new book she has just read, of some fine picture she has just seen, of some young thing in whom she has discovered talent that she hopes to aid.

There are laugh lines aplenty about her eyes and strong, deep lines of courage and character about her mouth, and her dark hair is frankly going very gray. But oh, the understanding light of those eyes, the deep sweetness of her voice, and the jewel of serenity upon her brow!

AND from those two women, one of whom I pity deeply and want to get away from, one of whom I love and long to be with, I can point you all my philosophy of growing old gracefully.

People—fans and friends and critics—have been kind enough to say that I am growing old gracefully and accepting my position as the mother of a young man many inches taller than I am without losing either my poise or my personality. I take that as my favorite compliment and hold it very dear in my heart.

For I tell you that we women should arise here and now and get rid of this bugaboo of age — this cowardly, silly fear of growing old. I tell you that women who fight

against age, who cling with overmanicured hands to the semblance of youth and wear the garb of sixteen as an ostrich hides his head in the sand, are on the wrong track altogether.

In the last two generations, women have risen above most of the outworn laws that held them in bondage. It is time they put the heel upon this last tyrant—the dread of getting old.

I do not bring you any new “beauty secrets.” I have no new magic of weight-reduction or wrinkle eradication.

But I believe that I have found Ponce de Leon’s fountain of eternal youth in these great words of a great poet—

“Grow old along with me,  
The best is yet to be—”

GROWING old isn’t something to be dreaded. It is something to be enjoyed. Age isn’t a thief and a robber. He is a friend. It is only an exchange—growing old.

An exchange of the fevers and ferments of youth, for the ripe delights of maturity. An exchange of the hot delights and wild joys and sorrows of young manhood and womanhood, for the appreciation and wisdom and wide understanding of a mind stored full of experience and a vision grown broad with years of loving and watching life.

We are so hurried in youth. We dash from this to that. We go from the mountain peaks of mad joy to the very deepest depths of pain and misery.

But as life unfolds there are no mountain peaks and no deep pits, but only the pleasant meadows of proven love, tried friendship, and time and intelligence to enjoy the real things of life. Only the shallowest mind can claim that those real things are taken from us as we grow older.

For, after all, what grows old?

At most, the body. Need the mind? Need the heart? Need the spirit that is in man? No, a thousand times no. Instead, don’t they grow and deepen and come into

Every girl and every woman reader of PHOTOPLAY should read this remarkable article. Not yet forty, the mother of a 20-year-old boy, Myrtle Stedman is one of the most beloved and respected women of the film colony



full power as the years add wisdom?

What do you lose with youth? Physical vigor, maybe, though I have known men and women of sixty who could outride, outwalk, outplay their own sons and daughters. But let us grant the loss of physical vigor.

WHAT else? Do you lose love? Only that phase of it which is most fleeting, since it is most tied to the earth, and has most of the elements of that dust from which mortal man was made. I have seen in the eyes of a man and a woman on their Golden Wedding anniversary love that would put to very shame the blaze of passion in the eyes of young things. And is that mother love, that father love, that grows apace as the years bring our kiddies to manhood and womanhood to be ignored, when we speak of love? Do we lose friendship? Not real friendship. The years leave by the wayside those ephemeral attractions of the moment, whose roots were planted in the shallow soil of vanity, but they only strengthen the oak of true friendship. Do we lose our joy in good books, in exquisite paintings, in music, in travel, in our home? Certainly not. That joy increases.

Nor need we lose our place in the world.

Florence Nightingale was forty when she went to the Crimean war, and she lived to be ninety and during those long years worked incessantly and gave us the foundation of our

PHOTOPLAY considers it a privilege to publish this article by Myrtle Stedman. The next time you have an opportunity to see her in a picture do not fail to study this wonderful woman who has found the secret of eternal youth.

JAMES R. QUIRK

entire modern system of nursing and hospital administration. Mary Baker Eddy was fifty before she wrote the book that was to make her the great religious leader of her time, and she was eighty-seven when she founded one of the great newspapers of modern times. Our two greatest actresses, Duse and Bernhardt, at sixty and even seventy, were still infinitely greater than any of their youthful rivals. The golden years of Queen Victoria's reign came when she was an old, old woman, and had ruled her people for generations. Madame Curie was growing old, I am sure gracefully, when she astonished the scientific world with the discovery of radium. Who ever thinks of age, or of youth, in connection with St. Elizabeth of Hungary?

Happiness is eternal youth.

You can't keep your face young.

No one in the world can do that. You don't fool anybody but yourself, with vain pretenses and mud packs, false curls and rubber girdles.

But even beauty does not depend upon youth alone. There is a beauty beyond that of a pretty, smooth, peach-bloom face. The sort of beauty Whistler painted of his mother. The mellowness of old lace, the deepening richness of a masterpiece, and shine and sheen of silvery hair—these all have a beauty of their own. It may not inspire desire, but it will create love and devotion in every heart. I have heard [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Myrtle Stedman has given her maiden name of Lincoln to her boy in loving honor of her father. She is one of the finest actresses on the screen and her son is also in pictures





**THE KING ON MAIN STREET—Paramount**

**T**HE story isn't a knockout. It's the suave personality of Adolphe Menjou, who enacts the rôle of the *King of Molvania*, that puts it over. It's a Menjou picture from the start to the finish. His subtle and captivating charm acts as a pivot on which the plot of the story rotates. The picture is centered around a series of spicy and ultra-sophisticated situations which Monta Bell, the director, has logically developed with skill and freshness without shocking the censorious.

The story shows in a humorous and entertaining way the life of a bored king who longed to be loved as a man. Bessie Love is the sweet little young girl with whom the *King* has a delightful romance. Greta Nissen's beauty and gowns are a treat for the eyes. We're warning you—don't miss this.



**THE EAGLE—United Artists**

**R**UDOLPH VALENTINO changes his personality three times in his new picture, and each one is dashing and fascinating and very Valentino. First, he is a young lieutenant of the Czarina's regiment, brave and handsome and desired of *Catherine*. When he deserts because he objects to "boudoir service," young *Dubrovsky* becomes a bandit, the *Black Eagle*, seeking to avenge a wrong done his father.

Next we see Rudy impersonating a French tutor in the house of his enemy, teaching the enemy's beautiful daughter. *Dubrovsky* falls in love. Shall he break his oath of vengeance?

The story really begins when *Dubrovsky* becomes the *Black Eagle*. The finish is weak and the characters not well drawn. Vilma Banky is Sam Goldwyn's gift to the screen. You will like Rudy and Vilma and the picture, in spite of its faults.

# The Shadow Stage

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*A Review of the New Pictures*



**THE BIG PARADE—Metro-Goldwyn**

**W**AR, not from the cushioned seat of a government job but the mud-splashed perspective of a cootie-bitten private, has been brought to the screen by King Vidor's masterly direction of "The Big Parade."

Bitter, grueling, muddy strife in all its tragedy and ironic humor has been superbly interwoven with rollicking comedy, captivating love episodes and tender romance. It is not make-believe. It is war as war actually is, with soldiers and women playing their parts bravely as plain human beings.

The story is simple—but the telling is great. A French maiden, an American doughboy and his two modern musketeers. But Vidor's vast sympathy with the subject, his utter lack of mock heroics and flag-waving and the genius he displays in sweeping his audience with him, even to the shell-pocked battleground, is unsurpassed in any war picture ever filmed.

John Gilbert, as the wealthy private, gives a splendid interpretation of the character's evolution from pampered youth to soul-shocked veteran. Renee Adoree, as the charming *Melisande*, wins the hero and the audience by her great performance of the French peasant girl. The laughs and many of the tears go to Karl Dane as the gangling member of the wartime trio, and Tom O'Brien garners his share of glory as the third musketeer. Claire McDowell's mother rôle is illuminated by the beauty of her sincerity, and Hobart Bosworth, Claire Adams, Robert Ober and Rosa Marstini are excellent.

This is a truly great picture, for it blends the color and feeling of a war canvas with the homely intimacies of a doughboy's kodak record.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE BIG PARADE                      THE SKYROCKET  
THE KING ON MAIN STREET  
THE EAGLE                      CLASSIFIED                      LORD JIM

## The Six Best Performances of the Month

John Gilbert in "The Big Parade"  
Corinne Griffith in "Classified"  
Peggy Hopkins Joyce in "The Skyrocket"  
Rudolph Valentino in "The Eagle"  
Percy Marmont in "Lord Jim"  
Karl Dane in "The Big Parade"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 116



### CLASSIFIED—First National

CORINNE GRIFFITH as *Babs*, the beautiful but smart New York working girl, gives a surprisingly clever performance in this Edna Ferber story. She is so human and real that you forget it is Miss Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful."

It takes Edna Ferber to write about the folks who work every day, eat "supper," and buy radios.

Jack Mulhall is a garage mechanic with the independence of a big butter and egg man. His rival, Ward Crane, is a very human silk hatter from Fifth Avenue. Edythe Chapman and Charley Murray as *Ma* and *Pa*, are perfect. Oh, yes, Corinne gets a chance to wear gorgeous clothes. How she gets them is where the plot, if any, comes in.

Some of the smart cracks in the subtitles are priceless.



### THE SKYROCKET—Associated Exhibitors

DECIDEDLY the best picture about motion picture people that has been made to date, and also brings to the screen an interesting new personality in Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Marshall Neilan has caught the glamour and fascination of Hollywood, and with the valuable aid of Miss Joyce, who is apt to prove quite as irresistible on the screen as she has in real life, we think, has transferred them to the screen. While he has missed some of the bigger and deeper moments of the stirring novel by Adela Rogers St. Johns, and considerable of its unusual psychology, Mr. Neilan has substituted for them sequences of delightful comedy and very moving "kid stuff," of which he is past master.

Miss Joyce proves the surprise of the picture, for she not only photographs exquisitely, and wears superb gowns and jewels as well as anyone has ever worn them on the screen, but she gives an excellent performance as *Sharon Kimm*, the little girl from the other side of the railroad tracks, who becomes a great star. Her fragile, blonde loveliness literally illumines the film, and under Mr. Neilan's able guidance, she acts with creditable naturalness and often with deep feeling. Every woman in America will undoubtedly go to see "The Skyrocket" for a look at this most famous "vampire" of our age and probably a good many of the men, but the surprising thing is that they are bound to find Peggy Hopkins Joyce not only a beauty, but a thoroughly competent actress.

Of the men, honors must go to Earle Williams as *Dvorak*, the star-maker director. This is Mr. Williams' first attempt at the polished villain, and it is a triumph. Owen Moore is his usually attractive self, Sammy Cohen gives some great comedy, and the two kiddies of the first reel deserve unstinted praise.



### LORD JIM—Paramount

SINCE Lord Jim was bound to come to the screen, Percy Marmont is the only motion picture actor who could have made this drama of conscience appear even remotely real. The soul struggle of the man *Jim*, as Conrad created him, was obviously extremely difficult to visualize, and Director Victor Fleming deserves great credit for the result of his effort to translate mental operations into pictures.

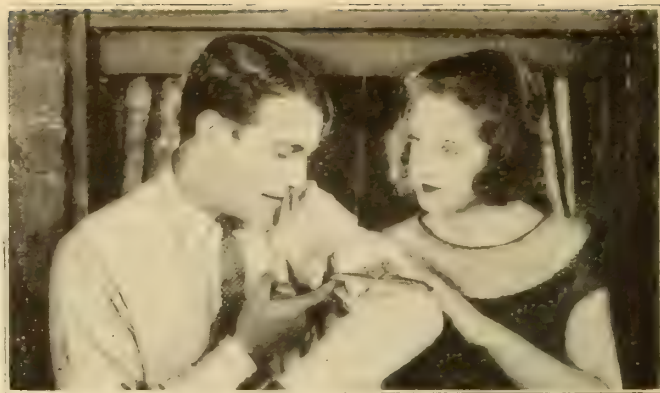
Although the picturization of Conrad's finest work is sometimes disappointing to the student of Conrad it is good entertainment and is replete with drama and romance. There is an unhappy ending to Conrad's story. We must thank the producer for flying in the face of so-called box-office showmanship and not changing it, but it is done with such feeling that it will be and ought to be appreciated.





**SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—Paramount**

**A** CORKING comedy-melodrama with Douglas MacLean as a negligent author who has to write a book in twenty-four hours or lose his sweetheart, the publisher's daughter. It has one of the surprise finishes that the management requests you not to divulge to your friends who haven't seen it. For this reason you should see the picture from the beginning.



**THE BEAUTIFUL CITY—First National**

**A** DECIDED drop from the recent Richard Barthelmess offerings. Besides the weak story there is nothing that calls for any of the emotional acting that Dick can handle with such feeling. Something is lacking through the entire picture and that little something is PEP. Dorothy Gish is not particularly impressive, and, as usual, William Powell gives a polished performance.



**THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY—Producers Dist.**

**B**EAUTIFUL photography forms the background for a muddled story. It starts with Joseph Schildkraut defying God with a broken arm. He is married to Jetta Goudal, one of those wives in name only. Involved, in a train wreck, they go back to a dim past where almost everything happens, entirely without visible reason. What it all means you'll have to find out from Cecil De Mille, who created it.



**THE CLASH OF THE WOLVES—Warner Brothers**

**A** GAIN Rin-Tin-Tin has us all enthused over his splendid performance. This dog is the most sympathetic and human creature on the screen today. There are times when we think the dog actually sheds tears—and if he doesn't make you—. A splendid story enhances the acting abilities of Rinny and the other members of the cast including June Marlowe, Charles Farrell and Pat Hartigan.



**LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY—Metro-Goldwyn**

**W**ELL, well, what happened to Monta Bell here? His direction places this in the mediocre class. Where are all his clever touches? And as for Marion Davies—she's had much better vehicles in spite of the fact that the p.a.'s report this her best rôle since "Little Old New York." Marion plays a dual rôle—sounds intricate—but it isn't. One of them could have been cut out—that's how important it is.



**THE BEST PEOPLE—Paramount**

**M**ILD entertainment. Sidney Olcott has turned out better pictures than this—but what could he do under the circumstances?—this has no story backing. The plot deals with the conflict between the parents and children of a blue blood family. The parents insist on a marriage to aristocracy and the children prefer people from the ordinary walk of life, and all that sort of thing.





**THE NEW COMMANDMENT—First National**

**T**HOU Shalt Not Doubt. Sorry, I can't inform you who the Lawgiver is. A romantic story of a wealthy boy who falls in love with an artist's model. Through a misunderstanding he doubts his sweetheart. And then the war came and amidst the clearance of the smoke of battle the lovers are reunited. Tweet, Tweet. The sets, photography, and the war scenes are splendid. Excellent entertainment.



**LAZYBONES—Fox**

**B**UCK JONES gives a splendid characterization that is quite different from his usual wild and woolly Western he-man stuff. It is rather doubtful if this will please his fans who like Buck when he is shootin' up the town. A story of small town people which is told in a direct and wholly unpretentious manner. The supporting cast consists of Madge Bellamy, Jane Novak, ZaSu Pitts and Leslie Fenton.



**NEW BROOMS—Paramount**

**E**VIDENTLY William de Mille had the idea he would sweep us off our feet with this comedy-drama. Instead, it impressed us as a mildly amusing affair with everyone in the cast overacting, with the exception of Bessie Love. The story is woven around the son of a broom manufacturer who thinks he can run the business better than his father, and as a result he almost ruins it.



**GO WEST—Metro-Goldwyn**

**I**T'S rather a sad state of affairs when our old friend Buster Keaton can't put over the laughs. He prances around with that frozen look on his face trying to be funny and with the aid of a big cow does his best with an improbable story. The gags are not what they should be and they don't come fast enough. But all tastes are different—you will get a few laughs out of it, anyhow.



**THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY—Paramount**

**N**OW, ladies and gentlemen, we have a rush of log jam-mings and it looks as though they will be as popular as the cattle stampedes. The hero helps the heroine from a scheming villain who is trying to obtain her timber lands. Naturally, he accomplishes the impossible and bye-bye Mr. Villain. Oh, by the way, the villain is none other than the old time favorite, Montagu Love. Passable.



**OLD CLOTHES—Metro-Goldwyn**

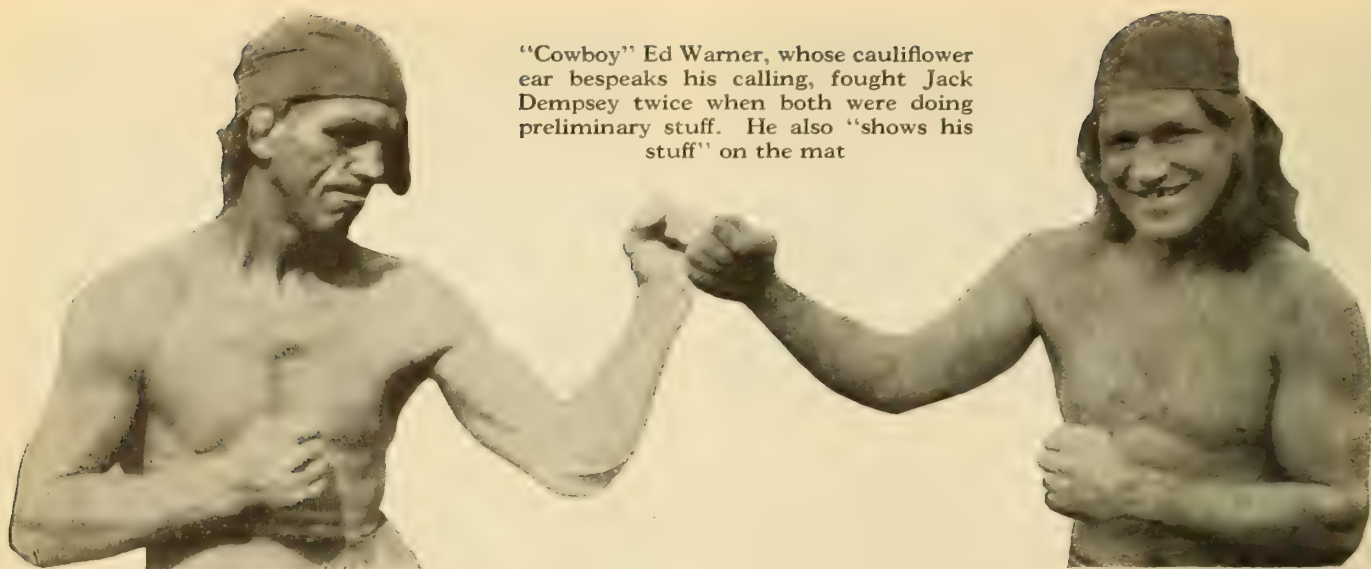
**T**HIS picture will not bring Jackie Coogan any new fans. He is frankly homely, with a homeliness that lacks charm. Still without a haircut, he appears to be in a state of arrested development. When the thin story gives him a chance to act, he overacts.

Joan Crawford, a newcomer, is interesting.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]



"Cowboy" Ed Warner, whose cauliflower ear bespeaks his calling, fought Jack Dempsey twice when both were doing preliminary stuff. He also "shows his stuff" on the mat



**D** OUG FAIRBANKS is "the perfect athlete" of the pictures.

Doug is a wrestler, a boxer, a swimmer, a gymnast, an expert swordsman.

Keeping fit is more than a religion to Doug—it is a pleasure—and nothing could keep him from his daily workouts in the gymnasium, or his fast and furious sets of "Doug"—a sort of indoor tennis game he has invented—at the close of his day's work on a picture. When he is between pictures most of his time is devoted to athletics.

In Doug's Gang are athletes of all kinds, descriptions and nationalities. There are wrestlers, box fighters, and swordsmen, strong men, gymnasts and swimmers. If Doug lived in the feudal days they would certainly be called his henchmen. Today they are called his trainers, sparring partners, opponents and playmates.

And these retainers of Doug all double in brass. Like the star, their exercise and athletic prowess are their life, their happiness, but none of them are lazy. Now, with Doug making "The Black Pirate," they are as villainous a band as one could hope to see—for all are acting in the picture. Within a few months they may be a band of Mexican Bad Men. Not so long ago they were a part of Robin Hood's loyal Merry Men.

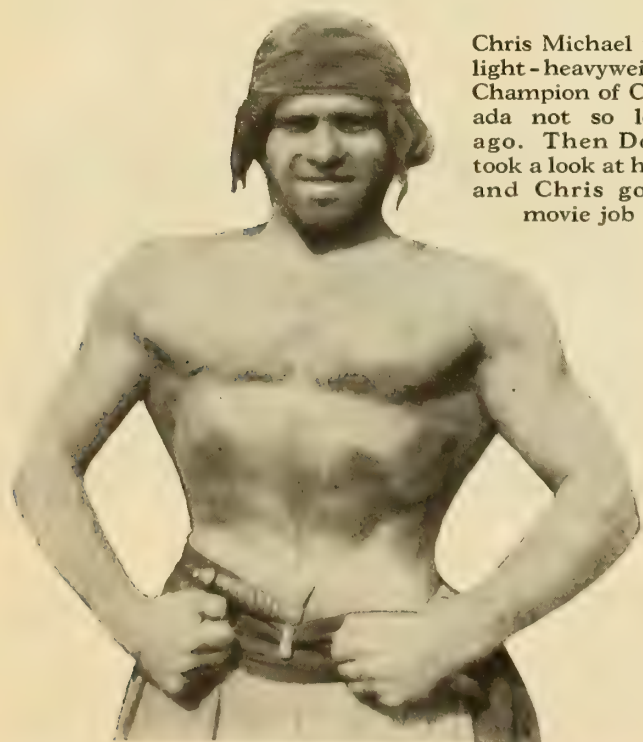
Bob Roper, terror of the prize ring, is a college man (Tulane), and probably the best read and best educated man belonging to the boxing fraternity. After leaving college he entered the army, serving in the Philippines and World War. He has 132 fights to his credit, among which he knocked out Frank Moran and fought two no decision bouts with Tommy Gibbons and Bill Brennan

Dave Kashner hoisting a hundreddollar check he received from Doug because he was able to hoist an iron stanchion which has floored every fellow that ever tried it



Chris Michael was light-heavyweight Champion of Canada not so long ago. Then Doug took a look at him, and Chris got a movie job

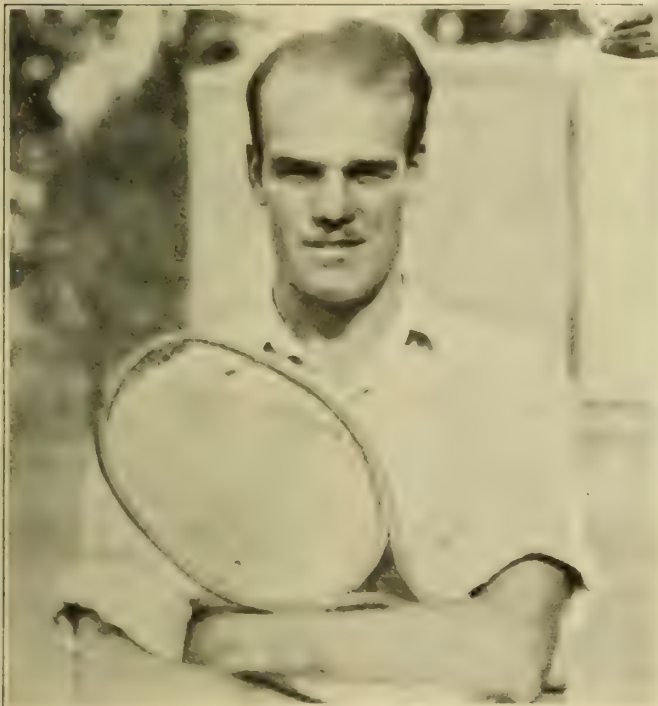
Jimmy Dime, whose name sounds like ready money, left fighting to act. Jimmy was once Jack Dempsey's sparring partner





# "Meet the Gang" Says Doug

As fine a lot of men as ever  
scuttled a ship



"Chuck" Lewis is Douglas Fairbanks' coach, and also his team mate in the game of "Doug." Chuck in his college days made the All-American football team. He won the Pentathlon at the Penn relays several years ago and won the Decathlon for the last Olympic try-outs in Los Angeles. "Chuck" was graduated from Cornell and did postgraduate work at Stanford. He is one of the best all-round athletes in the world



Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, who is now a pirate bold, was Johnny Weismuller's swimming partner and was twice a member of America's Olympic swimming team. He holds the world's record for the back stroke at six distances, and also the world's record in the 300 yard medley. Kruger succeeded in beating Duke Kahanamoku in the mile-and-a-quarter swim



You'll see them all in "The Black Pirate," but here Doug presents them as playmates and trainers

Jerry Girard was formerly on the Los Angeles County motor patrol, but Doug saw him get off his bike and walk one day and Jerry immediately became a pirate. "A guy with a walk like that is a born pirate," said Fairbanks to his director, Al Parker. "Go over and hire him right now." And Al did





# Photoplay's Intelligence Test

## NUMBER TWO

*Are you movie wise? Here is a test of your film knowledge and memory. Get up a party, have a contest and send out your prizes next month when the answers are given*

*Compiled by E. Lyle McMullen*

**H**OW much do you know about motion pictures? Are you a real fan?

Here is an intelligence test, patterned after the mental and psychology tests used in many of the large universities. Get a pencil and try your luck with it. You ought to be able to answer all the questions in twenty or twenty-five minutes. Naturally, you must play fair with yourself and not consult any magazine or newspapers.

If you make less than ten mistakes, you may rate yourself as having an excellent knowledge of the movies. If you make from eleven to twenty errors, you are only a casually good fan. With from twenty-one to thirty, you are just fair. And if you make more than thirty, you may mark yourself as poor and go to the foot of the class.

In the February issue of PHOTOPLAY you will find the correct answers. Now let your conscience be your guide and go ahead.

### GROUP ONE

**Draw a circle around the number or numbers at the end of the questions that indicate the correct answers. Some, all, or only one may be correct.**

1. The following players have met with phenomenal success in the past year: (1) Barbara LaMarr; (2) Raymond Griffith; (3) Thomas Meighan; (4) Norma Shearer; (5) Betty Bronson. 1 2 3 4 5
2. Lon Chaney gave admirable performances in (1) "The Monster"; (2) "The Unholy Three"; (3) "The Air Mail"; (4) "The Last Laugh"; (5) "Sackcloth and Scarlet." 1 2 3 4 5
3. Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels have played together in (1) "Men and Women"; (2) "The Shock Punch"; (3) "Sinners in Heaven"; (4) "The Crowded Hour"; (5) "Un-guarded Women." 1 2 3 4 5
4. The following players have appeared on both screen and stage: (1) Norma Talmadge; (2) Elliott Dexter; (3) Eugene O'Brien; (4) Laurette Taylor; (5) Milton Sills. 1 2 3 4 5
5. The following players are Metro-Goldwyn stars: (1) Jackie Coogan; (2) Reginald Denny; (3) Mae Murray; (4) Lon Chaney; (5) Ramon Novarro. 1 2 3 4 5

### GROUP TWO

**Cross out the numbers before the untrue statements.**

6. Emil Jannings has never appeared in an American-made picture.
7. D. W. Griffith has joined Paramount and is now one of that company's leading directors.
8. "The Gold Rush" is Harold Lloyd's most recent comedy.
9. Lois Wilson is a featured player, but has never been starred.
10. John Barrymore has decided to leave the screen entirely.
11. Tom, Owen, and Matt Moore are brothers.
12. Ernst Lubitsch is best known as a good director of sophisticated comedy-drama.
13. Tom Mix's efforts in the past year have been confined entirely to Westerns.
14. In "The Vanishing American" Richard Dix plays the part of an American soldier.
15. Viola Dana is the smallest well-known actress on the screen.
16. Rex Ingram's latest production is "Mare Nostrum," which was made in Europe.

17. "Are Parents People?" marked the first screen appearance of Betty Bronson since "Peter Pan."
18. Most of Jack Holt's recent pictures have consisted of society dramas.
19. Virginia Valli and Norman Kerry have appeared together in pictures.
20. "Beggar on Horseback" provided Percy Marmont with another fine character rôle.

### GROUP THREE

**The following names and titles are arranged in groups, such as directors, comedians, and pictures of a certain star. Which name or title in each group does not belong with the others? Draw a circle around the number at the end of the questions corresponding to the misplaced name or title.**

21. (1) "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"; (2) "Rosita"; (3) "The Lady"; (4) "Little Annie Rooney"; (5) "Little Lord Fauntleroy." 1 2 3 4 5
22. (1) Charles Chaplin; (2) Ronald Colman; (3) Harry Langdon; (4) Buster Keaton; (5) Raymond Griffith. 1 2 3 4 5
23. (1) "Night Life of New York"; (2) "East of Suez"; (3) "Forbidden Paradise"; (4) "The Charmer"; (5) "Lily of the Dust." 1 2 3 4 5
24. (1) Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks; (2) Harold Lloyd-Mildred Davis; (3) Maurice Flynn-Viola Dana; (4) Jack Holt-Betty Compson; (5) Jack Dempsey-Estelle Taylor. 1 2 3 4 5
25. (1) Wm. Collier, Jr.; (2) Ben Lyon; (3) Hobart Bosworth; (4) George Hackathorne; (5) Robert Agnew. 1 2 3 4 5

### GROUP FOUR

**Within the parentheses at the end of the questions write the number that indicates the correct answer.**

26. The star of "Soul-Fire" was (1) Richard Dix; (2) Rod La Rocque; (3) Bert Lytell; (4) Richard Barthelmess; (5) Ramon Novarro. ( )
27. Fred Niblo is a prominent director of (1) Metro-Goldwyn; (2) Warner Bros.; (3) First National; (4) Universal; (5) Paramount. ( )
28. "Sally of the Sawdust" was produced by (1) Frank Lloyd; (2) John Robertson; (3) D. W. Griffith; (4) Cecil B. DeMille; (5) Rex Ingram. ( )
29. "The Devil's Cargo" (1) was a picture in which a prominent individual was starred; (2) was a foreign-made picture; (3) was a "Special" produced by a famous director; (4) had a featured cast of good players. ( )
30. Sam De Grasse is a (1) director; (2) comedian; (3) character actor; (4) scenario writer; (5) juvenile. ( )
31. Lillian Gish's leading man in "The White Sister" and "Romola" was (1) John Gilbert; (2) Ronald Colman; (3) Charles de Roche; (4) Harrison Ford; (5) John Bowers. ( )
32. "The Iron Horse" was (1) a foreign-made picture; (2) a race-track story; (3) a comedy; (4) an epic railroad picture; (5) a domestic drama. ( )
33. Bessie Love and Glenn Hunter were featured in (1) "The Silent Watcher"; (2) "Shore-Leave"; (3) "Merton of the Movies"; (4) "The Necessary Evil." ( )
34. Mack Sennett is a (1) director; (2) character actor; (3) comedy producer; (4) heavy; (5) comedian. ( )
35. Marie Prevost is married to (1) James Rennie; (2) Monte Blue; (3) Kenneth Harlan; (4) Cullen Landis; (5) Warner Baxter. ( )

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]





On the right stands he who, with Director Mal St. Clair, conquered the proud Pola—none other than our old pal, Chester Conklin. He did not win her heart. He won her with laughter

# How Pola Was Tamed

But strangely enough she tamed herself by her own sense of humor

**F**OR three years they tried every means to tame that fascinating tiger-cat—Pola Negri.

And now the funniest thing in the world has happened. Pola has licked herself—with her own sense of humor.

You probably remember the tales that went forth when Pola burst upon Hollywood and scared the whole darned industry out of its wits—and that wasn't the half of it, dearie.

As the years rolled by, they imported directors and diplomats, they employed force and diplomacy, and succeeded in teaching Pola to purr lazily and keep her claws sheathed as long as she got, figuratively speaking, all the raw meat she wanted.

But let anyone cross her, or try to make her do anything she didn't want to, or take anything away from her that she did want to do, or count her as less variable than the winds of heaven—and the old, flaming Pola arose in her wrath and cowed them once more into submission.

*By Ivan St. Johns*

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**"THESE** drivers who navigate their automobiles with one arm wouldn't be so dangerous," Walter Hires, rotund comedian, paused to remark as he frantically leaped sideways just in time to save his life, "if they would only keep one eye on the road."

Say what they will and put the best face on it they can, the Lasky lot has never known a really peaceful moment since Pola was turned loose there until the last few weeks.

But now Pola is tamed, beyond any question. But man alone didn't achieve it. Pola's own delicious sense of humor has proved her only master. -

Where once Pola came to the studio when Pola felt like it, and not one second sooner, the entire executive staff to the contrary, now she beats the janitor down and is smiling sweetly on the front step when he arrives. Where on all of her previous pictures Pola gave the business office heart failure every few days by calmly saying for maybe a week on end—and the overhead going on all the time—that she didn't feel like working, on this picture she hasn't missed a day.

Why?

"Because," says Pola, with a giggle, "we have such fun."

Mal St. Clair, the young director who came to Paramount via the newspaper



cartoonist-Mack Sennett route, and is being acclaimed everywhere as the coming Griffith of the new generation, is the little boy who brought the miracle to pass.

When they selected Mal to direct Pola's latest picture, "The Tattooed Countess," they called him into conference and explained the matter to him in detail. It was a good deal like asking a man who kept a cat and dog store to take the lion-tamer's place in the circus. As soon as it was announced that Mal was to direct Negri, everybody rallied around. He got so much free advice on how to handle the untamed and untamable Pola that he was dizzy with it.

The first clash came when Mal broke the news to her that he was going to get Chester Conklin to play in the production. Pola raged and raved, and sparks of the well-known Negri temperament flew from her black eyes.

Now she adores Chester. He tickles her to death. Mal, who was a comedy director and cartoonist, makes her laugh from morning till night. Pola is entertained—that's the answer.

One thing Pola had never done and would never do. She had never been on location. I mean to say

that was just one of those things that couldn't happen. Well, in her new picture they had to go on location to Pleasanton, which is a small town about three hours out of San Francisco. Pola lifted her eyebrows, shrugged her shoulders and said, "Certainly not. Maybe I might go to San Francisco and stay there—maybe not. Build a set here." The company, viewing thousands of dollars taking unto themselves wings, groaned.

Mal St. Clair, genius of comedy, didn't groan. He said, "All right, Pola. Don't you do it." Then he and Chester Conklin got together. Every time Pola came on the set, they had their heads together, whispering. Pola eyed them. She sidled over, and listened. They were talking

about all the fun they were going to have on location in Pleasanton. "Gee, Pola," said Mal, "You got no idea what fun you can have. The villagers all turn out to see you, and everybody plays jokes on each other in the company. It's great."

Pola scowled. "You live in Pleasanton. I live in San Francisco and drive back and forth," said Pola.

Mal never said a word. The morning the troupe was to leave, Pola appeared on the platform with her maid and a large, bonneted woman who looked as though she didn't speak English. "Who in the world is that?" said Mal St. Clair.

"That," said Pola, "is my cook."

"Now where in the world are you going with a cook, Pola?"

"I AM going to Pleasanton, for location," said Pola. "You think you go and leave me out of all that fun? Not Pola."

And let me tell you that Pleasanton belongs to Pola now. She romped all over that little town, made friends with everybody in it—the unapproachable Pola—and they ended up by declaring the last day of her stay a legal holiday.

More than that they gave the kids a day off from school to go and watch Pola work. Now in the Lasky studio, as you may or may not know, Pola's set is usually muffled in black. No one—and when I say no one, I mean no one—is allowed to enter the sacred portals while Miss Negri is working, without her consent. If somebody gets in by mistake, be he admiral, vice-president, or just Adolph Zukor, who owns the company, Pola may throw a tantrum that makes him think the battle of the Marne was a Fourth of July picnic.

But the kids all came and watched her work all day, and adored her, and she played games with them, and when they left she knew every one of them by name.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 125 ]

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**H**ERE are pearls of wisdom for young mothers.

They fell from the lips of Mildred Davis Lloyd when she was discussing Mildred Gloria, Harold Lloyd's little daughter.

Like most other mothers, Mildred had been having trouble to get Mildred Gloria to eat, and here is how she solved the problem.

"I got a lot of dishes with pictures in the bottom. Mildred Gloria loves pictures—especially of animals—and now she empties her dish in a hurry just to find out what the picture is."



We doubt that girls are as high flown as this even in Hollywood. Instead we suspect the camera of being on the ground. The girls are jumping at the chance of being in "Sally, Irene and Mary," which Edmund Goulding is filming from the musical comedy of that name



"I'm afraid you misunderstand my relations with your wife." "The devil I do. If I misunderstood I'd shoot you."



# Happy Daze

Proving that blood is sometimes thinner than water

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by  
Harley Ennis Stivers

**J**IMMY CLAXTON, head cameraman of the Cyril Waring unit, Superb Pictures Corporation, looked up interestedly as the door slammed behind the somewhat disheveled figure of a very young and earnest gentleman.

Jimmy, who was an owlish person, blinked amusedly behind unconscionably heavy lenses and addressed a remark to his visitor—

"And now," he inquired, "what ails the Boy Wonder?"

"Plenty!" The word crackled across the room as Rodney Archer probed into a pocket of his sport trousers for the documentary evidence. This was a yellow slip of paper bearing the insignia of a large and popular telegraph company, and Roddy slammed it on the table before Jimmy.

"Read that!" he snarled. "Read that and help me weep."

Jimmy Claxton read the annoying wire from the home office:

New York, N. Y.

Rodney Archer

Director, Superb Pictures Co.  
Windermere Hotel.

May we remind you that this company and yourself are supposed to be in the motion picture business Stop So far we have enjoyed your letters and okayed your requisitions but the miles of negative you must have been sending have evidently gone astray Stop Or is it possible that you are absent minded and have forgotten what you were sent to Alabama for Stop It was to shoot location stuff on a novel named Coal Dust which we hope to release under title of Passions Paradise Stop If not too much trouble kindly advise your company we desire some foot-

age Stop Remember your overhead is about six thousand dollars per day Stop Hoping you are enjoying your vacation

ELBERT CARLISLE President

As Jimmy Claxton perused the missive, his eyes crinkled at the corners and a slow smile creased his lips.

"I should judge," he hazarded, returning the telegram to his superior, "that Elbert has taken occasion to become peeved."

"He has! And that makes it unanimous because I'm twice as peeved as he is. And if you get off any of your famous wise cracks in the next sixty minutes, Jimmy, one head cameraman is going to be found murdered."

"Why me, Roddy? Why a poor worm of a camera chaperone? Why not perform this little job of manslaughter on your estimable cousin, that scintillating star of the silver sheet: namely and to wit, Mister Cyril Waring."

Roddy clinched his fists. "I'd like to. The way that guy has been carrying on—"

"Can you blame him, son? This is an old story, but a delicious one, with Cyril. One might even guess that women are a weakness with him. He can't resist them and he isn't particularly keen about trying. You see, with his contract he doesn't have to worry about release dates and such minor things. And as for a mere six thousand dollar daily overhead—"

"Sure! Rave on, Jimmy. I can see that you're going to help me a lot. But let's turn the record over on the other side and see what tune it plays. Can you guess?"

"Uh-huh. A somewhat mournful ditty entitled: 'Death of a Boy Director.'"





That night Mrs. Gould gave a bathing party

"Exactly. I'm him. And where do I get off? If I wire Carlisle that my estimable cousin is gallivanting around performing his best society tricks and squiring many ladies and one in particular: if I state baldly that I cannot make him come out on location—what then? The caustic Mister Carlisle will wire back notifying me that he is sending a director who can assemble his company for direction and I will become of less importance than one noodle in a bowl of soup."

"Kenol!" grinned Claxton. "The ayes have it! Looking at the situation from each and every angle, my friend, it seems that Cousin Cyril has you on that portion of your elegant anatomy popularly known as the hip. Being the foremost star in the Superb constellation he secures for his young cousin that

person's first assignment as a director. Being said director's cousin and benefactor, he proceeds to come a thousand miles from New York and let that young cousin go. Am I right?"

"Right—yes. But listen—" Roddy Archer leaned across the writing table—"You aren't talking anything but words. It's all old stuff to me. You can't say anything about the whole rotten mess that I haven't said to myself a thousand times. I've got to get results and I can't. Why? Because I'm an untried director and my great star refuses to act. For everything which goes right he gets the credit—for all mistakes, I'm the





at the river. Cyril couldn't resist her coaxing

goat. And he hasn't been out on location for three days—for eighteen thousand dollars' worth of hours. New York is screaming. The treasurer has probably had a nervous breakdown—and we're precisely ten days behind schedule. So the reason I have come to you, Mr. Wise Jimmy Claxton, is to ask you for God's sake what can I do?"

Claxton ceased to smile and his eyes glowed with rare warmth. "Thanks, Kid. I'd like to help. My personal opinion is that Cyril Waring is dealing marked cards and giving you all the deuces."

"Yeh—that's no news. If he'd only work—"

"Have you talked to him?"

"Sure. Sure I have. A dozen times. And he pats me on the shoulder and tells me to run along and not worry."

"Isn't that thoughtful of him?"

"He tells me to finish all the shots where he's not needed—he'll take care of schedule. And usually he winds up by asking where we're shooting the next morning and promising to be on the set by ten o'clock sharp. You know what that means?"

"Oh certainly. I've burned many lights waiting for Cousin Cyril."

"I can't kick and I've got to kick. I can't get film and New York is yelling for it. It seems [CONTINUED ON PAGE 18]



# Billy Bennett's Mother



Belle Bennett as she appeared eight years ago when she played star roles in many Triangle pictures

One of the screen's  
greatest tragedies  
written by  
one of the screen's  
greatest writers

By Adela Rogers St. Johns



Stella Dallas watching the marriage of her daughter for whose happiness she has made herself an outcast

**B**ILLY BENNETT'S mother. That is her proudest title. Those are the words she listens for above the empty plaudits of the multitude, just—Billy's mother. She does not even see the flaming signs that at last proclaim her greatness. For her eyes strain always to see beyond the valley of the shadow, that she may find there some proof that she is Billy's mother still.

Fame has come to Belle Bennett, and gold, and glory. But what are these things to Billy's mother now? They are saying everywhere that her performance of *Stella Dallas* is the great screen performance of all time.

But when you know the price she paid for it, you will know with her that it is dust and ashes unless it may be that its distilled tears fall upon the heart of the world and soften it toward all motherhood.

**I**T tears the very heart out of you to see Belle Bennett as *Stella Dallas*, that poor, cheap creature whose motherhood alone was great. It is the best mother story, the best mother part ever produced. Beautifully acted, beautifully directed. But that alone would not move people to such tears as I never thought to see follow any motion picture. That alone would not wring sobs—sobs—from men and women.

No. It is something more than that that reaches out and stirs your very heart and soul to cry forth that no mother should be crucified, as all mothers are crucified, that makes you suffer when *Stella Dallas* gives up her daughter as though your own child had been torn from your breast.

And that something is the sorrow of Billy Bennett's mother. The ache of her heart beats through it. You feel the emptiness of her arms.

For you see, five weeks before Belle Bennett was to start upon the picture of her golden opportunity, Billy admitted that he didn't feel very well. Just a tummyache, he said. But then, Billy was always



Billy Bennett

like that. When he broke his arm at football, nobody knew it until the coach discovered it ten days later. A week before she was to begin work, Billy gave up his gallant young fight, put his hands in hers and said, like a tired child, "I'm through, Mummy."

And so only two days before she played the great scene where *Stella Dallas* gives up her sixteen-year-old daughter, Belle Bennett had kissed her sixteen-year-old son upon his quiet, closed eyes for the last time. "I worked on in the picture," said Belle Bennett, quietly. "I had to."

**A**S she said it, somehow, do you know, I saw her doing it. I saw her playing that heart-broken mother, standing outside in the rain with the mob, staring through the window for just one glimpse of her baby in her wedding gown—and fresh in her heart that hospital window that had been the first thing and the last thing to which her eyes flew when the nurses persuaded her to go out and get a little fresh air. I saw her in the bedizened finery of *Stella Dallas*, touching that fine pillow upon which her daughter's head was to rest though she would never see it there—and going home to touch the bright-striped blazer and the new Oxford bags that had been the pride of Billy's heart.

"You—miss them so," she said to me. "You sort of—feel for them, early in the morning, before you're really awake."

And when you are awake, you remember that—I don't know whether I should have had the courage of *Stella Dallas*. It's quite difficult to say. To give them up, even for their good, when you could have them—I don't know."

It stood on her table, in a little silver frame.

"The little toy dog is covered with dust.  
But sturdy and staunch he stands.  
And the little tin soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket molds in his hands."

**O**NLY two days before she played the great scene where *Stella Dallas* gives up her sixteen-year-old daughter, Belle Bennett had kissed her sixteen-year-old son upon his quiet, closed eyes for the last time.

"I worked on in the picture," said Belle Bennett, quietly. "I had to."

I saw her, in the bedizened finery of *Stella Dallas*, touching that fine pillow upon which her daughter's head was to rest though she would never see it there—and going home to touch the bright-striped blazer and the new Oxford bags that had been the pride of Billy's heart.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 111 ]





**T**HERE are, fortunately, few stories as poignant as that of Belle Bennett. A struggling actress, she was finally awarded one of the biggest parts ever written, the mother role in "Stella Dallas." She realized the character magnificently, but her triumph came late. On the opposite page, Mrs. St. Johns tells her story.





urne Spurr

ONE of the newest and loveliest photographs of that charming young matron, Mrs. James Cruze. Betty Compson finished up her contract with Paramount when she played the leading feminine role in "The Pony Express." She will freelance now.





Melbourne Sp

WE'RE sure you wouldn't guess in three guesses or thirty, so we'll tell you right off. That's Patsy Ruth Miller up there. The photographer told us. Patsy Ruth was figured in a lot of reported engagements lately but no man seems able to change her name.





Walter Fredrick Seely

**P**RETTY Shirley Mason has been at the business of acting since her babyhood. A wise little trouper, she early learned the advantage of hitching her wagon to a star. The star was her sister, Viola Dana. On the opposite page, Jim Tully gives her history.



Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, sisters in fact and in art, who kept step together as they marched along the rough highway that leads to movie fame



# The Girl Who Kept Step

By Jim Tully

IT'S awfully hard for a little girl to follow her sister's footsteps—if her sister walks very fast—and anyone will admit that Viola Dana has hiked far in pictures. But this article ain't about Viola Dana—it concerns her little sister with a happy smile who has finally managed to keep step.

You see it was this way. Viola had quite a start—she was a clever little actress when Shirley was two years old. Shirley tried to keep step then—and she turned her ankle and sat awfully hard on the floor—in the manner of a two-year old. Shirley's real name is Flugrath—and may the Lord have mercy on us for sayin' it—it's no wonder she changed it to Mason. She acts and talks like a cute little Irish-American girl—but the main factor of the article is the fact that her real name is Flugrath. She may be German—or French—or Swedish, or a mixture of all of these—but she is not Irish-American.

Shirley's father was a printer. But her father's wife decided that the little Flugrath tots should have careers. Now when a woman by the name of Flugrath decides that her daughters should have careers, it is well for the Keepers of Destinies to make a note of it. Sometimes I feel that not enough is said of the heroic mothers of girls in films. If I could get all the readers of PHOTOPLAY in a tent on a meadow in Ireland, I could many a tale unfold of self-sacrificing devotion, of women who worked till their fingers were raw, who telephoned to the studios day after day, who have the undying faith that is only possessed by Motherhood—but I cannot tell these tales now—you will all know what I mean.

This Mother worked hard for her daughters—and for her dreams of them. She was always with her children.

There are no doubt a million children in America whose parents would like to get them on the stage. Mrs. Flugrath had her little daughter Shirley playing with no less

a person than the fine English actor, William Faversham, in "The Squaw Man," when she was four years old. And Shirley's little big sister, Viola, was her understudy.

She went from that to playing the part of *Little Meemie* with Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." She toured the United States with this company until she was seven years old.

Of course, Mrs. Flugrath was fortunate in having a daughter heaven-kissed with the talent of acting.

William Faversham had kept his eye on Shirley from the day she left him. When she was through with "Rip Van Winkle" he paid her salary for nearly half a year to hold her for "The Barber of New Orleans," in which he appeared.

LATER, she was offered the job of being understudy for Marguerite Clark in "Snow White." Shirley nearly accepted—and this is why she didn't. She talked it over with her mother one time—and that dominant and keen woman said to her:

"Shirley, dear, you must always remember this—it will help you in the years to come when your mother may be gone from you—never try to keep step with too many people—you see, my dear little girl, Marguerite Clark is a great little performer, and she is stepping awfully fast toward a sure and brilliant career. Now, dear, if you try to keep step with her—your little legs might get tired too soon. Here's the way I look at it. Your sister Viola is beginning to step along herself—so just try to keep pace with her, and then my girls will step right along together."

So that is why I tell here for the first time to a palpitant and eager world why Shirley followed Viola Dana—instead of Marguerite Clark.

Now, when Shirley was eleven years of age, she again played the part of a boy

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

**B**ABY BRUCE GUERIN, who has been acting in pictures since he was two years old, started to kindergarten this term.

When his mother asked him how he liked school, Bruce said, "Fine, mother; we had three fade-outs today."

This was his impression of recess periods.



# How to Spoil the Effect of



The wrong way to wear the extremely smart, plain black satin dinner gown designed for Leatrice Joy. Notice the destruction of the graceful lines of the gown and the messy appearance given by wearing the pearls in many strands

**N**O doubt you have heard the epigram about "It's not so much what you say, as the way you say it." You may even have used it yourself, a sort of "when-you-call-me-that-smile" idea. And I've heard tell that a woman may say "No" and mean "Yes," and that she may even say "Yes" and intend all the time to act "No."

And now this has become a perfect illustration of the truth about women's clothes.

For there has arrived in Hollywood a famous designer, one of those chaps whose lightest word sways the length of skirt and the position of the waistline, if you know what I mean, and says, "It isn't so much what you wear, as the way you wear it."

He goes even further. He says that it doesn't make any difference at all how stunning, how exquisite a frock may be. If it isn't worn well, it might just as well be a table cloth or a sheet.

And, says he, a gown of the most extreme chic may look like a work of a small town seamstress and the simplest little house frock look like a model from the smartest house in Paris—all because of the way they are worn.

This designer is young Travis Banton, direct from Paris—and though

of course it's Paris, France, he looks as though it might be Paris, Texas, because he has the outward appearance of a cowboy or prizefighter rather than a male dressmaker.

And in truth Banton was born in Texas, later going to France to achieve fame in the style capital.

They brought him over to design costumes for Leatrice Joy and the fourteen beauties of "The Dressmaker from Paris," Paul Bern's picture.

And the first thing he did was to upset everybody by these startling theories. "I don't care so much about the clothes," said Mr. Banton, harshly. "But these women have got to learn to wear them. That's the main thing."

He even insisted, to the complete horror of everybody on the Lasky lot, that the girls take the gowns home and wear them around, so they'd learn to be comfortable in them.

"Never wear a frock in public until you've become thoroughly acquainted with it," he shouted. "It can't be done. Learn how to sit and stand and walk in it. Learn how to give it the best angles."

And they do say that there was almost a riot when one of the girls leaned up against something.

"Don't lean on the furniture," said



What one can do to an expensive and beautifully designed Paris model. It looks awkward despite its richness



# Beautiful Clothes

*It isn't what you wear,  
it's how you wear it*



The same gown properly worn. Compare it with the other pictures. The train should be caught up and worn loose. One reason why a woman must become "well acquainted" with a gown before she can wear it to advantage

the dictator of fashions. "That's a dress you're wearing, not a piano drape. If I'd wanted it draped on the piano, I would have draped it there myself. Stand up. What is the use of laboring for hours to create a line, if a woman slouches over or slinks over or stands like a wooden soldier, or leans on things?"

He also insists that in the wearing of hats, every woman should follow this positive rule:

Keep at least one eyebrow concealed at all times.

As to jewelry, Mr. Banton says it's better to wear none than too much, and that simplicity should always be the aim and end of all effects achieved by jewelry.

"Rings can be worn on but one finger of each hand," says he, "and if you wear more than one ring upon one finger, they must be of the same stones, unless you want to look like a five and ten cent store.

"You can wear many bracelets, but they must all be on one arm."

The two things everyone who wants to be well dressed must possess, according to Mr. Banton, are perfect self-unconsciousness, and an infinite capacity for taking pains in the little details.

After reading this, the wise woman will take herself in hand and see what's

what. Get out your dresses and study their lines. See where you can take off some useless trimming here and drape the skirt more becomingly there. When you finish, it's ten to one your gown will be twice as smart.

If you have a new evening gown, purchased especially for some important function, wear it around the house a few evenings before you appear in it in public. Try walking in it and, what is more important, try dancing in it. If it has drapery, see that you learn to manage the drapery.

Remember you are never at your best if you are "clothes conscious." Try on your hats and study the effect before a mirror. See whether that new hat looks best with the hair drawn down on the cheeks or with the hair pushed back of the ears.

And remember, too, that ease and simplicity are the greatest assets of the woman who would be well dressed.

The habit of studying the mirror doesn't always arise from feminine vanity. It may be the perfectly natural—and also feminine—desire to look well.

Your mirror, if you ask its candid advice, will prevent you from wearing clothes that aren't your type. It will also tell you the good points to accentuate and the bad points to conceal.



With the dash and chic that Miss Joy gives her clothes, the same gown is perfect for afternoon wear



# CLOSE-UPS *and* LONG-SHOTS

Satire, Humor and  
Some Sense

By Herbert Howe

WITH Christmas so close at hand I'm decidedly handicapped in airing my views. You never can tell when a friend may start reading your stuff and get offended, and there's no time when people take offense so easily as just before Christmas. Practically all my friends were offended last Christmas judging by the receipts. Of course I was abroad, which gave them the opportunity to pull, "We didn't know whether anything would reach you or not." It did not—save for some postal cards from a few brave souls marked "insufficient postage."

But there, there, we can't expect everything. Put on a bright smile and no doubt *this* year Santa Claus will fill your cellar to bulging.

EVERY once in a while some kind soul will say, "The thing I like about your wit is that you never hurt anybody's feelings."

Well if I don't, it is certainly unintentional.

MICHAEL ARLEN, the writing sheik from Armenia, via London, made his first Hollywood appearance (in person) at Wednesday luncheon in Montmartre. Mid-week *dejeuner* in Montmartre is a regular feature boasting more stars than there are in Heaven—or the Metro-Goldwyn place.

Charlie Chaplin was the first to transfer to Michael's table. He talked, and Michael nodded.

Adolphe Menjou was the next in turn, and Michael continued nodding.

Later Michael was presented to Pola Negri, and the nodding took on the semblance of a chronic affliction.

Michael had arrived in the land of the silent actors to find that it's only their own art that renders them speechless.

Alice Terry sat at a table adjacent to Michael's. She said nothing, but she wore a green hat which was a tactful way of saying a great deal.

Two luncheons later and Michael was talking to Alice. And Alice was nodding.

"What a beautiful day!" exclaimed Michael enthusiastically, whereupon three local reporters jotted headlines: "Arlen Charmed by California Sunshine."

"Just the sort of a day," continued Michael, "on which one gets married by mistake."

Certainly no climate in the world can vie with California's for mistakes.

CHAPLIN declared opportunely that Arlen's "The Green Hat" is the greatest love story written since "Romeo and Juliet."

When this impressive edict was referred to Michael he showed



Michael Arlen, who is suspected of writing "The Green Bonnet," arrived in the land of the silent actors to find that it's only the glory of their own art that renders them speechless

signs of requiring the smelling salts.

"It seems a trifle exaggerated," he said, deferring politely to Shakespeare. "I suppose my story is an extraordinary romance—two people loving one another for eighteen years. But it is quite plausible. They didn't see one another during the eighteen years."

BEFORE arriving in Hollywood Michael's coat received as much publicity as Joseph's, though by no means as colorful. Publicity hounds went on the scent for a descriptive statement.

"Really there's nothing unusual about my coat," insisted Michael, drawing the frightened wrap a trifle closer, "except for the fact that it happens to be well-made."

Yet what could be more sensational, when you think about it, than a writer with a well-made coat? And if so, why hasn't it been returned to the owner?

A LADY of cropped hair and Charleston oscillations, but a face of an earlier period, asked Michael if it were true that women fascinated him terribly. Very calmly he replied, "Not just at present."

Evidently Michael had met up with what Novarro calls "one of those sex-distractions."

AN ardent admirer recently wrote me that I somehow suggested Arlen, or vice versa, I forget which. Doubtless the similarity was a matter of salary rather than style, yet ever since I've been quite an admirer of Michael. I'm moved to further agreement by his opinion of Florence Vidor as "The Grand Duchess," the first screen royalty to make me bend a knee since Alice Terry was the lovely queen in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

He says that in Malcolm St. Clair's picture Florence is the most exquisite creature he has seen in pictures. Furthermore, that she deserves "The Green Hat."

I once suggested Florence for the rôle of the *Virgin* in Papini's "The Life of Christ." Fancy that, Hedda, a madonna in a "Green Hat!"

But such, I'm learning, is the versatility of woman.

IN the gayeties of the Montmartre lunch hour there is now and again a tragic note. Corinne Griffith and Alice Joyce were visibly agitated as they sat awaiting their friend Anna Q. Nilsson, who was downtown getting a divorce. They were afraid she wouldn't get it in time to make the football game. But the tragedy was averted.

Anna, true heroine, dashed up in the nick of time with "the papers," and the California "U" received three more cheers to victory.



The spirit of Christmas overcomes the screen's most humorous writer and he tosses verbal presents hither and yon with cheerful but discriminating abandon

OF all the actresses who have played in pictures, Fanny Ward, I'm told, could cry the longest and loudest.

All you have to do is tell the orchestra to play "Nearer My God To Thee" and Fanny's feelings are hurt. She doubtless feels that they're getting personal.

NO sooner does a player triumph on the screen than a frantic search ensues for carbon copies of him.

A youth recently was thrust from the pavement into leading rôles for no other reason than a resemblance to Novarro.

"But I don't look like Novarro," he corrected haughtily. "I look only the way Novarro photographs."

"Well, here's hoping for his sake," laughed Novarro, "that he doesn't photograph the way I look!"

ACYNICAL colleague's definition of a film star: A chamber maid with three fur coats.

IF you think cynicism confined to us patriarchal critics, listen to this query from a flapper of sixteen: "Do the wide open spaces mentioned in pictures refer to the craniums of directors?"

THOSE who have complained about the dullness of this page during the past few months will be glad to learn that Alice Terry is back at her old post on the paper.

I paid Alice twenty-five dollars a month and let her work in pictures on the side, but when she was told by an old scandal-monger that I received almost twice as much (which is a lie and I can prove it) she became temperamental and left for France to play in "Mare Nostrum."

"Mais non," she exclaims in French (having all but forgotten her native tongue during the three months abroad), "art counts for more than ze jack."

She returned from France the godmother of the French army but looking well. She gave the Blue Devils her blessing, before departing, and sent them to ruin the Rifis in Africa. Now the Rifis say Allah is not so good, and wish they knew Alice.

Swathed in furs from the Rue de la Paix she stepped from the train wearing the headlight. On closer inspection the sunlight arc proved to be a trifle from Cartier's weighing twelve karats.

"A gift from an admirer," explained Alice starrily.

The admirer, I learned, is Rex Ingram. This no doubt will cause talk.

When a reporter asked if she were separating from Mr. Ingram Alice showed him the diamond and said, "No, I've just been re-engaged."

"Anything confidential you'd like to say?" he asked.

"No, nothing confidential for publication," said Alice.

"How does it feel to play a bad woman on the screen?"

"You never know you're bad," said Alice, "until you see the rushes."

"Au revoir!"



D. W. Griffith . . . the little father of the motion picture. His frayed fedora and open-faced watch testify to the fact that he's the only one who has practiced art for art's sake

ALICE says that "Mare Nostrum" is Rex's greatest work. In this production he achieves the desire of his life. He kills off all the actors.

The heroine is shot and the hero is sunk by a submarine, thus leaving only Rex.

No less than five octopuses, employed for the undersea shots, actually died of exhaustion. It takes a hardy fish to stand up under Rex's direction.

No power could move Rex to change the original title of the Ibanez story from "Mare Nostrum."

"All right," said Alice calmly. "Wait and see. They're going to look at it and say, 'Oh, another one of those horse pictures.'"

"Oh, God!" wailed Rex, and permitted the translation "Our Sea" to be used in parentheses beneath the title.

Now the only chance for confusion is between Rex and the wild horse of the same name.

WE all play parts on screen and off. And the one we invariably pick for modish day wear is furthest from ourselves.

There's a glint-eyed ogre in a studio who frightens canary-souled actors by day and by night writes exquisite poetry, some of which has been set to music. Watch-dog of the treasury abroad and at home a lavish nightingale

The world's all Jekyll-Hyde.

ANew medical term—Screen-fright.

It does not apply to an uncomely actress, as you might suppose, but is a sensation exactly comparable to that which vocal actors experience on the opening night of a speakie.

Screen fright grips many a heroic abdomen on the first day's work in a picture.

Lew Stone, with all the graven poise of Michelangelo's Moses, says he all but faints on the initial day of each production.

Malcolm McGregor, likewise a gentleman of savoir fair, is so sensitive to the first shots of the camera that he invariably spends the preceding night in a contemplation of suicide. Many is the evening, indeed, that I've saved him from his own hand by thrusting a highball into it.

SENSITIVENESS is the mark of the artist. Blatant self-confidence may carry a player more speedily to the heights, but it just as speedily overthrows him.

Show me a fallen idol and I'll show you one who has tripped over his own bunion of conceit.

PEGGY JOYCE was lunching with Mme. Adela Rogers St. Johns (surely Our Adela rates a Madame if does the Mme. Glyn, whose fiction, if served alongside, would be sent back to the kitchen for warming).

"I've read your stories," said Peggy (Countess Morner) to Adela (Madame St. Johns). "I am [CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]"





Little Pauline Garon was born in Montreal, Canada, but she came to the States for a neighborly visit. And she likes it so well that she has decided to stay and become one of the family

# Uncle Sam's Adopted Children



Below: Dorothy Mackaill, of Hull, England, is now a full-fledged American. She has even lost all traces of her English accent. What greater evidence could she show of her deep patriotism for her new country?



Lillian Rich is the newest recruit. Lillian has been torn between loyalty to England and love for America. America won out and Lillian has taken first steps to join Cal's subjects

Pola Negri will soon be entitled to vote. This new citizen, formerly of Poland, has taken out her first papers



Anna Q. Nilsson, born in Ystad, Sweden, married John Gunner-son, an American. And that made Anna an American, too. However, Anna is divorcing John but keeping her citizenship





Some of the strangers within our gates who have decided to stay. England, Germany, Poland, Greece, Sweden and Russia lose some fair citizens. As President Coolidge said: It doesn't matter how they came over, they're all in the same boat now"



Mary Pickford, born in Toronto, Canada, used to be a subject of King George. When she married Douglas Fairbanks, she assumed American citizenship. It goes with the wedding ring. We are duly grateful to Doug

Below: Constance Talmadge is in the strange position of asking for citizenship in her native country. According to the law, Constance is a Greek. You see, she married John Pialoglou, once of Greece. The marriage was brief, but laws are laws and so Connie, as an alien, must ask for naturalization papers



Ernst Lubitsch, once a German, is now learning the words of "The Star Spangled Banner." Can you repeat them?



Praise be to Alla for becoming an American citizen! Just before she made her recent trip to Paris, the Russian Nazimova signed her first papers. So Alla is rescued from the Bolsheviks



Enid Bennett is another star who is married to America. The fair lady from Australia became a Yankee in good standing when she decided to change her name to Mrs. Fred Niblo







In its new topaz glass bottle Bathasweet makes a gift that may be appreciated far more than an expensive one. These fragrant bath salts sell for \$1.50 a bottle

# LAST MINUTE CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Here are some very welcome ideas for those who leave their Christmas Shopping until the eleventh hour. All the articles shown on this page are well known and may be obtained in the better shops everywhere. Do not order any of them through the Photoplay Shopping Service.



A double compact that will not spill its loose powder—in gilt and silver cases this Norida vanity costs \$2.00

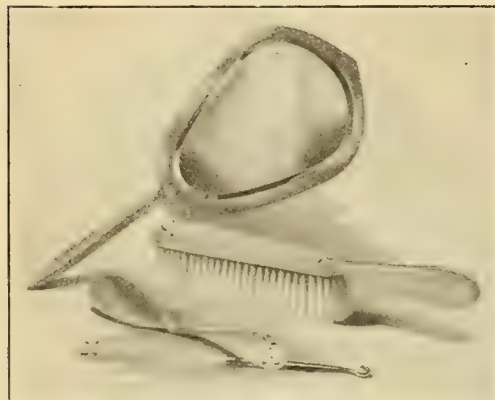
This Houbigant Set makes a strikingly attractive gift—perfume, toilet water, lipstick and compact—all neatly packed in red, blue and green holiday boxes, lined with yellow silk—in odors, *Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal and Mon Boudoir*. Price \$12.50



A gift that he will appreciate is a Hickok belt and beltogram. In distinctive designs and materials these may be obtained from \$1.00 to \$5.00; sterling buckles, of course, are more expensive



A new motion picture camera by Eastman—Cine-Kodak Model B—that weighs five pounds. No focusing, no cranking, no tripod—holds 150 feet of film. \$70.00



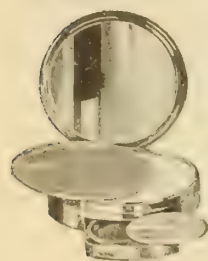
Dupont Pyralin sets or single pieces for the boudoir not only make attractive gifts but are always in excellent taste. They come in many styles and patterns to suit every purse. The pieces shown above are the decorated La Belle pattern



This happy little fellow has many feminine admirers and, both for its decorative appearance and unique perfume, Golliwogg is particularly popular as a gift. Two ounce size, \$7.00. Golliwogg Jr. (1 oz.), \$5.00



Cheramy presents the "Perfumes of Youth." Illustrated is a four piece Cappi perfume set in a gaily flowered box, perfume, toilet water, compact and face powder, for \$5.00

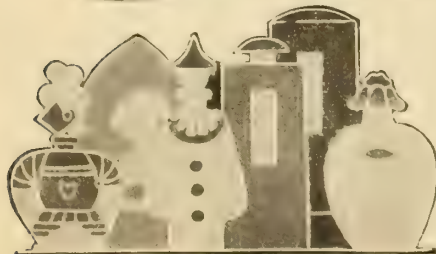


Here is a delightful and inexpensive gift by Tre-Jur—purse size with powder above and rouge below in the famous sliding drawer. Scented with Joli Memoire—and with a separate puff for each. Tre-Jur costs \$1.00, or with lipstick, \$1.25

A gift that is a new kind of make-up—Tangee, that's orange in its chic little containers, but changes to blush-rose as you put it on. Tangee lipstick, \$1.00; creme rouge, \$1.00; and rouge compact, 75c



These Bye-Lo Baby Dolls are popular with both youngsters and oldsters. A perfect reproduction of a three-day-old baby—it both sleeps and cries. May be had in many sizes with long or short dresses—from \$4.00 up



Enchanting names and intriguing perfumes from France by Ciro—Chevalier de la Nuit, 1 3/4 oz. for \$10.00; Parfum Maskee \$2.00 and \$5.00; Doux Jasmin 1 1/2 oz. \$2.50; 1 1/2 oz. \$6.50; and Bouquet Antique at \$12.50

Here is a gift that is most acceptable not only for the man in the case but for the girl as well—Kum-A-Part cuff buttons. They click open and snap shut and come in a wide variety of styles and prices to fit all tastes





# EARLY THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR



The smart felt hat sketched on DOROTHY MACKAILL is trimmed with a "black pearl" pin. All colors. \$5.00. Scarf of "curlywool" plaided, price \$2.95

VERA REYNOLDS' evening frock is of crepe chiffon in two tones of pink, orchid, green or maize. 14-20. Price \$29.50

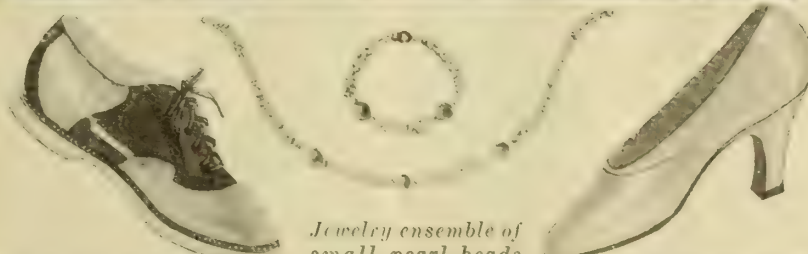


Tuckin sports shirt, of English broadcloth, smartly tailored. Sizes 34-40. Price \$3.95. Same model in fine radium silk—price \$7.95. White only

The pleated panel, tuxedo collar and cuffs of this heavy flat crepe semi-made dress are completed. Blue, green or brown with tan; black with white. 32-46. Give length from shoulder. Price \$10.95



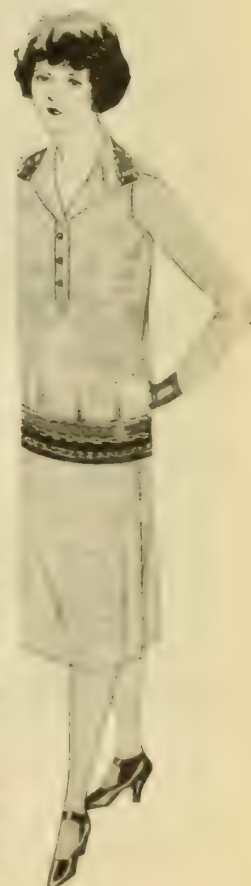
PAULINE GARON'S turtle neck sweater of a fibre silk and wool mixture comes in henna, green or cocoa, also buff with henna or green. 34-42. \$7.50. Sports skirt of imported plaid in green or gray. Give waist measure and length. \$16.75. Sports shoes of brown calf with or without eyelets, \$8.50. 3-8



Jewelry ensemble of small pearl beads braided, linked by three large "pearls." Creme or creme with pink or blue. Price set \$3.95

Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these smart costumes for you. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No articles sent C. O. D. Returns permissible only if articles are sent direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.

When ordering MARIE PREVOST's balbriggan jersey dress, give bust, hip, waist and sleeve measurements, also length. About five days to fill orders. Not returnable. Price \$25.00. All colors. These satin opera pumps in white, \$10.50. Dyed any evening shade, \$2.00 extra. Sizes 3-8





Keeping cool with Claire, or the freedom of the knees. The winsome Miss Windsor does not stoop to roll her own but buys them already bobbed

# New Knee Knicknacks

Pictures like these make us mourn that poor guy who got beheaded for insinuating that the Queen of Spain had legs. Talk about living before your time!



Now here is one you must have, a fur garter to match your fur coat. This one is made of ermine, tipped with monkey fur, to match an evening wrap. But they come in sports models, too. Highly recommended to overcome the wall flower tendency and to start slow conversationalists. These particular knees are Gwen Lee's



Crossing ahead. Look out for the signs. Joan Crawford comes right out in public and lets the world know that her heart is not in the right place. As if that weren't strong enough, she puts an icicle next to it. A fine fad, but suppose Joan got knock kneed?





Wouldn't you like your living room to be as luxurious as this set from "The Song and Dance Man"? Below Mr. Chapman reveals just how it can be done at a moderate price, with a romantic shopping tour in the bargain

# A Beautiful \$1,000 Living Room

The third of a series on how to use the motion picture to suggest furnishings in your home

By *Charles D. Chapman*  
Art Director, Eastern Paramount Studios

**Y**OU can have a smart, sophisticated living room of comfort and charm, furnished from carpet to ceiling, for \$1,000.

The set shown above from "The Song and Dance Man" is proof of it. I designed and furnished this room in its entirety for exactly that sum.

And I'm proud of it. It's done in the New York manner. Its colors, which no photograph can show, are delightful. It is a homey room, adaptable to almost any type of entertaining. Its furnishings are of lasting value and bespeak cultured taste. But with furniture priced as high as it is, I couldn't have created this room at its price without extensive shopping.

Every time I adopt a typically feminine institution to my own masculine uses, I discover anew how innately wise women are. Shopping is entirely woman-made. It has created bargain counters, beauty and progress, but most important in this case, it has created values. In every city there are springing up small antique and decorators' shops, all holding treasures to be unearthed. In shops of this character, I picked up the pieces illustrated.

No movie studio attempts to

cramp its designer's style by demanding cheap fakes be used in settings. I look for bargains for the fun of actually finding real ones.

I wanted to select for you a room suited to almost every home. The room here used is certainly most correct for the town residence, where formal tone and restful atmosphere must be combined with chic. This is, as a matter of fact, a copy of the individual drawing rooms in one of New York's most luxurious and fashionable hotels where \$20 a day is considered a moderate room rent.

I am glad to let the movies and PHOTOPLAY bring it to you, and to tell you how you can have it for your own forever for \$1,000. At the end of this article you will find an itemized statement of exactly what each piece cost.

First, consider the colors.

The walls are a warm gray, a putty colored gray which has quite a bit of yellow in it. You will find this a livable color. It blends with most furnishings and is a charming background for colorful, feminine clothes. The carpet that covers the entire floor is the same shade. The hangings at the windows are of old rose and gold damask,

**T**HIS series of articles on home furnishing is designed to enable American home managers to take advantage of the experience and ability of one of our greatest authorities on home decoration. Next month Mr. Chapman will advise you on how to make the most of pictures and mirrors to make your home livable.



and against the French doorway in the center background, the curtains are of ecru tinted seco silk, a practical, inexpensive material.

The tables and commodes are of antique walnut, while the overstuffed pieces are covered in soft green with flowers of old gold. The mirrors are framed in silver and the five color Chinese jars, the tiny, blue pleated shade on the Czechoslovak china lamp and the yellow flowers in the flat bowls provide the needed warmer tints.

This use of color is in response to the latest demand in home decorating which calls for a quite lively blending of various shades.

Now for the shopping end of it.

A rule I always employ and which might prove valuable to you in interior decorating is to draw a small plan of the way I want my room to look when finished. I do this before I go out to buy. You don't need to draw well for this purpose. Just enough to show yourself whether you want a table or a piano under the windows, for instance, is sufficient. This prevents coming back with four kidney shaped tables and three bridge lamps for which there isn't a bit of space.

The proportions of this room are slightly larger than those of the living room in the average home. It was necessary here for proper camera range. These furnishings, however, are adaptable to the room of medium size. If you find it necessary to save space or money, the Queen Anne chests or the Italian commodes might be left out without destroying balance.

IN this set the first thing I drew in my diagram was a two piece sofa. Every living room should have comfort and the new two piece sofa is the smartest and best way of guaranteeing comfort. Thus I started my shopping by looking for such a piece, covered in materials and colors that would go well with the smooth, gray walls of the room. I purchased the sofa and chair here shown at an excellent auction room. They are covered in beautiful damask but cost only \$250.

HERE'S one Richard Dix tells. Seems he caught it while on a visit to the publicity department to look at some stills.

She was a new girl—had just been signed—and was filling out a biographical blank for the department. She was putting it on thick, too—fine old Southern family impoverished by the war and all that, when she came to the line marked EDUCATION.

For a second she hesitated and then after Education she wrote "PRIVATE TOOTER." Ain't it great to be educated?

Then I looked about for a comfortable chair to be used with those two. It had to be somewhat formal and I preferred that it be beautiful. The ordinary, large overstuffed chairs in the retail shops being too costly, I unearthed an old Queen Anne chair in a little second hand furniture place. It was pretty terrible there, covered in dingy denim, but its original lines were perfect. I took it to an upholsterer who covered it in old English chintz, all for \$80.

Down town in New York, in the foreign settlements, there is a little lane called Allen Street. It offers

the finest and most inexpensive brass in the country. There I picked up my fireplace fixtures, solid brass but costing only \$10. Near there I also discovered the two mirrors. They were unframed and speckled but I knew what to do with them. They were mine for \$20. Having them resilvered cost \$3 a piece. A frame maker did the frames, painted in old silver, for \$24. I matched these with the Dutch silver cigarette boxes on two of the three occasional tables.

IN Chinatown I found the twin temple jars and the mantel vases. The latter were actually Sevres china, but the dealer didn't know it. Thus I got them for \$5 each. For the same price I bought the flat crackle wear bowls for cut flowers.

The thrill of the voyaging shopper being upon me, I journeyed back to the Armenian neighborhood to hunt carpets. The one I purchased was far too large for the average room and, therefore, reduced in price. I had it cut to the size I wanted for \$60 and the three imitation oriental rugs, which in this case cover the carpet's worn spots, cost another \$40. New carpeting of this kind retails from \$4 to \$6.50 the yard.

An out of the way print shop yielded up the two English prints you see hanging on either side of the doorway. They were beautifully obscured by dirt, but look at them now! The same was true of the two Italian commodes beneath them. I saw those at an antique dealer's, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



"Glorifying"  
the American  
Girl for the Screen

A beautiful  
Tableau from  
"The American Venus"



# Getting Laughs Out of Sticks

"Laughs," says Douglas MacLean, "are like firecrackers. The fuse must be just the right length and they must be thrown at just the right time"

*By Herbert Howe*



"COME on and see the goof playing with sticks!" Carpenters and electricians gathered in one wide grin to watch a youth solemnly laying sticks on the floor of a studio stage, stepping among them with sibilant murmurs as though muttering incantations.

The goof was Douglas MacLean . . . carpenters and electricians are so irreverent.

As a comedian he certainly was funny to them—as funny as a Napoleon in a cuckoo hatch.

"Nuts!" they murmured and walked away.

Later one of them asked MacLean what he was doing, playing jack-straws?

"Building a house," he muttered between solemn paces to the count of one, two, three.

"Well, ain't that pretty," said the carpenter, regarding the assemblage of sticks that might have been the beginning of a bum bird's nest. "I got a kid at home that builds houses outa leaves on the lawn. I'll bring him over to play with you."

Doug nodded and went on in a trance.

He was laying out a set and visualizing the chuckles.

Just another one of those cuckoo stars.

When I happened into his studio study the other day he was hunched over an architect's drawing which he had made.

"Crosses mark where bodies were found?" I presumed, studying the sketch.

"No," said he, with the gayety of Hamlet. "They mark the laughs."

"You mean you lay down laughs like linoleum?"

"No," said he. "More like mosaic. Have to be accurate to the inch."

"How spontaneous!" I dilated.

He then proceeded to illumine my darkness by showing how you could miss a

laugh by walking one step too far between the entrance and the center table where the merry maneuver was to be performed.

I recalled a scene of "The Arab" where Novarro takes a coin from the hand of a beggar just after it had been placed there by a Christian gent. It was very funny before the camera. But on the screen it seemed to me that Novarro was about two steps too far behind the donor to get the maximum of the humor.

"Timing," said Doug. "Laughs are like firecrackers. The fuss must be just the right length and they must be thrown just at the right time. You have to build sets to key with the action."

"Simple as trigonometry or fourth dimension," I observed lightly.

The foregoing preamble explains why Doug MacLean is a great actor. He's such a good architect. Or, rather, a builder, for he creates the whole structure with the aid of his men.

MacLean works precisely like Harold Lloyd. Perhaps he follows his plans more closely.

The ordinary procedure in a studio of efficiency is as follows: Producer pays fifty thousand dollars for a story.

He gives it to Joe Ox, the scenario sausage grinder, and tells him to grind out a continuity in two weeks.

In the middle of the first week he finds he needs Joe on another script, so the sausage is turned over to Lizzie Muts, who puts it through in three days, after her own ideas.

Meanwhile the sets are being built.

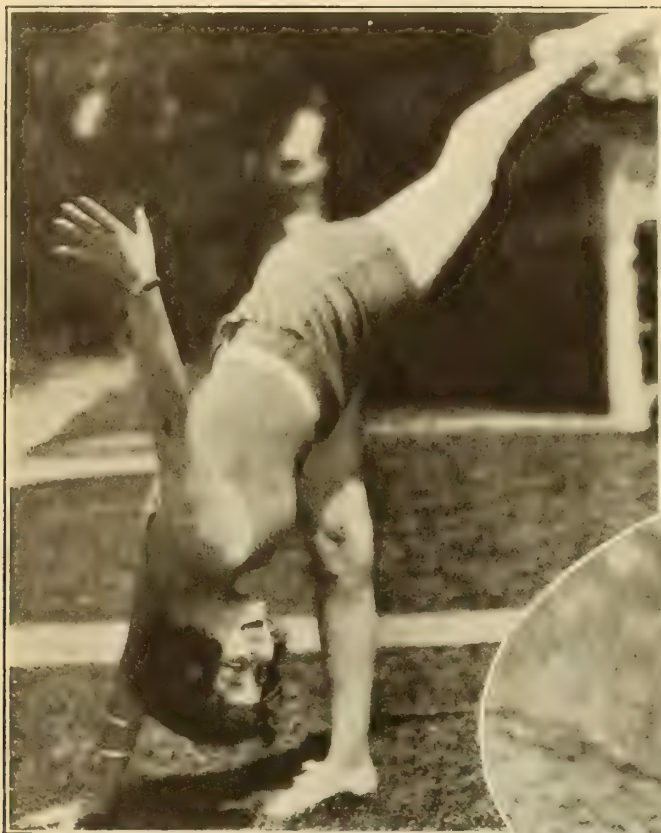
Lizzie turns the weinie over to the director, who says, "Fine," and proceeds to re-write it muttering "terrible!"

He spends a week or so on his version of the hot dog. Ten to twelve weeks on shooting the picture.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

**T**HE monthly "keeping up appearances" prize goes to the handsome and utterly jobless young actor who gaily dines at a leading cafe in greasepaint and costume. If some producer doesn't offer him a part, perhaps a tourist will think him a star. Heartbreak business . . . pictures!





The classes in geography that attend the courses conducted by Professor Ziegfeld have tried for years to estimate the number of dimples on Ann Pennington's twinkling knees. Now this vital problem is put up to movie fans. Count 'em if you can!



There is a star on Patsy Ruth Miller's knee. Now can you say that there is no truth in astrology?

"A dimple in the chin—a devil within"—and yet it's hard to believe it when you look at Lillian Rich's trusting blue eyes



Dimples add piquancy to Laura La Plante's smile. In her case, they are Nature's flashing diamond—and invaluable assets to her career



According to fortune tellers, a dimple on the shoulder means that the owner is destined to wear many décolleté gowns. And, sure enough, Carmel Myers does!





# THE DUCHESS de RICHELIEU

*tells how to keep  
the skin exquisitely  
soft and lovely*

"CARE OF THE SKIN, in my opinion, can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams. They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

*Duchesse de Richelieu*



AS a young girl growing up in aristocratic Baltimore, there was that about the future Duchesse de Richelieu which caused all who saw her to predict for her a great career.

Patrician she was, even then—though in the best American tradition. The head was finely modeled with its crown of golden hair. The blue eyes looked out from under delicately level brows. Her skin had the exquisite fineness, the fragile delicacy that bespeak centuries of breeding, yet with the freshness, the bloom of a young race.

As if beauty and charm were not enough, nature bestowed upon her yet another gift—a soprano voice of rare lyric quality.

When by her marriage this favored young American added to her native endowment the heritage of one of the proudest names of old France, she was drawn at once into the glamorous whirl of international social life.

Asked how, through all her exacting social and musical activities, she continues to retain

her freshness and bloom, she replied: "Care of the skin. It is an obligation always to appear with a complexion fresh and radiant, never betraying the least trace of any weariness or imperfection. And this care, in my opinion, can best be had by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

her freshness and bloom, she replied:

"Care of the skin. It is an obligation always to appear with a complexion fresh and radiant, never betraying the least trace of any weariness or imperfection. And this care, in my opinion, can best be had by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

HUNDREDS of beautiful and distinguished women everywhere have found in these same two delicate, fragrant creams made by Pond's the perfect equipment for keeping their fragile skins just exquisite.

Before retiring, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it lavishly over and letting it stay on several moments. Now with a soft cloth or tissue remove all the cream and the loosened dirt and dust which its pure oils have brought to the surface from the roots of your pores. Repeat the process. If your skin is dry, pat more cream on and leave it over night.

Several times by day, especially after you've returned from hours out of doors, cleanse your face, throat and the V of your neck with Pond's Cold Cream the same way—and finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice to close the pores.

After these daytime cleansings, smooth over your refreshed, invigorated skin ever so little of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its soft protection against wind and dust and chapping cold makes it delightful to use just before going out. But what pleases you most of all is the even,

exquisite tone it lends your skin. Flick on your powder and see with enchantment how evenly it lies, how natural is the glow it gives your skin, and how long it stays just so!

When you buy your own Pond's creams ask for the large-sized jar of the Cold Cream which lasts so well. Both creams come in two sizes of smaller jars and in tubes.

Among other beautiful women who have praised these famous creams for the care of the skin are:

HER MAJESTY, MARIE,  
THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA  
THE LADY DIANA MANNERS  
THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI  
THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE  
MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH  
MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT  
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP  
MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH  
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon for free tubes of these Two famous Creams and directions for using them.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. A,  
147 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....



Every skin needs these Two Creams used by the beautiful women of society





# A Top Rider

That's Buck Jones,  
and it means he ranks with  
an army general

*By Jim Tully*

This—on paper—hardly means a thing. But some western actors are so important that even the Pope could not talk to them without a letter of introduction written in Cowboy Latin.

Buck has been everything that a runaway lad could possibly be. A laborer, a hiker on the road, a soldier in the United States Cavalry.

Leaving the Army, in which he served three years in the Philippines, Buck again rode ranges all over the west from Montana to Texas. The turn of a card brought him to Ponca City, Oklahoma, where is located the famous Miller 101 Ranch. The Miller circus wintered there—and with it was the greatest aggregation of bronco busters, bareback riders and ropers ever assembled under the sun. Each spring every one on the ranch is given a chance to try out as a performer with the circus. Each man trying is given a horse and a rope and a steer—and God's great out of doors to roll around on. Buck Jones entered the lists with a thousand riders looking on. He made good and went on tour and opened in Madison Square Garden.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

**T**HEY arrived in Hollywood with fifteen dollars—all they had in the world. They had always been used to animals, so, being lonesome, they gave ten of the fifteen for a dog—and went to hunt a furnished room.

The landlady liked dogs—in pictures—so Buck Jones and his wife had to find a place for the dog.

The next day Buck hurried out to Universal City, where he had a cowboy pal who was working as an extra. This chap had been a "top-rider" with Buck in the old Oklahoma days when they rode the range together. A top-rider is of the same rank on a big ranch that a general, or a corporal, is in the army.

Buck Jones belongs to that picturesque body of men who add color to America. He is from Indiana, but has no grievances, having left there early. At fifteen he was a wandering youngster with no mother to guide him. The no mother was fortunate. For how is one going to guide a lad who wanted to be a soldier, a cowboy, a bare-back rider and a motion picture actor?

At seventeen Buck was a cowboy on a Western range. At eighteen he was a top-rider. A daring two-fisted chap, who can swing a mean pair of boxing gloves with any man alive, with broad shoulders and jaw all square, Buck Jones is the most silent man in pictures.

He has no pretense, and the man who takes care of his three favorite horses is made to feel that he is Buck's equal. In fact, he even upstages Buck sometimes.



Mr. and  
Mrs. Buck  
Jones and  
daughter  
Maxine





"After four years spent as a detective, I became subject to indigestion. On account of irregularity of meals I was troubled with gas on the stomach, pimples, constipation and loss of appetite. I went to my physician, who recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. After two weeks, the gas on my stomach ceased and gradually my condition returned to normal. My appetite is splendid, my skin has cleared, and my intestinal tract functions perfectly. And on my new job as building contractor I still eat my Fleischmann's Yeast to keep fit." JOHN W. HEMMERLE, West Philadelphia, Pa.



"My duties as a moving picture stunt man require a great outlay of bodily vigor and always striving for a more perfect physical condition, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast. As a result of this lucky leap, my muscles have not only increased in size, but every organ in my body has been fired with new vitality and new energy, enabling me to perform stunts more efficiently and enjoy perfect health."

LITTLETON SAVIN, Los Angeles, Calif.

## True Tales about Health

*They tell how thousands conquered  
constipation, corrected skin and stom-  
ach disorders—found glorious vitality  
—by eating one natural food*

Nor a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on "Yeast for Health," Health Research Dept. 13. The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



"About a year ago my face, neck and arms were covered with pimples. I was a bundle of nerves. One day my mother told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I took two cakes a day for two months. Then the miracles started to happen. My pimples vanished. I no longer jumped at every little noise. Today, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a new girl."

ANNE M. CREMIN, New Haven, Conn.



**This famous food tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Start eating it today!**



# They're All Talking About This

"THE Big Parade," King Vidor's production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, made good as a really great picture. The story was everything, and Vidor, with an extraordinary cast headed by John Gilbert, has mirrored it all. It is a record of beauty and romance woven against the heart-break, the burning idealism and the gruesome reality of the World War.



The men, too, are real, weary, dirty, hard-boiled fighters. "Bull" and "Slim"—two modern muskeeters—are played by Tom O'Brien and Karl Dane. O'Brien's comedy performance of "The Big Swede" was so perfect as to nearly run away with the whole picture

This is no usual movie war scene, but an absolutely faithful visualization of the way the doughboys went forth under cover of a barrage to do battle

A machine gun nest. The Heinies hidden within their trenches sending forth over No Man's Land the deadly message of their fear and their hate. Here again is perfect accuracy of detail





## Don't you know?

**H**IS desk was so placed that in taking dictation she had to sit quite close to him. And each time she dreaded it.

Finally one day she thought she could stand it no longer.

"Couldn't we move this file," she suggested, "so I can sit opposite you?"

The question puzzled him. He wanted to know why.

"Don't you know?" she said.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

For  
HALITOSIS



use  
LISTERINE

**By the way—**  
In using Listerine to combat halitosis you automatically combat sore throat and often avoid more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.



# Where Corinne Griffith is at Home



Why Corinne Griffith likes to work in California. Her charming home in Beverly Hills



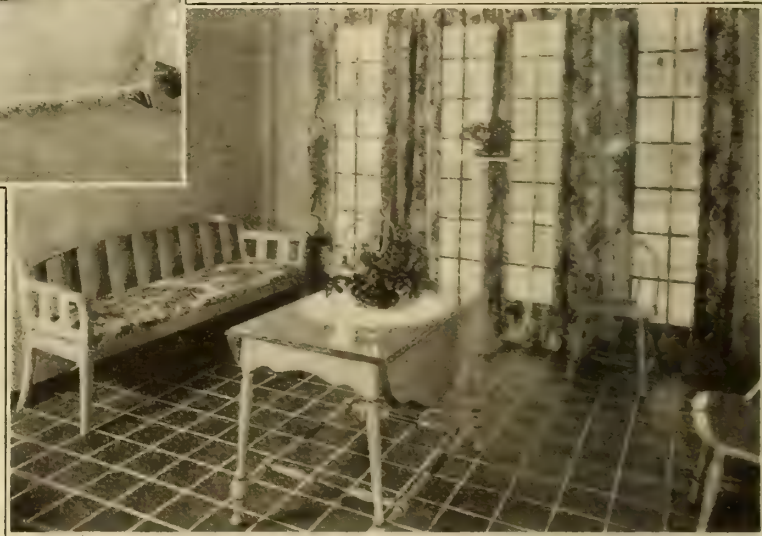
The comfortable arrangement of the fireplace gives the living room a restful and hospitable air

The breakfast room, with its beautiful view, is flooded with sunshine and color



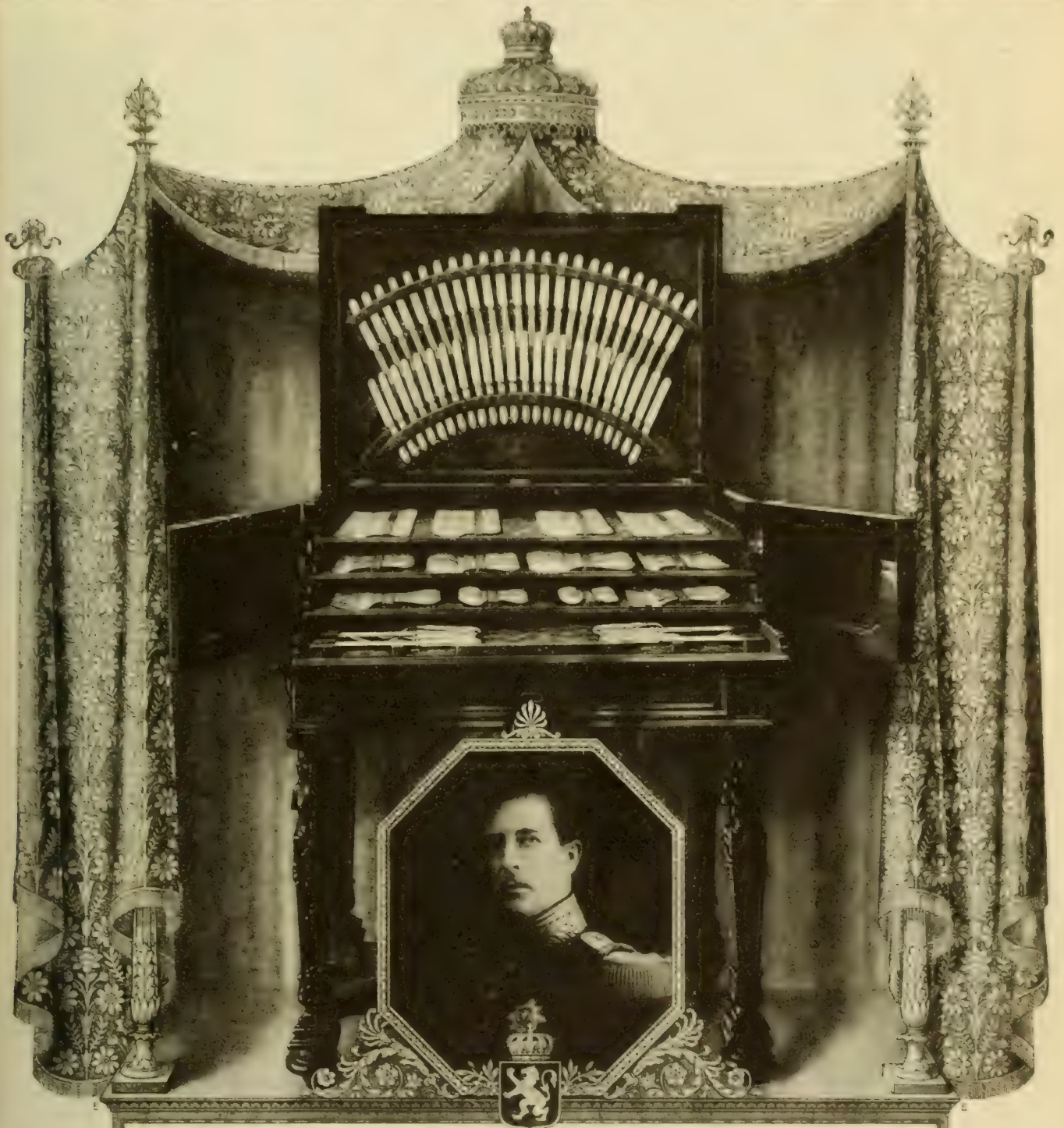
From the hall you can catch a glimpse of the dining room, through the grilled gate

Corinne's bedroom is extremely simple—almost sedate





# COMMUNITY PLATE



© 1925 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

## HIS MAJESTY, KING ALBERT, IS ENTERTAINED

**D**URING the recent visit of King Albert of Belgium to Brazil, the magnificent banquet hall of the *Palacio Real* was completely equipped by the Brazilian Government with a special ser-

vice of Community Plate. Each of the three hundred and eleven pieces used was engraved with the national Coat of Arms of Brazil. Thus the vogue of Community Plate spreads from continent to continent.

### *A Few Distinguished Patrons of COMMUNITY PLATE*

PRINCESS MARGRÈTHE OF DENMARK    BARONESS HUARD  
DUCHESS OF RUTLAND    MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT



# The War Drama of the Gayest City in Europe

"The Viennese Medley,"  
a story of the fall  
and rehabilitation of Austria,  
promises to be one of the  
achievements of the season



The outbreak of the war and the departure of Austria's dashing army. May Allison, as *Corinne von Hartig*, bids farewell to the man she might have married—*Pauli Birbach*, played by Ian Keith



The death of the aristocrat, *Tante Ilde*, played by Lucy Beaumont—one of the touching moments in June Mathis' First National Production. *Corinne* (May Allison) and *Fanny* (Anna Q. Nilsson) receive her last blessing

*Tante Ilde* forgives the outcast *Fanny von Hartig* (Anna Q. Nilsson)—the victim of Vienna's demoralization. Curt Rehfeld, technical director of "The Four Horsemen," was responsible for the direction of "The Viennese Medley"







Greta Nissen, whose blonde beauty proclaims her a daughter of Norway, says: "In my training at the various schools of pantomime in Europe, I came to realize how vividly the hands may register every thought. To make them look their loveliest I use the splendid Cutex preparations."



Trini, interpretive Spanish dancer, admired for her exotic grace and fire, says: "No one perhaps appreciates beautiful hands more than the interpretive dancer. There is no better way to attain this perfection—cuticle smooth, nails gleaming—than with Cutex."

## All over the world well-groomed women use this method of manicuring...

WELL-GROOMED TO HER FINGER-TIPS—and at her finger-tips!

The woman of today simply must be perfect in every detail of her toilette.

At home, in business, engaged in active social life—she knows that she will never be excused a moment for neglected, untidy finger nails—dull, lusterless, bordered by split or ragged cuticle.

For it is such a simple matter nowadays to keep them always lovely. Today every woman knows how to have nail-tips white and dainty, nails pink and gleaming, cuticle smooth, shapely. Cutex has taught her—hundreds and thousands of her!

AND NOT ONLY IN AMERICA. All over the world women have learned this wonderful way of caring for their hands.

The familiar little pink and black Cutex boxes are seen everywhere. On the theatre dressing table of a talented actress. In the toilette case of the traveler. In the hand bag of a business woman. From New York to San Francisco—in the capitals of Europe—charming and accomplished

women give Cutex manicure preparations a favorite place in their vanity kit. And the Cutex method has won their unqualified approval.

KEEP YOUR HANDS LOVELY THIS EXQUISITE WAY. First wash your hands thoroughly in warm, soapy water. Dip the orange stick in Cutex, twist a bit of cotton around the end, and keep it wet as you work gently around the nail base. The cuticle is quickly freed from the nail so it can't split and cause unsightly hangnails. The old dead skin that is so un-

tidy you simply wipe away with a soft towel.

Pass the wet stick under the nail-tips to clean and bleach them—and smooth a tiny bit of Nail White under each. For the loveliest of finishes, first buff the nails lightly with Cutex Powder Polish and rinse your hands again.

Now with the soft little brush spread a drop of Cutex Liquid Polish evenly over each nail. How charmingly it accents the beauty of your finger-tips. Best of all its rose pink brilliance lasts as long as your manicure!

How exquisitely groomed your hands look! You resolve never again to let a week slip by without giving your hands the same delightful care that so many women depend on. Buy one of the attractive Cutex Sets—from 35c to \$5.00 wherever toilet goods are sold. Separate preparations 35c

OR SEND 10c WITH COUPON FOR INTRODUCTORY SET containing everything for the manicure—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush, emery board, orange stick, cotton, and helpful booklet. If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 21, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

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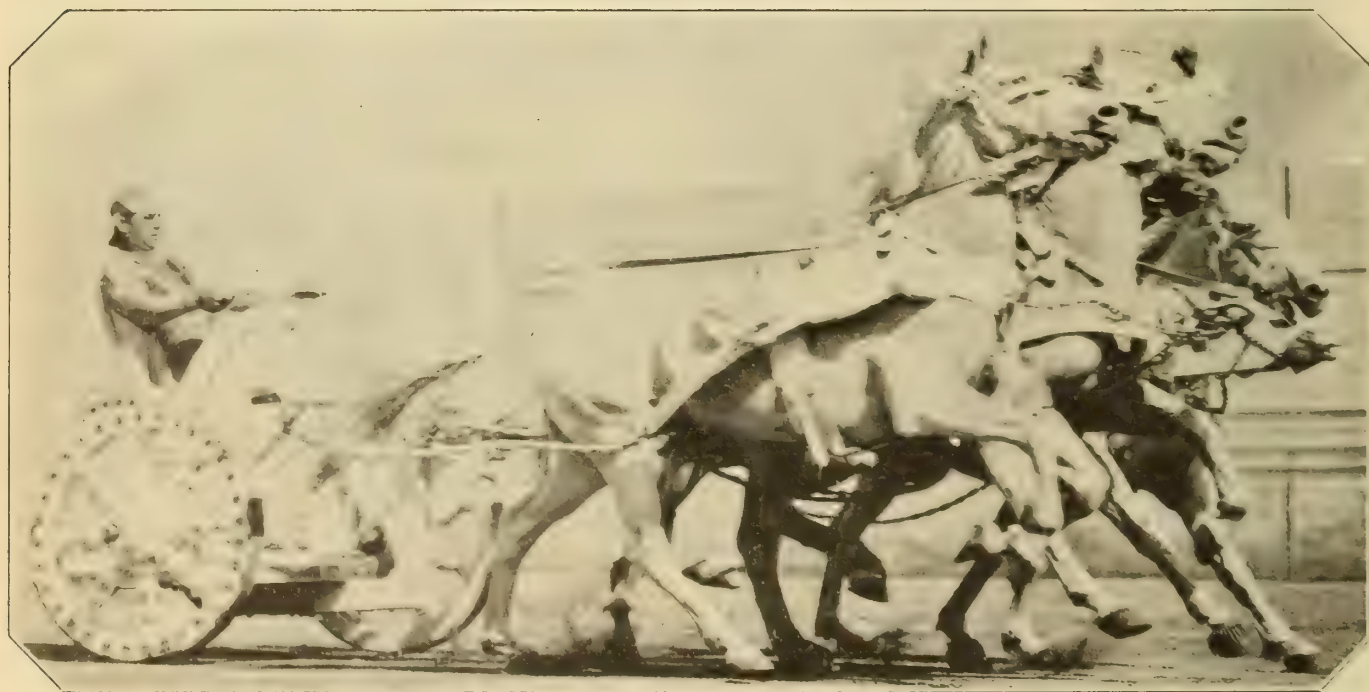
# "Ben Hur" is Completed!

The Six Million Dollar Production of Lew Wallace's famous novel will be ready for the public about the first of the year. The great chariot race scenes, witnessed by all the screen celebrities of Hollywood, are said to be the most thrilling ever made, and the picture may prove to be the greatest spectacle of all times. It cost enough anyhow. Ramon Novarro has justified his selection to play the role of "Ben Hur"



The most wonderful things in Hollywood seem to come to Betty Bronson. Metro honored her with the role of the Virgin Mary in "Ben Hur" and this picture reveals how well she justified their choice

A section of the distinguished gallery that watched the filming of the famous chariot race. From left to right are Doug and Mary, Sid Grauman, West Coast theater magnate, Harold Lloyd and Enid Bennett



The country was searched for the magnificent teams of horses that were used in the chariot races, and 80,000 people are shown in the Circus Maximus, although in reality only 6,000 extras were used



# This Gives Back the Days Women Used to Lose

—This remarkable *NEW* way supplants the uncertainty of makeshift hygienic methods with a security that is absolute by providing 3 unique features unknown before



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
GRADUATE NURSE

A GAY frock to be worn!—a dinner, a dance, perhaps an hour's motoring each way!

Yesterday that would have been a problem. Today, to the modern woman, it comes only as an incident. Unlike her predecessors, she no longer spends almost one-sixth of her time under a hygienic handicap.

Modern science has discovered a *safe* hygiene for women. A way which eight in every ten women of the better walks of life have adopted. A way that, once you try, will make a great difference in your life.

### Three important advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton, covered with specially processed, soft finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture, five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new, secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

### You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

Kotex comes in germ-proof packages of twelve, in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample mailed free on request.

You'll appreciate these 3 factors



①

Utter protection — Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



②

No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



③

Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

# KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen  
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in women's rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Co.

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*Mary Pickford's Holiday Gift to  
Everyone whose heart is young~*

**SCRAPS**

*Her latest production*



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopsis of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As they often take up more space and are not always of interest to others than the rest of the page, we have long felt the need for a section where questions about casts and addresses could be asked. For this reason, a column, "Casts and Addresses," is being started. As a feature, it is complete but it is also open to a private club where in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to: Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 421 W. 54th St., New York City.

**JUDY, BOB AND SHORTY.**—You want to know how I fought in the war of 1812? Like blazes. The secret of my longevity is my seven foot father and my nine foot mother. The way to pronounce Meighan is me-an, as in me and you. Harrison Ford is not married. He is the next best thing, divorced. Raymond Griffith is heart whole. He has never been wed. What's become of Gareth Hughes? Really want to know? The last I heard of him he was playing in a stage production called "The Duncie Boy." Gloria Swanson's two children live with her on her country estate in Westchester. Lovely Esther Ralston was "Topsy" in "The Little French Girl." Bessie Love is not married. Yes, I saw her do the Charleston, and it gave me so much pep I expect to live ninety years more.

**VIRGINIA, HELEN AND ELIZABETH, NEW MEXICO.**—For a first attempt you girls did very well. Gloria Hope is Lloyd Hughes' wife. Well, from what I hear out Hollywood way that young Fairbanks boy is still sweet on Betty Bronson. Jetta Goudal was born about 1898, somewhere about. She is French.

**MAZIE G., MONTGOMERY, ALA.**—Look in the studio directory for Conrad Nagel's, Rod La Rocque's, Pauline Starke's, Greta Nissen's and Antony Jowitt's addresses. They are all free lance players and they hop around a lot. Yes, Tony Jowitt is just as good looking as he appears but he has escaped marriage so far. Gloria's husband is a genuine Marquis and a regular fellow. You bet she isn't going to divorce him. She's too happy with him.

**T. J. M., VIRGINIA.**—Now how did you find out about my beauty? If you only knew how my heart has been thumping around since I got your kind, kind words. It beats all. Norma Shearer was born in 1904. Since then she has attained five feet three inches, 112 pounds and kept her blue eyes and light brown hair. I don't know her shoe size. She always romps around with me bare footed. You can reach her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

**JEAN OF HOUSTON.**—That good looking guy opposite Betty Bronson in "Are Parents People?" was Lawrence Gray. You can reach him at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood. Clive Brook hangs his hat at the Warner Bros. Studio. He's married. I think you might get a photograph of Mrs. Valentino if you write F. B. O. studios and send a quarter. Thanks for the good luck. I need it.

**NELSON G., CORINTH, N. Y.**—You'd better look out. If I treated you like an old friend I'd borrow money off you. Yakima Canutt held the cowboy championship for a number of years. I never heard of Mabel Strickland. It's been so long since I've had any sex, I've forgotten which one it was myself.

**CHARLES T. C., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**—Glenn Hunter is playing on the speaking stage at present, in a play called "Young Woodley." He is twenty-eight, six feet tall and weighs 147. He has never been married. Claire Windsor is the same age as Glenn.

**M. S., LOS ANGELES, CAL.**—Here's where I clear up the great Chaney mystery for you. Lon was born at Colorado Springs, Colo., April 1, 1883. He was on the stage before he went into pictures in 1912. He's married, too.

**G. E. B.**—Thass right. Let me be your little curiosity satisfier. Your favorite, Esther Ralston, was born in 1902. She is five feet five and works at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood. We can't publish the magazine twice a month, but you might buy two copies, one on the first and one on the fifteenth. We'd like that.

**P. T.**—I like your paper and your ink, I like the single thought you think. My life is one long pipe, so why give me a Dunhill? So you've been thinking one thought ever since you were a child? So have most of us, but we won't admit it. Well, here's the answer to it, so you'll have room for new worry. It was Lloyd Hughes who was in "Tess of the Storm Country." Sure, he appreciates your devotion. So do I.

**JERRY NANE.**—No, Jerry, you're not insane. Just a movie fan like the rest of us. Well, you might call Richard Dix, Dick. His next picture is "Womanhandled." Being a bachelor, I suppose he will play it feelingly. He's discreet and doesn't tell what type of actress he prefers to play with. I presume he likes 'em to be able to act, though.

**SHEBA OF YORK, PA.**—That must be quite a burden to you, living up to that cognomen. Yes, Lon Chaney's married. Lon was born on April Fool's Day, 1883, but he fooled them by making them all proud of him. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

**W. M. M., NEW JERSEY.**—Send Miss Bebe a quarter at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, and she'll mail you her photograph.

**C. H.**—That was a nice long letter. Ricardo Cortez called himself Jack Crane before he went into movies. Ben Lyon's name is his by right of family and baptism. Bebe Daniels pronounces her name B. B. Your friends are very wise. Colleen Moore has one brown eye and one blue one, but she has a twinkle in each. So you too are contrasting John Gilbert and Ronald Colman. Well, they are alike in both being fine actors.

**SHEWANTSTOKNOW.**—Here's a goodbye to your heebie jeebies. The handsome one opposite Betty Bronson in "The Golden Princess" was Neil Hamilton. The *Jose* who bloomed in "The Desert Flower" was Gene Corrado. All better now?

**VIOLA V.**—Viola, you write a nice letter. You want to know about Pauline Garon. Here goes. Pauline is twenty-three. She's an inch over five feet and not an ounce over a hundred pounds. Her eyes are hazel and her hair is blonde and she works at Warner Bros.' studio. The long and the short of it are Andree Lafayette, five feet, eight inches tall, and Viola Dana, who ties with May McAvoy at the four feet, eleven line. Most of the successful stars are short. Mary Pickford is just sixty inches small.

**V. C., SALT LAKE CITY.**—Well, well, where have you been all this time if you think Douglas Fairbanks has retired from the screen? V. C., I'm afraid you've been falling down on your PHOTOPLAY lessons. Naughty! naughty! Doug is now making "The Black Pirate." He's just half my age and I'm eighty-four.

**DOROTHY K.**—You're a nice, polite child. Nita Naldi is twenty-six years old, but she's American just the same. No, Esther Ralston isn't married, which sure is tempting to an old bachelor like me. Florence Vidor is just thirty.

**I. D., CAIRO.**—I'm glad I'm dear to someone in Cairo, even if yours isn't the Cairo beneath the palms. Charles de Roche has gone back to France. He came here a bachelor; went back that way. Wonderful boy, Charles. I know how full of pitfalls Hollywood is for an unattached heart. But then he's six feet tall and weighs 190 pounds. Maybe he could fight off the gals that his brown hair and eyes drew to him. Agnes Ayres' last was "The Awful Truth." Leatrice Joy parks her car in front of Cecil de Mille's studio. Its address is in the Studio Directory, some place else in this issue.

**D. E. A., EAST RUTHERFORD.**—You're perfectly right. Sweet little May McAvoy is not old. She is twenty-four.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

**I**N writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.





A scene from "La Boheme," the tragic story of the little consumptive lace maker of the Paris Latin Quartier, which Metro-Goldwyn is making with Lillian Gish and John Gilbert. Gilbert is the penniless poet who loves and loses—at least *Mimi* dies in the Puccini opera

"Know who that is?" asked Doug of the youngsters, pointing to the comedian.

The three gave Harold the once over and then turned away, all admiration for Doug.

"Naw!" was the chorused answer.

"Take another look! Now do you know?"

Again they answered "Naw," and with a laugh Fairbanks said:

"Well, that's Harold Lloyd."

"So is your old man," said the boys, and promptly turned their backs on Harold.

in which gorgeous gowns and fashionable trappings will be lavishly displayed. It will be made in the East.

**I** WAS talking to one of our very best cameramen the other day. I won't mention his name or he may never get a job again.

He had had a hectic day—the lights all wrong, the actors troublesome and the director peevish.

Suddenly his face lighted up and I asked why.

"Oh, I just had a vision of Heaven."

So I asked what it was like. I'm really terribly interested in heaven—so many different people have so many different ideas of it.

And here is this cameraman's idea of Heaven:

To sit in his front room—his parlor, I believe he called it—a highball in each hand and his feet on the windowsill, and watch a procession of actors' funerals go by—one every minute, I believe he said.

**M**RS. RUDOLPH VALENTINO, known professionally as Natacha Rambova, has signed a contract to star in F. B. O. pictures. Her first film will be, naturally, a society drama

**F**OLLOWING hard upon this announcement is the statement that Rudy and Natacha have come to the parting of the ways. A Paris divorce is in the offing. There doesn't seem to be very much the matter, except a case where two careers can't get along very well in double harness.

Rudy has been scampering around the village with Vilma Banky and Pola Negri, and gave out an interview saying he was enjoying his bachelor life.

Natacha doesn't seem to be exactly heart-broken. She has developed into a very regular sort of person, and life with the original sheik was all romance.

Good luck and good pictures to both of them.

**T**HE two Busters—Buster Collier, who is Constance Talmadge's most favored suitor, and Buster Keaton, who is her brother-in-law—got together the night before Connie left for New York and gave her a small but very hilarious party at the Keaton mansion in Hollywood.

It was a gingham and overall party, and everyone who came had to wear said habiliments or he was denied admittance.

Connie herself wore a little checked gingham pinafore of bright yellow and white, and an enormous yellow bow in her hair. Buster Collier borrowed the overalls from his chauffeur, who must weigh two hundred and fifty pounds, so some of the guests had hard work finding their host, but it started the fun off in the right direction.

Marion Davies was the hit of the evening, appearing in her "Zander the Great" orphanage costume, and you know Marion is as good an impromptu comedienne off the screen as she is on. Bebe Daniels wore a Baby Peggy frock, Viola Dana returned for the evening to the rompers that made her famous, and Eileen Percy wore black gym bloomers and a blue and white middie. Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Lew Cody and Mrs. May Ayres, his fiancée. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Ray—Charlie looked exactly as he did in the "Swimming Hole" picture—Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle. Ulrich Busch,

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 94 ]



Two-gun Bill meets his match. William S. Hart's first picture for United Artists is called "Tumbleweeds." It is another epic of the great open spaces where men are men and the plumbing is terrible





The **ELFIN PACKAGE** of Ben Hur Extract contains a dainty bottle which, tucked into a silk-lined blue-and-orange box, makes a charming little gift.

The **VICTORY BOX**—handsome in design and color, containing Ben Hur Extract, Toilet Water and Face Powder, is a gift which will grace any dressing-table.

The **JEWEL CASE**, containing Ben Hur Extract and a gold finished vanity case of latest design holding compacts of Ben Hur Rouge and Powder.

## The truly distinctive perfume which has pleased a famous star

"BEN HUR PERFUME, so exquisite, so delightfully different, is truly distinctive and pleasing."

*Carmel Myers*

**M**ANY women love to vary their perfumes. Others, equally smart, prefer to choose some one delicious scent and, crowning it their very own, to identify it in a subtle way with their own personality.

For the changing festivities of the mid-winter season it is important to choose this very personal perfume with especial care. It should be just a little thrilling for the dance, subtle and yet lingering for the theater, and for a hundred social occasions, not too heavy to be cloying, nor too delicate to lack distinctiveness.

Because Ben Hur Perfume so fully meets all these exactions, Carmel Myers—a woman of taste as well as an accomplished artist—admires it. Her words of praise for Ben Hur echo the opinion of thousands of women everywhere who always choose this fragrance because it is "so exquisite, so delightfully different."

**B**EN HUR is sold by leading druggists and at the toilet goods counters of leading department stores. Extract, toilet water, face powder, both compact and loose, toilet powder and dusting powder for the bath—all may be had in this unusual fragrance. Its packages are delightful in shape and design, its gift boxes artistic, its bottles graceful in shape. They make charming gifts for all occasions at \$1.00 to \$10.00.

The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in charming little purse size bottles, deftly shaped to take up the least possible space in one's purse. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



**CARMEL MYERS** — as the beautiful Egyptian princess, Iras, in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spectacle, "Ben Hur," by her interpretation of the role, more than justifies the prediction of success voiced by her thousands of admirers.





**Corinne Griffith in  
"INFATUATION"**

AND they say that the sands of the desert grow cold! Not for Violet Bancroft, vivacious wife of a middle-aged official, who suddenly found her interest aroused in an aggressive young diplomat. And then—in the lustrous glamor of Cairo, against a background of intrigue and dazzling military figures—reason and obsession grapple in a death grip.

Corinne Griffith, whose "Classified" has delighted hundreds of thousands, strikes an equally powerful chord of entertainment in this dramatic adaptation of W. Somerset Maugham's "Caesar's Wife." Irving Cummings directed for Corinne Griffith Productions, Inc., and the supporting cast includes Malcolm McGregor, Percy Marmont, Warner Oland, Martha Maddox, Leota Lorrain and Claire de Brey.



**Frank Lloyd presents  
"THE SPLENDID ROAD"**

"THE SPLENDID ROAD" is a glorious drama of a woman's battle against man's odds with the California Gold Rush as a background of sweeping action.

Frank Lloyd revives memories of "The Sea Hawk" in his reincarnation of "The Colonial Dame," the old three-master that carries Sandra Dehault and her three adopted children around the continent in 1849. Whether on silv'ry seas or in the gold canyon, the drama carries on—a splendid tribute to the early pioneers.

Anna Q. Nilsson (above) plays the lead supported by Lionel Barrymore and Robert Frazer, featured players, and a cast that includes Edward Earle, Gladys Brockwell, Pauline Garon, Marceline Day, Russell Simpson and George Bancroft. From Vingie Roe's novel of the same name.

# First National





Barbara La Marr in  
"THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTE"

THEY searched 2,000 stories, books and plays and then selected this (from Anthony Pryde's "Spanish Sunlight") as the plot to afford the broadest scope to Miss La Marr's exotical talent.

They reproduced every atmospheric detail of the far-off island of Majorca, provided sterling character parts and then told Director Alfred E. Green (who made "Sally") and his staff of featured players to go to it. And what a picture of drama and emotions they made! Already "The Girl from Montmartre" is being hailed as Miss La Marr's most entertaining picture.

Lewis Stone (in insert above) and Robert Ellis are featured. Eve Unsell wrote the continuity and June Mathis was editorial director for this Sawyer-Lubin production.



Edwin Carewe presents  
"JOANNA"

THREE men differed on the dominating characteristic of the average American girl. They gambled a million dollars to prove their contentions and then chose Joanna, a working girl whose heart craved cake while she ate bread, as the subject for their experiment. And no scientific investigation was ever pushed so relentlessly to its conclusion.

From this unusual premise of H. L. Gates' widely read newspaper serial, Director Edwin Carewe has built a picture of unfailing interest. Dorothy Mackaill of "Chickie" fame (above) typifies the American girl whose emotional reactions are placed on observation. Jack Mulhall (insert) who has won immense success in recent First National Pictures, plays the male lead.

# Pictures





Betty Jewell, popular star in First National Pictures.



## Give Her Traveling Comfort For Christmas

**G**IVE her the universal utility bag that has freed thousands of women from the burden of heavy hand luggage—the smart, light-weight DAISY BAG.

The DAISY BAG may be packed in a few moments with one or two extra hats, a dress or two, slippers, underthings and toilet articles. Though the average weight is but 20 ounces, it will safely carry 20 pounds!

Rainproof and dustproof, the DAISY BAG is made of best patent leather fabric, attractively lined, and has an inner pocket. The handle has a handsome silver-plated clasp which cannot come loose, although a slight pressure of the finger releases the catch.

DAISY DE LUXE MODEL, with patented hookless fastener, 16-inch, \$5.50; 18-inch, \$5.50; 20-inch, \$6.00.

DAISY BUTTON MODEL, 16-inch, \$3.50; 18-inch, \$4.00; 20-inch, \$4.50.

At leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, giving us his name and address.

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366 Fifth Ave. New York

*The* DAISY HAT BAG



Constance Bennett and her husband, Philip Morgan Plant, heir to millions, in the correct pose for newlyweds. The marriage ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace at Greenwich, Conn.

## Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

Lefty Flynn, Jack Gilbert, Larry Wheat and Mr. and Mrs. Lou Anger completed the list of guests. Mrs. Natalie Talmadge Keaton and Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge assisted the hosts in receiving.

**W**ITH film celebrities turning out *en masse*, the first annual public revel of the Maskers Club—to Hollywood what the Lambs' Gambol is to New York—went over big, was a pronounced success in fact. Like most other big openings, a cordon of police was necessary to keep the entrance to the theater clear, so great was the crowd on hand to see the many stars.

Robert Edeson, harlequin of the maskers, was unable to make the opening speech of the entertainment, being detained on location at Lake Arrowhead. Earle Fox made an admirable understudy.

Fatty Arbuckle, on whose account the show was held at the Philharmonic auditorium instead of the Hollywood Memorial auditorium, because of protests against letting the big comedian appear on the high school stage, received such tremendous applause when he appeared that he stopped the show.

In "When Men Are Men," written by Earle Fox and Rolert Edeson, Creighton Hale made an adorable little heroine, who managed to

dodge a bullet fired by her handsome husband Cyril Chadwick, at the villain who held her as a shield. As the sheriff, Tom Mix settled affairs in the great open spaces by kicking the dead bandit on the shins and bringing him back to life again. J. Farrell McDonald won a number of laughs as the Irish protector of Chadwick and his wife.

As the shy lawyer who had planned the death of Bert Lytell's sweetheart in a hijacking raid, Montague Love presented the most dramatic character of the evening.

**S**AID Bebe Daniels to Lew Cody at the Montmartre: "Who was the pretty girl you were dancing with? You were most attentive."

Lew: "Which one? I danced with two."

Bebe: "Both!"

**H**OLLYWOOD is like a youthful swain. It loves to rush those it is enamoured of.

And now Lina Basquette, who recently left the Follies to become Mrs. Sam Warner, is the rushee. She is nothing but a child with great brown eyes—her most attractive quality.

The other day I saw her at the Montmartre



# We have found the only way ever known

- that removes Cold Cream *thoroughly*
- that removes it safely
- that removes *all* dirt with it

Will you accept a 7-day  
supply to try?

THIS offers you a test of a beauty means that, in justice, must be termed a great discovery.

The first and only way ever known that removes cold cream safely . . . that ends the annoyance of old ways and their dangers to the skin.

We want to send you a supply without charge. Then to get your opinion.

It is not a cloth, but an entirely new kind of material.

## A scientific discovery

We are makers of absorbents. Are old authorities in this field.

On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically light material for removing cold cream. For removing it as it must be removed to keep the skin flawless.

It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents several years of scientific research. There is no other like it.

## Ends oily noses and dark skins

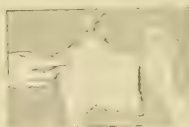
stops oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. For these come from overladen pores . . . cold creams and oils left for nature to expel. That is why you powder now so often.



## No more oily skins

Your "make-up" holds hours  
longer than before

Instead of towels, cloths, harsh fibre, or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new material—27 times as absorbent!



### First

Remove every bit of germ-laden matter, every particle of dirt, simply by wiping off face.

### Then

—pay particular attention to the nose, so that it will be white and without shine.

### Then

You discard the used sheets—no more soiling of towels.

It combats skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin, breeding places for bacteria.

Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes failed in absorbency. Infectious dirt accumulations were rubbed back into your skin. That is why tiny imperfections often appear. Why your skin may look distressingly dark at times.

## Multiplied skin benefits

Now in Kleenex those failures are corrected.

Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasts the harshness of cloth or fibre makeshifts with a softness that you'll love.

It is 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel. 25 times that of paper and fibre substitutes. You use it, then discard it.

It does what no other method yet has done . . . removes ALL the cleansing cream, all dirt and pore accumulations gently from the skin. And that means much to you.

## Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.

Or . . . obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up as exquisitely as fine handkerchiefs, in two sizes: the Professional, 9x10-inch sheets—and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches. Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables . . . a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.

**KLEENEX**  
Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

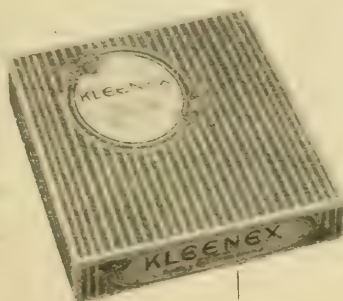
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Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.

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Kleenex comes in exquisite handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer in two sizes.

Boudoir size, sheets  
6 by 7 inches . . . 35c

Professional, sheets  
9 by 10 inches . . . 65c



## Last minute beauty touches



*determine your beauty  
for hours afterwards!*

**I**N those last few, fleeting moments, effect a dazzling transformation with Helena Rubinstein's highly flattering cosmetics. Scientifically compounded—in perfect harmony with the skin—subtly responsive to varied lightings—and remarkably adherent! Your make-up box should include these—

### Helena Rubinstein's aids to the perfect daily make-up

**Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream**—the "wonder cream." Removes all impurities admirably. Freshens and revitalizes the skin. Soothes, protects, molds out lines, brings new life and beauty to the skin. (Also an excellent powder base.) 4 oz. 1.00, ½ lb. 2.00, lb. 3.50

**Valaze Complexion Powder**—for normal or oily skins—indescribably fine and soft, moisture-proof, subtly fragrant and very flattering. Tints to match every skin-tone. \$1, 3, 5.50

**Valaze Novena Powder**—for the dry type of skin—made on a Pasteurized Cream base to prevent further drying of the skin. Exact tints for every complexion. 1.00, 3.00, 5.50

**Valaze Red Geranium Rouge**—Madame Rubinstein's latest shade—vivid, youthful, sparkling—all smart Paris now using it. A perfect day shade for blondes, and a charming evening shade for every type. Compact 1.00

**Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge**—the stunning shade originated by Madame Rubinstein. Very flattering to every skin-coloring. It may be blended lighter or darker as desired. Fascinating, brilliant, richly colorful. Compact \$1

Same captivating shades in **Valaze Rouge-en-Creme**—for both cheeks and lips—exquisitely smooth-blending. Excellent for dry, sensitive skins. 1.00, 2.00, 5.00

**Valaze Lipsticks**—in the same dazzling tones, Red Raspberry (light, dark, medium) and the new Red Geranium. Delightfully adherent. \$1

**Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener**—for darkening and beautifying lashes and eyebrows—at the same time promoting their growth wonderfully. 1.00

**Valaze Persian Eyeblack** (Mascara)—gives luxuriant effect to eyelashes—lends a fascinating illusion of depth and intensity to eyes. Adherent. 1.50

*These flattering and protective make-up aids may be procured at any of Helena Rubinstein's Salons de Beaute Valaze or at the better class department and drug stores.*

*If not available in your particular vicinity, send dealer's name and address, or order direct (see pay postage on all orders amounting to \$10 or over). Address Helena Rubinstein, Dept. 4, 49 West 67th Street, New York City.*



Trademark

Scientific beauty treatments may be had at Helena Rubinstein's Salons in all great metropolitan centers. Marvelous treatments for clearing the skin of obstinate blemishes, blackheads, acne, blotches, wrinkles.

Write for free copy of "The Fine Art of Making Up"—Edition J.

Salons de Beaute Valaze

# Helena Rubinstein

PARIS 46 W. 57th St., NEW YORK  
LONDON  
Chicago—40 N. Michigan Ave. Detroit—1510 Washington Blvd  
Boston—234 Boylston Street Newark—951 Broad Street.



A sweet situation. Mickey Neilan and his wife, Blanche Sweet, are back in California to work, after their brief vacation in New York. "A Far Cry" is the title of Blanche's next picture for First National

clad in a simple little dark frock and hat—quite submerged by the gay plumage of the Ladies of the Lens. The music started—so did Lina—and in a moment she was the cynosure of all attention. A dancing dynamo—topped by a little gray astrakhan turban—and two twinkling and shapely limbs engaged in the intricacies of the Charleston. A fascinating little Basquette.

**DOROTHY MACKAILL** leaves Hollywood for New York, heart whole and fancy free, if we are to believe her, in spite of the fact that good looking Johnny Harron was down at the Golden State Limited to wave her farewell.

There has been a persistent rumor of their engagement, which Dorothy just as persistently denies.

And Johnny, like the gentleman he is, says nothing.

You can't get away from it, though, they were seen together almost constantly while Dorothy was in Hollywood.

**THE** Golden State Limited is fast becoming the "movie train" East. I dropped down to the station the other day to say goodbye to a friend and there was a whole special car loaded with picture celebrities headed for New York. The big advantage seems to be that the Golden State will carry them right into Chicago and then out again on the Century

without changing depots. In the case of the special car they were routed straight through from Los Angeles to New York. In the party was Anna Q. Nilsson, John McCormick, general manager of productions for First National Pictures, E. M. Asher, Mike Levee, Bert Lubin, A. L. Bernstein, Harry Licht, Cleve Moore, brother of Colleen Moore, Mr. E. M. Asher, Mrs. Bernstein, Mrs. Mike Levee, Larry Weingarten and Harry Wilson.

**MR. AND MRS. CHARLES RAY** entertained the other evening with what everyone agrees was one of the most beautiful dinner parties ever given in Hollywood. The invitations were issued for the hour of sunset, and the table was built in a circle around the lily pond in the exquisite, walled garden at the back of the Ray home. The lilies were in full bloom and the garden faces out toward the sunset. When it grew dark, lanterns began to glow among the trees, and candles were lighted on the table and the party was finished to moon-candle and lantern light. The decorations of the table and the profusion of flowers in the garden made it setting one of indescribable beauty.

The honored guests were Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, who were leaving the following day for New York, and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schenck (Norma Talmadge), Marion Davies, Constance Talmadge and Buster Collier, Jack Gilbert, M.



and Mrs. Dustin Farnum, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Avel, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, Edna Hopper, Julianne Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Carmel Myers, Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, Lew Cody and Mrs. Jay Ayres, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Franklin, Mrs. Elinor Glyn and Mr. John Wynne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapp, Mr. Irving Thalberg and Miss Sylvia Thalberg, Lugene O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Hans Kraly, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner, Agnes Christine Johnson and Frank Dazey and Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Storm.

CHARLES RAY'S bankruptcy proceedings—Charlie was forced into bankruptcy recently by his creditors—have caused a feeling of real sadness among the members of the picture colony. And the dinner party which Mrs. Ray gave just after the news became public—a sort of final splurge, we take it—had an air of funereal gloom.

Ray's ability as an actor is almost revered by screen folk. A large percentage of them believe him to be the finest natural screen actor to ever lived. And they feel sorry that he could have tangled himself up in all sorts of business and financial difficulties by trying to produce his own pictures, instead of staying with some first class firm as an actor and letting the men who know all out money and business worry about that end of it.

During the days of Charlie's stardom, the boys lived in the most lavish style of any teen celebrities. Now things are changed—they can face the music—and certainly their friends are standing by them loyally—it may be Charlie the balance and understanding of which he seems to have lacked.

He is working now for Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, and doing wonderful things, we hear he can be content to do the one thing he knows how to do—act—and leave directing, story-writing, producing and selling pictures to others, we may see again the great Charlie Ray the old days.

## FREE 10-Day Tube—Mail the Coupon



## Those Winning Smiles

*Which mean so much . . . commercially, socially, are gained this new way with gleaming, white teeth*

Don't believe your teeth are "naturally" dull. Just accept this 10-day test. See how dazzling white teeth and healthy gums come when film coats go.

HERE is a new and radically different way in tooth care. A way that quickly restores "off-color" teeth to attractive whiteness and that leading dentists of the world are urging.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth.

Your teeth will be clear and gleaming; your gums firm and of healthy color. Just mail the coupon. A full 10-day supply will be sent you.

**FILM . . . it hides pretty teeth, and imperils gums**

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth

and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating. The film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

**Mere brushing won't do**

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

**It removes that film. And Firms the Gums**

It does two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

**FREE** Mail this for 10-day Tube **Pepsodent**

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice  
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

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Dept. 175, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
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Only one tube to a family.

1940



Canadian Office and Laboratories:  
191 George St., Toronto, Canada



Mrs. Sidney Drew, one of the first of our screen favorites, died recently in Los Angeles after a long illness. She will always be remembered for the pictures she made with her husband, whose death a few years ago ended the happy and clever set of domestic comedies with which they delighted the world





## "—And in the Room —Dreams!"

"—and when I came to see you last night there were mystery and magic all about you. The familiar room was touched with the faint breath of dreams. And you were subtly, marvelously changed. Why was it only then I seemed to know the mystery of you . . . ?"

FROM HER DIARY:

BEFORE he came to see me last night, I had burned temple incense in the room. I wonder if he knew . . .

**WOMEN** have known for thousands of years that their beauty and charm attain the utmost power only in an atmosphere of mystery and romance. Vantine's Temple Incense creates this atmosphere with all the subtle potency of centuries ago. In six exquisite fragrances, at all drug and department stores.

How will incense interpret you?

Samples of six odors sent  
on receipt of ten cents.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.  
DEPT. 3 71 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Claire Windsor became so enthusiastic over football that she induced Coach Howard of the University of California team to give her a few lessons in punting. We'll leave you to judge from the photograph just how far she perfected her technique

**A**T last Eric von Stroheim is learning something about American efficiency. His case is not hopeless, after all.

Mr. von Stroheim has just purchased one dozen monocles in preparation for his villain rôle in Constance Talmadge's next picture, "East of the Setting Sun." Because a monocle—without which no Continental villain could be convincing—is such a fragile prop, Von decided to stock up on the single eye-glasses before shooting starts. He will direct this George Barr McCutcheon romance, as well as play the menace.

**T**HE Southern California Blue Book, which is the last word in social eligibility and blue-blooded ancestors around Los Angeles, has just been issued. The Hollywood film colony is represented by Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno (Daisy Canfield), Mr. and Mrs. Cecil de Mille (Constance Adams), Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille (Anna George) and Mr. and Mrs. Ivan St. Johns (Adela Rogers). Read the last line carefully and you can see how PHOTOPLAY stands out there.

### THE Dumb Bell Opera!

That's the head under which Lupino Lane's latest comedy might be catalogued.

The former Follies funster was leaving his dressing room in make-up and fighting togs preparatory to taking a scene for his new fight comedy.

"Where ya' goin'?" asked the prop boy.

"Out to fight a dumb bell," said Lane.

Ten minutes later he returned, a bump pushing out on one side of his head. He had made a gymnasium

scene in which he was hit on the head with a dumb bell.

"And she wasn't a blonde one, either," said Lane, as he lovingly caressed the bump.

**TOM GALLERY**, film actor and husband of ZaSu Pitts, has just won the national squash championship, competing with such famous athletic stars as Bill Tilden, tennis champion, and Harvey Snodgrass, ranking tennis star, and several big squash players.

**N**O matter how this rumpus about Gloria's husband's title of Marquis comes out, I think Gloria made a great error and lost a great chance when she sent for a lawyer to look into it and all that.

She should have given him an adoring look and said, "I don't give a hang whether he's a marquis or not; I love him, and I married him for love and not because he had a title."

Her attitude of annoyance and her determination to defend Henri's claim to the title are probably nothing but wifely pride, but it would have gone better with the atmosphere of a great love affair if she'd taken the other angle.

As far as the title is concerned, people who know France and its aristocracy very well, tell me that La Falaise has a perfect right to call himself a marquis. Of course no titles are recognized in France now, and the title is only one by courtesy. He could not use it on any civil or state papers, such as a marriage certificate, because titles have not been recognized since France became a republic. But the family is a very old one, and Henri is its direct descendant and would be the marquis if they had them nowadays. So his title is probably as authentic as any French title can be, since they were all abolished by the Revolution.

**S**EEMS to me leading a dog's life—or even a horse's life—as they are lived in Hollywood, wouldn't be so bad after all.

Recently Harry Carey, the "Tammany



cowboy," pensioned his white horse, Pete, put a nice little nest egg in the bank to care for Pete the rest of his days—in case anything happens to Harry. "Sandy" is Carey's new mount. "Sandy" is to have a dressing room—or stable as they call it on the lot—as comfortable and spacious as any of the stars.

"Sandy's" dressing room is to be steam-heated, too. It will have sanitary removable floors and the walls are to be padded. Air ventilators will also be part of the equipment.

No, Carey doesn't plan to put in any furniture in the dressing room, for while "Sandy" is a right smart critter, he hasn't learned to sit on chairs or sleep in beds as yet.

MICHAEL ARLEN is the latest great author to arrive in the Hollywood studios, to write for the screen. If he succeeds, he will be luckier than some of the best of them have been. Elinor Glyn and Rupert Hughes may be said to be the only ones who ever really came out on top, and now Elinor has abandoned the films for a while, and Rupert has given up directing and will only write.

Sir Gilbert Parker, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gertrude Atherton, Leroy Scott, Rita Weiman, Clayton Hamilton, Kathleen Norris, Maurice Maeterlinck, W. Somerset Maugham, Frank Adams and Katherine Newlin Burt are only a



Peggy Joyce is astonishing Paris by wearing nothing but white, defying the dictates of the fashion creators. While out in Hollywood she has knocked them for a row of powder puffs by her fine performance in "The Skyrocket." We hereby present the famous beauty at the age of twelve, before her name ever appeared in even her home town weekly



Richard Dix  
Hollywood Gold

I want to take this occasion to tell you how much I enjoyed a recent trip west on your crack new train, the Golden State Limited. The service and cuisine are excellent.

Sincerely,

Richard Dix —

Read What Richard Dix Says About The

## All-Pullman Golden State Limited

[ NO EXTRA FARE ]

Underscore that sentence, "The service and cuisine are excellent," and, in planning your next transcontinental trip, remember that that is why the GOLDEN STATE route has become the path of the stars.

Rock Island Travel Bureaus in all principal cities at your service, or address

L. M. Allen, Vice President  
Rock Island Lines  
792 La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill.







*Now, too . . . when rooms  
are overheated, clothing  
heavier . . . you will  
want to use Deodo  
every day!*

By Leticia Hadley

**C**LOSE heated rooms—the intimacy of the dance and bridge table—winter problems! It has been so difficult to preserve the immaculacy that social contacts demand!

You may have hesitated to use a deodorant—but now I bring good news! A powder that prevents and destroys body odors! A fine, delicate powder, as exquisitely feminine, as delightful to use as talcum.

Just apply Deodo while dressing in the morning—or before going out. Rub it under the arms and dust it over the body. It acts immediately. No waiting or repeated applications. And it continues effective throughout a whole day.

Deodo does not seal the pores or prevent essential perspiration. It simply absorbs and neutralizes the odor. It is soothing to the skin, and tends to heal. And it's entirely harmless to clothing. It will do much to preserve the freshness of your winter frocks—cloth and silk and velvet that *can't* be washed successfully.

Try Deodo on sanitary napkins. A most distressing problem has been solved!

Deodo is sold at most drug-gists' and toilet goods counters. Or I will gladly send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free. Mail the coupon today!



# Deodo

A MULFORD PRODUCT

*prevents and destroys body odors*  
**FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!**

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY

Mulford Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

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PHO. 1-26



Of course you don't believe it. Neither do we. But if the camera can lie, it does not in this case. Jack Duffy is thirty years of age. He plays the rheumatic old gent in Christie Comedies. Either the press agent and cameraman are guilty of collusion, or Duffy is a wizard at make-up



few who tried and gave up, whether in despair or disgust, who shall say?

Whether it is difficult for authors of plays and books to write motion picture stuff, or whether the producers have been too afraid or too blind to attempt the new and good things given them, will always be a matter of dispute.

But Mr. Arlen is a businesslike person, young and very adaptable, and it may be that he will succeed—better, we hope, than did Joseph Hergesheimer with Pola's "Flower of the Night," which was sad.

**O**NCE telling time was a luxurious rite for Dick Bennett's beautiful young daughter, Constance, whose \$6000 watch was the envy of everyone on the lot where she was working.

Now telling time is a deep pang for this young screen actress, for while she was working on the stage in "Sally, Irene and Mary" someone stole the beautiful new watch.

It was of platinum set with diamonds, had a wristband of pearls and a diamond and onyx clasp.

Maybe by now she has another one, for she just married one of the gay young bloods of Gotham, Philip Plant, heir to several millions, more or less.

**I**F there is a falling off of pictures before long, you can lay it to the football season. Being as how all Hollywood spends the entire day Saturday on football, it is bound to cut down on the production schedule a little.

Colleen Moore has managed to get Saturday afternoons off by agreeing to work Saturday nights—that much I know. Rod La Rocque, having been told he had to work the day of the Stanford-U. S. C. game, didn't fuss about it. But when they started to look for him he just wasn't there, and I certainly saw someone who looked distinctly like him accompanied by a lady very like Pola Negri, in a box that afternoon.

Douglas MacLean, with two or three ex-football heroes in his productions, has given up and declared it a holiday for everybody. Edmund Lowe, Bert Lytell, and their respective wives, Lilyan Tashman and Claire Windsor, haven't missed a game this season, while Ann May and Gardner Sullivan are probably the best rooters out of the rooting section, especially Ann. What a yell leader she would make!

Marion Davies, done up in a bright sweater, looks like a co-ed, and acts like one for that matter, and knows as much about the fine points of the game as some sporting writers try to make you think they do.

Tom Mix and his wife are always on hand, and Tom's effort to stay in the grandstand is pitiful—you know he was a great football player once himself, and Andy Smith, coach of the California Wonder team, is a buddy of his. While as for Harold Lloyd—well, it's a good thing nobody recognizes him without his glasses. He really acts like a first class lunatic. Mildred says she's almost ashamed to go with him, but forgets about it when she gets there because she gets so excited herself.

Yes, it's a good director that can get a company all before the camera on Saturday—but I guess they don't care, because they go, too.

**C**OLLEEN MOORE tells this one: At the Stanford-University of Southern California game, she sat right in back of the father of young Ted Shipkey, Stanford's phenomenal end, who is being touted everywhere as a coming All-American. Ted had a lot to do with Stanford's hard-won victory, and when the gun had finally ended the suspense, old man Shipkey said:

"Well, I'll go down to the garage in Anaheim tonight and collect that ten dollars I win. I bet a fellow down there ten bucks Stanford 'ud win, and he took me and says, 'Why, Mr. Shipkey, your money's just as good as gone already, it's just gone.' I says, 'Say, young man, I heard a rooster crow right loud one morning and he got his head chopped off.'"

**L**OIS MORAN, the sixteen-year-old actress whose work in "Stella Dallas" shone forth so remarkably, is setting a new fashion in girls around Hollywood. Lois isn't what you'd call a pretty girl, but she has distinction, and she is as well-conducted a little miss as ever came out of a boarding school.

The other day a group of young chaps from military school were introduced to her. They knew a young college athlete in New York who was also a friend of Lois's, and they spoke at great length of his prowess on the gridiron. But Lois never mentioned that she knew him. Afterwards, her mother asked her why.

"Well," said Lois, sedately, "I hadn't made up my mind whether I wanted those boys for



friends or not. I couldn't judge them so quickly. And I knew if they knew Howard was a good friend of mine, it would make them feel they knew me very well, and it would start an acquaintance. I notice nothing starts an acquaintance so solidly as a mutual friend. So I thought I'd wait to see if I wanted it or not."

LILLIAN RICH awoke the other morning to read in the papers that she was the sister of Sally Rand, a player in the same company that "Billie" is contracted to. Of course, it was a terrific surprise to Lillian. And I guess Sally was equally as astonished when she read the announcement over her morning cereal. It all happened this way.

"Billie" Rich is playing in "Braveheart" and Sally is cast as her sister—in the picture. So when the publicity department of the studio sent out a story to this effect, some ruthless individual grabbed the line that read "Sally Rand is Lillian Rich's sister" and sent it out as news. And then the fun began.

It happens that "Billie" has a sister who has just arrived from England with Mother Rich. Her name is Cecilia and she is as pretty as Lillian, in a more statuesque way, so it looks as if another Rich might be added to the roster of the reel.

COLLEEN MOORE and John McCormick are the latest members of the film colony to buy in Beverly Hills.

They have just purchased a beautiful five and one-half acre building site on Angeleno Drive, opposite the Ince estate, and plan to build.

It is rumored that William Randolph Hearst recently offered to Nell Ince more than a half

# HINDS

## *Honey & Almond*

# CREAM



Einar Hanson, you have just come from Sweden and you may be a hit in pictures. You are a Swedish but not a stylish invasion. Next time you get your picture taken, button up to your throat and wear your collar and tie. That's done over here, Einar. Hanson is as Hanson does, Einar. Don't forget next time. Good luck to you, Einar



## She spoiled a perfectly good proposal!

Pretty girl. Ardent young man. Everything all set. And then—she powdered her nose in public!

"I'm *through*," said he to himself. "I'd never marry *that* girl in a hundred years! Great Scott! how she'd get on my nerves!" For, like most men, he intensely disliked to see a woman powder in public.

Now, if at home before leaving she had used Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, things might have turned out

better. Because Hinds makes the powder cling—for hours. No need to fuss everlastingly with a powder puff. The powder has a proper base.

Also—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream on the face morning and night will keep the skin soft, smooth and healthy. Try it and see.

Suppose we send you a sample of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Just write to the address below.

Made and distributed by A. S. HINDS CO., Bloomfield, New Jersey, Dept. 5  
A DIVISION OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS COMPANY



# What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

## WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

**BUSTER KEATON STUDIO**, 1025 Lillian Way  
Inactive.

**CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO**, 1416 La Brea Ave.  
Production will soon commence on "The Dandy" with Charlie Chaplin and Georgia Hale.

**Cecil B. De Mille Studio**, Culver City, Cal.  
Alan Hale directing "Braveheart" with Rod La Rocque and Lillian Rich.

Rupert Julian directing "Three Faces East" with Jetta Goudal, Robert Ames and Clive Brook.

Paul Sloane directing "Made for Love" with Edmund Burns and Leatrice Joy.

Cecil De Mille directing "The Volga Boatman" with Victor Marconi.

**FILM BOOKING OFFICES**, 780 Gower St.

Noel Smith directing "So This Is Mexico" with Richard Talmadge and Louise Lorraine.

Harmon Weight directing "Flaming Waters" with Malcolm McGregor, Pauline Garon and Mary Carr.

Wesley Ruggles directing "Broadway Lady" with Evelyn Brent and Theodore Von Elts.

Freeman Cook directing "The Phantom Pilot" with Kathryn McGuire.

Robert De Lacy directing "The Wyoming Wildcat" with Tom Tyler.

Tom Foreman directing "Midnight Flyer" with Cullen Landis and Dorothy Devore.

Harry Garson directing "Between Men" with Lefty Flynn and Helen Lynch.

**FOX STUDIOS**, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rowland V. Lee directing "The Outsider" with Lou Tellegen, Jacqueline Logan and Walter Pidgeon.

Frank Borzage directing "The First Year" with Matt Moore, Kathryn Perry and John Patrick.

J. G. Blystone has completed "The Best Bad Man" with Tom Mix and Clara Bow.

**LASKY STUDIO**, 1520 Vine St.

Raoul Walsh has completed "The Golden Journey" with Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., and Greta Nissen.

Mal St. Clair directing "The Lady of Mystery" with Pola Negri, Holmes Herbert and Charles Emmett Mack.

James Cruze directing "The Moving Finger" with ZaSu Pitts, Alice Joyce and Warner Baxter.

Allan Dwan directing "Sea Horses" with Jack Holt, Florence Vidor and George Bancroft.

Willis Goldbeck directing "The Ace of Cads" with Adolphe Menjou.

Edward Sutherland directing "Miss Brewster's Millions" with Bebe Daniels.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO**, Culver City, Cal.

Paul Bern directing "Paris" with Charles Ray and Pauline Starke.

Tod Browning directing "The Mocking Bird" with Lon Chaney and Renee Adoree.

King Vidor directing "Bardelys the Magnificent" with John Gilbert.

Victor Seastrom directing "The Scarlet Letter" with Lillian Gish.

**METROPOLITAN STUDIOS**, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

Edward Dillon directing "The Danger Girl" with Priscilla Dean.

**Harold Lloyd Prod.** Sam Taylor directing "For Heavens Sake" with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Raiston.

**PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO**, 711 Santa Monica Blvd.

William Beaudine directing "Scraps" with Mary Pickford and Roy Stewart.

Albert Parker directing "The Black Pirate" with Douglas Fairbanks and Billie Dove.

**UNITED STUDIOS**, Hollywood, Cal.

**First National Prod.** Sylvania Balboni directing "The Far Cry" with Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall and Myrtle Stedman.

"The Savage" with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes.

"Mademoiselle Modiste" with Corinne Griffith.

Eric Von Stroheim directing "East of the Setting Sun" with Constance Talmadge, Walter Pidgeon and Eric Von Stroheim.

Production will soon start on "Kiki" with Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman.

**United Artists Prod.** Henry King directing "Partners Again" with George Sidney and Alexander Carr.

**UNIVERSAL STUDIO**, Universal City, Cal.

Al Rogell directing "The Overland Trail" with Jack Hoxie and Ena Gregory.

Harry Pollard directing "Poker Faces" with Edward Everett Horton.

King Baggott directing "The Perch of the Devil." Cast not announced.

**WARNER BROS. STUDIO**, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Erle C. Kenton directing "The Love Toy" with Lowell Sherman and Helen Costello.

Herman Raymaker directing "His Jazz Bride" with Marie Prevost and Matt Moore.

Henry Lehrman directing "The Fighting Edge" with Kenneth Harlan and Patsy Ruth Miller.

J. S. Blackton directing "The Gilded Highway" with Johnny Harron and Dorothy Devore.

## EAST COAST

**BIOGRAPH STUDIO**, 807 East 175th St., New York City.

"Men of Steel" with Milton Sills, Anna Q. Nilsson and May Allison.

**COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO**, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Fred Newmeyer directing "Lunatic at Large" with Leon Errol, Dorothy Mackall and Jack Mulhall.

**JACKSON STUDIO**, Jackson and Westchester Aves., Bronx, N. Y.

Charles Hines directing "The Brown Derby" with Johnny Hines.

Elmer Clifton directing "Wives at Auction" with Edna Murphy and Gaston Glass.

**PARAMOUNT STUDIO**, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Herbert Brenon directing "Dancing Mothers" with Betty Bronson, Alice Joyce and Conway Tearle.

D. W. Griffith directing "Sorrows of Satan" with Carol Dempster and Lowell Sherman.

## CHANGES IN TITLES

**FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.**

"The Tattooed Countess" will be released as "The Woman of Mystery."

"Mannequin" will be released as "The Moving Finger."

"Hassan" will be released as "The Golden Journey."

"Magpie" will be released as "Help Yourself."

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES.**

"His People" will be released as "Proud Heart."

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Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount) 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

B. P. Schulberg Prod., 117 W. 45th St., New York City.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. D. W. Griffith Prod., 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.





Leatrice Joy visited New York last month for the first time in three years. It took her all that time to press the ruffles in her new "French Pastry" negligee, which she designed herself. Besides the negligee, Leatrice brought along a new mannish haircut

million dollars for her place, which was completed shortly before Mr. Ince's death, but she refused the offer.

PEGGY JOYCE doesn't follow the fashions. She makes her own. Even in Paris, where they are going considerably to colors in women's wear in the new styles, Peggy wears nothing except the purest white. Her simple girlish gown and the absence of jewelry has made her notable among the crowd of fashionable women who are now exhibiting the new three-colored dresses launched by Poiret.

As a result of the adoption of novel goods, flaring skirts are considerably reduced in size, although assuring the same freedom of movement.

The innovation is due to the fact that in spite of dieting, sports and beauty treatments, seventy per cent of the women are too stout to look well in a short skirt which flares out at the hem like an inverted morning glory.

CAME down on the train from Del Monte the other night with Rod La Rocque, who had been up there making scenes for his new picture, "Brave Heart." Rod is a likeable youngster, naturally exuberant enough to have the whole dining car looking at him when he gets interested in a topic of conversation.

Just then he was intensely exercised over whether the contractors had remembered to put the tile soap dishes in the walls of the bathrooms in his new house.

"This building a house takes all a man's time," he said. "You have to keep your eyes on them every minute."

Incidentally, Rod has a rather exceptional

# Watch This Column

## "Sporting Life" is Here



Marion Nixon and Bert Lytell in "Sporting Life"

Do you folks remember the old Drury Lane Theatre melodrama, "*Sporting Life*," which came from England years ago and created such a sensation in this country? I remember sitting through it with bulging eyes and tangled emotions, and I got so much out of it that I went to see it again and again.

Those old English melodramas were splendidly written and perfectly constructed and this one, by Seymour Hicks and Cecil Raleigh, was one of the most famous of all those fathered by Drury Lane. In picture, as produced by UNIVERSAL, it becomes even more vivid because of the magnificent open-air action and scenery which were impossible on the stage.

"*Sporting Life*" is a big, exciting, kaleidoscopic drama, full of life, and featuring among other things the great derby at Epsom Downs, a thrilling fight for the championship between an English lord and the British champion—intimate backstage scenes in a great musical comedy—a thrilling auto race and a rescue scene from the haunts of kidnappers. It involves high English society, is beautifully dressed and full of romance.

UNIVERSAL selected Maurice Tourneur to direct the picture, and he chose BERTLYTELL and MARION NIXON to play the leading roles, assisted by such favorites as GEORGE SEIGMAN, PAULETTE DUVAL, CYRIL CHADWICK, CHAS. DELANEY, TED "KID" LEWIS, OLIVER ECKHARD, FRANK FINCH SMILES and CATHLEEN CLIFFORD. Watch for "*Sporting Life*" and ask the manager of your favorite theatre to get it.

It may interest you to know that "*The Phantom of the Opera*" is drawing greater crowds than even we dreamed of, and some of our dreams were very optimistic. You must not miss it. I wish you'd let me know in which theatre you'd like to see it in your town.

Carl Laemmle

President

(To be continued next month)

If you want a copy of our new "White List" booklet—just say the word—it's free—  
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knowledge of looks and music and paintings. Whether his association with Pola has broadened and polished him in that respect, I don't know, but he can really talk with intelligence and fervor about a lot of things, and he knows a Constable from a Turner, and a Reynolds from a Gainsborough when he sees one.

**I** WONDER if the New York Chamber of Commerce has had anything to do with the deluge of films having a New York background that have appeared on Broadway lately.

I saw no less than five big pictures with a New York locale, in which the elevated, the subway, Fifth Avenue, Broadway and other romantic spots were featured.

"The King on Main Street," "Annie Rooney," "Classified," "Proud Heart" (the new title for "His People," reviewed in the December PHOTOPLAY), "Lights of Old Broadway"—and James Cruze is deserting his covered wagons and pony expresses to photograph New York City atmosphere for his new production.

**O**NE of the cleverest publicity stunts of the last few years is that put over by the First National press agent in publicizing "We Moderns," Colleen Moore's new picture. All of the leading women's colleges were asked to express an opinion on the suitability of replacing the odious term "flapper" with the more dignified word "modern," as applied to the college girl.

Needless to say the university girls fell for the stunt with collegiate enthusiasm, and Vassar, Wellesley and Mary Mount wired Colleen Moore their hearty approval of the idea.

The publicity that Colleen Moore and "We Moderns" will get from this stunt will be worth a lot of money.

**A** TOUCHING little example of sisterly love is being given in Hollywood every day by Anita Stewart. Her brother George, whom you may remember as a handsome and promising young juvenile not so long ago, has been ill for months. And Anita's devotion and constant care of him is very lovely. She goes almost nowhere and spends every minute when she isn't working, at his bedside, and the doctors tell me if he gets well it will be entirely due to her cheerful presence and wonderful nursing.

**R**UPERT HUGHES has just been elected president of The Writers, which is the seat of intellectuality and learning in Hollywood. He succeeds Rob Wagner.

Funny thing about The Writers. Its chief failure—and it has been an important one—has been in the matter of food. There may be a flow of reason, but the coffee and hot cakes are terrible. And evidently the thinkers of the industry think occasionally about the inner man, for the social warmth and congeniality which should pervade a place like The Writers, the ease and welcome, are sadly lacking. I think it's all due to the food.

Maybe if President Hughes will turn his attention to the kitchen and fix things so you can get a decent meal thereabouts, The Writers will turn out more masterpieces than hitherto.

**T**HERE has been another shakeup at Universal. That studio is like a lot of police departments. You never can tell from day to day who's going to be chief.

Now Ray Shrock has sent in his resignation, and who can blame him? After spending months in perfecting the working plan of the studio, the New York office sends out an efficiency man who never was inside a picture lot before, probably, and he proceeds to cut the working staff in half. Now the place is a madhouse; nobody seems to know what it is all about, and what will happen is nobody's business. This has happened at Universal every few months for the last six years. The wonder

of wonders is how the place runs and makes pictures.

**N**OT content with the thirteen shiny cups she and Harold won at various dance contests in their pre-celebrity days, Bebe Daniels is now out to grab off all the amateur golf cups that glisten temptingly in her vision. Every spare moment finds Bebe rambling the links of some California golf course, determined to make it in eighty.

And speaking of Bebe and golfing brings to light a doubt that lurked in the minds of many of her Hollywood friends. Truth to tell, they were afraid that after three years of New York life, Bebe might spurn the rustic pastimes of Hollywood. Not so. But it wasn't until the following occurrence was related that fears were allayed.

Some devotee of the bounding ball—I've forgotten who—was tramping the links when he sighted a girl standing in the middle of a muddy hole. Her skirt was torn and frescoed with mud—her shoes were smeared with mire—her hair blew in the breeze—and she was wielding her mashie with a persistent hand. It was Bebe.

"Hi, there!" she called to her friend, "General Grant and I have a lot in common. I'm going to 'follow this line if it takes all summer' to get this ball out!"

It proved conclusively to Hollywood that Bebe was not "high-hatted."

**T**HE "400" club has recently been started in Hollywood by Frank Elliot, who organized and put over the very successful and popular Sixty Club. The new club is for Sunday afternoons, sort of tea and receptions, and is held in some beautiful gardens in the foothills. The opening Sunday was a huge success, and it promises to be a new feature of the social life of the picture colony.

**S**OMETIMES the lack of a jack costs plenty of jack.

This is what Robert Frazer learned when he was stranded with a perfectly new but perfectly flat tire on the lonely road to San Francisco in the wee, small hours following midnight.

He didn't have a jack and had to have one. He stood in the road but the cars would speed up when they saw him.

Bob went back to his car and changed his cap for a derby, so he wouldn't look quite so much like a hold-up.

But evidently the public cannot be kidded with head-gear.

After stalling around for an hour with fence posts and whatever he could lay his hands to, Bob gave it up as a bad job and drove to the next town on his flat tire.

It cost him one hundred dollars for a new tire, rim and tube.

**B**EWARE of "cane hands," advises Milton Sills. Now, cane hands, in case you are puzzled, is a malady that manifests itself in individuals addicted to carrying canes. It is not callouses, as we thought when we first heard of it.

It is the tragedy of not knowing what to do with your hands—when you haven't brought your cane. Milton Sills' actor friends warned him to lay off canes when he first went on the stage. But at that time he felt that a cane was absolutely essential to the dignity and advancement of his career.

So he got the habit.

Then he was given a part wherein he could not use a cane. On the opening night he got an attack of "cane hands." He knew his part perfectly, but didn't know what to do with his hands. He took hold of the arm of a chair. The arm came off. This heightened his confusion and in desperation he clung to the dismembered arm throughout the scene. It was too short for a cane, but he used it as such. And he says the laughter of the audience nearly brought down the curtain.



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## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89 ]

MRS. F. P., RENO, NEVADA.—You must be able to get the low-down on everybody living in your town. Here are the statistics on Irene Rich and Anna Q. Nilsson. Irene is 5 feet, 6 inches above the ground and weighs 138 pounds. Anna Q. is an inch taller than Irene and three pounds lighter. Her hair is blonde and her eyes are blue and she is Swedish through and through.

DOROTHY LEE.—So many girls call me daddy, particularly those girls down at the Follies. Still, you're welcome to join my family. You want to know how old Corinne Griffith is. Well, Corinne says she's 24. They couldn't put Corinne and Ronald Colman in a love scene together unless they used fire-proof film. I as wise as a tree full of owls? Child, compared to me an owl is in the first grade.

A. S. ELMHURST, L. I.—This Griffith girl seems to be crowding the mails this month. The beautiful Corinne is American-born, having lifted her petal like eyelids to the sun in the old city of New Orleans, La., during the year of 1901. After a sentence like that, don't tell me I couldn't write sub-titles. I know I couldn't.

MISS G. B., PANAMA, ILL.—When you want a star's picture, write to him at the studio where he is working and send him a quarter.

HARRY, THE BRONX, NEW YORK.—Harry, you've lost your bet. Your boy friend, Malcolm McGregor, did see the light of this world from Newark, New Jersey, during the month of October, 1896. One thing to be said for Mac, however. He went west.

## Getting Laughs Out of Sticks

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75 ]

Doug, on the other hand, knows exactly what every ingredient is and where it goes before he starts his production.

He reverses the practical scheme of the efficient studio by spending six weeks on the plans and four weeks on the shooting, thus economizing in the salaries of players who are not engaged until every phase of the picture has been visualized and plotted.

He has that faculty which constitutes genius in the collaborative scheme of the motion picture—the ability to organize a staff and work it harmoniously as one man. That's the secret of great motion pictures. It's the secret few possess.

MacLean is not an actor. He's a master builder. I mean that as a compliment. He works like an architect, a scientist, a man of sanity.

Thought rather than action is his mode. His mind holds the image complete before he tries to perform it. Result: he is the greatest exponent of comedy-drama in the business.

He differs from Lloyd and Chaplin in that he tells a serious story humorously. That is, he

keeps within the realm of reality. He's the supreme farceur.

In such independent young intellects is the hope of the motion picture.

The harmony and enthusiasm of Doug MacLean's studio makes me want to delve into the picture industry. A wilder comment I cannot make, for most studios send me forth with a feeling of having escaped something worse than the lower regions.

There is no pose to MacLean. He doesn't theorize of life and women and art. He talks his own stuff, and talks it so much more intelligently than the "commercial" producer and the "genius" star that you don't care a hoot for his ideas on other subjects.

Herein you behold the plausible harmony of art and commerce. It is plausible, though it doesn't seem so until you meet with a man of applied mentality who is equipped for the medium in which he works.

The Jew is considered the finest business man in the world.

But here's an instance where I think a Scotchman has him licked.

## Growing Old Gracefully

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

men say, men of the world, that there is nothing so beautiful as a sweet old lady.

There you have it—

"Grow old along with me,

The best is yet to be,

The last of life

For which the first was planned."

Build. Build nobly. Build character. Build happiness. Build a warm heart and a serene countenance. Get ready for the joys of maturity. Look forward to the harvest time and give thanks. Think about others and not about yourself. Slay vanity as early as you can, the vanity of things that perish, and must perish, and that act of yours or mine can keep from perishing. Serve. Keep busy. Develop interests that will last.

I know an old lady of nearly seventy who is the chosen friend and confidante of many of the young writers and beauties of Hollywood. Into her lap are poured the loves and laughs, and heartaches and romances, of our little city. Why, her life is fuller than most young

women's could ever be. Yet she is only a little old lady in a gingham apron and a woolly white shawl. Why? Why does youth go to her and keep her eternally young? Because she has the wisdom, the stored wisdom of a long, hard life, the deep understanding of a heart that has loved and suffered, the keen vision of age with the well-spring of eternal youth that always understands youth. That's why. And I tell you she wouldn't change places with anybody on earth today.

Do you all forget Ninon de L'Enclos, who ruled the Paris of art and letter from her salon until she was ninety? She was a beauty in her youth, and she had her heyday as a conqueror of hearts. But she had taste and wisdom, and foresight and intuition, and they revealed to her what was beyond the horizon of youth. She saw the sun of her beauty set without a tear, and gradually substituted for her affairs du couer, her flirtations and her toilets, her dances and her adorers, a wit and a charm that was mind triumphant over the



body. She made the exchange of one kind of readership for another, made it gracefully and beautifully, and in her age was worshipped by more than in her youth.

In Hollywood, youth is very precious. I have seen many stars fade from the screen because they insisted on remaining the eternal ingenue, and when the little sag in the chin and the little looseness under the ear arrived, they had nothing else to offer. I have seen others gracefully accept the change and bring their enlarged talent and gracious loveliness to parts suited to their years, and long remain favorites with good producers and fans.

Look for youth in the heart. Make the change from youth to age, as you would make it from one country to another.

And I tell you that you will lay up for yourselves treasures where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves cannot break through nor steal.

## How to Be Merry on Christmas Day

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

leggers, chanting, "We Shall Meet At the River."

Or, then again, a dinner for press folk whose scrimmaging ability in the presence of food is such that, unless you're in practice, you'll come up black and blue with nothing but the neck or, at best, a wing.

Tony and Daisy Moreno have a castle on the top of a hill that looks like Caesar's fortifications in their prime and is harder to scale. The house is so enormous that whole legions can have dinner there and make their getaway without being noticed.

Usually so many courses are passed in the drawing room that by the time dinner is served you don't feel you can eat another drop.

As soon as the last dreg has vanished from your goblet a Japanese genii appears in a puff of smoke and you find another one in your hand.

Little Japs swarm suddenly from everywhere. I don't know whether they get in through the plumbing or come out from under the rugs. Wherever they come from it's across the border.

Before the end of an evening at the Moreno's you feel like an angel, and unless you're stopped will probably soar off one of the battlements and be picked up in the morning with both wings broken.

The place I go the most often unasked is the Malcolm McGregors'. It's one of those joints where you can yell as loud as you like for ice and then go get it yourself. If you want to crab all the way through dinner you can, and afterwards you can go to sleep on the floor without being annoyed by the host and hostess, who, as like as not, have been asleep for hours on the only comfortable divans.

When Alice Terry is in town you may count on her being there with her ukulele, singing, "That's all there is, there isn't any more; stop, stop knocking at my front door, I'm through, I'm through with you—oo."

Alice has invited me to spend Christmas in Nice on the French Riviera, knowing very well that I owe everybody in town and couldn't make my getaway in anything less than a Lon Chaney make-up.

Another reason for not accepting is that Alice has the amusing habit of eating off other people's plates, and as I'd be the guest of honor sitting on her right hand, about the only thing I'd eat would be potato, that being the only thing she doesn't.

When she was in London she was invited to lunch with the Prince of Wales, and the night before Rex had a horrible dream that she was eating off the prince's plate. She probably did, but if so there were no complaints from the prince.



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The problem of how to spend a safe and sane Christmas and yet be merrie is becoming more difficult every year.

It used to be the Fourth of July that elicited warnings, but since Volstead won the war the spirit of independence has been reduced to such a small percentage that there isn't enough kick in it to set off a firecracker.

The only practical solution that I can offer is

to spend it in Europe where Christmas can be merrie and yet be dry—Imperial Dry 1906 is the best.

*Bon voyage*, and if not, at least be merrie and face the inevitable with a brave smile, so that when friends file by they'll say, "A smile on his face—how lifelike! Oh, well, he's probably better off."

## The Girl Who Kept Step

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

with Richard Bennett and Charles Cherry in "Passersby," a Charles Frohman production. She next played many little boy parts in the Hudson Stock Company in Newark, N. J., for over a year.

Finally she went home to her mother and she says, "Mother," says she, "this is getting terrible. I'm playing so many boy's parts, I'm acting like a man . . . the first thing I know I'll be swearing like some of the stage directors or scene shifters. I've got to get out of this—why, Mother, I ain't worn girl's clothes since Rip Van Winkle woke up." And the mother says, says she: "I got it all figured out, daughter dear. Us three, you and Vi and me, are going into pictures. We'll settle down in a nice little home and I'll cook nice things for you—and be the silent partner in the firm of Dana, Mason & Co."

At these momentous and stupendous words Vi ran in from the other room to hug her mother—but Shirley had beaten her to it.

"Mother," they both says in unison, "this is grandiloquent. We'll do our darndest to knock'em all dead in pictures."

"We'll start in the spring," says the mother.

That winter Shirley played as understudy to Viola in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Instead of starting in pictures in the spring, it was really two years later. They stayed together in the same company, then Viola went into pictures and Shirley played *Guendolyn* (the part Vi had left) in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," for another year. Then Shirley followed her sister into pictures.

Within a year, Shirley was offered the lead in seven pictures called "The Seven Deadly Sins." They were not Shirley's sins—as they were the days when a lady was a lady—a gent

was a perfect gent—and pictures were not what they ought to be. In each of these pictures she played the lead for a different star.

In 1918 Shirley Mason joined Paramount as a featured player. She co-starred with Ernest Truex in "Come On In" and "The Winning Girl." She has played in scores of pictures since—really they are too numerous to mention. Among them are "Shirley of the Circus," "Treasure Island," "My Husband's Wives," "Curly-Top," "Merely Mary Ann," "The Stardust Trail," "The Ragged Heiress," and reams of others.

Recently she followed Viola into the ranks of free-lance players, so that she may have her choice of rôles. Among her successes since leaving the list of contract players are "The Talker," with Lew Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson, "What Fools Men" with Lewis Stone, and "Lord Jim" with Percy Marmont.

She became the wife of Bernard Durning. He was a great, naive, kindly and magnificent young Irishman, who has a year or two since gone to pastures rich with rest.

He was a director when I knew him—and I was a struggling writer. He encouraged me to keep on keeping on. He was one of the first to congratulate me when my first book was accepted.

When I talked to the splendid little Shirley she said, "Bernie, my husband, was a great friend of yours—and of mine."

"Yes, Shirley," I replied, "Bernie was the greatest encourager in the world to all the people who try to keep step."

I talked to both girls yesterday.

They are going along the road of picture fame together.

They have learned to keep step.

## "I Wouldn't Wish It On a Dog"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

my money on such a hazardous venture—I would substitute for Heaven a four-letter word ending in double l. It seems to me that the Devil dangles the purple limousines as baubles to tease our Hollywood children.

The girl who started me off on these meditations by saying that she wouldn't wish the life of an actress on a canine, not even a Pomeranian, is now an actor's agent and comes in contact every day with dozens of girls who are making their living in the films. She had in mind the physical hardships, the long hours, the risks to life and limb, but more particularly she was thinking of the disappointments, the heartbreaks and the soul bruises.

I know a number of actresses whom the fans must envy and consider successes who have the bitterest attacks of despondency. I cannot believe that the business woman ever reaches such a state of despair.

A girl may play a big part and feel that her future is assured. Then she will be idle for three months. I know many such cases. The higher she has climbed, the harder the fall. She sets her heart on getting a certain part. She is encouraged to believe that she will get

it. Then the producer decides she isn't the type.

One of the toughest things about being an actor is that you have to be looking for a job all the time. Of course, many of the successful players have contracts and get paid whether they work or not, but I am speaking of the great majority.

As soon as the free-lance player finishes a picture, he must start out to find another part. That means that he's job hunting every two or three weeks. That fact alone would keep me from ever trying to steal Bull Montana's honors. I hate to ask for a job. I hate to have to tell people how good I am. I just want them to admit it without argument.

The business manager of a studio said to me recently:

"You'd be surprised at the well-known actors and actresses who come into my office and tell me that they are dead broke—people whose names are known everywhere, who are regarded as eminently successful."

There are several reasons for this. The most important is that employment, for most of the performers, is irregular. An actor may

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get "a good break" and work regularly for three months and then lie idle for an equal amount of time. The prosperity of good times is also likely to cause the happy mummer to indulge in extravagances which he will regret when the evil days come. He justifies this on the ground that Hollywood is a city where "front" counts for so much.

MY friend, the agent, tells me that as she makes the rounds of the studios she sees girls that she played with eight and ten years ago still playing extra, still earning \$7.50 a day when they work—and working two or three days a week. Some of them have beauty and talent, but have never had a chance. Others are hopelessly incompetent. All have a breast full of battered hope.

Even the big stars are not happy with their fine homes, their swimming pools and their police dogs. There always seems to be some fly in the ointment.

Charlie Chaplin leads the cult of discontent. The greatest laugh maker is a kind of modern Hamlet. He usually has a hurt, pathetic, far-away look. Even when he is clowning. I watched him one night at a party. He danced, played the violin, sang and gave the greatest show I have ever seen. The guests were convulsed. Yet all the time Charlie looked so sad as he smiled that wistful little half-smile which you have seen in his pictures.

Rudolph Valentino told me, in the confidence of a couple of cocktails, that he is not nearly so happy now as he was before he reached the heights. However, I notice that Rudy is bending every effort to maintain his eminence. Valentino has a genius for getting into trouble. He is always beset with lawsuits, contract difficulties, marital separations and what not.

Even Rex, the king of wild horses, is said to be dissatisfied with his lot.

Up to a late hour last night Farina had made no complaints, but Strongheart barked out the same sentence that started me to ruminating.

"I wouldn't wish it on a dog," he growled.

## Ten Handsome Men of the Screen

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

young halfback in crimson who ran fifty-five yards for a touchdown in last Saturday's game would look with his street clothes on. He wouldn't, but we all have our illusions. Youth—the handsomest, I think, of the screen's youth.

George O'Brien—a combination of Denny, Lyon and Novarro. What can you say about a black Irishman? They are neither the one thing nor the other. A handsome Irishman, especially a black one, is just a handsome Irishman, that's all, and the most irresistible and handsomest thing that walks the globe.

Of the men who have begun to get gray at the temples, it seems to me Lewis Stone is the most distinguished in appearance. The diplomat, with a ribbon in his buttonhole. The man-of-the-world, the aristocrat, the seigneur. What will you have—a king, an ambassador, a general? Where will you find him better drawn than in that military carriage, that marvellously shaped gray head, that aristocratic face and bearing of Lew Stone's?

And Ronald Colman, not because you want to, but because he somehow makes you turn your head when he goes by. Because he draws you against your will. Because his face is memorable, indelible. Soldier-man, explorer, adventurer—I don't know. Just because.

That's ten, but, lest we forget, let's add the one man who was handsomest of them all about whom nobody ever disagrees, whose claim no one ever disputes—Wally Reid.

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## Betty Bronson—Sub-Deb of the Film Set

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

THERE are social distinctions among screen folk just as there are among the laity. The So-and-So's aren't on visiting terms with the So-and-So's and Mrs. Thing 'Em Bob is not awfully keen on meeting that Mrs. What Che May Call It socially. Anyone beyond the social pale has the dickens of a time "crashing the gate" at parties where celluloid decorum decrees the barriers shall be drawn.

There are sets and coteries and cliques. For example Norma Talmadge and Lila Lee will be found among the more serious young matrons of the film world. Norma's younger sister Constance heads the capers of the madcap set. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks entertain foreign nobility with all the pomp and circumstance of motion picture ducats. And then there are the simple girlish gatherings with Mary Astor and Julianne Johnson and all the sweet young things who play around together eschewing the more venturesome occupations of their more sophisticated colleagues.

BUT lately it is a sub-deb who has made her appearance, and stirred the hearts of the youthful cavaliers whose swagger sticks, and raccoon coats, and humble homage are at her feet. Sir James Barrie took her from the school room, and made her famous. You know her. The harbinger of youth, Betty Bronson, the star of "Peter Pan."

She is now the toast of the younger film set both in New York and Hollywood. Many a young heart beats beneath his first tuxedo coat in admiration of Betty Bronson, filmdom's popular sub-deb.

Collegiate youths are at her doorstep. Her telephone rings all day long. Prep schools give haven to her latest photographs. She is invited to football games, the dansants, informal sub-deb teas. She has the airs and graces of a little girl enjoying her first peep at the world, enjoying it hugely, in her Bramley dresses, and low heels and boyishly bobbed hair.

All the film executives' growing up sons are

vying with each other for her favor. All Hollywood's prep school lads are agog about her. She is being "rushed to death."

Do you know the first thing young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., did when he arrived in New York from the Coast? He called up Betty Bronson at her hotel and tried to make a date with her before he left for Atlantic City the next day. He has cherished a boyish admiration for her ever since she once "stepped out" with him on the coast.

One of her most ardent swains is Jesse Lasky's oldest son now in school in New York, a likely youth. Lasky Junior has such "a case" on Betty that his father gave him his first tuxedo to take her to a dance. The dance began at nine, but young Lasky was all tricked out in his new suit at six o'clock for fear, he explained to his dad, Betty's boss, that he wouldn't be ready to call for her in time.

If you see a pretty girl not more than seventeen at the Broadway opening of a photoplay (Betty's in New York now making "A Kiss for Cinderella") who claps her hands in girlish glee when anything pleases her, accompanied by a slim admiring beau in the throes of puppy love, you can bet your life on it, it's Betty and the boss' son.

Even the film reviewers have fallen prey to Betty's sub-deb charms, especially those just out of college. They take her to Coney Island on an auto bus, give her hot dogs, show her a good time on the shoot the chutes and deposit her on Mamma's doorstep at an early hour.

Betty's Mamma is strict with her, and always knows who goes out with her. Betty can have her beaus, and her pretty frocks to match her pretty ways, but she is taught that old adage about "early to bed, early to rise, makes a girl healthy, wealthy and wise."

Betty's swains never take her out in the evenings that Betty's mother doesn't say with every other mother in the land, "Yes, Betty may go this time, but you'll have to promise me to get her home early."



## Billy Bennett's Mother

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58 ]

*Time was when the little toy dog was new  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue,  
Kissed them, and put them there.*

*"Now don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise."  
So toddling off to his trundle bed,  
He dreamt of the pretty toys.*

*And as he was sleeping, an angel song,  
Awakened our little Boy Blue—  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true.  
Yes, faithful to little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face.  
And they wonder, as waiting the long years  
through  
In the dust of the little chair,  
What has become of our little Boy Blue,  
Since he kissed them and put them there."*

She put her finger on it and looked at me. And I wished that she could cry. But I knew that she could not. It is like that—with mothers.

"I don't know," she said, "whether you know much about the theater."

I nodded. I could cry, but I would not have tried to speak.

"An actress, with a baby—it's hard sometimes. Whenever I could manage it, I made a home. That's why I first went into pictures. I had Billy with me. He worked in pictures, too, when he was a little, little fellow. Cute—he was—"

She showed me his picture, as a very small Indian, in feathers and beads, and she smiled down at it, and up at me.

"Wasn't he?" We were silent.

Then, she said, slowly, "There are always—things, I suppose, after they are gone. I did the best I could for him always. I travelled miles in dirty trains on Sundays to see him for an hour. I took bum engagements so I could have him with me. I worked eighty-six weeks on end in stock, so I could send him to the very best boys' school there is. I wanted him to have things that would make him a good man.

"When I was in pictures as a star in the old days at Triangle, I brought him and my mother out and got him a little home in Culver City. I stayed in pictures even when I was very unhappy, because we were together. And I refused New York engagements because they were a chance and I could play in stock, week after week no matter how hard it was, and keep some sort of a little home.

"But there is one thing that hurts. I was so proud of him. He was very handsome, you know. He was the hero of his football team at the prep school back east. After one game, they carried him around on their shoulders. I was there—I waved to him, and he waved back. He looked so embarrassed.

"Well, he came down to Chicago that year to spend the holidays, because I couldn't go to him, I was playing. And I was playing a girl of twenty. Now I am not so very old. Just old enough to be Billy's mother. But of course that wasn't twenty. The company I was with was English, and they didn't like an American actress playing the part. They were a little—catty to me. So when Billy came, my aunt and uncle persuaded me to let him pretend he was my brother.

"I wish I hadn't done that. I was so proud—so proud—to be his mother.

"When he came to Hollywood after I got settled here to go back into pictures, he was six feet tall. Imagine! My baby—six feet tall. And they wouldn't let me have my picture taken with him because I was playing

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leads and they thought people would think I was too old. My son—as if—as if—"

She took a little pink card tenderly from the box before her. One of those little pink cards you buy at the drug store—and that seem sort of silly—until you see them taken up gently like that, by empty hands. It said, "Dear Mother" in gold across the top, and there was a little poem, quite a bad poem, of course—

*"Life does not hold enough of years,*

*In which I can repay*

*Your love, although I send you all of mine*

*And love you more each day."*

Across it, in a schoolboy scrawl, "To my own dear one mother, With love, Billy."

And that, somehow, made the bad little poem, and the silly little pink card more beautiful than Keats and Rembrandt together.

"He sent me that on Mother's Day," she said, and put it back in the box with the baby pictures, and the little silver cup without any handle, and a crayon picture of a large and very crooked pumpkin.

"He wanted a roadster," she said. "I took my contract for Stella Dallas up to the hospital, to show it to him. He was so pleased. He knew how I wanted to play it. He was very

happy because I had married again—he liked his new Dad. They were—chums. My boy needed a man to help him. But just the same when I said I'd get him the roadster just the very day he got out, he said, 'All right, Mums, but let's go slow at first. I can wait a while for the roadster.'"

Her eyes, big, soft, blue eyes, looked at me with that eternal question.

"It's a wonderful thing," she said, "to be a mother. Even if—well, it's wonderful to be a mother."

So it isn't very difficult after all to explain "Stella Dallas."

Just as Eugene Field, the sweetest singer we have known, wrote the deathless song of Little Boy Blue, which mothers hold so very dear, across the empty trundle bed of his own small son, so Belle Bennett played this great mother rôle with her hand still in Billy's. Rooted in sorrow, watered with fresh tears, both of these tender, exquisite, aching sorrows grew to something beyond even the most perfect art.

But I am wrong about one thing.

It was not Belle Bennett, fine actress that she is, who played "Stella Dallas."

It was Billy Bennett's mother.

## Can Barbara Come Back?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

Yes, overwork will do as well as anything to name Barbara's utterly worn-out condition. But myself—and I have known and loved Bobby for many years now—I am reminded of a couple of little poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay's.

"My candle burns at both ends;

It will not last the night;

But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—

It gives a lovely light."

And:

"Cut if you will, with Sleep's dull knife,

Each day to half its length, my friends—

The years that Time takes off my life,  
He'll take from off the other end."

That's Barbara La Marr.

But there is something deep within Barbara that only the few who know her well can reckon with. There is a strength, an intelligence, a fire, that have made her something more than a mere seductive siren on the screen, and more than a beautiful and impulsive woman off. If that something brings her through this disastrous fight in the mountains, we shall see a new Barbara, I think, and one ready to face life as it is, and perhaps give us the first real fruits of the genius I believe her to possess.



Barbara La Marr's father is acting as nurse to the famous vamp in her illness. He accompanies her to the studio every day and watches over her as carefully as if she were still the little kid he used to spank. Barbara has just finished "The Girl from Montmartre"

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# The Phantom Jinx

Some of the troubles that beset the producers with  
"The Phantom of the Opera"

By Robert E. Sherwood  
(Editor of Life)

THE fantastic, blood curdling, spine-chilling tale, "The Phantom of the Opera," which has lately come to the screen, has carried with it a jinx as mysterious, as devastating, as fearsome as the very ghost which is its own leading character.

Following the enormous success of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the Universal Pictures Corporation cast about for another story which would give Lon Chaney a chance to use more make-up and Carl Laemmle a chance to spend more money.

"The Phantom of the Opera" was suggested, and approved, so Universal acquired the screen rights to the Gaston Leroux novel—and, at the same time, acquired the Phantom Jinx.

That jinx has subsequently been wrapped around the necks of Mr. Laemmle and his able lieutenants, the Cochrane brothers, and has caused them to wish fervently that they had left the spirit world alone.

In his weird story, Leroux set down an old legend of the Paris Opera House; it seemed that this magnificent temple of music, built on a grand scale by the lavish Emperor, Napoleon III, had once been haunted by a grim specter, who terrorized everyone within the opera house and, until finally driven from his deep cellar, made a general nuisance of himself. This character provided good material for spook melodrama on the screen.

The direction of "The Phantom" was entrusted to Rupert Julian, who had achieved recognition for his fine work in the completion of "Merry-Go-Round," and Lon Chaney, Mary Philbin and Norman King were cast in the principal rôles.

Then the energetic technical staff at Universal City set to work to recreate the Paris opera house, with its stage, its enormous auditorium, its gilded lobby and its five tiers of cellars complete. Having done this, Mr. Julian started shooting.

The production of "The Phantom of the Opera" was a terrific job, and for several months an enormous and expensive staff was concentrated on this one colossal enterprise.

Hordes of extras swarmed through the magnificent scenes; color photography was used; ballets were staged; the company was taken out on location for garden parties and duels; and through it all moved the shadow of the phantom—grim, sinister, oppressive.

At last Mr. Julian's work was finished. He was at liberty to pause for breath. The actors, camera-men, carpenters, electricians, continuity writers, cutters, editors, title writers and laboratory experts turned to other productions. "The Phantom of the Opera" was ready for release.

IT was at this point that the Phantom Jinx stalked into the executive offices of the Universal Corporation and started to add a few more gray hairs to the already silvery thatch of Carl Laemmle.

When "The Phantom of the Opera" was first shown at previews in and about Los Angeles, the critics who were called in to appraise it voiced a vehement desire for more comedy relief. "There's too much spook melodrama," said they. "Put in some gags to relieve the tension."

So Chester Conklin was hailed from the Sennett lot, and the picture went back into production with Conklin prominent in the cast. He contributed a great deal of monkey busi-

ness, and answered the demand for a few laughs. Then it was found that new sub-titles were needed, so one of the most reliable writers in Hollywood, Walter Anthony, was summoned.

Again "The Phantom" was completed, and sent to San Francisco for display. When it was shown there, it was received with some of the foggy chill for which that city is justly famed.

"There are some gorgeous scenes," was the opinion in Frisco, "But the story as a whole doesn't make sense."

Following this rather discouraging start, "The Phantom of the Opera" was crated and shipped to New York, where it was viewed by Mr. Laemmle, R. H. Cochrane and P. D. Cochrane, the officials of the organization.

AS a result, the film was turned over to a new staff of editors and cutters who proceeded to hack it into a new form, and new title-writers came in to account for the numerous revisions made in the continuity.

One of the elements that came out first was the comedy. Reversing completely the Los Angeles opinion, it was felt that the gags inserted at the eleventh hour merely clouded the issue. "The Phantom" was essentially a spook melodrama, in which there was no legitimate place for "belly laughs."

So Chester Conklin, and all his scenes, was put under the knife—and his ludicrous face does not appear at all in the finished picture. Another casualty was Ward Crane, who played an important part in the earlier sequences of the picture. All the garden parties and duels were removed and with them went Ward Crane. Thus two large salaries, and a great many incidental expenditures, were wasted.

At the last minute, "The Phantom" was again subjected to hasty revision, and whipped into final shape, so that Universal's foreign representative, James Bryson, could take the finished print to England for presentation.

Mr. Bryson had done wonders with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" in Great Britain, and he had planned a tremendous promotion campaign for "The Phantom." Unfortunately, he planned a little bit too well.

He arranged for a military escort to accompany him and "The Phantom" from the dock in Southampton to London. His stunt worked beautifully, and occasioned a loud and painful squawk throughout the British press. An American movie person had insulted His Majesty's uniform! It was a frightful offense. British pride was heated to the boiling point, and scalded the unfortunate Mr. Bryson who, after all, had only done what any enterprising press agent would have done in his place.

As a result of this outrage, "The Phantom of the Opera" was boycotted by many exhibitors in England, and the picture was withdrawn from the British market.

It is possible, however, to write a happy ending to this tale of supernatural ill-luck. "The Phantom of the Opera" has finally reached the screen and is finding favor with the public. It may even turn into a bigger box-office hit than "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

It is improbable, however, that Carl Laemmle will make any further excursions into the spirit world. Ghosts are cantankerous creatures; they don't like publicity, they shrink from the spotlight.

Ghosts, therefore, do not belong in the motion picture industry.

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## A Top Rider

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

And along comes the love sequence and oh—how different. Buck, as all the ladies who gaze at pictures know, is a good looking bird.

There was a little red-headed fifteen year old girl with the show. She was some rider herself, later becoming a World's Champion. She would watch Buck do everything but recite poetry and talk about art in the movies on a horse's back. She had run away from home—which was the sticks of Pennsylvania. She used to go out in the meadows and coax the horses over near the fence and get on for a free ride. The neighbors would say to her folks—"Hi, there—if you don't keep that red-headed gal o' yours often our horses we'll fill her full o' buckshot."

Now how is a girl to express herself in a neighborhood like that? It just couldn't be done—so the girl ran away.

**BUCK** would watch the red-headed girl do her stuff. Now Buck is more bashful than a fellow who sells books on the installment plan. A social note.

Circus and western show girls are more carefully chaperoned than any others in the world. The little red-headed girl's chaperon was the nicest middle-aged lady. The little girl told her how lonely Buck must be on his horse and everything. No woman could resist an appeal like that. Besides, Buck would go around looking like the kid who'd lost his last stick of candy in a mutilage factory.

Now the chaperon's husband was the foreman over the riders. His name was D. V. Tantlinger. Well, of course, reader, you understand such things. Now "D. V.," as Buck calls him, is the foreman in charge of all the Buck Jones outfit in Hollywood—which consists of a hundred cowboys, horses, wagons, automobiles and other armies.

D. V. liked Buck overmuch. He's as quiet as dawn in the desert. One time he and Buck took a ride of a hundred miles. After they'd

gone ninety-eight miles they saw a farmer plowing corn with two buffaloes. D. V. looked and said—"Huh!"

Buck says—"Did you say something, D. V.?" D. V. repudiated him with—"Don't you talk so much, Buck—people won't like you."

But leave it to the red-headed girls. This one married Buck in Lima, Ohio, right after the show—and in the circus ring at that.

That's been longer ago than yesterday, and they have a little girl who can ride a horse like a collector for a dollar down house can a furniture van.

**NOW**, it's customary for circus people to keep open house. Buck and the red-headed girl own oodles of acres and a large Spanish house that has no doors on it. Whenever a circus hits town they have to go out to Buck's house and corral everybody before they can hold a parade.

And, oh, yes—we left Buck at Universal City. He had a dollar with him. His old time pal bummed him for half of that. The red-headed girl had the other four. Buck bucked the extra list for six months. He had no more pull than taffy on a frosty morning. Big, silent, fine-looking—he has the poise of mighty self-control. His strong chiseled face stood out even in pictures of western mob scenes.

Flop goes another ace on the table. William Farnum attended a picture show with William Fox—he saw Buck's face on the screen—"There's the making of a great western actor, Mr. Fox," says William to William. The shrewd handler of picture finance listened well.

A wire went west—Buck was given one small part and then another—and a small contract and then a larger—and the red-headed girl and the ten-dollar dog and the other little girl were gladder than glad—they bought a little ranch in the Lankershim Valley and raised two chickens and two rabbits and nine-hundred carloads of dust. The rabbits ate the chickens—I think



and the dust blew all over Universal City and a nickel out of Carl Laemmle's pocket—and they didn't sell the ranch—and moved back to Hollywood.

Buck Jones got away from "westerns" in his last picture. He does a straight part similar to those made famous by Charlie Ray in his last picture—which is called "Lay-bones."

And wise critics claim that Buck's work in the picture is equal to Ray's. Buck will go a long trail in pictures.

A red-headed girl still watches him. Besides there's a ten-dollar dog and another little girl to consider. And it takes a lot of water to keep the dust down on the Lankershim ranch.

Buck Jones has played the lead in such pictures as "Riders of the Purple Sage," "Rain-bow Trail," "The Timber Wolf," "The Man Four Square," "The Bells of San Juan" and "The Square Shooter."

And the top-rider Buck met at Universal City is now Buck's assistant foreman. He assists D.V. He paid the fifty cents back Buck gave him. Buck bought a sprinkling can with it.

A great person is Buck—as talkative as "D.V."

## Winners of Photoplay's Cut Puzzle Contest

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"THE BIG PARADE"**—METRO-GOLDWYN.  
—From the story by Lawrence Stalling. Scenario by Harry Behn. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *James Apperson*, John Gilbert; *Melisande*, Renee Adoree; *Justyn Reed*, Claire Adams; *Harry*, Robert Ober; *Mr. Apperson*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Apperson*, Claire McDowell; *French Mother*, Rosita Marstini; *Bull*, Tom O'Brien; *Flynn*, Carl Dane.

**"THE SKYROCKET"**—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the novel by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Continuity and adaptation by Ben Glazer. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by Dave Kesson. Prologue: *Rose Kimm*, Gladys Brockwell; *Edward Kimm*, Charles West; *Sherron Kimm*, Muriel McCormac; *Mickey*, Junior Coghlan. The cast: *Sherron Kimm*, Peggy Hopkins Joyce; *Mickey Reid*, Owen Moore; *Lucia Morgan*, Gladys Brockwell; *Mildred Ridout*, Paulette Duval; *Ruby Wright*, Lillian Tashman; *William Duorak*, Earle Williams; *Sam Herldsfelt*, Bernard Randall; *Stanley Craig*, Arnold Gregg; *Peter Stanton*, Benny Hall; *Vladimir Sprogin*, Nick Dandau; *Morris Pincus*, Sammy Cohen; *Film Comedian*, Bull Montana; *Comedy Director*, Eddie Dillon; *Comedy Producer*, Hank Mann; *Sherron's Secretary*, Joan Standing; *Wardrobe Mistress*, Eugenie Besserer.

**"THE KING ON MAIN STREET"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by G. A. de Caillavet, Robert de Flers and Samuel Arene. Adaptation by Douglas Doty. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Serge IV, King of Molvania*, Adolphe Menjou; *Gladys Humphreys*, Bessie Love; *Teresa Manix*, Greta Nissen; *John Rockland*, Oscar Shaw; *Arthur Trent*, Joseph Kilgour; *Jensen*, Edgar Norton; *Count Krenko*, Mario Marjeroni; *Mrs. Nash*, Carlotta Monterey; *Aunt Tabitha Humphreys*, Marcia Harris; *Bourdier*, Edouard Durand.

**"THE EAGLE"**—UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the story by Alexander Pushkin. Scenario by Hans Kraly. Directed by Clarence Brown. Photography by George Barnes and Dev. Jennings. The cast: *Vladimir Dubrovsky*, Rudolph Valentino; *Mascha Trockouff*, Vilma Banky; *The Czarina*, Louise Dresser; *Euschka*, Albert Conti; *Kyriella Trockouff*, James Marcus; *Judge*, George Nichols; *Aunt Aurelia*, Carrie Clark Ward.

**"CLASSIFIED"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Edna Ferber. Scenario by June Mathis. Directed by Al Santell. The cast: *Babs Comet*, Corinne Griffith; *Lloyd Whiting*, Jack Mulhall; *Spencer Clark*, Ward Crane; *Mart Comet*, Carroll Nye; *Old Man Comet*, Charles Murray; *"Maw" Comet*, Edythe Chapman; *Jeannette Comet*, Jacqueline Wells; *Weinstein*, George Sidney; *Bernstein*, Bernard Randall.

**"LORD JIM"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Joseph Conrad. Adaptation by John Russell. Directed by Victor Fleming. Photography by Faxon Dean. The cast: *Lord Jim*, Percy Marmont; *Jewel*, Shirley Mason; *Captain Brown*, Noah Beery; *Cornelius*, Raymond Hatton; *Stein*, Joseph Dowling; *Dain Warris*, George Magrill; *Sultan*, Nick de Ruiz; *Scoggins*, J. Gunnis Davis; *Yankee Joe*, Jules Cowles; *Tamb Itam*, Duke Kahanamoku.

**"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"**—PARAMOUNT.—Based on the George M. Cohan play and the novel by Earl Derr Biggers. Scenario by Frank Griffin. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. Photography by Jack Mackenzie. The cast: *William H. Magee*, Douglas Mac-

Lean; *Mary Norton*, Edith Roberts; *J. K. Norton*, Anders Randolph; *Bentley*, Crauford Kent; *Bland*, Ned Sparks; *The Hermit*, William Orlamonde; *Cargan*, Wade Boteler; *Lou Max*, Edwin Sturgis.

**"THE BEAUTIFUL CITY"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—Original scenario by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Kenneth Webb. The cast: *Tony Gillardi*, Richard Barthelmess; *Mollie*, Dorothy Gish; *Nick Di Silva*, William Powell; *Carlo Gillardi*, Frank Puglia; *Mamma Gillardi*, Florence Auer.

**"THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY"**—PROD. DIST. CORP.—From the play by Beulah Marie Dix and E. G. Sutherland. Adaptation by Jeanie MacPherson and Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *Kenneth Paulton*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Malena Paulton*, Jetta Goudal; *Beth Tyrell*, Vera Reynolds; *Jack Moreland*, William Boyd; *Dolly Foulès*, Julia Faye; *Adrian Tompkins*, Casson Ferguson; *Harriett Tyrell*, Trixie Friganza; *Hugh Armstrong*, Clarence Burton; *Ann Vener*, Josephine Norman; *Wall Earnshaw*, Charles West.

**"THE CLASH OF THE WOLVES"**—WARNER BROTHERS.—Story by Charles A. Logue. Adapted by Charles A. Logue. Directed by Noel Smith. Photography by Joe Walker. The cast: *Lobs (Leader of Wolves)*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Mary Barstowe*, June Marlowe; *Dave Weston*, Charles Farrell; *Alkali Bill*, Heine Conklin; *Sam Barstowe*, Will Walling; *Borax Horton*, Pat Hartigan.

**"LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Based on the stage play by Laurence Eyre. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Fely*, Marion Davies; *Anne*, Marion Davies; *Dirk De Rhondo*, Conrad Nagel; *Lambert De Rhondo*, Frank Currier; *Andy*, George K. Arthur; *Shamus O'Tandy*, Charles McHugh; *Mrs. O'Tandy*, Eleanor Lawson; *Mrs. De Rhondo*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Baby Blue*, Mathew Betz; *Fowler*, Wilbur Higbee.

**"THE BEST PEOPLE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by David Grey and Avery Hopwood. Adaptation by Bernard McConville. Directed by Sidney Olcott. The cast: *Henry Morgan*, Warner Baxter; *Alice O'Neil*, Esther Ralston; *Mrs. Lenox*, Kathryn Williams; *Bronson Lenox*, Edwards Davis; *Arthur Rockmere*, William Austin; *George Grafton*, Larry Steers; *Millie Montgomery*, Margaret Livingston; *Bertie Lenox*, Joseph Striker; *Marian Lenox*, Margaret Morris; *Taxi Driver*, Ernie Adams.

**"THE NEW COMMANDMENT"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Col. Frederick Palmer. Adapted by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Rene Darcourt*, Blanche Sweet; *Billy Morrow*, Ben Lyon; *William Morrow*, Holbrook Blinn; *Mrs. Parr*, Clare Eames; *Marquise de la Salle*, Effie Shannon; *Countess Stoll*, Dorothy Cumming; *Picard*, Pedro De Cordova; *Red*, George Cooper; *Ethel*, Diana Kane; *Henri Darcourt*, Lucius Henderson.

**"LAZYBONES"**—WILLIAM FOX.—From the play by Owen Davis. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Lazybones*, Charles (Buck) Jones; *Kit*, Madge Bellamy; *Mrs. Tuttle*, Edythe Chapman; *Dick Ritchie*, Leslie Fenton; *Agnes Fanning*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mrs. Fanning*, Emily Fitzroy; *Elmer Ballister*, William Norton Bailey; *Kit as a child*, Virginia Marshall.



"NEW BROOMS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Frank Craven. Adaptation by Clara Beranger. Directed by William de Mille. The cast: *Thomas Bates, Jr.*, Neil Hamilton; *Geraldine Marsh*, Bessie Love; *Florence Leaning*, Phyllis Haver; *Thomas Bates, Sr.*, Robert McWade; *Williams*, Fred Walton; *Margaret*, Josephine Crowell; *Greer Morrow*, Larry Steers; *Kneeland*, James Neill.

"GO WEST"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Buster Keaton. Directed by Buster Keaton. Photography by Egin Lessley and Bert Haines. The cast: *The Drifter*, Buster Keaton; *Owner of the Diamond Bar Ranch*, Howard Truesdale; *His Daughter*, Kathleen Myers; *A. Bacon*, Brown Eyes.

"THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by James Oliver Curwood. Adapted by James S. Hamilton and Eve Unsell. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Cliff Brant*, Jack Holt; *Antoinette St. Ives*, Billie Dove; *John Hurd*, Montagu Love; *Gaspard St. Ives*, Stanley Taylor; *John Denis*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Ambrose*, William A. Carroll; *Angel Fanchon*, Marjorie Bonner; *George Bolden*, Christian J. Frank.

"OLD CLOTHES"—Produced under the personal supervision of Jack Coogan, Sr. From the story by Willard Mack. Directed by Eddie Cline. Photography by Frank B. Good. The cast: *Max Ginsberg*, Max Davidson; *Mrs. Burke*, Lillian Elliott; *Mary Riley*, Joan Crawford; *Nathan Burke*, Alan Forrest; *Dapper Dan*, James Mason; *The Adjuster*, Stanton Heck; *"Dynamite"*, A. Horse; *Timothy Kelly*, Jackie Coogan.

"ROSE OF THE WORLD"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the novel by Kathleen Norris. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Harry Beaumont. Photography by David Abel. The cast: *Rose Kirby*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Jack Talbot*, Alan Forrest; *Edith Rogers*, Pauline Garon; *Clyde Bainbridge*, Rock-life Fellowes; *Cecilia Kirby*, Barbara Luddy; *"Gramp"*, Tallifer, Alec Francis; *Mrs. John Talbot*, Helen Dunbar; *Mrs. Kirby*, Lydia Knott; *The Boy*, Edward Piel, Jr.; *Sally Towsey*, Carrie Clarke Ward.

"COMPROMISE"—WARNER BROTHERS. From the novel by Jay Gelzer. Adapted by E. T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photography by David Abel. The cast: *Joan Trevor*, Irene Rich; *Alan Thayer*, Clive Brook; *Hilda*, Louise Fazenda; *Nathalie*, Pauline Garon; *Cholly*, Raymond McKee; *Aunt Catherine*, Helen Dunbar; *Joan's Father*, Winter Hall; *James (Alan's Best Man)*, Lynn Cowan; *Commodore Smithson*, Edward Martindal; *Ole*, Frank Butler; *Nathalie (six years old)*, Muriel Frances Dana.

"THE OTHER WOMAN'S STORY"—B. P. SCHULBERG.—Story by Peggy Gaddis. Adapted by John Goodrich. Directed by B. F. Stanley. The cast: *Mrs. Colby*, Alice Calhoun; *Jean Prentiss*, Helen Lee Worthing; *The Judge*, David Torrence; *Colby's Maid*, Riza Royce; *District Attorney*, Charles Clary; *Colman Colby*, Robert Frazer; *Robert Marshall*, Mahlon Hamilton; *Gertie Van*, Gertrude Short; *Marshall's Cook*, Joan Standing; *Defense Counsel*, Joseph W. Girard.

"SCANDAL STREET"—ARROW PICTURES CORP.—From the story by Frank R. Adams. Directed by Whitman Bennett. The cast: *Sheila Kane*, Madge Kennedy; *Harrison Halliday*, Niles Welch; *Neil Keckley*, Niles Welch; *Howard Manning*, Edwin August; *Julian Lewis*, Coit Albertson; *Cora May Foreman*, Louise Carter; *Pat O'Malley*, J. Moy Bennett.

"THE GOLD HUNTERS"—DAVIS DIST. DIV. INC.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Directed by Paul Hurst. The cast: *Roderick Drew*, David Butler; *Minnitake*,



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"THE WALL STREET WHIZ"—F. B. O.—Story and continuity by James Bell Smith. Directed by Jack Nelson. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: Richard Butler, Richard Talmadge; Peggy Bingham, Marceline Day; Mrs. Bingham, Lillian Langdon; Mr. Bingham, Carl Miller; "Aunt" Jones, Belle Bennett.

"TRIPLE ACTION"—UNIVERSAL.—Story and continuity by Tom Gibson. Directed by Tom Gibson. Photography by William H. Thornley. The cast: Dave Mannion, Pete Morrison; Doris Clayton, Trilby Clark; Donna Mendez, Dolores Gardner; Don Pio Mendez, Lafayette McKee; Pancho, Harry Belmour; Servant, Floyd Ames; Bandits, Leon Kent, Walter Patterson; Eric Prang, Harry Von Meter; Scapy MacGonigal, Milburn Morante; Chief of Rangers, Fred Burns; Assistant Chief, Ted Oliver; Dick Clayton, Chas. King; Deputy Ranger, Chas. Barton.

"THREE PALS"—DAVIS. DIST. DIV. INC.—Story by L. V. Jefferson. Directed by Wilbur F. McGaugh. The cast: Betty Girard, Marilyn Mills; Uncle Luke, Martin Turner; Col. Jefferson, Joseph Swickard; Major Peter Wingale, William H. Turner; Larry Wingale, Walter Emerson; Cal Hutton, James McLaughlin.

"HIDDEN LOOT"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by William J. Neidig. Scenario by Harry Dittmars. Directed by Robert North Bradbury. Photography by William Nobles. The cast: Cranmer (Slipper Tongue)—Jack Hoxie; Anna Hones, Live Hasbrouck; Dick Hones, Edward Cecil; "Big Bill" Angus, Jack Kenny; Buck, Buck Conners; Manning, Bert De Marc; Jordan, Charles Brinley.

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

### ROSE OF THE WORLD—Warner Bros.

IN spite of sincere performances by an excellent cast, this story fails to be convincing. You know 'way in advance where everybody is heading, and why.

Patsy Ruth Miller is jilted by Alan Forrest, whose father swindled her grandfather. Alan marries the wrong girl and Patsy Ruth marries the other fellow. She finds the missing papers that establish her grandfather's claims, one husband and one wife die, and Miss Miller and Mr. Forrest are reunited.

### COMPROMISE—Warner Brothers

IT'S not the fault of the players if this bores you, neither is the director to blame, although in spots the direction leaves something to be desired through many improbabilities. Take, for instance, that terrible cyclone scene. We'll place the responsibility upon the story—that's how considerate we are. Again, Irene Rich suffers through six reels as the neglected lady who refuses to be compromised. The others in the cast—Clive Brook and Pauline Garon.

### THE OTHER WOMAN'S STORY—Schulberg

A SUPPOSED-TO-BE mystery murder story. The picture is presented in real old-fashioned manner. So much so that it becomes very tiresome. A murder is committed,



and during the trial, as each witness is called, there are continual flashbacks—this constitutes the whole picture—and with the constant jumping back and forth it is only natural that one would lose interest.

### SCANDAL STREET—Arrow

HERE is a picture that will appeal to all fans because of the studio atmosphere throughout the picture. It will prove to be interesting to all who are anxious to know just what happens behind the scenes. The plot deals with the married life of a movie actress and her husband, who are both starred by the same company. Madge Kennedy and Niles Welch head the cast.

### THE GOLD HUNTERS—Davis Distributing

ANOTHER of the James Oliver Curwood's famous stories of the wide open spaces. The plot is fairly interesting and is filled with plenty of action and melodrama. A trapper finds a mine map and while trying to locate the mine is followed by adventurers. Of course, the hero battles them off, finds the mine, etc., etc.

### THE WALL STREET WHIZ—F. B. O.

ABOUT the worst Richard Talmadge vehicle we have ever seen. An absurd story tops it off—then the rôle that Talmadge essays

does not call for the gymnastics that he goes through. Hence the picture is quite ridiculous. However, we can safely say it will prove a winner with the boys—they're easy to please.

### TRIPLE ACTION—Universal

ENOUGH action in this Blue Streak Western to make three pictures. There's all sorts of fights, rides to the rescue, aeroplane flights and a parachute jump. What else can one ask for? All about a sheriff who loses his badge because of the diseased cattle being driven over his patrol. He gets his man, saves the heroine, and decides to call it a day.

### THREE PALS—Davis Distributing

AN uninteresting story starring Marilyn Mills. Why she is starred still remains a problem in our mind. She's not the least bit attractive and as far as acting. Again, two very clever horses are featured, but some of the supposedly clever acts the animals do show signs of careless direction. Nevertheless, it may please you, but we hope not.

### HIDDEN LOOT—Universal

A STRAIGHTFORWARD story, featuring Jack Hoxie, told with plenty of punch. All about a deputy who overshadows a gang of crooks, proves his innocence to the girl of his heart and—the end. Only for the youngsters.

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

crazy about them. But why don't you do a sex story some time?"

THE following, I feel, deserve a Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year in the name of humanity, and accordingly I lift a glass to—

Marcus Loew because he's the most lavish patron of art since Pope Julius wrote checks for Michelangelo, for it was from Mr. Loew's pen that "The Four Horsemen" flowed, "Ben Hur," "The Big Parade" and all the glorious Ingram pictures, and because, for all this, he maintains simplicity, kindness and an open door and is the only person connected with motion pictures whom I've ever heard say, "I don't know a great deal about pictures."

D. W. Griffith, because he's the little father of the motion picture and because his frayed edora and open-faced watch testify to the fact that he's the only one who has practiced art for art's sake.

Rex Ingram because he discovered the finest actor, married the wittiest woman and made the most beautiful pictures.

Charlie Chaplin because he is the motion picture.

Joseph Schenck because he has done right by our Norma and by everyone else who ever had dealing with him, and because, therefore, he is becoming the greatest producing figure in Hollywood.

Adolph Zukor because from the first he has been able to keep his standard flying while all he rest went down to dust.

Harold Lloyd because as a comedian and producer he keeps the world's digestion fit and because as a man his character is ever great enough to meet his achievements.

James R. Quirk because he is the official dragoman to pictures, has all the eccentricities of genius, and pays me money.

Ernst Lubitsch because he illumined the genius of Pola and made two of our finest pictures, and because he's a genius even when hrowing confetti for Warner Bros.

Mabel Normand because she is a genius with the greatest heart in the world.

Ramon Novarro because he has genius as an

actor and musician, and with it the character of a shining knight, but especially because he supplies me with copy, is the best travelling companion since D'Artagnan and does Ed Wynn, Patricola, Fanny Brice, Harold Lloyd, Alice Terry, Rex Ingram and Ramon Novarro better than they do themselves.

Pola Negri because though she's playing good women in bad pictures she has the character and the genius to reform and become once more a bad woman in good pictures.

Marion Davies because for all the extolling of her talent and beauty, her shining quality is good sportsmanship.

Alice Terry because she glorifies Rex Ingram's pictures and, off screen, contributes wit and wisdom to their creation, and because she does the same for this page—when she's on the job.

Corinne Griffith because she has been elected the most beautiful woman on earth by a just tribunal and because she's just as charming.

Vilma Banky because she is the most precocious find since Pola.

Lillian Gish because she makes me weep with her and not for her and because therefore she is the greatest of tragediennes.

Antonio Moreno because he is a gentleman, a cavalier, and the first of the Latins, and because in "Mare Nostrum" he at last has a chance to prove the fine actor he is.

Douglas Fairbanks because he keeps making them bigger and better without shouting that he's going to.

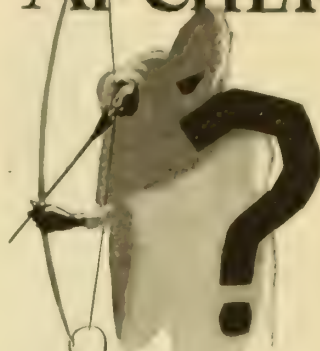
Mary Pickford because her character, talent and wisdom have earned her the longest record of any star in pictures.

Jesse L. Lasky because he's leaving it up to the director to do his best or worst, and because though he's no more beautiful than other producers, he's easily the easiest to see.

Florence Vidor because as the grand duchess in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" she proves a contestant for the title of queen.

Bessie Love because there's no finer actress or sweeter character on the screen, and because she can do the Charleston and look like a madonna (simultaneously and without change of make-up).

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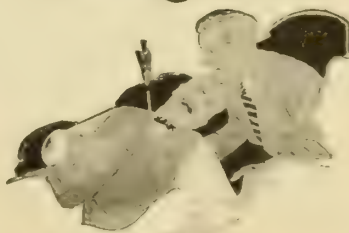
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Norma Talmadge because she's the wife of Joseph Schenck and vice versa, and will spend every dollar down to her last million to make a fine picture, and because my mother insists that I say she is the screen's most charming actress.

Richard Barthelmess because of *Tol'able David* and *Cheng Huan* and other fine characters and because as an actor and producer he radiates intelligence, breeding and sincerity.

Charles Ray because as a producer he sank on the Mayflower trying to stage a come-back for the pilgrim fathers, and because he's so great as an actor that he's coming to the top again.

King Vidor, because he has never made a bad picture and because, with "The Big Parade," he achieves the level of greatness.

John Gilbert, because some years ago he was blacklisted by the eminent producers for refusing to play bum parts, and because, instead of starving to death according to their wishes, he fought his way to the present enormous popularity.

Emil Jannings, because I've never seen him do anything that wasn't great, and especially because of the portrait he gave the world of Henry VIII.

Alice Joyce because she has come back to the screen and signed to star for Lasky, and because she is one of those charming people.

Raymond Hatton, because he and Wally Beery in "Behind the Front" are going to justify the war for humor's sake, and because he's the husband of a great artist named Frances Hatton who decorated my beach cabin for charity's sake.

May Allison, because she is an almost unbelievable combination of beauty, wit, and gameness, and because she had the nerve to spend two years away from the screen, globe trotting, to enlarge her vision beyond Hollywood Boulevard, and because she has made a great come-back in "The Viennese Medley."

Willis Goldbeck, because he is the greatest

scenario writer since Shakespeare, and because he is about to lend his superior intelligence to the direction of pictures.

Malcolm McGregor, because he's easily the leadingest of leading men and the best company in the world with the exception of his wife.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, because she is Our Adela and yet made good, and because she is the only great writer I ever saw with beautiful legs.

Ivan St. Johns, because he has made good as a writer, a politician and Western editor for PHOTOPLAY, but more especially because he has succeeded at the well-nigh superhuman task of managing Our Adela.

Malcolm St. Clair, because he made great slapsticks for Sennett, a great actor of Rintin-tin for Warner Brothers, and now is making fine productions for St. Clair, Lasky, Zukor and General Public.

Richard Dix, because he keeps batting them higher and higher, and because he's regular without being sappy.

Raymond Griffith, because he is funnier in a silk hat than a congressman and that's as funny as can be.

Barbara La Marr, because everyone who knows her can speak of her sincerity and kindness, and because during her illness she worked when she had to be carried onto the stage.

Adolphe Menjou, because, like Ernest Torrence, he's a bad man who has made good, and because he puts into his work the skill and subtlety that goes into champagne.

Bull Montana, because he never makes me sick no matter how many quarts he brings me, and because he's probably the most beautiful man on earth, beauty being as beauty does.

ALL the Christmas packages have now been distributed and if there is any little boy or girl who has not received one he may step around to Rev. Howe's parsonage after church and mix one for himself.

## A Beautiful \$1,000 Living Room

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

of beautiful walnut, but neglected and unpolished. They might have escaped the eye of the casual buyer, but not that of the ambitious shopper. With a little oil rubbed in them at the studio, they made fitting stands for the Chinese jars.

The Queen Anne chests, on either side of the fireplace, are modern, but I needed them to key in the covered Queen Anne chair with the rest of the room. Similarly I ordered the Italian walnut desk, which holds the telephone, to make the commodore feel they had companionship.

At least one straight, hard chair should be in every drawing room. For we all know people who remain formal under all circumstances. In the corner you can see the \$25 chair I got for such folks.

Not desiring a period room, I lighted it by the use of the peasant china lamp with its gay pleated chintz shade. Incidentally the peasant influence is a marked one today and has high artistic value.

In an old house which was being redecorated I made my final purchase of the rayon damask hangings edged in gold fringe. They were \$50 the pair.

All these things, of course, were discovered in odd corners of that great market, New York City. Yet almost every American city is quite as productive of bargains as Manhattan, if you will only shop for them.

But then, I don't need to tell women that. You already know all about it.

## THIS IS THE MANNER IN WHICH THE THOUSAND DOLLARS WERE EXPENDED

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Pair of Italian commodore.....	125
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Dutch silver cigarette boxes and ash trays.....	20
Andirons.....	10
Chinese temple jars.....	30
2 English prints.....	15
Copies of Queen Anne chests..	100
2 vases.....	10
Straight backed chair.....	25
Lamp base.....	20
Shade.....	10
Curtains for French doors....	10

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Mr. Chapman's articles on home decoration appear every month in PHOTOPLAY. They contain invaluable information.



## Some Jane

By Richard Cruse

SAID Janet Earth to her husband Joe  
"This marriage duel is much too slow.  
To Hollywood is not so far,  
I've decided to become a star!"

Poor henpecked Joe said not a word,  
Of what he thought is best not heard!  
He saw her leave—as in a daze,  
Well bitten with the Movie craze.

Then in a trance she made the trip;  
Fame's nectar she would surely sip.  
"My temperament bids me aim high,"  
She spoke with pathos and a sigh.

How fickle are the ways of Fate;  
She came back to the garden gate.  
Joe held her close and whispered, "Jane,  
Welcome back to Earth again."

## Ronald Talks at Last

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

chance at a juvenile rôle with a very prominent English actress. It was only a chance, though, nothing set about it. And all the time there was my uncle waiting. I wrote out to him for a job and I said to myself, 'I'll take whichever comes first. I'll make fate decide for me.' The day before I got a reply from him, I got my opportunity at the theater."

He stopped talking to eat busily. It was two o'clock, but the meal was, for him, breakfast.

"I was tremendously lucky," he continued, "and for a couple of years I was by way of being a small hit. I must have been a pretty terrible person in those days, for I can remember being inordinately proud of myself. Then suddenly came one of those awful seasons which the theater frequently strikes in London and I couldn't get a thing. I did the weary rounds day after day. I got a chance at a couple of English movies, but those two engagements were separated by months. They gave me the idea to come here and try my luck at American films.

"I was able to secure letters of introduction to people in the movie colony here and I jaunted across very confidently. I arrived during that season that all the studios were closed. Everyone to whom I presented my letters was out of work. So was I for a long, long time. I couldn't get a thing.

"Here I was, stranded in America. I turned to the speaking stage. I didn't know a soul in that end of the theatrical business. But without introductions, or with them, I couldn't get anything there, either.

"I lived obscurely. I had almost no money. I knew no one. I was miles from my home and so lonely it was nearly unendurable."

"It was most awfully good for me," Ronald Colman said. "We all ought to get some such trial by fire. When one comes up too suddenly, as I did, gets success too easily, it is a fine thing if life kicks you back to your place again. Then if you get up once more, you know it is simply because life is letting you get away with murder for a little while, and not because of any marvelous talent you have over the rank and file."

I sat very still while his dark eyes looked far out beyond the walls of the Ritz, far out beyond that afternoon, out into the past.

"EVENTUALLY, however, I got a few parts offered me," he continued. "They were almost without exception in plays that rehearsed three weeks, played one in Atlantic City and then retired to the storehouse. I did several seasons of that, enough to keep me alive and nothing more. Finally I got the part of the heavy in 'La Tendresse,' which Henry Miller brought to Broadway. That got me my opportunity in 'The White Sister.'"

"Rising rapidly to the point of racing with Jack Gilbert for the title of the great lover of the screen," I said.

He shrugged and his eyes were mocking mocking himself as much as me.

"I have argued with my producer against advertising me as a 'magnetic lover,'" he said. "I dislike that. I think it creates a prejudice against an actor, a title like that.

"PERSONALITY is the whole thing on the screen. I know that. But I wish it were possible for people to admire me for, shall I say, my artistry instead of liking me for my personality, or the way I kiss somebody.

"I think Mr. Goldwyn's idea is that in about a year I may be ready for stardom," he replied to my question. "But there is a clause in my contract, not that I shall be starred at a certain time, but that I shall not be starred without my knowledge and consent. No matter what one's box office strength is, it is too dangerous to be made a star to hurry about it. I'd rather take my time. Then I won't have to fall so hard when the fans let me down.

"I'm not so terribly ambitious, anyway. I am not one of those chaps who want to play Hamlet. I'd like to earn a hundred thousand dollars and invest it. That would give me a hundred dollars a week interest, you know. Then if you demanded luxuries, you'd have to work for them. The only thing is that I don't know whether one would lose his ambition, if he had a hundred a week without working for it. I'm extremely suspicious that I'd never stir from an easy chair again, but that instead I'd lie there dreaming."

I remarked that from the Hollywood viewpoint, a hundred a week was almost poverty.

"Hollywood is the most physical city in the world" he said. "I don't mean sex alone. Take athletics. They all go in for them. Fine things, of course, but entirely physical. And they all have motor cars and extreme luxury. Their homes are burdened down with it."

It was noticeable that he always said "they" when speaking of other movie people, as though realizing that subconsciously he is not a part of the Hollywood mind.

"I love California," he commented. "Its beauty, its warmth, its color. But it is almost impossible not to lose your perspective out there. There is something of the tropics about it, I suppose.

"When I finish a picture, or whenever I can get a vacation, I go away. Down to the sea, usually, but at any rate, to some wild spot where I can be alone with my books and my dog."

His charming brown eyes were upon me. "If one has his books and his dog, he can keep his head anywhere," Ronald Colman said.

I watched him disappear in a taxicab. It was pouring rain and very cold, but I didn't know it.

I had made Ronald Colman talk. I had done it with my little questions.

I could have licked my weight in vampires.



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## FRIENDLY ADVICE

From  
*Carolyn Van Wyck*

**N**EARLY a dozen letters have come to me this month all on the same subject—the married man who flirts. Invariably he seems to be an older man and the girl involved in the flirtation a youngster. Almost always his approach to her sympathy is the same—he wants the girl's advice, she understands so well, she is so lovely. He sighs—if he had only waited. And too often it results in the girl, who desires love, accepting a sorry substitute.

It is such an old, old story. Yet when I find letters begging for advice on such problems, I realize it needs retelling.

This is a problem which modern life and its freedom is complicating. Modern wives do go about with men other than their husbands. Married men go about with other women. It has a certain charm, this social freedom, and a very definite danger. Where the partners in a happy home indulge in such friendships, no harm may be done anyone. But where the two members of an unhappy marriage go about seeking sympathy and listening ears, it is extremely dangerous. Some silly little girl, thrilled by such attention, may unwittingly find herself occupying the distasteful position of being "the other woman."

Marital bliss doesn't exist in every home in this country. We all know that, unfortunately. The proportion of divorces, the number of remarriages is too high to be ignored. Men do give up one wife and find another and sometimes all parties are happier than formerly.

Sometimes, but very rarely. I cannot emphasize too strongly the dangers I feel lie in the pathway of the girl who starts any sort of a friendship with a man bound to another woman.

The predatory male, the man who kisses and doesn't tell his wife, is usually a subtle flatterer. He knows how much a young girl likes to regard herself as a pool of wisdom and understanding. He knows the lure the clandestine has for her and the high adventure there seems to be in going against the accepted conventions.

Let me counsel you never to trust a man who wants you to sneak about with him. Don't deliberately cheapen yourself by being put in such a false position. If he tells you you can not afford to be seen with him because he is married, he is telling you no less than the truth.

You should not go anywhere with him, but if you do want to see him and talk to him, if you feel there is a basis for genuine companionship between you, go nowhere with him unless

you go openly, chaperoned at least by the publicity of your movements. Don't, I beg of you, go out with a man whom you would not be willing to present to your parents. Never go to places from which your better judgment tells you to stay.

Remember, too, when you are indulging in such a friendship how deeply you may be hurting another woman. Put yourself in her place for a moment. That moment may save you and your better instincts.

Even if the man acts only the part of honor with you, if he tells you of his wife and his family, the danger is by no means removed. You may be perfectly innocent, yet the day may easily arrive when you will be involved in a divorce action, your reputation ruined and your pride broken. Such friendships are as fraught with combustibles as an explosive warehouse.

Better, then, to avoid them altogether. The social law is very strong and it is only the most vigorous personality that can stand out against it for a moment. Men, underneath their worldliness, are conventional and often when they set themselves in danger, when the social pressure gets too heavy upon them, they will run back to the home which they have pretended to hate. Every social law protects a man's wife. None helps the girl with whom he flirts.

When a married man begins to whisper "sweet nothings" in your ear, treat them as such. If he talks of friendship, be extremely wary, and if he talks of love and you have every reason to believe his declarations sincere, be honest enough to face the high price you may have to pay for such love.

But long before this, I believe, you will find the man not worth the scandal.

MARY B., NEW YORK CITY.

Nearly all cold cream has a lanolin base such as Miss Murray recommended in her article. All the better creams have, I know. You can usually tell by reading the trade marks. Or you can buy plain toilet lanolin, which is highly recommended by many complexion specialists and which has the advantage of being quite inexpensive. It comes in tubes and should be warmed slightly before using. Running the tube under hot water is sufficient. The preparations you mention are satisfactory. I know no periodical devoted exclusively to beauty subjects, but most of the women's magazines carry authentic departments on beauty matters.

**S**CORES of letters come to me monthly asking for exact advice on diet, reducing, increasing weight, the care of the skin, the hair, the best colors for blondes, the best for brunettes, and general health. These letters demand careful replies.

I have, therefore, had printed for your use directions for obtaining any desired improvement in your appearance. I shall be very glad to send you them on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. I shall in the future reply to such letters directly rather than through these columns.

It will leave the columns open for advice in matters that need understanding rather than rules, matters of the heart, of work and play and personality. I think in this way I can serve you more.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.



HELENE L., NEW YORK.

Hilda Ferguson is playing in "The Follies." It does sound as though you resembled her. She is a beautiful girl but several inches taller than you are. The coat models you enclosed were both excellent. I prefer the first. Small hats are still smarter than large ones, and felt more correct than velvet, though I don't blame you for being tired of them. I am, too. Opera pumps are always modish but velvet shoes of any type are passe. Get your pumps in leather. Velvet dresses are most favored this season both for afternoon and simple evening wear. Why not a tailored tweed dress for street wear? It is extremely smart this winter.

MARIE W., CHICAGO.

All advertisements in PHOTOPLAY are thoroughly investigated and their goods can be trusted. You don't need to reduce. If you want to take off one or two pounds, exercise more. You are in a hard position about meeting other young people. What about the girls with whom you went to school? If you are too lonely, would it be possible for you to find work in some large organization where you could make acquaintances? You are still very young. You don't need to worry about boys, but I do feel that you should have some girl friends at least.

JANE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

You seem so careful of your skin I am amazed it continues to be faulty. I do not know the preparation you mention. With oily skin like yours I would judge that no more fats were needed. Why don't you stop using it for a while and watch the results? Drink more water and don't eat any candy.

MRS. GLADYS H., CONNECTICUT.

You say your ankles and waistline are thickening. You need exercise. One of the very best exercises for reducing ankles is the simple act of climbing stairs. For your waistline try bending and twisting. Touch the floor to the front and each side with your finger tips about twenty times daily. Do it slowly. Also rotate your body from the waistline, trying to swing a complete circle with your upper body very relaxed, your lower body straight and tensed. Any pedaling exercise, such as bicycle riding, would do you good. I think you can afford to lose about five pounds in weight, also.

A. D. M., ILLINOIS.

Yes, I think you are much too young to go to dances. Twelve years old and worrying about boys! You should not wear high heeled slippers yet. Eat simple food and keep your skin very clean and your complexion will clear. Don't be in such a hurry to grow up. It isn't half the fun you imagine it is.

MISS R. C., NEW YORK.

Thinning hair is usually indicative of a loss in vitality. The time of year has nothing to do with it. If I were you, I would try to build up my general health. Eat foods containing fats. Brush your hair thoroughly every day and when washing it be careful to remove all the soap before drying it. Try not to curl it with hot irons or in any way lessen its strength. Encourage it a little and I am sure it will respond.

B. A. B., COLORADO.

You are in a hard position. I can only advise you to make up your mind whether you want to become a business success, a literary success, or a happy wife. You can not be all three and while you are thinking about the other two, you'll not be able to manage your life to the advantage of the most important one. Wisely, you do not wish to drift five years more. Look into your own heart and be honest with it. The lonelier years are ahead of you. I feel that the love of a worthy man, near your own age, would bring you the greatest content, even if his grammar be imperfect. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

A READER, NEW JERSEY.

You have nothing to worry about. Your letter sounds as though you have a lovely, young figure.

PUZZLED.

He doesn't sound like a very nice boy to me, and I would advise you to forget him as soon as you can. No worthy chap would try to break up the friendship between two girl chums, or talk unkindly about you to another girl. Drop him by all means. You sound very young and I'm sure you will have an opportunity to meet a boy worthy of your friendship.

DOROTHY, NEW YORK CITY.

Your letter was refreshing in its honesty. By mud-colored hair I presume you mean somewhere between blonde and brown. If your skin is pale, I'd advise you to wear black, in shiny materials like satin, the delicate greens, yellows, blues and rose. They will make you appear blonde. If you feel you are too "sensible" don't wear brown. It makes anyone appear settled. Quietness is no obstacle to popularity if you will make it an asset. Let men know you love to listen and you'll be surprised at all you'll hear!

IRENE, SOUTH AMBOY, N. J.

I know of no good book on both diet and exercise. The diet books by Lulu Hunt Peters are highly recommended. Doubtless your local Y. W. C. A. has on sale excellent books on exercising, or can advise you where to get them.

BLACK EYES, RED WING, MINN.

It certainly is harmful for a young girl to go on an absolute fast. You don't need to do that to reduce. Decreasing the size of legs and hips is as hard a reducing job as there is, but it can be done if you will persist. Lie on your back, arms stretched above your head and pedal an imaginary bicycle until your legs are tired. In the same position, bring the knees up to the chest and slowly straighten the legs in midair. Lower without bending the knees. Rolling exercises are helpful. So is walking. Avoid sitting as much as possible.

MISS EDYTHE M., CALIFORNIA.

It seems to me you have treated your young man rather badly, Edythe. If he is really hurt by your conduct, as he might well be, I am afraid you have lost him. He seems to have been very much in love with you and he did you a great honor when he asked you to be his wife. If you meet him again, I would try to have an honest talk with him. Tell him you realize how unkindly you acted, that you are sorry and that you do love him. I wouldn't write to him again since he ignored your first letter. Try to be natural at all times. It is the secret of real charm.

ALETHA.

In other replies here you will find exercises for reducing your ankles and legs. I think you are worrying unduly. Your weight is correct for your height. If your boy friend admires you and likes to go out with you, why worry about the pretty clothes his sister has? You sound like a happy, normal girl. Don't fret yourself into imaginary troubles.

CATHERINE P., CHICAGO.

You are too heavy. You can afford to lose five to ten pounds. You still have time to grow some more. Some people increase in height until their twenty-first year. Small hats are smarter than large. Use a light rich powder in white or rachel for your fair skin. Yes, there are openings for women movie directors, but it's a long hard road to them. You seem to have a lively imagination. Writing is hard work and really has very little to do with "visions." If you are willing to toil at it, however, you will soon find out whether or not it is your vocation.

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GRACE, CALIFORNIA.

Your weight is correct. With dark hair and eyes and olive skin, a lovely combination, all the richer shades should be becoming to you—yellow, rose, green with yellow in it, some blues. Avoid black and white.

DOROTHY, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

I wouldn't try to get my legs fat if I were you. Every woman I know is trying to reduce hers, since slim legs and ankles are very chic. Your weight is correct. Don't add to it.

GLORIA R., NEW YORK CITY.

Use astringents on your skin. Witch hazel is excellent for tightening the pores. When you wash your face, rub it with ice at the finish. The soap and cream you are using are both good. Plenty of rest is the best wrinkle vanisher I know.

VIOLET, SOUTH DAKOTA.

You told your friend to choose between you two girls, and he did. I see nothing for it, my dear, but for you to abide by your own advice and his decision. Since he is going away, try to forget him.

HELEN H., SOUTH DAKOTA.

I think tailored dresses are charming and they are very smart this season. They would suit your type. The woolen fabrics in yellow and tan would be good with your coloring. Be careful of your diet. Eliminate pastries and sweets. Eat green vegetables and drink lots of water. Your complexion will bloom again under such care.

MILDRED C., DETROIT.

Yes, you are too heavy. You should lose at least twenty pounds. Light green, very light blue, some shades of pink are all charming with auburn hair. Black is very becoming if your skin is fair.

VICKY, RHODE ISLAND.

Try a light rouge. The orange shades might be very becoming to you. I don't like flesh powder ever. I prefer rachel for your coloring.

## Photoplay's Intelligence Test

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52 ]

## GROUP FIVE

Fill in the missing word or words.

36. Pre-historic animals of great size played an important part in \_\_\_\_\_.
37. Douglas Fairbanks' latest released picture is \_\_\_\_\_.
38. A noted producer-director who recently severed his connection with Famous Players-Lasky is \_\_\_\_\_.
39. Syd Chaplin made one of the big comedy hits this year in \_\_\_\_\_.
40. Lila Lee is married to \_\_\_\_\_.
41. She has very often appeared as leading lady to \_\_\_\_\_.
42. A famous Biblical story recently filmed is \_\_\_\_\_.
43. The leading rôle is played by \_\_\_\_\_.
44. A Ziegfeld Follies comedian who recently left the stage to play an important part in a picture is \_\_\_\_\_.
45. The picture was \_\_\_\_\_.
46. Jackie Coogan was "discovered" by \_\_\_\_\_.
47. The first picture in which he appeared was \_\_\_\_\_.
48. Nita Naldi supported \_\_\_\_\_ in "The Sainted Devil."
49. \_\_\_\_\_ Beery was one of the featured players in "The Lost World."
50. \_\_\_\_\_ Beery was one of the featured players in "The Thundering Herd."



## GROUP SIX

Draw a circle around the number or numbers at the end of the questions that indicate the correct answer. Some, all, or only one may be correct.

51. The following have appeared as leading man for Gloria Swanson: (1) Kenneth Harlan; (2) Ben Lyon; (3) Rod La Rocque; (4) Lloyd Hughes; (5) Monte Blue. 1 2 3 4 5
52. Buster Keaton has made the following comedies: (1) "Seven Chances"; (2) "Our Hospitality"; (3) "The Navigator"; (4) "Hot Water." 1 2 3 4
53. Eric von Stroheim was the director of: (1) "The Unholy Three"; (2) "Greed"; (3) "The Merry Widow"; (4) "Foolish Wives." 1 2 3 4
54. Some of Corinne Griffith's recent pictures are: (1) "Love's Wilderness"; (2) "Lady of the Night"; (3) "Siege"; (4) "De-classe"; (5) "The Marriage Whirl." 1 2 3 4 5
55. Name all the actresses, now active in pictures, on the line below whose first name is Mary. (Full credit shall be given if four are named.)

## GROUP SEVEN

Which of the following does not belong with the others? Draw a circle around the number at the end of the questions corresponding to the misplaced name or title.

56. (1) Monta Bell; (2) Irvin Willat; (3) William Beaudine; (4) James Cruze; (5) Jesse L. Lasky. 1 2 3 4 5
57. (1) "The Iron Horse"; (2) "Scaramouche"; (3) "The Sea Hawk"; (4) "Captain Blood." 1 2 3 4
58. (1) Bradley King; (2) Madge Bellamy;

- (3) Clara Beranger; (4) Frances Marion; (5) June Mathis. 1 2 3 4 5
59. (1) George Siegmann; (2) Tom Santschi; (3) Stuart Holmes; (4) Alan Hale; (5) Ralph Graves. 1 2 3 4 5
60. (1) "North of 36"; (2) "Contraband"; (3) "Dangerous Innocence"; (4) "Wild Horse Mesa"; (5) "The Thundering Herd." 1 2 3 4 5

## GROUP EIGHT

Cross out the numbers before the untrue statements.

61. Hoot Gibson stars for First National.
62. William S. Hart is again active before the camera after a year's absence.
63. Marshall Neilan once acted in pictures before becoming a director.
64. Bebe Daniels does her best work in heavy drama.
65. Von Stroheim's "The Merry Widow" was a disappointment and similar in quality to "Greed."
66. Myrtle Stedman is the sister of Lincoln Stedman.
67. "Wanderer of the Wasteland" was filmed in natural colors by the Technicolor process.
68. Ramon Novarro, upon the completion of "Ben Hur," is now producing his own pictures.
69. Allan Dwan has directed many of Gloria Swanson's latest pictures.
70. May McAvoy plays *Esther* in "Ben Hur."
71. "The Fool" is an original screen play.
72. "A Kiss in the Dark" was one of Constance Talmadge's comedies.
73. Claire Windsor plays ingenue rôles.
74. Marion Davies starred in "Zander the Great."
75. Mary Pickford yielded to popular request in making a picture of the type of "Little Annie Rooney."

## How Pola Was Tamed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

The only time she really got sore was when Chester Conklin—and remember that the screen hasn't got a funnier man on it than Chester—and Mal bought hot dogs and soda pop one day and didn't get any for Pola.

"You know," said Mal, shyly, "hot dogs are hot dogs. There are some people you can associate with them and some you can't. I never thought of offering Pola a hot dog."

And Pola's feelings were terribly hurt. She had never eaten a hot dog and washed it down with soda pop, and it looked fun. So they got her some right away and Pola beamed and was happy.

One day Pola went home from the studio. She said she didn't feel well and she thought she would probably be much too sick to work the next day. That was a well-known cue for one of Pola's week lay-offs. Chester began to rehearse some of the funny gag scenes they were going to do the next day, he began telling Pola what a great comedienne she was—and she is, you know—none better. Pola looked a little wistful.

"If you don't feel well," said Mal St. Clair, "don't try to come down tomorrow. We'll do some funny stuff with Chester."

The next morning, right on the dot, there was Pola.

"I am very seck," she said pensively, "but I can be seck here just as well as at home."

AND when the company went on location to Laguna Beach—oh, the times Pola had refused the most impassioned and polished pleas of great directors to go to Laguna for just a few minutes—and Pola wasn't in any of the scenes—she went along anyway, for fear she might miss

some fun. There was a roller skating rink there, and she'd heard them talking about it. The company thought it would be fun to try roller skating, most of them having been on very distant terms with roller skates for upwards of ten years.

Pola had never been on roller skates. But she was on them that day. At least they were on her. For it must be admitted that there were times when Pola was on the floor. She spent most of the time learning to roller skate, and on the way home from location she was as happy as a tired kid.

But the crowning moment came on the studio set.

One of the biggest officials, one of the officials who had been cowed, beaten, scared to death by Pola the tiger-cat, who had meekly yielded to her most unreasonable demands, was on the set. He eyed Pola a little nervously, but she noticed him not at all. She was busy watching Chester Conklin.

Chester had a large custard pie. He had bought it for afternoon refreshments.

Pola eyed him. She eyed the custard pie with curiosity. Then she went over to Mal.

"Mally," she said, and it was plain that she was torn between desire and dread, "are you going now to hit me with a pie?"

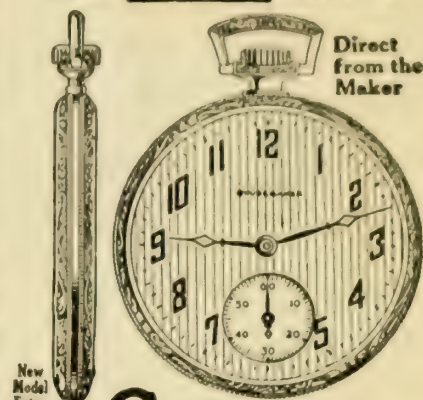
When the official had been removed by the hospital corps, "The Tattooed Countess" proceeded on its mirthful and harmonious way.

"We do have such fun," says Pola contentedly, and howls with laughter all day long.

Licked, I tell you, by her own sense of humor.

Pola, the tragedienne, was a devastating whirlwind. Pola, the comedienne, is a gentle summer breeze.

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## Speaking of Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

qualities, he could not have woven that gossamer story of "Peter Pan" into such a golden celluloid tapestry of everlasting youth.

BRENON'S lot in pictures was not an easy one. His finely wrought mentality was no match for the picture magnates, who shouted down his pleas for an opportunity to create for the public pictures of the glory and dreams of youth. Perhaps they are not to blame. Perhaps the public was not ready. I wonder if Brenon himself was. The talented Irishman was then impatient of obstacles, fiery in the tumultuous urge of his youth, a Galahad searching the Golden Grail in a boiler factory, a bomb-throwing revolutionary of the art.

I MISSED him for five years. Then I met him. Calm philosophy had replaced impatience, a mellow smile the scowls which reflected mental volcanic eruptions. His blue eye glowed again with the sense of humor which was his birthright. He was laughing with the world again.

And so he gave us "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella."

In his art he occupies today the place his friend, James Barrie, holds in his.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is back in Hollywood after his trip to New York for the opening of "The Gold Rush." But he asserts he isn't going to stay long. The doctors, he says, have told him that he has a very bad heart, and that he must retire from the screen for at least a year and take a complete rest, or else the consequences will be fatal. So Charlie is planning to go to Canada for a year or so—unless he decides to brave the thing out and work till he drops.

No doubt the doctors did find something the matter with Charlie's heart. But I wonder if, maybe, after all these years of ignoring the public and living his own life without consideration of anyone—that has always been his philosophy—Charlie isn't beginning to feel a little lonely.

Perhaps he feels that the love, if not the admiration, of the public, is cooling a little.

Somehow that story of Charlie's about the heart trouble sounded to

me like the cry of a lonely little boy. Genius is a darned lonely thing, anyway.

RECENTLY at a meeting of the Authors' League I met a writer who has met with many disappointments in his efforts to sell his stories to picture companies.

"Why are you forever encouraging poor pictures and representing the film stars as the acme of human perfection?" he asked me, pushing his long hair back from his eyes. "Don't you realize that with the leading magazine of motion pictures you have a public responsibility?"

"Do you ever read it?" I asked him.

"Well—no—but," he started to answer, but I was on my way.

THE government is dead set on effecting a complete separation of any mutual interests of Mr. Zukor's company, Famous Players-Lasky, and Mr. Loew's organization, the Metro-Goldwyn. To carry this to its logical solution they might pass a law divorcing Mr. Loew's son and Mr. Zukor's daughter. Also get an injunction preventing these men, who have been business associates for years, from playing pinocle or from making social calls at each other's houses.

It might be well to inflict heavy fines if they are seen talking together without being chaperoned by a member of the Federal Trade Commission.

NOTE on the lack of ideals of the picture business.

At a recent meeting of the sales executives of the Paramount Company, "Lord Jim" (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) was shown, and they were asked to vote whether the unhappy ending should be changed to a Pollyanna finish.

They voted unanimously to send it out unchanged on the ground that although a happier and sappier ending might bring in a few more tickets, the picture was a credit to their business.

THERE is one thing in motion pictures that sets my goat running amuck, and that is to see a magnificent production spoiled by



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## Happy Daze

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

I've got two choices: quit my job or jump in the lake—either or both."

Jimmy drummed on the table with his fingers, and finally drawled a question:

"Just what particular ailment is Cyril suffering from this time?"

"Women! And he isn't suffering."

"Any particular one?"

"Sure. There always is: New York, Hollywood or on location somewhere—there's always a particular one. Honestly, you'd think a man in his position would learn some time that they aren't crazy about him as a person but because he's a star. But no—"

"He's usually a good picker," murmured Claxton.

"And he's still batting a thousand. Have you seen this one?"

"Not particularly. What's she like?"

"Fluffy little blonde. Probably thinks Cyril will make her his leading woman—that's Cyril's old play."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"What does hubby think?"

"He doesn't think. He's away."

Jimmy Claxton lowered his voice—"Cyril ain't really cutting up, is he?"

"With her? Certainly not. He never does. Just an idle flirtation . . . but he's taking chances, and you and I both know it. I know Cyril isn't the homewrecking type, but hubby wouldn't understand that if he happened to hear of the affair. Damn it! It would almost be better if things were more serious. There'd be some excuse then. As it is, I get sorer every time I reflect that this doesn't mean a thing to Cousin Waring but the gratification of his vanity."

"Hmm! Tough proposition, Kid. What's the lady's name?"

"Gould. Juanita Gould. Husband owns iron mines and things. Rafts of money. You've seen her around—"

"I never notice women."

"Aw, hell! Anyway, she's playing the deuce with schedule and I think little Rodney Archer has just about directed his last picture for Superb."

"Suppose you show that wire to Cyril."

Roddy started wearily for the door. "I shall," he sighed, "but I can do a transcript of the interview before it occurs."

JIMMY CLAXTON stared at the door through which his young friend departed. Jimmy was worried. And he was angry. He had long been fond of Archer and had been elated when Superb had raised him to a full directorship and given him a Waring picture to do. The fact that Cyril Waring and Rodney Archer were cousins had seemed to Claxton a fine thing for the boy; it had promised co-operation and general efficiency.

But ever since the arrival of the company in Alabama, Cyril Waring had responded with too great eagerness to the efforts of the local society crowd to lionize him. There had been parties and fetes and dances, and a thousand miles away from the eyes of his chief executive, Cyril had good-naturedly refused to heed his cousin's pleas. Nothing vicious about it—Cyril wasn't the vicious type.

He was having a good time and not worrying . . . but the company was operating under a \$6,000-a-day overhead and Rodney Archer was having the props knocked from beneath his feet.

As for the affair with Mrs. Gould—Claxton paid little attention to it. He had worked in the Waring unit for several years and knew that Cyril was not a philanderer. But he knew also that the star courted the idolatry of some adde-pated woman at all times. It was

a weak streak in his nature: one for which he was not entirely responsible.

Meanwhile Roddy knocked at the door of Cyril's suite. A languid voice bade him enter and he crossed the threshold to find his cousin lounging in an easy chair, puffing placidly at a cigarette.

The man in the chair was of that type which women call "ravishing." He was tall and lithe and blonde; a man of broad shoulders; deep chest and unbelievably small waist. His hair was curly, his lips had a sweet, somewhat petulant droop. His complexion was entirely too good to be true . . . but at the moment Roddy was seeing none of his cousin's physical attributes. What had riveted his attention was the sight of dinner clothes beneath the elegantly flowered lounging robe. He flung a question at Cyril.

"Party tonight?"

"Yes, Roddy—of course."

"The Gould house?"

"Now, Roddy—you know perfectly well there's nothing wrong in that affair. Merely a harmless flirtation to pass away the time—"

"Sure! Sure, Cyril—but have you ever stopped to think whose time it is you're passing away? Read this!"

Cyril perused the telegram from the president of his company. He tossed it back with a friendly smile.

"Don't let that worry you, Roddy. Just words."

"Yes—words. So far as you're concerned. But do you know what it means to me? It means that I'm busting on this job: busting higher than a kite. Just because you haven't got guts enough or decency enough to work for me as you should. You kid yourself that you're helping me—"

"You wouldn't have been made director if I hadn't used my influence, would you?"

"No. And I wouldn't have flopped this picture if you hadn't laid down on me. It'll be a fine spot on my record that I got half way through a Waring picture and was kicked out of the company. . . ." His voice took on a pleading nuance. "Come on like a good fellow, Cyril. Let's cut this society stuff for awhile and finish the picture. We're due back in New York in a week—and at this rate if we get there in three we'll be lucky."

Cyril was impressed. More, he was touched. Perhaps he had been doing wrong by his Roddy. He dropped a hand on his cousin's shoulder. "All right, Boy. I guess I have laid down on you a bit. But tomorrow we start really working. Where do we shoot?"

"Carnovon."

"What time you want me?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Good. I'll be there at nine-forty-five. And there's my hand on it!"

AT 9:45 the following morning the Waring unit of the Superb Pictures Corporation assembled near the mine shafts at Carnovon. The mechanical and electrical staffs had been there for more than an hour. Facing that portion of the mine entrance where the action was to transpire, the lights had been arranged effectively and imposingly: two sun arcs of 150-amperes each; a quartet of sixty-ampere broadsides and two seventy-ampere spots. Jimmy Claxton had supervised the set-ups—and everything was waiting for the arrival of the star.

But Cyril Waring did not appear. Ten o'clock came and still no Cyril. At ten-thirty Roddy borrowed an office 'phone and telephoned the hotel. The operator stubbornly refused to connect him with Cyril's room: it appeared that Mr. Waring had left positive orders that he was not to be disturbed.



Roddy pleaded, begged and swore. There were thirty extras ready—and getting paid five dollars per day; the company was there; the lights set. He informed the operator that he was Cyril's director and finally she permitted him to speak to the hotel manager. The manager was sorry, but—

At one o'clock the performance was repeated. At two a sad and irritated group of moving picture persons were dismissed and the trek back to the city commenced. When Roddy stormed into his cousin's room, Cyril was investigating the mystery of What Makes a Grapefruit Squirt. He was exceedingly contrite: "Aw'fly sorry, Roddy, old boy—but I was dead to the world. Didn't get in until dawn—and Oh! what a head! Wish you had been with us—"

"I wish you'd been with us, Cyril. Damn it! man—that's the tenth time you've broken your word. I suppose this was some more of the Gould crowd?"

CYRIL rose frostily. "Now, listen here, Old Top—there's a limit—"

"Yes, and I've passed it. I'd rather quit my job than get fired. Tomorrow morning if you're not on location at ten o'clock I wire a complete report to Carlisle and my resignation with it."

"I say—"

"You don't say anything. I'm sick and tired of the whole mess."

"Now, Roddy—that isn't any way to talk. You're young and hot-headed. I promise you that you'll not get into trouble—and anyway, I don't see what all the talk's about. I'll be at Carnovon at ten in the morning. Ten sharp."

But that night Mrs. Gould gave a bathing party at the river. Cyril insisted that he couldn't go and poor Mrs. Gould pouted and fretted and said her party would just simply be ruined because she was giving it for him and him alone and she had made all preparations—and Cyril couldn't resist her coaxing.

They ate a picnic breakfast on the banks of the river and when Cyril returned to the hotel it was to again place a Don't Disturb sign on his door and then fall across the bed in exhaustion. His last thought before losing consciousness was that he had done Roddy a very dirty trick, but that he'd be on location at ten the next morning. Yes, sir—ten sharp. Or maybe a little earlier.

Cyril waked at three in the afternoon with a distinctly dark brown taste in his mouth. He waited nervously for a visit from his director cousin, but Roddy did not appear. Then Cyril became frightened—not for himself but because there was a likelihood that Roddy might do something foolish. He called Roddy's room and that gentleman informed the great star curtly that he had nothing to say.

"Now Roddy, listen—I'll be out at ten in the morning . . ."

"I hope you have a good time there, then. I'm finished. I expect to leave for New York tonight."

"You don't mean—"

"I've done all the explaining I intend to do. You go on out with your society friends—have a good time—I wish you lots of luck."

Cyril was plunged into the nethermost depths of misery by the interview. It seemed to him that folks just couldn't understand. Why, hadn't he been working hard and faithfully for Superb for four years—and his salary a mere three hundred thousand a year? It wasn't at all—he told himself—as though there was anything there shouldn't be in his relations with that cute little Gould kid. She was just a good fellow—that was all, and she did understand him perfectly.

But then Roddy was so unreasonable—and so foolish. If he cared to make a fuss about everything—well, Cyril was a good one at heart and determined to make amends. He would start work in the morning; positively. He bathed and dressed and prepared to visit Roddy and tell that inflamed young man that he, Cyril Waring, had reformed.

But just when Cyril would have left the room, something happened. There came a knock on the door and instinct informed the elegant young star that this was not just an ordinary knock—it possessed neither the deferential touch of the bellhop nor the aggressive bang of a reporter. Cyril turned the key, opened the door and murmured a polite "Come in."

Cyril's initial impression of his visitor was that the gentleman was eight feet tall. This estimate was swiftly revised upward. In breadth the man was almost as imposing and he possessed a tremendously deep chest, and arms which appeared unnecessarily muscular.

Also, the visitor seemed to feel quite at home. In fact he even closed the door and took the trouble to lock it. That little attentive act didn't arouse Cyril to any outburst of enthusiasm, but he registered hospitality as best he could and murmured a greeting. In fact, Cyril said right out loud that he was glad to see the gentleman.

The gentleman disagreed in a very positive manner—

"Like hell you are!" said the gentleman, and Cyril felt that perhaps he was right.

"Won't you have a seat?" invited the actor.

"I will not."

That was all Cyril could think of, except that he was frightened. He was quite nervous; he jumped visibly when the man spoke again.

"Do you know who I am, Waring?"

"No. I haven't had the pleasure—"

"It isn't a pleasure: don't make any mistake about that. My name is Gould—Ferdinand Gould!"

Cyril wilted. After all, Roddy had been right—he should have been making pictures down here instead of squiring a pretty little woman whose husband was due to have remained out of town a fortnight longer.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Gould—"

"Hah!" This statement appeared to amuse the giant. "I'm not here to talk pretty. I came here to give an order."

"Yes sir?"

"There's a train for New York at midnight tonight. You're going to be a passenger on it."

Cyril gulped. "Tonight?"

"Exactly. I'm not discussing whys or wherefores. You're going."

"Yes sir. Of course . . . but I'm afraid that you misunderstand my relations with your wife—"

"The devil I do. If I misunderstood I'd shoot you. I do understand—and I understand that the quicker you get out of this town, the sooner the town will stop gossiping. That's final."

"Very well. I won't argue with you . . ."

Thought of Roddy came to Cyril. He was suddenly very sorry for Roddy. Of course the boy would get the entire blame and it really wasn't his fault at all. Before he knew what he was doing he found himself telling Ferdinand Gould all about poor Roddy and that young gentleman's dilemma. He even explained that Superb was laying out close to two hundred thousand dollars on this picture and that if he left town instantly it would increase that expense fully fifty per cent.

MR. GOULD made it quite clear that he was not interested. But Cyril continued to talk and the more he talked the more he convinced himself that he wanted to finish the location shots on Passion's Paradise. Explanations might prove exceedingly embarrassing and there was a clause in his contract with Superb which would put him pretty much in their power should he be forced to leave the city because of any implied affair with a young lady.

Cyril was an earnest pleader and gradually the big man became impressed.

"How long would this take?" he asked gruffly.

"Ten days."

"Too long."

"A week, then. I'd have to rush—"

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Ferdinand Gould transfixed Cyril with a level eye. "You can remain one week under this condition: You are not to communicate with my wife in any way—personally or by letter or telephone. She will probably call you. If she does you are to hang up in her face. Is that clear?"

Cyril admitted that it was clear. He even repeated Ferdinand's orders so there could be no possibility of mistake. And when that large gentleman had departed after a few more remarks having to do with lethal consequences should Cyril violate their agreement in any slightest detail, Mr. Waring sat down abruptly in the chair by the window and discovered that he was perspiring liberally.

It was an unusual and disturbing experience for the star. His instinct was to leave the city at once . . . but thought of the interview with his president when he should reach New York . . . He went to Roddy's room and rapped on the door. From inside came the director's voice.

"Who is it?"

Cyril rapped again. The door opened and Mr. Waring forced his lithe frame into the room. Roddy favored him with a cold and haughty stare.

"Get out!" ordered Mr. Archer.

"Now, Roddy, listen—"

"I'm deaf. You beat it!"

Cyril strode across the room and grasped his cousin's shoulders in the most approved manner of the screen.

"Now you listen to me, Roddy Archer. I've been a bum and a rotter. I've done you dirt—and I know it. I've reformed—suddenly and all over. I'm not only going to be on location tomorrow, but I'll be there at eight o'clock, and we're going to work morning, noon and night and get this location stuff finished in one week."

Roddy favored him with a sneer. "That," he commented, "is boloney."

"It isn't, Roddy—honest and truly. I mean it. Come on, Kid—give me a chance. Let's see if we can't put this thing through in a week."

Mr. Archer's eyes narrowed. "Something happened?" he queried cannily.

"No," lied Cyril. "Not a thing, except that I've waked up. And this time I mean it."

Roddy agreed to try him. And at ten minutes before eight o'clock the next morning a somewhat heavy eyed but exceedingly willing Cyril Waring showed upon location.

FROM that moment on, life changed for Rodney Archer. Unquestionably something had happened, because there was no holding Cyril. He threw himself into his work with a fervor which had been absent since his pre-star days, and he was jealous of every moment of lost time. He was all over the set like a hawk, struggling to save a minute here and there—

"While they're moving their lights, Roddy, we can be rehearsing that next scene, can't we?"

"Well, we don't usually do it that way."

"To thunder with what we usually do. We want to get through in a week. Let's go!"

They went. After three days even Jimmy Claxton protested. The electricians were

grouchy and sullen: no loafing for them . . . but now that Roddy's chief trouble had been eliminated that young man became very much of a martinet. He drove and drove and drove. Everyone hustled. It was a daily grind from eight in the morning until ten and eleven o'clock at night.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the seventh day, the last of the outdoor shots had been filmed, the business manager had reserved berths for the company on the New York train departing at midnight that night and Roddy was sprawled on his bed in the hotel, exhausted but supremely happy.

IT had been a noble week of superhuman effort. Cyril had functioned as never before, throwing himself heart and soul into every scene to avoid the necessity for retakes. The weather had remained clear—everything was, as Jimmy Claxton expressed it, chicken.

At eleven o'clock that night a weary troupe gathered at the Terminal Station for the trip to New York. In the waiting room was a horde of local people, eager to pay final tribute to the moving picture company. Cyril stood impatiently at the entrance gate, eager to get into his drawing room, and far, far away from the ever-present menace of the Brobdingnagian Ferdinand Gould. Near the newsstand stood Rodney Archer and his owlish cameraman, Claxton.

An automobile thrummed outside, and a couple alighted: a pretty, fluffy blonde lady and a little, shriveled, sparsely-haired gentleman. They walked through the waiting room.

"Oh, Mr. Archer!" It was the lady speaking. "Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Waring?"

Rodney turned purple and jerked his head toward the tall, silent figure by the gate. "Yonder he is, Mrs. Gould. I hope—"

But the lady swept gushingly on, towing the diminutive escort.

Cyril evidently felt the presence of the little blonde lady, for he turned pale and glanced eagerly around searching for a mode of escape. But Mrs. Gould was not to be denied. She was effusively upon him, chiding him for his sudden indifference, inquiring why he had been so neglectful—

"Busy," choked Cyril.

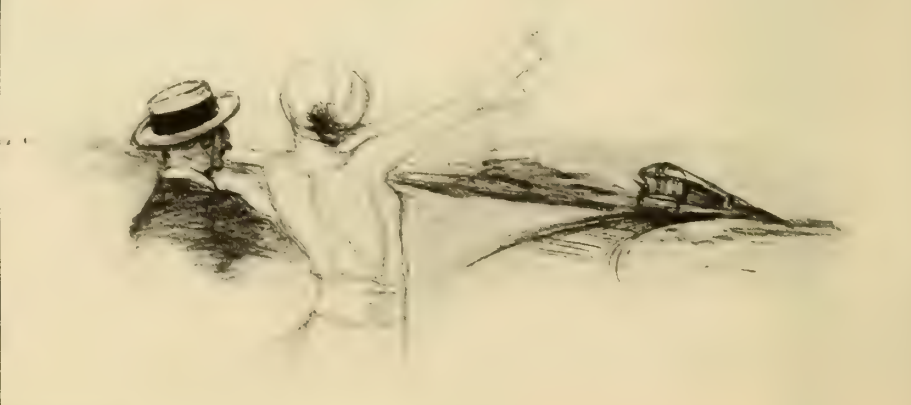
"Why, you mean, naughty man. And I had been planning so many nice things for you. But I'm sure you are coming back some time, and when you do—"

At the newsstand Roddy Archer clutched the arm of his friend Jimmy Claxton.

"My Gawd!" murmured Roddy, "she's going to introduce him to Cyril."

Which was exactly what Mrs. Gould was doing.

"And one thing more, dear Mr. Waring," she said, nodding brightly toward the shrimpy little man at her side, "I want you to feel that you are really welcome in my home. I want you to meet my husband." And she turned imperiously to the frightened male person beside her: "Ferdinand," she ordered. "shake hands with Cyril Waring!"





# Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127]

## Mr. Watkins, You Started Something

Kansas City, Mo.

Herewith, please find one large, hard, and highly explosive brickbat to be dropped on the head of H. J. Watkins, whose letter appearing in November PHOTOPLAY contains an exceedingly petty and childish outburst regarding several of our able and popular actors. Among these actors who seem to be making Mr. Watkins unhappy is Thomas Meighan.

Tom is my favorite, and I cannot let the remarks of Mr. Watkins go unchallenged.

It has always been a mystery to me why fans persist in going to see the players they do not like and then spend their time criticizing them. This kind of criticism is neither constructive nor helpful, and it makes mighty poor reading. If you don't like Thomas Meighan, stay at home. Personally, I cannot see how even a stone image could resist the friendliness, good-fellowship and kindness that Mr. Meighan radiates.

DOROTHY WEST.

## A Real Bouquet

Oriska, No. Dak.

Certain stars suggest certain kinds of flowers, and this is how they look to me:

Pola Negri, a poinsettia.  
May McAvoy, wood violets in deep dark places.

Mary Astor, marigolds and asters.  
Leatrice Joy, nasturtiums in a window box.  
Mary Pickford, pink roses on blue velvet.  
Bebe Daniels, a bunch of daisies.  
Nita Naldi, a crimson hollyhock.  
Mildred Davis, little blue forget-me-nots.  
Norma Talmadge, pink geraniums in a sunny window.

Constance Talmadge, a cluster of wild roses.  
Gloria Swanson, wild flowers in tall green grass.

Lois Wilson, cherry and apple blossoms.  
Lillian Gish, lilies of the valley.  
Betty Bronson, little yellow buttercups.  
Florence Vidor, purple lilacs.  
Barbara La Marr, orchids on white velvet.  
Norma Shearer, tea roses.  
Irene Rich, iris.  
Corinne Griffith, white lilacs.

A ROSE OF DAKOTA.

EMMA M. KLOCKMAN.

## One for Tearle and One for Pringle

East Orange, N. J.

I want to disagree with H. G. Watkins and give one grand and glorious cheer for Conway Tearle. I don't know whether people just can't see or whether they don't know a good actor when they see one. Can't we please have him on the cover? I am not the only one who has made this request.

And now for a brickbat. Why isn't Aileen Pringle satisfied with her present popularity? Why must she go and cut off all her hair and try to change her style?

F. R.

## Zero for Bebe

Denver, Colo.

I love them all—except Bebe Daniels. To me she is the zero of the movies. After I read praise of her in your honest magazine, I try to give her one more chance, but I always leave the theater with a feeling of time wasted. She insists upon showing her ridiculous profile and pouting with her bee-stung lips.

M. G.

## One Little Bouquet for Watkins

St. Louis, Mo.

Three cheers for H. J. Watkins. He put the whole thing in a nutshell when he panned Tearle and Sills. They've evidently never heard that expression, "be yourself." Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi! Ugh!

Beauties may come and beauties may go, but Mary Pickford will be beloved forever. She and Douglas Fairbanks should be handed a medal for making clean, wholesome pictures of the type that makes you leave the theater with a feeling that you've at last seen a picture that is all it's been cracked up to be. "The Son of Zorro" was great.

Another who deserves all the fuss that's been made about her is little Betty Bronson. She reminds one of a clear, sparkling brook rippling through green fields. I hope they do not spoil her with unsuitable parts.

C. P. STANDISH.

## Meets All the Trains

Albuquerque, N. M.

I think this is a very interesting column.

I have seen quite a few of our movie stars, personally, and want to tell you what I think of them. They usually get off the train and walk up and down the platform here on their trips from coast to coast.

I saw Gaston Glass yesterday and my heart almost stopped. He is wonderful looking and was very pleasant. I saw our darling Mary Pickford three times, and she is too beautiful for words. She had a smile on her face all the time she was here, and as for Douglas Fairbanks, I liked him very much. Owen Moore looks exactly as he does on the screen, and Marion Davies is beautiful. Mae Murray is just like a big doll, and words cannot describe Ricardo Cortez. Jackie Coogan is cute, but I was disappointed when I saw Gloria. She was very cordial, but I don't think she is as pretty off the screen as on. I didn't care much for Eugene O'Brien's looks either.

Don't you think I am lucky living in a town between Los Angeles and New York, where I can get to see the stars? I feel so proud to discuss the stars, and after seeing so many, I just had to write about it.

DOROTHY MITCHELL.

## Un-funny Comedies Get It

Brooklyn, N. Y.

There are too many trashy comedies on the screen. Looking at them is a rank dissipation of mind and time. It doesn't matter how nonsensical a comedy is if it makes us laugh, but most of the short-reelers are a positive nuisance.

WM. FELDMAN.

## Handsome Man—You'd Be Surprised

Port Arthur, Ont., Canada.

There has been enough controversy in your columns as to who is the best looking man in the movies. Now I will settle it. Rex Ingram!

Mr. Ingram is the finest looking of them all. Please, can't we have some nice big pictures of him, and not just little scraps? How about an interview with him? He is the best director, and would be the best actor, if he wished to.

F. M. H.

## Pola Tiresome

Denver, Colo.

How can Mr. Jay Smith, of Chicago, even think there could be a successor to Wallie? There can never be anyone to take his place;

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## If You Were Dying To-Night

and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. Tomorrow, or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

## A Re-Built Man

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't simply give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

## All I Ask Is Ninety Days

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yours. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you're only started. Now come the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 90 days more (90 in all) and I'll make those friends of yours, who think they're strong, look like something the cat dragged in.

## A Real Man

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathing in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular fit man. You have the dash, to your own and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after both in business and social world. This is no idle promise, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead, I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come, then, for time fits and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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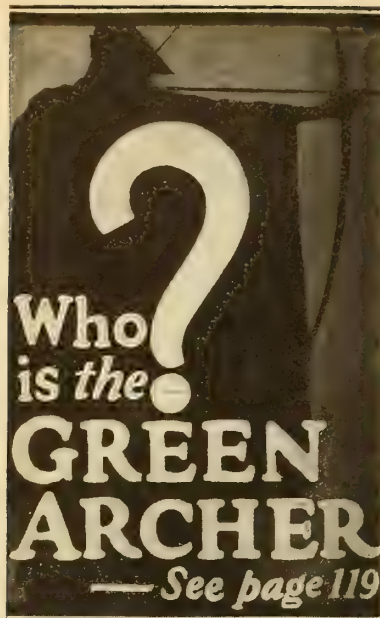
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and as for anyone as mediocre as Richard Dix—well, he can't even be compared.

Here's a brickbat for Pola Negri. She is thrown in our faces everywhere we turn. An issue of PHOTOPLAY seldom leaves her out, and she is to me the most tiresome actress on the screen. However, when it comes to Gloria, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Norma Shearer and others, I haven't words enough to praise them.

I do wish Lon Chaney would stop sacrificing himself in all his pictures. I saw "The Unholy Three" last night, and why couldn't Mae Busch have fallen in love with him? Lon Chaney has never given a bad performance, and he ought to get the girl once.

DOROTHY WHITMAN.

## Producers, Read This

New York City, N. Y.

Your "kick" department is an outlet for the American public's steam when some of the bones the producers pull make us too hot under the collar.

I'm speaking of the reckless way in which good actors and actresses are directed and cast in pictures that are then sold through advertising. For example, Thomas Meighan in "The Alaskan," Barbara La Marr in "The Heart of a Siren," and hundreds of others.

What has happened to pictures like "Passion," "Orphans of the Storm," "The Four Horsemen," "Blood and Sand," "Peter Pan," and others? Is the industry starting to specialize in advertising and selling instead of producing? If mob scenes and costume plays are too expensive there are always interesting stories like "The Talker" and "Are Parents People?"

The trend of thought in producing seems to be that lavishness, thrills, extreme costumes, exaggeration and animation make up for a weak plot and poor direction.

BERT CHOLET.

## Good Suggestions

Gloversville, N. Y.

I would very much like to see screened "Ivanhoe" and "The Idylls of the King." In the latter Lillian Gish as Elaine. She might also do for the fair lady in "Ivanhoe," although this is more of a Douglas Fairbanks picture. My husband would like to see "The Lady of the Lake."

MRS. ROBERT HOWARD.

## A Lloyd Hughes Fan

Chicago, Ill.

Can't throw enough bouquets to my only favorite male actor, Lloyd Hughes. I've watched him climb the ladder of fame for two years, and at last he is there. Your magazine never has anything about him, although in November issue his picture appeared, but it was very poor of him. He certainly has all these sheiks beaten in every way, to say nothing of the old timers that are old enough to retire, such as Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, and others.

Lloyd Hughes brings us youth, college, romance and everything that is beautiful and worthwhile in life. His company should give him more pictures like "Welcome Stranger" and "Declassé." He is the ideal American type of young man that not only appeals to the younger set, but to the older women and also to men, which is unusual, since hardly any men give actors very much praise, particularly the Valentino type, but they all admire the clean young American as personified in Lloyd Hughes.

I understand he has a wonderful reputation in Hollywood, is happily and peacefully married. Please publish more pictures and news of him.

God bless him and may he become the greatest star.

MARION WALLACE.

## Can't See Gloria

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I enjoy PHOTOPLAY very much, but wish to see more pictures of Viola Dana, my favorite.

I fail to understand why everyone is so infatuated with Gloria Swanson, for her pictures and acting aren't anything to rave about, like most people do.

Here's for better pictures like those of Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, Mary Pickford, and Marion Davies.

PHYLLIS NEWTON.

## Our Ivan Gets It

Philadelphia, Pa.

Just one loaded brickbat aimed in deadly earnest at Ivan St. Johns. When he tells us Peggy Joyce is "just an old-fashioned girl," as glib as we are, it somehow won't go down.

Why not risk the censors and send Herb Howe over for an interview, and then tell us all?

MARY FORREST.

## A Prediction

San Francisco, Calif.

The cinema is improving. There are many useless subtitles that will gradually be eliminated. In future there will be more pictures of the calibre of "The Last Laugh" and "The Old Swimmin' Hole."

The theme of the future picture will be written to be filmed. There will be less adaptations from popular plays and novels. Writers will realize that the cinema is an excellent medium for the expression of their character studies.

The players of the future will be better pantomimists than those of the present.

K. A. DUNCAN.

## A Nice One for a Newcomer

Simpson, Pa.

I have a great big bouquet for one of our most promising young actors, Lawrence Gray. His acting in "Are Parents People?" was superb. He wins the laurel wreath, and if he gets the chance that some of the other actors have had, I know he will surpass them in every way. He is the type that we wish to see.

MISS J. K. W.

## She Can't See Jack Gilbert

Cheshire, Conn.

I fail to see why people rave over Jack Gilbert. To me he is only good looking, which does not mean much.

I don't agree with the person who said Constance Talmadge is the world's best comedienne. Dorothy Gish has her beaten a mile.

MRS. J. W. D.

## Ricardo Most Passionate

Lynchburg, Va.

I would like to toss a brickbat at R. V. C. of Philadelphia and "Babe" of Kansas City. The very idea of saying Ricardo Cortez copies Rudolph Valentino. Both are good and both the same type. "The Spaniard" called for the Latin type, so, therefore—Ricardo. I think he is the most passionate man on the screen. His eyes would melt an iceberg.

I want him to know that here is one fan who gets thrills up and down her spine from those marvelous eyes of his.

JUST A BLONDE.

## Wants Original Stories

Meadville, Pa.

Your magazine is, in my opinion, the best authority and the most accurate account of the doings at Hollywood.

What is so annoying to many movie fans is to view their favorite novel transferred to the screen in unrecognizable fashion. "Grau-



stark" for instance. I can see where it is impossible to follow the scenes of the story exactly, but I cannot understand any writer introducing *Princess Yvette* with dogs and pets. They give her a character that is not hers at all. What we want is more original stories. There must be somebody who can give us a few new ideas. We are waiting.

PEARL WETHERBY

### Read This, Mr. Watkins

Rives Junction, Mich.

I am a constant reader of *PHOTOPLAY* and enjoy reading Brickbats and Bouquets when they are *just* criticisms. But a letter written by H. J. Watkins, in the November issue of this magazine, goes beyond the bounds. It is more than a brickbat. It is a positive insult to Milton Sills and Conway Tearle, both of whom have done so much toward making the movies what they are today. I think the efforts they have made to benefit the public should be appreciated and not made the subject of ridicule.

One would infer from reading the Watkins letter that both Sills and Tearle were in their dotage, whereas they are in their prime, bright, intelligent men with their best years before them. I see no reason why they should be relegated to the background to give place to the younger generation. There is room for all.

When Milton Sills and Conway Tearle reach the time when they feel they cannot do justice to themselves or the public, they will step down and out of their own accord, and retire with the honor due them.

MRS. NELLIE E. STEELE.

### Some Sense in This

Scranton, Penna.

The younger actors mentioned in H. J. Watkins' letter last month are good, very good, but not to be compared with finished actors like Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, and Tom Meighan. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Buster Collier would make fine lovers—opposite Nita Naldi and Barbara La Marr, now, wouldn't they?

L. R. R.

### We Thank You

Houlton, Maine.

I want to ask you if you would please give us a cover of Dorothy Cumming and a story about her. She is wonderful and has the most beautiful mouth I have ever seen. And she can act.

I can't agree with "Lou and John" when they say that Mae Murray can't act. She can, but I wish she would wear her hair soft and fluffy and leave off those hideous puffs and snarled curls.

Gloria Swanson is a fine actress and deserves all praise.

Here is a brickbat for Nita Naldi. Why doesn't she let her eyes alone and not make up so heavily?

Your covers are great. Wish we could see more Rolf Armstrong ones.

RESSIE C. WETMORE.

### Come Through, Lon Chaney Fans

Bethel, Conn.

I have read your Brickbats and Bouquets for November, and not a word regarding Lon Chaney. What is the matter? Are the people asleep? Can't they appreciate an artist when they see one?

Who can portray the characters Lon Chaney can? Never has such an artist ever been known. His work in "The Hunchback," and "He Who Gets Slapped" is splendid. Every picture in which he plays has that same gripping appeal.

If you can't feel his acting, you are not human.

VIOLET.

## "If I had only known—"

TWO women went out to buy a certain expensive labor-saving device for the home.

One was greatly disappointed when, a few days later, they compared notes. She had bought the same product that many of her friends had owned.

The other woman had secured a greatly improved, new product—costing less, but of much more value.

"If I had only known there was a better one," the first woman said, "I would never have bought this old one."

"I had just read about it in an advertisement," explained the wise buyer.

, ,

Every day you miss good news of an improvement in different articles of merchandise—*unless you read the advertisements*. They tell you of practically every worth-while invention—of every progress from the old to the new.

Read the advertisements—regularly. Know all about the thing you are going to buy before you buy it. It will save you disappointment, money and time.



*The better a product is—the sooner you'll see it in an advertisement.*



# RAMON NAVARRO



## THE MIDSHIPMAN

Story by  
CAREY WILSON

Scenario by  
F. MCGREW WILLIS

Directed by  
CHRISTY CABANNE

**S**UPERB acting, splendid direction and the critical supervision of the United States Navy Department have combined to produce the first authentic picture ever shown of our Admirals in the making.

Thrill follows thrill throughout the yarn as rapidly as wave follows wave at sea—it will leave you breathless and satisfied—another proof of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's supreme genius in the making of motion picture masterpieces.

# Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in heaven"

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



# Feminex



## Effective service promptly

**K**EEP Feminex always at hand. It banishes pain and tense misgivings—usually in from 10 to 15 minutes. Giving relief and relaxation. Saving valuable time, and the embarrassment that attends habitual absence from one's position.

### So inexpensive there's really no reason to be without

It costs only 50c a bottle—containing enough tablets for three months' service! Safe and tasteless. And as easy to carry as a compact. Or it may be kept in desk, dressing table, drawer or cabinet. Feminex has solved another age-old problem of womankind, and within one year

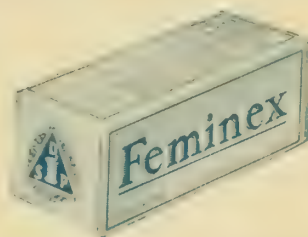
has been adopted as a toilette essential by girls and women everywhere.

### At your favorite drug store

Feminex is sold by name at the best drug stores the country over. The name is easy to remember — its service will never be forgotten or willingly foregone.

#### Send for Sample Package

Simply tear out this advertisement, write name and address on the margin, and mail it with a dime to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. We will gladly send a sample package in plain wrapper.





*When the second act has come  
to an end—and the curtain is rung  
down amidst whirling applause—when  
you mingle outside with the excited  
throngs in the lobby  
—have a Camel!*



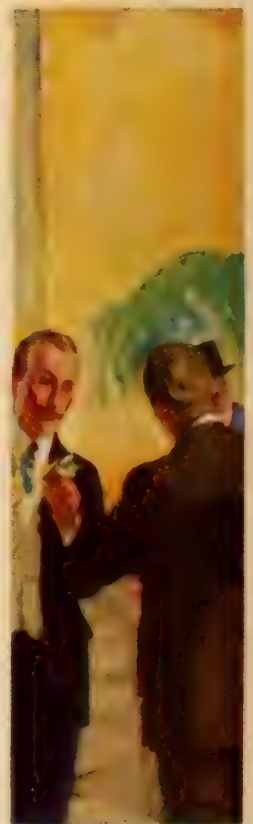
*Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.*

WHEN the thrilling second act of the best show of the year has just come to an end. And the stars have taken their curtain calls in answer to round after round of applause. When you join the crowds outside just as pleased and thrilled as yourself —have a Camel!

For no other friend is so cheerful, so resting between acts as Camel. Camel adds its own romantic glamour to the brightness of memorable occasions. No other cigarette ever made—and kept—so many friends. Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally or zestfully you smoke them. Camels never leave a cigarette after-taste. All the desire to please, all the skill to serve of the largest tobacco organization in the world, goes into this one cigarette.

So when you leave the theatre pleased and inspired for greater things, when you see life's problems and their solutions clearer —lift the flame and taste the mellowest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

*Have a Camel!*



*Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company





# PHOTOPLAY

February

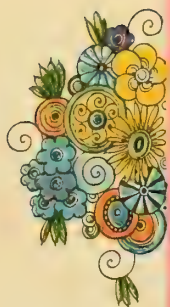
25 cents



BEBE DANIELS

What is **IT**? Have you **IT**?  
WILSON  
CER





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A. H. S. Co.  
1926



Djer-Kiss  
Rouge-& Loose-Powder  
Vanity  
\$2.50

# SMART! Your rouge and LOOSE powder in this bewitchingly dainty vanity

## The Last Chic Touch

A mere tiny drop or two of  
Parfum Djer-Kiss and your  
toilette complete becomes  
sparkling, exotic, French,  
alluring! In this Parisian  
bottle of fluted crystal:

\$3.50

In this charming Djer-Kiss Rouge-&Loose-Powder Vanity,  
Kerkoff presents a perfectly safe way for you to carry your  
loose face powder with you wherever you go.

There is a dainty compact of Djer-Kiss Rouge, too, in your  
choice of five fashionable Parisian shades. And a unique  
double-faced mirror—detail, on one side; *reducing*, on the  
other.

\$2.50 at the better  
shops

## For LOOSE powder alone

Fashioned of nickel-silver,  
the new Djer-Kiss "Silver  
Single" Vanity is as light  
and dainty as a thin  
watch. A tassel of regal  
purple lends an added note  
of chic.

\$2.00

at smart shops

## The perfect Powder refill

Made, packed and sealed in France,  
Djer-Kiss Face Powder is the perfect  
refill for the loose powder compart-  
ments of loose powder vanities.

There is no powder quite so fine as a  
French face powder and no French  
powder more soft and fine than Djer-  
Kiss. Purchase a box when you buy  
your Vanity. Three shades: Blanche,  
Chair and Rachel.

# Djer-Kiss

## Kerkoff-Paris

PARFUMEUR

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FACE POWDER

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TOILET WATER

VIGI TAIE

SACHET

SOAP

BATH CRYSTALS

CREAMS

ROUGE

LIP ROUGE

BRILLIANTINE





# How our soft and savory eatables have impaired the health of our teeth and gums

*—and how by a simple addition to their daily care you may keep your gums healthy and your teeth brilliant!*

A FORMAL dinner, served with pomp and ceremony, may seem quite different from a snack that you take at home, but there is one way at least in which they are very much the same.

The food at both is soft. It is deficient in fibre—utterly unstimulating to the tissue of your gums. And the gums, which much need the exercise that rough, coarse food was meant to give, are growing soft—more open to the attacks of that long list of gum troubles that seem to be so fashionably prevalent today.

## *How to counteract the damage soft food is doing*

Sometimes the gums bleed—the tooth brush “shows pink” in the mornings. This does not necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, for authenticated cases are few and far between. But it does mean that your gums need some daily attention, as any good dentist will readily attest.

Most dentists will tell that the first thing to do is to bring about a healthy flow of blood within the gum walls, and this they point out can be done, and should be done, by massage.

And thousands of dentists, to whom our professional men have demonstrated Ipana Tooth Paste, recommend that this massage be done with Ipana at the time of the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush. If your gums are at first too tender, do it with your finger. Later quite gently apply the brush.

## *Why very many dentists urge the use of Ipana*

This massage with Ipana will help by improving the circulation, by augmenting the stimulation to the gum tissue itself and even more directly because of the ziratul content of Ipana. Ziratul is an antiseptic and hemostatic used by dentists in their work at the chair, to allay bleeding and to restore gum tissue to its normal tonicity. Ask your dentist about Ipana today! He knows it. He and thousands of others approve its good work. It was, in fact, through the help of the dental profession that Ipana first became known and famous.

Then when he approves, resolve to begin your use of Ipana. Switch to it completely. Use it faithfully. Be-

fore the tube is out, before a month is over, you'll note, as many thousands do, the beneficial effect that Ipana can exert on your gum tissue. You'll find out, too, how it can clean and beautify your teeth.

There is a coupon on this page. If you care to send it, we will forward you a sample of Ipana. Frankly, we do not recommend your doing so. For ten days is too short a time to prove Ipana's merit—ten days can only start the good work.

## *Switch to Ipana now!*

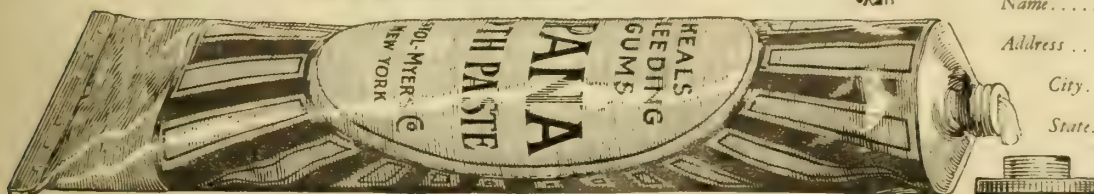
But, after all, as nearly every drug-gist in the land has Ipana, you'll find it easier to go to your nearest drug store and get a full-sized tube.

Even if your gums bother you but seldom, start your use of this delicious dentifrice today, for it not only cleans teeth safely but, with its help, you can keep your gums as they were meant to be—firm, sound and in perfect health.



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.  
Dept. 126, Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to partially cover the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

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THE VANISHING AMERICAN

The Trade Mark  
of RomancePersonalities of Paramount  
and their Paramount Pictures

Lois Wilson

—is the winsome teacher of the country school in *The Vanishing American*. Those who remember her wonderful performance in *The Covered Wagon* will watch eagerly for this new role. Other Paramount Pictures featuring her are: *Welcome Home*, *Rugged Water* and *Irish Luck*.



Richard Dix

—plays the title role of *The Vanishing American*. He makes a magnificent Indian, combining the lion and the fox in plot and deed! Other Paramount Pictures in which he is appearing are: *The Ten Commandments*, *The Lucky Devil*, and *Womanhandled*.



Zane Grey

—is the envy of even best-selling authors. He wrote *The Vanishing American*. The vast number enjoying the book are keenly expectant of its Paramount picturization. Other Paramount Zane Grey Pictures are: *Wild Horse Mesa*, *Light of Western Stars*, and *The Thundering Herd*.



Noah Beery

—plays the official in charge of the Indian Reservation. Villainy and smiles go together, and the more you hate the character the more you admire the actor. Other Paramount Pictures in which he is seen are: *Light of Western Stars*, *Wild Horse Mesa* and *Lord Jim*.



Raymond Griffith

—is the touchstone of mirth. Indifference becomes smiles, and smiles a volley of laughter when he appears. Make a list of his Paramount Pictures and enjoy them. Start with: *The Night Club*, *Paths to Paradise* and *A Regular Fellow*.



Betty Bronson

—leaped into fame as the Peter Pan girl. Today her success in *A Kiss for Cinderella* has outranked even Peter Pan. Other Paramount Pictures in which she appears are: *The Golden Princess*, *Not So Long Ago*, and *Are Parents People?*

Produced by  
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.  
Adolph Zukor, President  
New York City



Henthart &amp; Newman, N. Y.

## THE END OF THE TRAIL

Races pass and leave the old, old story of strife and song. The Indian passes in this our time, within the Reservation gates; a figure as sinister as a bloody arrow, but filling the eye and the heart with his tragedy. "Adieu, *Vanishing American*, adieu — may you find the Happy Hunting Ground of your camp fire dreams."

This epic of the Indian has already been acclaimed by hundreds of audiences as ranking with *The Covered Wagon* in scope, power and human interest.

Here is a picture of enmity and gallantry and fierce love-making in the very shadow of danger. The vision of Paramount, Zane Grey, Director George B. Seitz and Supervisor Lucien Hubbard searched out and composed all this for you, the Paramount organization pursuing, as it always does, the ideal material for the greatest shows that human beings can desire.

Like stately ships magically appearing one after another on the horizon, and slowly coming in full view, came *The Covered Wagon*, *The Ten Commandments*, *Peter Pan*, *The Pony Express*, *A Kiss for Cinderella*, *That Royle Girl*, and now *The Vanishing American*, sailing the sea of more than one or two seasons' brief popularity, and even so being but leaders of a great fleet cruising literally to the admiration of all lands and peoples.

Wherever you find the name PARAMOUNT you've found The End of the Trail to the Greatest Show in Town.

# Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXIX

No. 3

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## Girls Who Didn't Make Good

WE hear a lot, too much sometimes, about the little girls who go to Hollywood and in a few years achieve stardom and electric lights. But we rarely hear the other side of the adventure, those who fail. What becomes of them? DOROTHY SPENSLEY set out to find out, and next month presents the results of her investigations. It's a story no one interested in motion picture personalities—and who isn't?—should miss.

## A Comedy of Errors in Real Life

CLARA BOW is probably married by the time this magazine appears. But you should know what a fuss there was in four quarters when a newspaper story engaged her to the wrong man a month before.

## Can Jack Gilbert Get Away With It?

Jack wonders himself. He is on the pinnacle now, but he is determined that the producers shall not make him a heavy lover in pictures. He wants to follow out some of his own ideas. Can he do it? His original booster, IVAN ST. JOHNS, *Western Editor of PHOTOPLAY*, tells you all about it.

*In the*  
**March Issue**  
*Out February 15*



# THE STORY OF THREE CHORUS GIRLS

## "SALLY, IRENE AND MARY"

**Still** another smashing hit!

**You** who held your breath at "The Unholy Three"—

**Thrilled** at "The Merry Widow"—

**Roared** at Buster Keaton in "Go West"—

**Take** a tip—

**DON'T MISS "SALLY, IRENE AND MARY"!**

**It** takes you from the back alley to the ball-room—  
back-stage and back again.

**It's** a knockout.

**Also** it's a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

**And** when we say that, we've said all there is to say  
about a picture.

**It** means *certified satisfaction*—sight unseen.

**We** repeat—DON'T MISS "SALLY, IRENE AND  
MARY"!

**Star**-studded with Constance Bennett, Sally O'Neil,  
Joan Crawford and William Haines.

**Directed** by Edmund Goulding, master  
screen-story-teller.

**From** the big hit that ran a year on Broadway.

**DON'T MISS "SALLY, IRENE AND  
MARY"!**

**It's** one of those wonderful

**METRO-  
GOLDWYN-  
MAYER  
PICTURES**

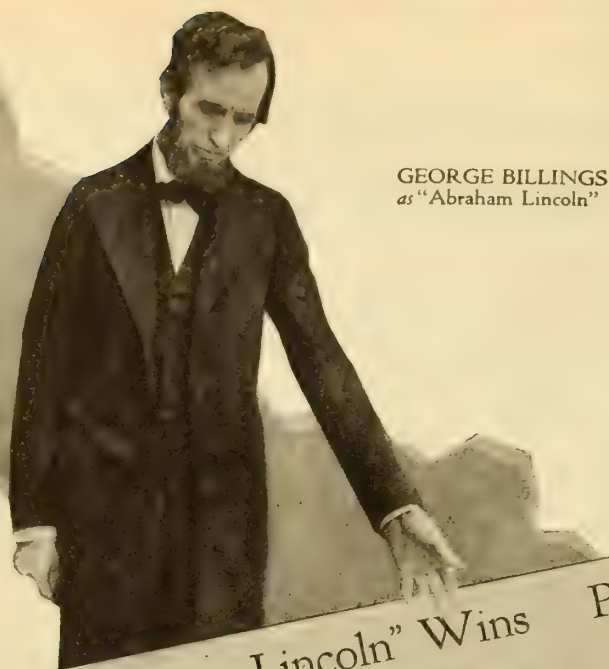


# Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

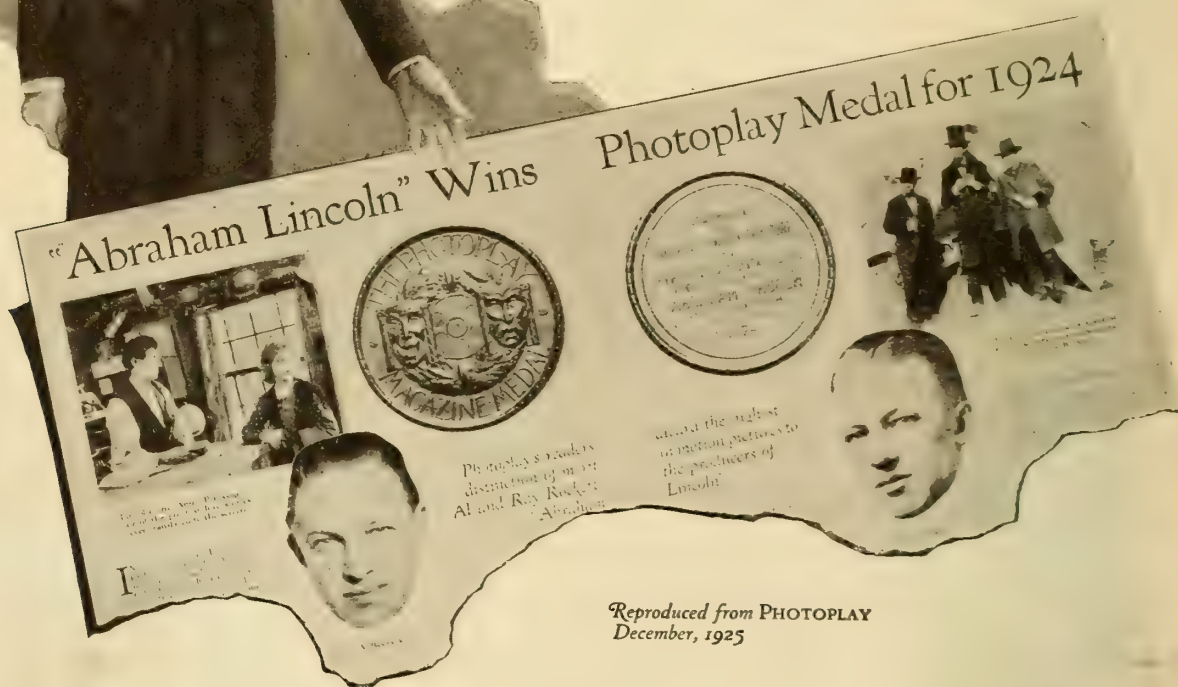
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GEORGE BILLINGS  
as "Abraham Lincoln"



## CONSISTENCY WINS!

For the second time in five years PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal (the highest award in pictures) goes to a First National Picture as the best picture of the year.

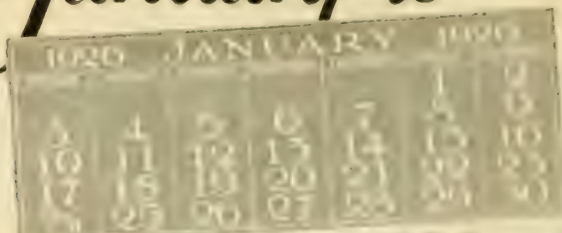
Such a record is not mere chance. It means a sound, constructive policy and an organization of the best authors, directors and artists built to endure.

It means a further promise for years to come. The First National Pictures for 1926 (the first of which are listed on the opposite page) will unswervingly uphold the high standards of artistry and entertainment that resulted in the awarding of the Gold Medal to "Abraham Lincoln." For your consistent entertainment look for the theatre that advertises First National Pictures.

# First National



# January is



## First National Month!



**"JUST SUPPOSE"**—Royalty's twentieth century romance starring Richard Barthelmess as the Prince who wins an American girl. Directed by Kenneth Webb for Inspiration Pictures from A. E. Thomas' play.

**"THE FAR CRY"**—A drama of social unrest with Paris as a background. Directed by Balboni; June Mathis, editorial director. Cast includes Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall, Hobart Bosworth and Myrtle Stedman.



**"TOO MUCH MONEY"**—The drama of the man who tried to get rid of his. From Israel Zangwill's play directed by John Francis Dillon under Earl Hudson's supervision. Featuring Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.

**"BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES"**—Screaming comedy featuring Blanche Sweet, Lois Wilson and Ben Lyon. Directed by Alfred A. Santell for Robert T. Kane.



**"JOANNA"**—The average American girl as a million dollar experiment. Directed and presented by Edwin Carewe from H. L. Gates' newspaper serial. Featuring Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

**"MEMORY LANE"**—Everybody's romance. A John Stahl production presented by Louis B. Mayer featuring Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel.



*You've read the above. Now look over this list!*

**"CLASSIFIED,"** starring Corinne Griffith; **"THE DARK ANGEL,"** George Fitzmaurice's production; **"THE UNGUARDED HOUR,"** starring Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon; **"GRAUSTARK,"** starring Norma Talmadge; **"HER SISTER FROM PARIS,"** starring Constance Talmadge; **"THE LIVE WIRE,"** starring Johnny Hines—are a few of the other stellar First National attractions being featured by theatres now joining in the celebration of First National Month.

# Pictures







# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**AFTER BUSINESS HOURS**—Columbia.—Elaine Hammerstein and Lou Tellegen enact one of those far-fetched domestic dramas. (September.)

**AMERICAN PLUCK**—Chadwick.—She is a princess and he is only a poor American prize fighter if there is such a thing—but love finds the usual way! (September.)

**ANCIENT HIGHWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A passable story of the timber lands with Jack Holt preventing the villain from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

**ANY WOMAN**—Paramount.—A trite story of the perils of a refined working girl. Alice Terry heads the cast. (August.)

**ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?**—Paramount.—Daughter reunites her quarreling parents. The daughter is Betty Bronson; the parents are Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou. A thoroughly charming comedy. (August.)

**AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Producers Distributing.—It is awful, at that, and not what anyone would call first-rate amusement. (September.)

**BANDIT'S BABY, THE**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this more amusing than the average Western. (August.)

**BAREE, SON OF KAZAN**—Vitagraph.—Just one of those dog stories of the frozen north. Rather mediocre entertainment. (August.)

**BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN**—Producers Distributing.—A gambler in a mining town plays benefactor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful prima donna marries him. Good, if you can believe it. (September.)

**BEAUTIFUL CITY, THE**—First National.—The story not up to the Barthelness standard. Contains good atmospheric shots of New York's tenement district. (January.)

**BELOW THE LINE**—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. Johnny Harron and June Marlowe are pleasing. (December.)

**BEST PEOPLE, THE**—Paramount.—An entertaining story of a son and daughter of the hoipolloi who insist upon marrying a chorus girl and chauffeur, believing that love is the only thing. (January.)

**BIG PARADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—See this if you have to pawn your shirt. One of the finest pictures ever made. A thrilling love story against the World War background with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. (January.)

**BLACK CYCLONE**—Pathe.—Rex, the King of Wild Horses, scores one of the hits of the year. The remarkable acting of the not-so-dumb animals makes this unusual amusement. (August.)

**BLOODHOUND, THE**—F. B. O.—What do you think the Royal Mounted boy does? He gets his man. The man is his brother. And—that's the plot. (September.)

**BOBBED HAIR**—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost, ably assisted by Louise Fazenda, put plenty of pep in a slapstick melodrama. (November.)

**BUSTIN' THROUGH**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western with plenty of action. (December.)

**CALGARY STAMPEDE, THE**—Universal.—The best Western in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts. (December.)

**CALL OF COURAGE, THE**—Universal.—Art Acord as a lazy cowboy, just for a change. The picture is helped by the dumb efforts of a dog and a horse. (November.)

**CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD**—Universal.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Reginald Denny. (November.)

**CAMILLE OF THE BARBARY COAST**—Associated Exhibitors.—Owen Moore and Mae Busch in a new version of the old theme. Not for the children. (September.)

**CIRCLE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak tea society drama that is neither interesting nor real. Complete failure as a translation of Somerset Maugham's clever play. (December.)

**CIRCUS CYCLONE, THE**—Universal.—A pleasant mixture of Western and circus stuff, with Art Acord proving he can ride. (October.)

**CLASH OF THE WOLVES, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Rin-Tin-Tin makes another big hit, this time in a beard. A good story, with a few tears, and pretty June Marlowe. (January.)

**CLASSIFIED**—First National.—Don't miss this one. Corinne Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful," proves she can act, in this unusually entertaining comedy-drama of a New York working girl. (January.)

**COAST OF FOLLY, THE**—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in a modern role. In fact, Gloria in two modern roles—that of mother and daughter. Her work in this picture will be much discussed; so don't miss it. (November.)

**COMING OF AMOS, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Rod La Rocque, as a big diamond man from South Africa, and Jetta Goudal, as a Russian princess in a Cecil B. De Mille romance of the Riviera. (November.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

**COMPROMISE**—Warner Brothers.—A good cast, Irene Rich, Pauline Garon and Clive Brook, in an inadequate story. Fairly entertaining. (January.)

**CYCLONIC CAVALIER, THE**—Reed Howes, the star, is handsome—but that's about all. A melodrama of one of those South American revolutions. (November.)

**CYRANO DE BERGERAC**—Atlas.—A commendable film version of Rostand's great play, made by a French company, and excellently acted by Pierre Magnier. (September.)

**DARK ANGEL, THE**—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Fitzmaurice and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. You'll want to see it. (November.)

**DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX, A**—Davis Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (Nov.)

**DESERT FLOWER, THE**—First National.—Colleen Moore's unflinching vivacity saves it from being just another one of those Cinderella tales. (August.)

**DON Q.**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks stages another great show. It has beauty, adventure and thrills. It's one of the treats of the year. (August.)

**DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION**—F. B. O.—It's hokum but it's good hokum and splendidly acted by Mary Carr. Be sure to take a handkerchief with you. (August.)

**DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS**—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones, but weak on story. Marion Nixon is a pleasing heroine. (December.)

**EAGLE, THE**—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino in three fascinating roles, a Russian lieutenant, a bandit and a French tutor. Pretty good Valentino fare. Vilma Banky is lovely. (January.)

**EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff with draggy action. (December.)

**EVERYMAN'S WIFE**—Fox.—Marking the welcome return of Dorothy Phillips. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (August.)

**EVE'S SECRET**—Paramount.—Wherein the Duke educates a peasant girl and marries her. Another version of Pygmalion and Galatea played by Jack Holt and Betty Compton. (August.)

**EXCHANGE OF WIVES, AN**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Two couples flirting madly with the dear old marriage tie. Good entertainment. Lew Cody, Creighton Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree shine. (December.)

**FAINT PERFUME**—B. P. Schulberg.—Faint is right. A jumbled movie-sized version of Zona Gale's excellent novel. (September.)

**FIFTY-FIFTY**—Associated Exhibitors.—What happens when an American roue marries a French dancer. Lionel Barrymore and Hope Hampton are in it. (September.)

**FIGHTING DEMON, THE**—F. B. O.—Only the very glib will like this one. Richard Talmadge dashing through impossible melodrama. (August.)

**FIGHTING HEART, THE**—Fox.—George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are great. (Nov.)

**FINE CLOTHES**—First National.—A subtle and human story ably acted by Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith. (October.)

**FLOWER OF THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—Jo Hergesheimer's special story for Pola proves a dud. Negri fans will like parts of it. (December.)

**FLYIN' THROUGH**—Davis Dist. Co.—Al Wilson, the stunt aviator, provides a flock of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

**FRESHMAN, THE**—Associated Exhibitor.—Harold Lloyd's comedy of college life is so funny that it defies description. It's the liveliest and the most youthful comedy now on the screen. (September.)

**GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK, THE**—B. P. Schulberg.—The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. Good work by Marguerite de la Motte and Lionel Barrymore. (October.)

**GOLDEN PRINCESS, THE**—Paramount.—A charming story of California in the days of the gold rush. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (November.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ]





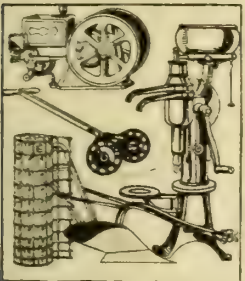
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FOWLER



# Brickbats & Bouquets

Three prizes to be given every month for the best letters—\$25, \$10 and \$5

## LETTERS FROM READERS

### \$25.00 Letter

Montreal, Canada.

My biggest bouquet goes to George Fitzmaurice for his direction of the most beautiful picture I have ever seen, "The Dark Angel." One to Ronald Colman for his portrayal of an English gentleman, and one to Vilma Banky for her flawless acting.

I know of no leading man who could have played that role with such delicacy and refinement as did Ronald Colman.

Vilma Banky will rise to great heights if they do not spoil her. She has beauty and refinement, combined with perfect technique. It is extremely unpleasant to contemplate what they might make her into: an over-marcelled, over-made-up unnatural puppet.

Being an exceedingly hard-boiled fan, it is a relief to view a picture which has the power to make one forget it is a film; which has beauty, pathos and romance without the slightest hint of sex.

Those who claim the public demands sex plays are wrong, as the box office returns from "The Dark Angel" have probably proven by this time.

Please publish a picture of Ronald Colman in your gallery.

MARIAN BROWNRIDGE.

### \$10.00 Letter

New York City.

I love art, maybe because I am Italian. Every week I go to the opera and it is only recently that I have taken a liking to the moving picture. It is very seldom that art is really seen on the screen. The actors which I call artistic are Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Lewis Stone, Valentino (in "The Four Horsemen" only), and Neil Hamilton.

Stars like Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Marion Davies generally have the stories built around them. Is that art? Ramon Novarro is an artist, a man—he lives! Unfortunately such men are out of fashion in the present day. I do not mean a *Don Juan*, but an *Ivanhoe*, a *Radames*—men that are noble, true, and most of all, human.

I hope Mr. Novarro will accept my congratulations for having introduced Art into the moving picture.

LUISA GALLI.

### \$5.00 Letter

Buffalo, N. Y.

May I take this opportunity to express my opinion of the play and the players of "The Merry Widow?"

First I shall send the flowers to John Gilbert

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 150 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

and Roy D'Arcy. To them go the honors of the acting, and to the director, Eric von Stroheim, goes much credit for his handling of this production. After his usual realistic pictures, this was a welcome change, and extremely well done. Its inconsistency, I blame on Mae Murray.

It is inconceivable to me how the fans ever tolerate so frothy an actress as Miss Murray. One could hardly call her "actress," rather model, as posing seems to be her specialty. Miss Murray seems to think that her figure is one of the seven wonders of the world. There are many other beautiful figures in filmdom that are not so blatantly displayed as hers. One gets a trifle tired of close-ups of limbs and lips. I know Miss Murray has a following—but to what type of people does she appeal? Certainly not to lovers of good acting.

An inconsistency in "The Merry Widow" is this: the town was too small to support a proper hotel, yet it had a gorgeous big theater. Secondly, Miss Murray depicts a sweet little innocent ballet dancer, yet wears as few clothes as possible and acts startled when the hero tries to kiss her! Then Gilbert is shown looking through his glasses at her face—very touching, that. Yet he plots to get her to his rooms, spills soup to get her to take off her dress and then makes violent love to her.

I'm not a prude simply because I object to Miss Murray's undress parade, but one doesn't like having nudity thrown in one's face. A little subtlety goes much further and is a great deal more appreciated.

VEVIE SPENCER.

### Gloria Making Too Many

Dover, Delaware.

Miss Swanson has been making far too many pictures. It is always better to make one good picture now and then than a series of mediocre ones. I am sure everybody would rather see Gloria just once or twice a year, and with a leading man that has some box office attraction. They seem to expect Miss Swanson to do it all. It isn't fair, nor is it possible.

We want Gloria Swanson in pictures like "Zaza," "The Humming Bird" and "A Society Scandal."

DELAWARE.

### Well, Mr. Lasky?

Hartford, Conn.

I want to throw a brickbat at Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Why can't they give us a definite statement as to the re-issuing of Wally Reid's pictures? If they are trying to give the fans what they want, why don't we get these pictures? This company is sacrificing the respect of the fans by not announcing what they intend to do, one way or the other, in this matter.

We want to see Wally on the screen again. If PHOTOPLAY is going to continue serving its readers as it does, it should try to get what we demand. Lasky's won't listen to one or two people. Let's see your grit, readers, and make this a fight to the finish—either getting Wally Reid pictures back again, or knowing why we can't.

BEN ROSENBERG.

### Cecil Slipped On This

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Congratulations to Cecil B. DeMille for picking "The Center of Scenic America" for the world premiere of "The Road to Yesterday."

But have you ever witnessed two locomotives in a head-on collision, and seen one go clear through the other, and then tear into the train, with not even its front end dented?

F. B. MERRILL.

### Howe vs. Ziegfeld

Detroit, Mich.

Monsieur Herbert Howe certainly let himself in for something when he attempted to emulate Paris. Still, it had to be done sooner or later. According to the avalanche of protest from the critics, Herb is better as Herbert Howe than as Ziegfeld.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]



# 60 Days Ago They Called Me "BALDY"

Now my friends are amazed. They all ask me how I was able to grow new hair in such a short time.

BOB MILLER and I had both been getting bald for years. We stuck together a lot—maybe it was for mutual protection. I guess between the two of us we tried every hair restorer known to man—salves, crude oil, mange cures, singeing, massaging. And as for ordinary hair tonic, we poured gallons of the stuff on our heads. But we might just as well have used brass polish.

Then one day Bob left town—a business trip. Weeks passed. I began to wonder if I'd ever see him again.

One afternoon at the office I heard a familiar voice—"Hello, Baldy," it said. I whirled in my chair and glanced up much annoyed. There stood Bob, grinning at me.

"For Pete's sake!" I exclaimed, springing up. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

We shook hands. "Take off your hat," I suggested sarcastically. "Let me gaze on that 'luxuriant hair' of yours. I haven't seen it for weeks."

"Luxuriant hair is right," he retorted. "I've got the finest growth of hair you ever saw!"

It was my turn to grin, but I didn't—I laughed out loud! "Know any more jokes," I said.

Bob did not reply. Instead he stepped back, swept off his hat and made a theatrical bow. I could scarcely believe my eyes. The top of his head, once almost as free from hair as the palm of your hand, was covered with a brand new growth of hair—real, honest to goodness hair! I was speechless.

## A New Way To Grow Hair

"I've got something that's worth a million dollars to you!" Bob shouted, banging his fist on my desk. "It's wonderful—marvelous—miraculous! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

That night I went to Bob's house. The demonstration he gave me reminded me of the time I was initiated into our lodge. He sat me in a chair and placed a strange apparatus on my head and turned on the electricity. The treatment lasted 15 minutes, during which time Bob talked to me. I never saw a man more enthusiastic in my life.

"Don't forget," he concluded, "this proves what I say." And he ran his fingers through his new growth of hair with a triumphant flourish.

At the end of the treatment, I rubbed the

top of my head. "Well, Bob," I chuckled, "I don't feel any new hair."

"Of course you don't," Bob came back. "But just you wait a while."

On the way home I read a booklet which Bob had given me. It described a new method of growing hair—a method discovered by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It was the only treatment I had ever heard of that got right down to the roots of the hair and awakened



them to new activity. I must confess I never before read such an interesting, helpful, honest book. Then I recalled what Bob had said—how enthusiastic he had been. Bob was proof. I decided to send for the treatment immediately.

## I Get the Surprise of My Life

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. The first two or three days nothing happened. But I could feel my scalp beginning to tingle with new life—new vigor. Then one day when I looked in the mirror I got the thrill of a lifetime. All over my head a fine downy fuzz was beginning to appear.

I continued the treatments and every day the young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And after 60 days my worries about baldness were ended. I had gained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

## Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluids" on the leaves. Yet that is just what thousands are doing, when they douse their heads with ordinary tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as \$500 for the results secured through personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

Merke very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of loss of hair that nothing in the world can help. But so many have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

## Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the cure of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 392, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, in a plain wrapper, a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow."

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(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

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"I aint"  
"He don't"  
"It's me!"  
"You was?"  
"Can't hardly"



## What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

*They may offend others as much as these offend you*

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other persons as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words? Are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To you they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think. So you really have no way of telling when your English offends others.

## FREE Book on English and 15-Minute Test

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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

**GOLD HUNTERS, THE**—Davis Dist.—A fairly interesting Curwood melodrama about a trapper who finds the map of a lost mine. (January.)

**GOLD RUSH, THE**—United Artists.—It marks the long-awaited return of Charles Chaplin to the screen. A great—but not the greatest—comedy of a fine artist. (September.)

**GOOSE WOMAN, THE**—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a striking but repellent character set in the atmosphere of a murder mystery. Superbly acted by Louise Dresser, Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett. (September.)

**GO WEST**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Hardly a comedy because hardly a laugh. Yet the picture is interesting in spite of that, and "Brown Eyes," the cow, gives a fine performance. (January.)

**GRAUSTARK**—First National.—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. Good for those who are fond of sweets. (November.)

**GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE**—Paramount.—A French farce that just misses being delightfully frothy. Matt Moore and Florence Vidor are in it. (September.)

**HALF WAY GIRL, THE**—First National.—Doris Kenyon in a story of the sordid side of the Orient. A ship explosion adds a much-needed thrill to a commonplace movie. (October.)

**HAPPY WARRIOR, THE**—Vitagraph.—The story is oversentimental, although it has its exciting moments. Malcolm MacGregor is good as the hero. (September.)

**HAUNTED RANGE, THE**—Davis Distributing.—Ken Maynard, a newcomer, joins the "heavy ridin' brigade." Just another of those "Westerns." (November.)

**HAVOC**—Fox.—Showing the disastrous effects of the war on London society. A dismal drama is relieved by George O'Brien. (November.)

**HEADLINES**—Associated Exhibitors.—A fairly interesting newspaper story with Alice Joyce, Virginia Lee Corbin, Elliott Nugent and Malcolm MacGregor. (September.)

**HEARTS AND SPURS**—Fox.—Buck Jones in a riot of hard-riding. It has plenty of action, so why worry about the story? (August.)

**HELL'S HIGHROAD**—Producers Distributing.—Cecil B. De Mille again gives the low-down on the lives of the rich. Leatrice Joy is starred. (November.)

**HER SISTER FROM PARIS**—First National.—Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman and George Arthur make this one of the funniest comedies of the year. But not for the children; oh dear, no! (Nov.)

**HIDDEN LOOT**—Universal.—A straightforward story with Jack Hoxie as a deputy after a gang of crooks. Fine for the children. (January.)

**HIS BUDDY'S WIFE**—Associated Exhibitors.—An Enoch Arden story of the World War, capably acted by Edna Murphy and Glenn Hunter. (September.)

**HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN**—Warner Brothers.—A good plot is ruined to make a slapstick holiday. Matt Moore does his worst with the title role. (November.)

**HOME MAKER, THE**—Universal.—A domestic drama with an unusually intelligent and thoughtful plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October.)

**HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN**—Warner Brothers.—Matt Moore as a sappy clerk who would be a hero. He gets his wish. An amusing comedy melodrama. (August.)

**HUMAN TORNADO, THE**—F. B. O.—Wherein the wild-ridin' Westerner again establishes his innocence of a lot of neatly assorted crimes. (September.)

**IF MARRIAGE FAILS?**—F. B. O.—Another one of those society dramas. Clive Brook, as the rich man, falls in love with a fortune-teller, played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (August.)

**I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN**—Universal.—Another hit for Reginald Denny. A genuinely amusing farce. (August.)

**ISLE OF HOPE, THE**—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (November.)

**JUST A WOMAN**—First National.—Just a picture. Redeemed by some good acting by Claire Windsor, Percy Marmont and Conway Tearle. (August.)

**KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE**—F. B. O.—Not worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Gene Stratton, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December.)

**KEEP SMILING**—Associated Exhibitors.—In which Monty Banks again tries to prove that he's a comedian. (September.)

**KENTUCKY PRIDE**—Fox.—The biography of a race horse, interwoven with a human story. A pleasant novelty. (October.)

**KING ON MAIN STREET, THE**—Paramount.—A dandy picture, with the suave Adolphe Menjou as a European king on a holiday in New York. And Bessie Love doing the Charleston. (January.)

**KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS**—Earl Rossman.—Like "Nanook of the North," another fine picture that was made within the Arctic Circle. (September.)

**KNOCKOUT, THE**—First National.—If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. If not—well, here's your warning. (November.)

**LADY WHO LIED, THE**—First National.—A colorful production with a rather weak plot, ably acted by Lewis Stone, Nita Naldi and Virginia Valli. Not for the children. (September.)

**LAST EDITION, THE**—F. B. O.—An exciting story of the inside workings of a great metropolitan daily, with Ralph Lewis as foreman of the press room. Good. (December.)

**LAW OR LOYALTY**—Davis Dist. Co.—Again our friends, the Mounted Police, struggling between love and duty. Fairly interesting. (December.)

**LAZYBONES**—Fox.—A real characterization of a small town fella given by Buck Jones in a well told story. Fine supporting cast. (January.)

**LET'S GO GALLAGHER**—F. B. O.—Introducing a new Western star, Tom Tyler. The boys will like him. Good fights, stunts and rescues. (December.)

**LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS**—Paramount.—One of Zane Grey's standard Western stories with Noah Beery doing his stuff as a swell villain. (September.)

**LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Much of the rare humor of the stage play is strangely missing from the screen version. It's rather mechanical and routine entertainment. (October.)

**LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Interesting for its historical sidelights on early New York. Marion Davies does a dual role. Pretty good entertainment. (January.)

**LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY**—United Artists.—In which Mary Pickford returns again as Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (October.)

**LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, THE**—Paramount.—A study in French and English morals, not particularly suited to the screen. But it has its interest. Alice Joyce and Mary Brian take the acting honors. (August.)

**LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Universal.—A nice little story of young married life with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. (September.)

**LIMITED MAIL, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Monte Blue in a railroad melodrama that sometimes misses fire. (September.)

**LIVE WIRE, THE**—First National.—Johnny Hines in the title role. Lots of "gags" and rough-neck comedy. (November.)

**LORD JIM**—Paramount.—A fair translation of the well known book with Percy Marmont giving a good performance of Jim. If you don't know the book, the picture is a pretty good sea melodrama. (January.)

**LORRAINE OF THE LIONS**—Universal.—The story of a little girl cast away on a desert island. Patsy Ruth Miller, as the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry assisted by the long arm of coincidence. (October.)

**LOST—A WIFE**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those devilish French farces. Fairly amusing. (September.)

**LOVE HOUR, THE**—Vitagraph.—The heroine goes to Coney Island and wins a millionaire. It's one of the silliest pictures of the year. (November.)

**LOVERS IN QUARANTINE**—Paramount.—The younger set will think this hot stuff. Their elders may be amused. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford, good. (December.)

**LUCKY DEVIL, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix dashes through an extremely dashing and entertaining automobile story. (September.)

**LUCKY HORSESHOE, THE**—Fox.—Wherein Tom Mix falls asleep and dreams that he's Don Juan. Just another Mix success with Tony and, as an added attraction, Ann Pennington. (October.)



**MAD WHIRL, THE**—Universal.—You'll be surprised to see May McAvoy in this story of the evils of cocktail drinking. May leads the crusade against the vice. (September.)

**MAKING OF O'MALLEY, THE**—First National.—Milton Sills glorifies the New York cop Dorothy Mackaill is the rich school teacher who marries him. (September.)

**MANHATTAN MADNESS**—Associated Exhibitors.—Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor revive the old Fairbanks success. Who is going to be silly enough to say anything about the champ? (Sept.)

**MANICURE GIRL, THE**—Paramount.—She tries to be a gold-digger but true romance wins. Bebe Daniels in a pert comedy. (September.)

**MAN OF IRON, A**—Chadwick.—Lionel Barrymore attempts to prove that a man may be great in business but a dub with women. He does. (Sept.)

**MAN ON THE BOX, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Spend a good evening with Syd Chaplin and get a lot of laughs. (December.)

**MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE**—Thomas Meighan goes to Sing Sing for a crime he didn't commit. It's Meighan at his most noble. (November.)

**MARRIAGE WHIRL, THE**—First National.—Another and rather tedious expose of the evils of society. Corinne Griffith is in it. (September.)

**MARRY ME**—Paramount.—James Cruze does his best with a slender story. Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton do good work. (September.)

**MERRY WIDOW, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A brilliant and gorgeous screen version of the romantic light opera with Mae Murray, John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy contributing three of the finest performances of the year. (October.)

**MIDSHIPMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rather juvenile story, but it brings back Ramon Novarro, and that's enough for most fans. (December.)

**MY LADY'S LIPS**—B. P. Schulberg.—A crook melodrama that is lively and often amusing. But we dare you to try to believe in the plot. (October.)

**MYSTIC, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Nileen Pringle gives a good performance in this melodrama of a fake fortune-teller. (November.)

**NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart gives a piquant performance of a South Sea Island queen who loves and loses—but wins in the end. A colorful and popular picture. (October.)

**NEVER WEAKEN**—Associated Exhibitors.—A welcome revival of a Harold Lloyd comedy. (Sept.)

**NEW BROOMS**—Paramount.—It won't sweep you off your feet, but it might do to put in an evening. Everybody overacts but Bessie Love. (January.)

**NEW COMMENT, THE**—First National.—It's "Thou shalt not doubt." Wealthy boy, artist's model, misunderstanding, war, and the thrilling love scene in months. (January.)

**NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK**—Paramount.—A round of sight-seeing in New York's hotels and night clubs. You are accompanied by Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence. It's lots of fun. (September.)

**NOT SO LONG AGO**—Paramount.—Aside from the work of Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez, this is a rather dull story of Manhattan in its Age of Innocence. (October.)

**OLD CLOTHES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—The last time you will have to look at Jackie Coogan without a haircut. Maybe that's worth a quarter. Some laughs in this and a new girl, Joan Crawford. (January.)

**OLD HOME WEEK**—Paramount.—A Grade A Meighan picture—his best in a long time. George Ade wrote the story and Lila Lee is in it. (August.)

**ONE YEAR TO LIVE**—First National.—Aileen Pringle hears the sentence of the doctor and then cuts loose in Paris. It all turns out all right. (September.)

**ON PROBATION**—Steiner.—The escapades of a rich flapper. It's fair enough if you are not tired of goings-on of the younger set. (August.)

**OTHER WOMAN'S STORY, THE**—Shulberg.—A tiresome story that might have been a good mystery melodrama. (January.)

**PACE THAT THRILLS, THE**—First National.—Very bad, with Ben Lyon. Beautiful Mary Astor is wasted in this silly story. (December.)

**PAINT AND POWDER**—Chadwick.—The good little chorus girl becomes a star and marries the producer. Fair entertainment if you aren't too fussy. (December.)

**PARISIAN LOVE**—B. P. Schulberg.—Just another one of those things. In case anyone cares, it's the romance of an Apache girl. Not for the children. (October.)

**PASSIONATE YOUTH**—Truart.—Now, really, after all, what did you expect from the title? (September.)

**PATHS TO PARADISE**—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith again proves that he is a real star in this modern check comedy. (September.)

**PEACOCK FEATHERS**—Universal.—An intelligent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well directed by Sven Gade and capably acted by Jacques Lutz Logan and Gailen Landis. (November.)

**PEAK OF FATE, THE**—Frank B. Rowse.—A fine story of a woman who finds love, story filmed in the Swiss Alps. (September.)

**PLASTIC AGE, THE**—The collegiate set is carrying on again. The usual sex drama, with Clara Bow and Donald Keith. (December.)

**PONY EXPRESS, THE**—Paramount.—James Cruze directs another great story of the West. Wonderful acting by Wallace Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Ernest Torrence. (November.)

**PRETTY LADIES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A good human interest story plus the Ziegfeld ladies and an all-star cast. A treat for the eye. (September.)

**PRICE OF PLEASURE, THE**—Universal.—In which Cinderella is high-batted by the Prince's family. Some good comedy by Louise Fazenda and T. Roy Barnes. (August.)

**PRIVATE AFFAIRS**—Producers Distributing.—A charming story of small town life, accurately presented and well acted. (September.)

**PROUD HEART** (title changed from HIS PEOPLE)—Universal.—One of the finest pictures of Jewish emigrant life we've seen. "Schildkraut, pere, contributes a great performance to the screen. Don't miss it. (December.)

**RANGER OF THE BIG PINES**—Vitagraph.—The usual Western with the usual fight, and a good performance by Eulalie Jensen to recommend it. (October.)

**RED HOT TIRES**—Warner Brothers.—Just a mix-up of good, bad and indifferent comedy, played by Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. (November.)

**REGULAR FELLOW, A**—Paramount.—(Reviewed under the original title, "He's a Prince"). A gay burlesque of royalty with Raymond Griffith as a prince with democratic ideas. (November.)

**RIDIN' THE WIND**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson disappoints. A trite story. He rescues his brother from bandits, returns the stolen money and wins the girl. (December.)

**ROAD TO YESTERDAY, THE**—Producers Dist.—Catch this picture for the gorgeous train wreck. The story is a little muddled but fairly entertaining due to the reincarnation theme. (January.)

**ROSE OF THE WORLD**—Warners.—Sincere performances by a good cast, but an unconvincing story. Not very worthwhile. (January.)

**RUGGED WATERS**—Paramount.—Outside of a few good storms and some rousing sea stuff, it's just an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

**SALLY OF THE SAWDUST**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith proves that he can make great comedy. It's his gayest and most light-hearted picture. Wonderful acting by W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster. Everyone should see it. (August.)

**SATAN IN SABLES**—Warner Brothers.—Lowell Sherman is a bad Russian grand duke. Pauline Garon is a little rose from Montmartre. Pretty good. (December.)

**SCANDAL PROOF**—Fox.—The story of one of those good but misunderstood girls. Sympathetically acted by Shirley Mason. (August.)

**SCANDAL STREET**—Arrow.—An interesting picture because of movie studio atmosphere. Story of a movie actress and her husband who are both starred at the same studio. (January.)

**SEVEN CHANCES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another amusing one from Buster Keaton. (June.)

**SEVEN DAYS**—Producers Distributing.—The famous farce is given splendid production and it is well acted. Eddie Gribbon is very amusing. (November.)

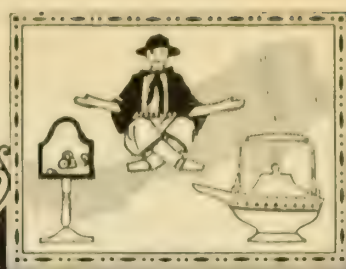
**SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Paramount.—Leave the dishes in the sink. If you miss the first of this, you're lost. A corking comedy-melodrama with Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts. (January.)

**SHORE LEAVE**—First National.—A genuinely funny comedy, a charming love story and Richard Barthelmess at his best as a tough gob. (September.)

**SIEGE**—Universal.—Mary Alden and Virginia Valli in a powerful drama of two generations. Highly recommended. (August.)

**SIEGFRIED**—Ufa.—Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking of the screen. A spectacularly beautiful and slightly dull version of the Niebelungen legend. Made in Germany. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



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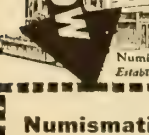
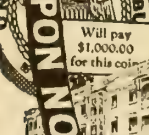
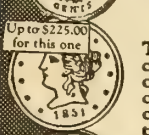
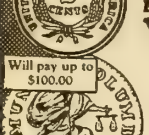
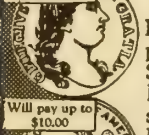
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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15 ]

**SILENT SANDERSON**—Producers Distributing.—A really first-class Western with our old friend Harry Carey giving zest to the plot. (August.)

**SKYROCKET, THE**—The best picture about motion picture people so far, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce's debut on the screen. Adapted from Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel of the same name. (January.)

**SLAVE OF FASHION, A**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Wherein a guileless Cinderella gets her man. A silly but beautifully mounted story with the lovely Norma Shearer and the charming Lew. (October.)

**SMOOTH AS SATIN**—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent looking her prettiest in an ingenious crook story. (September.)

**SON OF HIS FATHER, A**—Paramount.—One of the dullest pictures on record, from a Harold Bell Wright story. (December.)

**SOULS FOR SABLES**—Tiffany.—A great display of feminine finery and a story of fair value. Good for grown-ups. Claire Windsor and Eugene O'Brien head the cast. (November.)

**SPORTING CHANCE, THE**—Tiffany.—A good racing melodrama with plenty of speed and pep. (September.)

**SPORTING LIFE**—Universal.—A new version of an old melodrama of life in the fighting, racing and spending circles of London. (November.)

**STEELE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**—Vita-graph.—This time it's Bert Lytell who does his stuff in the great Northwest. (September.)

**STELLA DALLAS**—United Artists.—An almost perfect picture, with one of the greatest performances ever given to the screen—that of Belle Bennett in the title role. (December.)

**STORM BREAKER, THE**—Universal.—A good story, some consistent character studies and excellent sea atmosphere make this a fine picture for adult entertainment. House Peters, Ruth Clifford, Nina Romano and Ray Hallor in the cast. (November.)

**STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE**—Paramount.—A weird and unusual story of a professional beggar, well told by Herbert Brenon and splendidly acted by Percy Marmont. (October.)

**SUN-UP**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel, Lucille La Verne and Pauline Starke, and beautifully photographed. (October.)

**TEASER, THE**—Universal.—A comedy snappily acted by Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley. (August.)

**TEXAS TRAILER, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Harry Carey in that rare treat—a really entertaining and amusing Western picture. (September.)

**THANK YOU**—Fox.—The performance of Alec Francis as a small town minister is the only redeeming feature of this film. (December.)

**THAT MAN, JACK**—F. B. O.—Bob Custer again—just as loyal and brave as ever and full of fight. (September.)

**THREE PALS**—Davis Dist.—An uninteresting story, badly played and badly directed. Two clever horses do not even make it passable. (January.)

**THREE WISE CROOKS**—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Brent tries to rescue the picture from mediocrity by some good acting, but to no avail. (December.)

**THUNDER MOUNTAIN**—Fox.—The old feud story, refreshingly told, with fine humor and an excellent cast. (December.)

**TIMBER WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones doing his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November.)

**TOWER OF LIES, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A worthwhile picture spoiled by a too-conscious effort to achieve art. Consequently, a human story suffers from artificiality. Well played by Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer. (November.)

**TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY**—Warner Brothers.—Starring Rin-tin-tin. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (October.)

**TRIPLE ACTION**—Universal.—Rightly named; enough action for three Westerns. Rides, flights, parachute jumps by a sheriff trying to save some diseased cattle. (January.)

**TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE**—Paramount.—A shrewdly amusing domestic comedy with Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Ford Sterling and Esther Ralston. (October.)

**UNDER THE ROUGE**—Associated Exhibitors.—While it isn't for the children, it is an ingratiating and exciting crook story. (September.)

**VANISHING AMERICAN, THE**—Paramount.—In spite of its weak points, this epic of the American Indian is very worth while seeing. Richard Dix gives a fine performance. Take an extra handkerchief. (December.)

**VERDICT, THE**—Tru-Art.—A far-fetched mystery story with William Collier, Jr., doing some effective acting. (August.)

**WALL STREET WHIZ, THE**—F. B. O.—All right for the young boys, who aren't particular about sense and logic. An absurd story with Richard Talmadge doing some unnecessary gymnastics. (January.)

**WANDERER, THE**—Paramount.—It's a spectacularly beautiful production of the story of the Prodigal Son, with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery and Kathlyn Williams in the cast. (October.)

**WELCOME HOME**—Paramount.—A brilliantly realistic story of an unwanted old man, finely presented by James Cruze and beautifully acted by Luke Cosgrave. (August.)

**WHAT FOOLS MEN**—First National.—A nice little picture, with Lewis Stone. Introducing a new hero, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December.)

**WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES**—Universal.—A peach of a comedy with Reginald Denny, Marion Nixon and ZaSu Pitts. Plenty of suspense. (December.)

**WHEEL, THE**—Fox.—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Mahlon Hamilton in a good screen version of a popular play. (November.)

**WHITE DESERT, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A stirring story of a Colorado mining camp, with some fine spectacular scenes. (September.)

**WHITE MONKEY, THE**—First National.—A riotous burlesque of Galsworthy's novel with Barbara La Marr contributing to the massacre. (August.)

**WHITE OUTLAW, THE**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie, in a Western, is ably assisted by a horse and a dog. Better than average of its type. (September.)

**WHITE THUNDER**—F. B. O.—A total loss and no insurance. (August.)

**WHY WOMEN LOVE**—First National.—A good sea story with a number of thrilling episodes. You won't be bored. (December.)

**WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Irene Rich is the victim of a plot that contains all the old movie hokum ever presented. (November.)

**WILD BULL'S LAIR, THE**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in the sort of Western melodrama that delights the children. (October.)

**WILD HORSE MESA**—Paramount.—A dashing melodrama, with fine scenery and an active plot. Well acted by Billie Dove, Jack Holt and Noah Beery. (October.)

**WILD, WILD SUSAN**—Paramount.—A sprightly and amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. (October.)

**WINDING STAIR, THE**—Fox.—A passable romantic melodrama that falls short through a colorless performance given by Alma Rubens. But Edmund Lowe is good and handsome in his French officer's uniform. (December.)

**WINDS OF CHANCE**—First National.—Plenty of thrills, plenty of story action and a large cast of popular players make this Alaskan melodrama worth your attention. (October.)

**WITH THIS RING**—Just one of those sexy affairs. If you're broad-minded and over twenty-five—all right. (November.)

**WOMAN'S FAITH, A**—Universal.—A dull and tiresome story that cannot be redeemed by the acting of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (October.)

**WOMAN HATER, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Clive Brook and Helene Chadwick are the leading players in a story of fairly stormy love. (September.)

**WRECKAGE**—Banner.—A fairly entertaining melodrama made worthwhile by performances by Mae Allison and Holmes Herbert. (November.)



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*Both Wanted the Same Man*

One was a clever confidence lady—slim, silken, fascinating; the other a primitive woman fired with the strong passions of her race. Who would win the man they both loved?

Don't fail to see Leatrice Joy in "The Wedding Song."

## ROD LAROCQUE in "BRAVEHEART"

An Alan Hale Production

Presented by Cecil B. DeMille

With Lillian Rich, Robert Edeson, Tyrone Power and Jean Acker

Adapted by Mary O'Hara from the play "STRONGHEART" by William C. DeMille

## CECIL B. DEMILLE'S Production

### "The Road to Yesterday"

Adapted by Jeannie Macpherson and Beulah Marie Dix

From the play by Beulah Marie Dix and E. G. Sutherland, with Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, William Boyd and Julia Faye.

## "SILENCE"

A Rupert Julian Production

Presented by Cecil B. DeMille

Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix from the Broadway hit by Max Marcin, with H. B. Warner

## "THREE FACES EAST"

A Rupert Julian Production

With Jetta Goudal, Robert Ames, Henry Walthall and Clive Brook. Adapted by C. Gardner Sullivan and Monte Katterjohn from the play by Anthony Paul Kelly

## LEATRICE JOY in "The Wedding Song"

With Robert Ames

An Alan Hale Production

Presented by Cecil B. DeMille

Adapted by Charles Whitaker and Douglas Doty from the novel by Ethel Watts Mumford

## CECIL B. DEMILLE'S Production

### "The Volga Boatman"

Adapted by Lenore Coffee from the story by Konrad Bercowici

With William Boyd, Elinor Fair, Victor Varconi, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff and Robert Edeson

Personally directed by Cecil B. DeMille



*A Deafening Crash, and Then—*

—back through the ages. The fashionable young crowd with their modern love problems found themselves in a curiously different setting, where jealousy, intrigue and romance followed them with remarkable results.

An extraordinarily colorful picture, rich in modern and medieval background. Splendidly dramatic throughout, "The Road to Yesterday." Ask your theatre man for it.



*The Girl from His Past*

It was his wedding night. Suddenly, out of the darkness into the bright lights of the marriage party, stumbled this bruised flower from the streets. It was a terrible moment in his life.

This is but one of the big scenes from "Silence," the powerful drama, with H. B. Warner.

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# Revel in the VIGOR of WINTER—

## but keep the softness of SPRING

YOU CAN WITH THIS FAMOUS  
"TWIN CREAM" TREATMENT

**I**N the wintertime, when the air is so invigorating and social life so gay—when evergreens seem greenest and the joy of life is keenest—when every hour brings its sharp contrasts of heat and cold—that is when you must give your complexion the greatest care.

Get out-o'-doors all you can. Revel in the sports of winter. Skate, coast, motor all you please. But remember—old Jack Frost is a gay deceiver.

He will put roses in your cheeks, to be sure. He will make your blood tingle and give you vigorous health. But unless you're on your guard, he will also chafe and coarsen your skin. And, too, he will place you in snowy-white backgrounds that show up sallow cheeks and cruelly enhance lines and defects of every kind.

Yes, you want to watch that man, Jack Frost. You want to take extra good care of your complexion now, for winter is the time of social conquests and social joys; the time when beauty means the most.

## A new way to protect and enhance your beauty

Here is a way to outwit the wintry winds and keep your beauty in bloom the whole year 'round—a new way that will enhance and retain your natural loveliness; make even a coarse, unlovely skin gossamer-fine; that will counteract the effect of wind and exposure and keep your skin soft, smooth, and fine-textured. This is the famous Twin Cream Treatment—one cream to build beauty from within; another to repel enemies that attack from without.

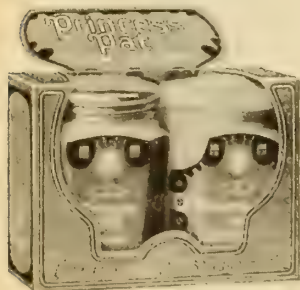
Remember that no single cream can give your skin all that it needs. It is not possible, because—

Your skin needs nourishment, *must* have it, if it is to be

healthy. And naturally all nourishing creams must *open* the pores in order to feed the underlying tissues.

Also, your skin needs protection; *must* have it, if it is to be delicate, soft, fine-textured. And for protection the pores must not be left open, but must be normally *closed*.

Your own good judgment will tell you that no single cream can do both. But Princess Pat Twin Creams, *acting together*, can do what no single cream can—nourish the tissues first, then close the pores, thus preserving your skin's soft, satin-like texture. You know what this means, for "All true beauty must begin with the texture of your skin."



### Try this Famous Twin Cream Method at Our Risk

Enjoy the beauties of the great outdoors. Revel in the sports of winter as much as you please, but always keep your complexion basking in the springtime of youth. Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter today and ask for the Princess Pat Twin Creams. See what an improvement even one treatment will bring—how lovely it makes your skin; how soft, glowing, exquisitely fine. And observe how, with each additional Twin Cream treatment, it grows more and more lovely every day. If you are not simply delighted with the results, your money will be refunded cheerfully.

*If you prefer to try this Twin Cream treatment before purchasing, mail the coupon for generous trial packet FREE.*

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Russell Ball

## New Pictures

JOY, very much unconfined as to ears. Leatrice's new bob is symbolic of her whole new personality, chic, peppy and pert. Her part in DeMille's "Made for Love" interests her more, Leatrice says, than any she has had since her memorable performance in "Man-slaughter".





**B**LONDES are always fortune's favorites, and Dorothy Mackaill is as blonde as the sun. King George won't be able to spend any more of her salary now, for Dorothy has become an American citizen. Welcome to our country, Miss Mackaill.





G. Marland Knicker

**P**ORTRAIT of a sweet and clever girl, Lois Moran. Having studied her art in Paris, Lois made an immediate hit in her first picture "Stella Dallas." That won her a contract for a stellar role on Broadway and also the lead in Dick Barthelmess' next picture. 'Lucky Lois!'





Ruth Harriet Louise

**S**IMPLE, tired, dirty, bewildered, John Gilbert in "The Big Parade" has visualized the very spirit of the American doughboy. A far jump from his charming and cynical *Prince Danilo* in "The Merry Widow," this performance stamps Gilbert as a truly great artist





Ruth Harriet Louise

**H**IDDEN for years beneath a series of mediocre parts Renee Adoree, too, emerges triumphant in the same production. In tune with the telling simplicity of the whole picture, Renee portrays the French peasant girl so beautifully she nightly brings tears to the eyes of her audiences





Kenneth Alexander

LOVELY Corinne Griffith, to whom langourous adjectives have been too long applied, proved herself a perfect comedienne when she made "Classified." After seeing the box-office statements on that production, Corinne decided to do "Mamselle Modiste," another peppy role





Kenneth Alexander

**P**OET and player, Doris Kenyon skillfully guides the even course of her career. Acknowledged a leading member of the exclusive brains and beauty group, Doris is at present engaged in making "Men of Steel" with Milton Sills and May Allison for First National





*This pure and dainty soap for your face in a lovely*  
*new form*

In *Guest* IVORY, delicately modeled for slim fingers and wrapped in blue for gleaming white bathrooms, we offer you genuine Ivory Soap in the loveliest form imag-



inable. A dollar can buy no finer soap, yet *Guest* IVORY'S modest price is five cents. And you can buy *Guest* IVORY almost anywhere.

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*For the face and hands & As fine as soap can be*  
 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% Pure It Floats



# PHOTOPLAY

February, 1926

## Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

IT is more difficult to get seats for "The Big Parade" than for the most popular drama or musical comedy on Broadway. You must reserve them weeks in advance or pay absurd prices to a ticket speculator. If ever a picture deserved great success, that one does, and if you miss it you may always regret the loss of a wonderful evening's entertainment.

THIS picture demonstrates vividly a new development in production. There is nothing remarkable about the story. In fact, when it is analyzed closely, you find it very thin. But the treatment is so cleverly handled, and it is so full of amusing episodes, that thrills, tears and laughs follow one another in a veritable cascade. It fairly overflows with brilliant performances and King Vidor's direction is a glorious orchid in his already beautiful bouquet of fine pictures.

When you see it, observe how these laugh-provoking episodes are so deftly planted here and there in the big dramatic scenes. They may or may not have been written into the continuity. They may have been improvised as the picture progressed. But they are there. And they are responsible for the great popular appeal of "The Big Parade." In the parlance of the studio they are called "gags," and the trick of doing it is called "gagging the picture."

VERILY, Natacha Rambova seems to be the Patsy of the motion picture business of late.

The papers leaped at the story which the gallant Rudy pulled as the cause of the separation which, by the time this appears, will have developed into a Parisian divorce decree.

Natacha, he says, was not a home body. She didn't want children. She would not cook the spaghetti. She was fond of dogs. She wanted to work. His reflected glory did not satisfy her. She wanted her own career.

Bunk! Bunk served with piffle sauce.

GREAT publicity for Rudy. But old stuff. Do you remember the way Gloria Swanson set the dear old souls of Paris wild over her when she said she wanted five or six children? I believe she meant it, because I have seen her with her two children. She adores them. Her own baby, little Gloria, was not enough, and so she adopted a boy and named him Joseph Swanson, after her father.

But I have never heard of Mr. Valentino hanging around an orphan asylum, and I cannot quite visualize the picture of the sheik walking the floor of a cold California night crooning the junior to sleep.

It was not, in my opinion, playing the game to make an effort for sympathy and publicity at the expense of the woman, even if it were true—which I doubt. And we must hand Mrs. Valentino credit for her attitude in the whole matter.

She would not live with him and his friends, told him so, got out, leaving her belongings to him, and went on her way, avoiding any opportunity to publicise herself at his expense.

Divorce is no joking matter, but I cannot hold back a little snicker at Rudy crying on the shoulders of the public and yearning for kiddies.

THERE is nothing vindictive or downright mean about Valentino. He's a pleasant chap and a fine actor, whose delusion is that he is also a business man. Natacha has been criticized for managing his affairs. But we have got to admit that in this case her management was much more commendable than his.

AND to add to her troubles, the F. B. O. Company, for whom Miss Rambova made a picture because she needed the money, changed its name to "When Love Grows Cold" after it was finished, with the frank purpose of capitalizing her marital troubles. Miss Rambova protested that it would harm her and create the impression that she was the one who was profiting by deceiving the public into believing it was a screen revelation of their love wreck.

MARTIN J. QUIGLEY, editor of the Exhibitors Herald, one of the leading trade journals of the motion picture business, has just completed a remarkable symposium of the greatest box office attractions of the year 1925, that is, the pictures which proved most profitable to the theater owners, large and small, throughout the entire country.

The results are a complete vindication of the motion picture devotees of America, as well as encouragement to those producers who have had vision and courage enough to wager vast sums of money in productions of the highest artistic and moral tone.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]





Gloria Swanson is one of the only two actresses on the screen who has IT, avers Madame Glyn



Vilma Banky is the other. Fewer women than men have this priceless gift, says its discoverer

# What Is IT?

Elinor Glyn discovered IT. Some players have risen to stardom because of IT. Equally talented ones have failed through lack of IT

By  
Dorothy Spensley

**I**<sup>T</sup>! It used to be such a meek and dignified little word that the tongue would slip easily over without even causing a tremor when it was uttered.

And in your school days when you played "tag," *It* was the tagger and you ran not to be *It*.

*It* is different in this day and age. Now you run to get *It*.

What is this quivering—pulsating—throbbing—beating—palpitating *It*?

Undeniably *It* is a product of this decade. Indeed, you might say *It* is a product of this hour. But what is *It*?

It dripped from the pen of a writer of glowing words, glowing deeds and glowing acts. And as it dripped, it spread until everyone in the world knew that *It* had suffered a re-birth.

If you have *It*, the world is your peanut to crack and digest at your leisure.

*It* is the "Open Sesame" to success in life and love.

The peculiar thing about *It* is that



Elinor Glyn, who transformed an insignificant pronoun into a world-discussed word

no doctor can place a thermometer in your mouth and his fingers upon your pulse and, after a grave moment, say "You have 98.9 degrees of *It*." *It* is not located that way—you radiate *It*.

*It* is a sort of invisible aura that surrounds your being and bathes you in its effulgence.

Is *It* personality? Magnetism? Hypnotism? Sex appeal?—oh, hackneyed term! Fascination? Charm?

What is *It*?

You will find *It* in actors, directors, and writers—*It* will blossom among coal miners, truck drivers and book sellers. *It* is not restricted to class or creed. *It* is not dependent on beauty of face or form—wealth or degree of station.

But what is *It*?

The woman who should know the most in the world about *It* is Elinor Glyn. It was she who transformed this unobtrusive pronoun into a world-discussed noun. Madame Glyn, as you will recall, is the lady who introduced the tiger skin into fiction. And the tiger skin was apparent in this interview. In fact, we





John Gilbert exactly epitomizes what is meant by *IT*, in Elinor's opinion. He has superlative *IT*



*IT* is a virile quality, not possessed by cold people  
Madame says Douglas Fairbanks has *IT*

sat on one and Madame Glyn sat—not reclined, mind you!—on the other.

"Tell me, Madame, of *IT*," we queried, "for the benefit of the world at large—and Hollywood in particular. What is *IT*?"

Madame's eyes narrowed to an amazingly small glint, and without the sibilant hiss that should novelishly accompany such a penetrating glance, said:

"*IT* is the peculiar fascination possessed by men—much oftener than women—which makes them immensely attractive to all women and even to men.

"*IT* is largely to do with animal magnetism.

"The person who possesses *IT* is always utterly unself-conscious and perfectly indifferent and unaware of anyone's interest in him. The moment self-consciousness enters into the affair, *IT* departs.

"*IT* is a purely virile quality. It is never possessed by cold people or mushy sweet fellows.

"If a man has *IT* while he is a boy, his mother forgives him for all his faults—his employers are always lenient and women always make excuses for him. He has but to throw the handkerchief and he can attract any of them.

"People with *IT* are always strong characters.

"The only male actors on the screen that I could describe as having *IT* are John Gilbert—he has superlative *IT*—he exactly epitomizes what I mean by *IT*—and Douglas Fairbanks. I know of no others that I could speak wholeheartedly as possessing that quality, although there are several actors, not so well known, who at present I could say possess *IT*. Some cases can be developed.

"I see enormous possibilities for Edmund Lowe, when he has a suitable part, but I have not yet seen him in a suitable rôle.

"Among the women I have seen only two—Gloria Swanson and Vilma Banky.

"There are hundreds of interesting

and talented people—hundreds of charming, fascinating girls—hundreds of handsome, delightful actors—but *IT* is one of the rarest gifts in the world.

"*IT* has become an absolute joke the way in which, for advertising purposes, this *IT* has been tacked on to all sorts of actors and actresses, many of whom I have never seen!"

Madame Glyn paused—we descended from planing in rose-tinted clouds.

So that is *IT*!

"Just a moment before you go!" It was Madame. "I have forgotten one of the greatest possessors of *IT*—Rex, King of Wild Horses!"

What a pity Pan is not visible! We are sure Madame Glyn would have glimpsed *IT* in that pagan god.

\* \* \*

JACK GILBERT was in his dressing room—velveteen breeches and turbulent black locks. Two minutes and he would be called to the "La Bohème" set.

"As the films' greatest exponent of *IT*, Mr. Gilbert, we are here to beg your definition of the term."

"Oh, Great Pete!" gasped Jack, squinting one *it*-ish eye at himself in the mirror and applying a pat of powder to his left cheekbone. It was a tense moment.

"Why, I think *IT* is personality.

"*IT* isn't necessarily beauty, for Will Rogers—certainly not in the handsome class—has more of that sparkle called *IT* than any twelve leading men boiled down together.

"*IT* is like a lamp that glows and glows. It can't be dimmed by years. *IT* is ageless.

"Yes, I would say that *IT* is personality—and sex appeal, too."

"*IT* . . ."

"You're wanted on the set, Mr. Gilbert," interrupted a young hopeful.

So *IT* is that!

\* \* \*



Cecil De Mille says *IT* cannot be explained briefly any more than radio can

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]



# Erté Speaks

And breaks a few cherished  
illusions

They seemed made for each other, the movies and Erté. One of Paris' most original style dictators, creating frocks of startling beauty and luxury, Erté listened to the siren song of Hollywood, all agog to clothe gobs of beautiful stars. Thus he came to the City of the Angels and there—but read it yourself

Hollywood rocked with laughter and rage when Erté uttered his remarks about the chic of its film beauties

Renee Adoree refused to don corsets when she wore this Erté model. The result was startlingly like a balloon

**I**N the first place, he says our shoulders are like what you hang clothes on! Quite square and unshapely.

Our long limbs he admires, for it is easy to swirl a hank of silk around long-legged ladies and make them look like sinuous sirens.

But the beauty that is Hollywood's—the legendary fairness of its damsels—he fails to find. Our film beauties, says he, are no more beautiful than any other women and offer no more inspiration. It has also been whispered that he said they were dumb—but it has not been verified!

Romain de Tiroff-Erté is the name of this dispeller of dreams. And Romain refers to dressing far more spicy than the salad.

He is the Erté of Paris. The man who does the impossible with yards of slithering silks and stiff costly satins. Chiffons,

too, he drapes on flat-bosomed mannequins—and hefty dowagers buy them.

He makes bizarre follies that are copied by the Follies Bergere.

He made the centipede lash famous—the thicket-like lash that surrounds the glittering orbs of fashion magazine ladies.

Then he came to Hollywood to put Art in motion pictures. But it seems that Art wouldn't stay in its proper niche and kept popping out for air and going on excursions. Which disgusted him.

Too, what could an artist do with a lady—prettily plump—who refused to keep her corsets on while wearing a dress all ruffles and frills?

And when young ladies with prominent shoulder blades—"angel wings" the kids called them—would insist upon wearing décolleté frocks?

And whoever heard of a young miss—poor but of impeccable character—wearing finest silk from cuticle out?

And the tragedy of designing four separate series of sets and costumes for a motion picture, and then to have the fifth draft of the story place all the action in the prop room!

It is to weep.

Small wonder, then, from the sounds of strife emanating from his studio, that we pictured Erté as a peppery and volcanic Frenchman with

spiked goatee and grasshopper motions, who probably waved tape-line and shears in expostulatory manner. A cartoon Frenchman with comic opera trimmings.

Instead, he is a mild-mannered man with smooth cropped black hair and a gently tilted nose faintly reminiscent of a sur-





# His Mind

By Annette Burroughs

prised rabbit. He wears a pearl bracelet about one wrist. His constant companion is a Prince who has the enviable ability of bowing gracefully from the waist.

Renee Adoree was the first film miss who was trotted out for comment. Renee is a native of la belle France and Erté has nothing but admiration for her art—but that adorable little *Melisande* of "The Big Parade" received a gentle rap about her rounded curves.

For her part as *Musette* in "La Boheme," Erté designed a gorgeous frock of huge puffed sleeves, voluminous skirts and wasp-like bodice. (Incidentally, you fashion devotees, Erté is an arch-enemy of that confining mode. It destroys the grace of line, he says, and will never be reinstated in the style world.)

"The first day she looked exquisite—like a doll. But on the second day! She insisted that she could not wear corsets and eat—and eat she must, so off came her corsets. She looked like a balloon!" Two sensitive hands made an airy outline of her appearance.

But to say a lady looks like a balloon! It simply isn't done in Hollywood, you know. Not even at "cat parties."

And then there was Lillian Gish.

"I designed a pretty costume for her as *Mimi* in 'La Boheme.' *Mimi* is a poor girl whose poverty is shown in her clothes. Of inexpensive materials I fashioned the dress—of wools and cottons.

"'But no!' says Miss Gish, 'I do not wear harsh fabrics next to my skin. They must be of sheerest silk.'

"Silks! Can you imagine silks for a girl who lives simply and whose marriage dowry is a mere trifle!

"So I told Miss Gish she may have the designs—is very welcome to them—but she is never to enter my studio door again. Let her make the costumes herself!"

CONSTANCE BENNETT, the idol of a million flappers as she cavorts upon the screen, is not perfect, either, in Erté's eyes. Slender Connie needs a milk diet to hide the angles that are so hard to mask when designing gowns for her.

Her slim, girlish shoulders were not intended for evening frocks that daringly reveal numerous vertebrae and even Erté couldn't cover her naughty shoulder bones that provokingly thrust themselves out like twin blades.

And, oh dear! Nothing seems quite right with our picture ladies.

Aileen Pringle—artists have raved over her—has a beautiful face, but her body is dreadfully hard to clothe in lines of smooth symmetry.

However, a dazzling blonde won Erté's approval, and also a vivid brunette. Claire Windsor and Carmel Myers he mentioned with delight. Carmel, particularly, was a joy to gown, because she knew how to wear her clothes. Her movements are slow and undulating—not short and jerky. She moves with a grace that adds distinction to any frock. No useless motions of the hands—Erté loathes the technique that teaches of fluttering fingers.

Norma Shearer drew a compliment for her sleek coiffure, although it had not been his privilege to create a gown for her.



Features as perfect as Norma Shearer's are made more beautiful by a smooth, tight coiffure, says Erté



"'Never darken my door again!' cried Erté to Lillian Gish, when Lillian disagreed—decidedly—with the fashion creator

"Miss Shearer should wear her hair drawn smoothly back from her face. It gives her a distinguished air. Fluffy hair is for faces not so beautiful."

Another thing that puzzles Erté, born of France—

"Alas, my friends in Paris—they send me clippings of stories that have been published in French journals. One of the stories says, 'Erté advocates shaving the brows from the face and using patent leather eye-brows!' Imagine!

"My friends say, 'Can this be our Erté? He must have gone quite mad in Hollywood—poor Erté! Or perhaps some impostor has taken his name and fame!' And at the studio the officials say this is publicity—this eyebrow thing. I have no regard for publicity."

So Erté has packed his drawing book, pencils, eraser and paints and is hieing himself back to Paris, where Art is Art and the feminine form is divine.

He does say one thing for Hollywood, tho—harken ye, Chamber of Commerce!

Erté says: "The climate—I love it! It is glorious!"





**N**ATACHA RAMBOVA'S marital and screen troubles are commented on editorially on page 27 of this magazine. If anyone has had more unearned bad breaks than this young lady, it has escaped our notice. But her gameness and sense of humor are winning over the New York screen critics to her side. Classic dancer, designer, interior decorator, writer, artist, and actress, she's probably the most versatile woman of the screen; and folks who have seen her new motion picture say she photographs like a brunette Corinne Griffith



# Everything's Rosy at Chaplin's

Charlie and Lita have made up.  
The family cradle is being dusted again

By  
*Ivan St. Johns*

ONCE upon a time Charlie Chaplin said he'd like to have a family of four or five kids.

It begins to look as though Charlie is going to have his wish come true.

What with one small son, the image of his illustrious father, already kicking around, and another heir or heiress due along in April sometime, Charlie's future as the father of a large family seems to be shaping up nicely.

There was a time not so long ago when the marriage of Charles Spencer Chaplin to his sixteen-year-old leading lady, Lita Grey, looked as though it was surely headed for the rocks.

Charlie lived in one house. Little Mrs. Chaplin and her mother lived in another. Charlie talked a good deal about how genius couldn't be stifled by family ties, and apparently hadn't altogether forsaken his role of the great modern lover. Charlie was seen about a great deal and almost never with his young bride. Of course this was before the first baby came.

NOW all that is changed. Charlie and his bride not only live under the same roof in the big Chaplin Beverly Hills mansion, but seem sentimentally devoted to each other. Young Charles Chaplin, Jr., is the apple of the great comedian's eye and, it would appear, the center of his new existence as a domestic citizen.

And now that positive knowledge has succeeded the many rumors that a new baby is expected in the Chaplin household, Charlie — while insisting that it's a little too early to talk about the matter — beams complacently and looks the image of an exceedingly proud father.

Charlie's good-natured avoidance of discussing the coming event is in marked contrast to his Sphinx-like attitude prior to the announcement last June of the birth of Mrs. Lita Grey Chaplin's first baby. At that time the birth announcement followed weeks of mystery, during which Chaplin and his wife's relatives avoided

all interviews and refused to admit even that an heir was expected.

THERE is no doubt in the minds of Charlie's many friends in Hollywood that the advent of the Chaplin boy, his startling resemblance to Charlie, and the fact that he is as fine and sturdy a son as any man ever boasted, has brought about an understanding between Charlie and his beautiful girl bride.

Those who know Charlie intimately hold the opinion that the little comedian is more in love with Lita than he has ever been with any other woman. That he has been from the start, but that the threatened domestic shipwreck came from a case of too much family on the bride's side.

However this may be, Charlie has at least given up his announced plan of a European tour without his wife and infant son, and is hard at work on his next picture and living very happily with his girl bride.

On his return from New York a few months ago, where he attended the opening of "The Gold Rush," Charlie brought Lita a large and strikingly handsome diamond as a little gift, and Lita has been enjoying a series of shopping sprees which have resulted in any number of marvelous new gowns, coats and evening wraps.

The Chaplins have been appearing everywhere together—which is also unusual and has occasioned much comment—at openings and Hollywood parties. And now it is as unusual to see Charlie out in public without Lita as it was following their wedding to see them out together.

Motherhood has undoubtedly increased little Mrs. Chaplin's charm and beauty. The picture colony has come to know her, and she is universally liked and admired.

She is sweet, unspoiled, and a real beauty of the striking California-Spanish type. Her grandmother was an early California belle, and Lita seems likely to follow in her footsteps.



A devoted wife, a sturdy son and an expected visit from the stork in April, have turned the lonely genius into a happy family man and good citizen. Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin are seen everywhere together, beaming in approved connubial fashion



The mystery and drabness which surrounded the Chaplin-Grey marriage in a little town in Mexico nearly a year and a half ago, and later the birth of their first child, has been swept away, as if a wind had driven a huge cloud from the horizon. Now the bright sun of domestic happiness seems to be shining for both of them.

And never has Charlie been nicer, more friendly or seemingly more happy.

He has always wanted to be domestic—to be a real family man—if we are to give credence to his own oft spoken words, and now the great comedian seems to be all that.

And what more can a great comedian—a great genius—ask of life? He has fame, fortune, a beautiful wife, a sturdy, fine little son. And, who knows, when the stork visits the Chaplin home again along in April it may leave a little sister for Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., to grow up with.

No wonder Charlie Chaplin seems happier and nicer than ever before.

For the first time in years he was the life of the party the other evening. It was at the farewell dinner tendered Doug and Mary by the Writers' Club in Hollywood. Charlie and Lita were there in genial mood.

The guests were called upon by the master of ceremonies and



The Chaplins live in the same house now, and this is it

asked to do or say a little something. When Charlie was asked, he excused himself to those around him and climbed up on the table, hauling his chair with him. Then seated in the chair, Charlie gave two charades in pantomime.

One was a Spanish bull fight, and it brought forth uproarious laughter from the assembled guests. The other was the story of a Frenchman who calls upon a lady not his wife, but somebody else's, and in the midst of everything her husband returns. It was so unearthly clever that the guests howled with glee and begged the comedian to give them

more. But he good-naturedly declined. He never forgets the way to please is to fall short of enough.

The delightful thing about it all is that while Charlie is becoming thoroughly domesticated, the charm of his unusual personality is not at all diminished thereby. Whether he continues to produce his comedies or elects to retire—in the course of a year or two—nobody will be able to say that domesticity spoiled his genius.

The beautiful pile of masonry in Beverly Hills that is known as the Chaplin mansion is losing its gloomy look. It is beginning to take on the aspect of a home, where people live and laugh and love.



The new double camera which takes close-ups and long-shots of the same scene simultaneously. Devereaux Jennings uses it in filming "The Million Dollar Handicap"



Yessir, that's our baby—Dorothy Spensley, who might have been somebody's leading lady if she hadn't preferred to write for Photoplay. Victor Potel approves her choice





The life of a motion picture critic may be a tough one, but when the handsome leading men flock about her she is the envy of her sisters of all ages

# Confessions of a Movie Critic

By Rose Pelswick

## PART I

**I** READ your review yesterday, and it was awfully clever—but what did you *really* think of 'Carmel's Censored Sin'?"

That, breathless reader, is the proper way to open a conversation with anyone who takes it upon (himself) (herself) to inflict (his) (her) personal opinions on a helpless public, and get paid for it.

appearances, I make a stab at cinematic omniscience, and the conversation generally goes something like this:

"Bruce Mattrass is married, isn't he?"

"No," I answer brightly. "Dear Bruce isn't married. He told me in confidence that he intends to stay single all his life, last time I had luncheon with him at the Algonquin."

"My God!" you reply aghast, "I saw a picture of him with his two children in last month's copy of PHOTOPLAY!"

And with the poise for which movie critics are renowned all over the world, I smile patronizingly, and say:

"Oh, you mean Bruce Mattrass. I was thinking of two other fellows."

**MOTION** pictures are reviewed every week in either a theater or in a projection room, and there is a set procedure of etiquette for either contingency. Catching the picture in the theater means pushing your way through the crowd lined up in front, Sunday night, nonchalantly handing a season pass to the door man, and murmuring, "Press!"

Strong men fall back at the sound of the word. Weak women ask you how do you get that way? And when you leave the theater, you take the manager or press agent aside, and, in a good natured way, reproach him kindly for having broken up a perfectly good week-end by making you stay in town to see that kind of a picture.

In the projection room, where the producer, manager or press agent, or all of them, occupy adjoining and comfortable chairs, it is always good form to make crude puns about the situations, sub-titles and story. At the end of the film you thank the projectionist, and ask humorously, "What's wrong with this picture?" And a whimsical [CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]



Rose Pelswick

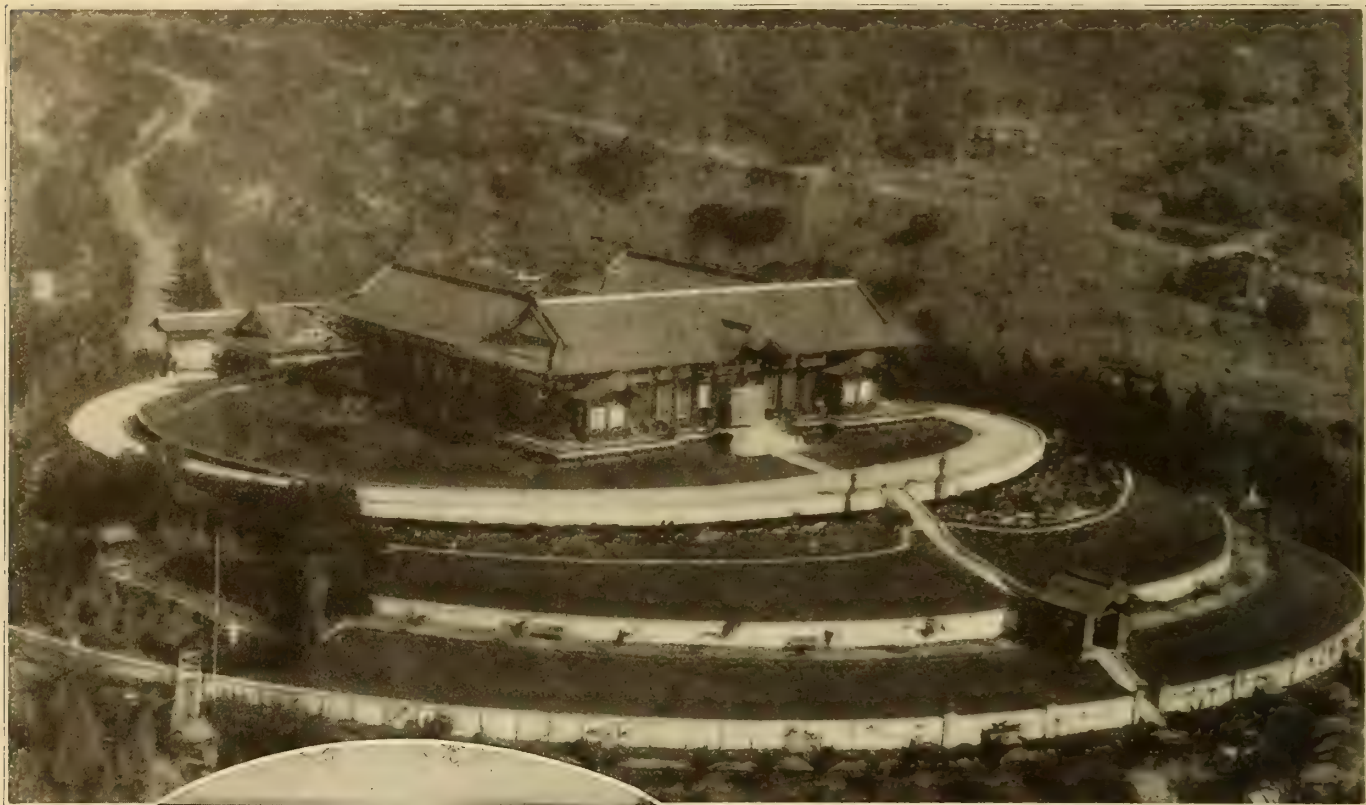
**I** AM rising to say my piece from several years' vantage of reviewing Broadway motion picture entertainment, both in rhyme and intelligibly, for the New York Evening Journal. Memoirs are being published daily by everyone else connected with the fourth largest industry in the world. Fourth largest, because bootlegging is not yet a recognized profession. So why not the movie critic?

And the movie critic, for the benefit of those who came in late, is the person who gets to see all the shows in town for nothing; who has tea with the stars, appointments with producers, and arguments with press agents; who is expected to hand out passes to all the theaters, and to know everything from how to get an ambitious sister-in-law in pictures to do you think D. W. could use a scenario based on the invasion of Northern Canada?

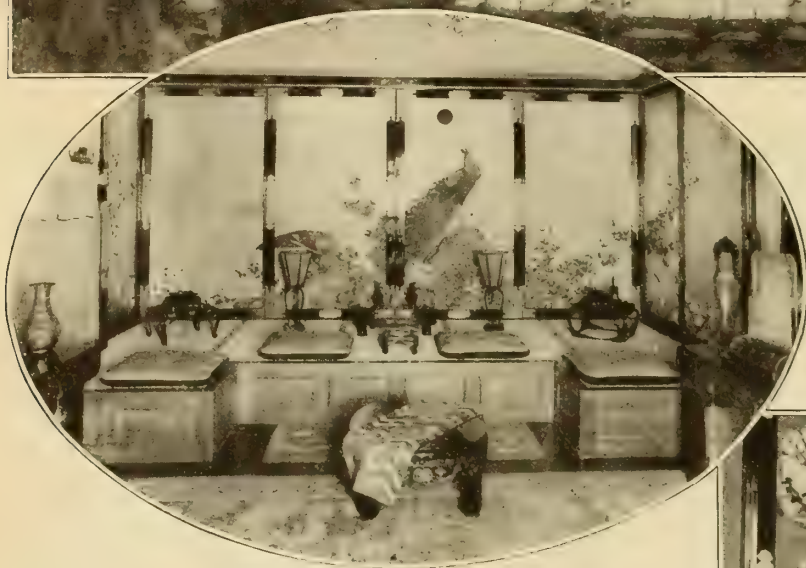
If I say I don't know—and I don't—you raise a supercilious eyebrow, and wonder how I get away with it. So, to keep up



# Hollywood's Four Hundred Club



An airplane view of the club



The tea house of the club is decorated in the manner of old Japan. The tapestry and other furnishings are antiques collected in the Orient

This is the women's lounge



**H**ERE are the first pictures of Hollywood's new and ultra-exclusive Four Hundred Club. The directors of the club purchased the luxurious Japanese mansion situated on a high hill overlooking all Hollywood, which has long been world-famous. The place was created originally by the Bernheimer brothers, millionaire importers of Oriental goods. They had spent years and a fortune in collecting art treasures from the far East, but when one of the brothers died recently, the other sold the estate.

The grounds consist of twelve acres, landscaped in the Oriental manner and dotted with age-old shrines and statues brought from China and Japan. In one corner of the gardens there is a miniature but complete Japanese village. The Four Hundred Club, whose membership is exclusively prominent motion picture people, will make extensive improvements, involving a total expenditure of \$2,500,000. On either side of the building here shown wings will be built. One wing will house a theater and the other a spacious ballroom. A large swimming pool will be constructed in the foreground. The riding stables will be in the rear. The trail, shown in the picture, winds for miles through the Hollywood hills.



The men's lounge, directly off the entrance hall, is riotous with color. Soft silks cover even the window frames and the furnishings are of priceless teakwood



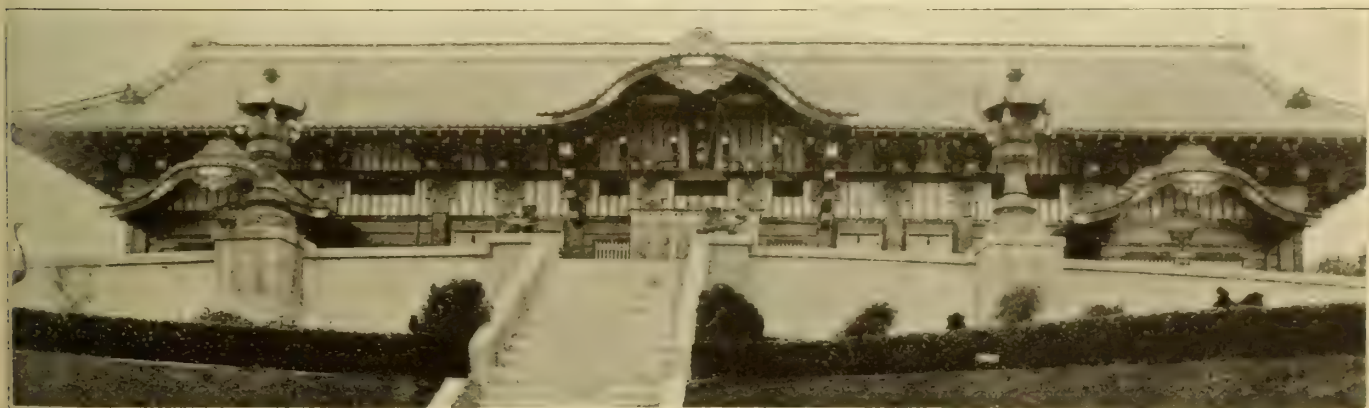
The club boasts several bedrooms as luxurious as the one shown in the oval. The bed is a splendid example of Japanese hand carving, while the Japanese prints are the sort for which collectors die



The main building (below), constructed around this beautiful patio, has a porch which runs its entire length and which will be used as an outdoor tea room. The antique bronze figure in the foreground is another collector's jewel



Below is the main building, reached by one of the longest stairways in the world, only a small part of which is shown in the picture. To this building wings will be added. The porch will be turned into an open air restaurant





# STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



Marion Davies introduces the Beverly Bob for Beautiful Blondes. It's just like Dad's—clipped in back and short in front—and she wears it in "Beverly of Graustark." But it's interesting to look at anywhere. Don't try it unless you are very beautiful



Lookit that eager expression on Betty Compson and lookit James Cruze's hand in his pocket the moment they step off the train. Mr. and Mrs. Cruze came East to do their Christmas shopping. Three thousand miles mean nothing in their life

**T**HERE is in New York a starlet whose invitations to luncheon are gracefully ducked. The starlet is Lois Moran. The shied invitations are not Lois' fault. They are Lois' diet's fault.

There is no more charming cinema debutante than the accomplished Miss Moran. There is no quarrel with her personality, which is packed with sweetness and light and all the naïveté that her contract with the estimable Samuel Goldwyn demands. The quarrel is with Lois' carrots. Also Lois' tomatoes and beans and other products of Nature's great bounty.

The trouble is that Lois eats those gifts of Nature just as Nature hands them forth—after they have been washed, of course. Beyond the washing Lois will not permit them to go. Food which has touched kitchen stoves never touches Lois. Not since Lillian Gish nibbled raw carrots on the stand in Charles Duell's suit has diet played so important a part in a stellar life.

Lois, like Lillian, takes her carrots raw. She takes everything, in the food line, raw. She literally eats nothing that is cooked. Neither does she drink tea or coffee.

Certainly she shuns those things from which our Herb draws his inspiration. White bread never pales her table. Candy and pastry are anathema to her.

The diet started with Mrs. Moran, Lois' mother. Mrs. Moran was put on the diet by her physician. Lois adopted it, too, and so sincerely are they convinced of its merits, they try to get their guests to go and gnaw likewise.

However it must be admitted that Lois has the most beautiful natural complexion to be noted the length of Broadway.

**T**HE more-or-less official announcement of the engagement of Florence Vidor to the famous director, George Fitzmaurice, which has recently been made, renders it possible to tell, on Elinor Glyn, a story that is another of those too-good-to-keep kind.

News of this engagement has been leaking out in the Hollywood picture colony recently, since Mrs. Vidor obtained her divorce from King Vidor, and is now accepted without question, since neither Mrs. Vidor nor Mr. Fitzmaurice deny it.

Some weeks ago Madame Glyn gave a dinner party in honor of a visiting English nobility. It was, to drop for a moment into the venacular, some dinner. Mrs. Glyn, you know, prides herself on the correct manner in which she does things, and has been just a little given to looking down upon the crude Western manners of many of the screen celebrities.

But at this dinner she seated Mrs. Vidor and Mr. Fitzmaurice directly opposite King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, the young screen actress whose engagement to him has been recently rumored.

Whether Mrs. Glyn slipped up in arranging her table, or whether elite European social custom expects people simply to ignore little things like that, nobody knows. But the fact remains that the dinner party was rather uncomfortable for everyone concerned and that a lot of people have since quietly chuckled over Mrs. Glyn's faux pas.

**"HELLO,** Miss Valli, I'm awfully glad to meet you."

And ten minutes later he had kissed her. Such is the fiery impetuosity of the Irish. Fast work, even for Hollywood.

This was the romantic introduction of Virginia Valli and Pat O'Malley, both of whom have worked in Hollywood for several years but who had never met before, either socially or professionally.

The meeting took place on the morning of their first scenes together in Universal's "Wives For Rent." They acknowledged introductions and literally went into a "clinch" for the picture, the first being a love scene.

**I**N seclusion in the home of a friend at Altadena, not so many miles from Hollywood, Barbara La Marr, still beautiful, but lying frail and broken on a bed of pain, is making a valiant fight for the recovery of her health and strength.

"Hello, everybody! I'm getting better—I'll be all right and back with you pretty soon." This is the message she sends.

And the host of friends in the film colony who love her sincerely hope she will.

**POLA** rehearsed in the dark the other day.

No, they are not filming "Jorgen," but Pola was using her own beautiful chinchilla coat in the scene. Now, as you probably know, chinchilla is a very rare and costly fur, and the furrier told Pola that the harsh lights used in the studio would undoubtedly fade and mar the fur, so he cautioned her to avoid exposing it to the Kleigs any more than possible. Thus she rehearsed in the dark—and only once during the filming of the scene did the gigantic battery of lights gleam upon the chinchilla.

Pola was the guest of honor at a Wasp meeting held at the Writers' Club the other night, and she wore her gorgeous wrap. With her glistening black hair and waxen complexion—a



# EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Not quite two years old, Mildred Gloria Lloyd has learned to look the camera right in the eye. She expects to be pretty busy from now on, dividing her afternoons between watching Papa Harold at his studio, and Mamma Mildred playacting at the Paramount Studio



Hollywood's novelty hound, Kathleen Key, has gone in for hand-tooled galluses. Remember when only grandpa wore them? It was Rudy who brought them to Hollywood and Gloria Swanson who made them popular with the girls

dash of vermillion for lips—and all bundled in her chinchilla cloak, she looked as if she had stepped from the pages of a French novel . . . and would have to hurry back for the continuation of the plot.

**NAZIMOVA'S** frank confession of her unwedded life with Charles Bryant is characteristic of the Russian actress. Without any attempt at dissembling, she told the reporters how for fifteen years she had lived as Mrs. Charles Bryant in the eyes of the world, when in fact she was the legal wife of a Russian, whose name is not divulged.

Nobody knew that Nazimova and Bryant were not married until the latter applied for a marriage license to Miss Marjorie Gilhooley in New Milford, Conn., when he was obliged to state that he had not been married before.

As is often true in such cases, everyone but Madame Nazimova seemed aware of Bryant's interest in Miss Gilhooley. So when the actress sailed for Paris nobody doubted that it was to secure a divorce from Charles Bryant. Nazimova did get a divorce, but it was from her Russian husband.

She returned to the United States with full expectation of legalizing her status as the wife of the man with whom she had lived so many years. Only then did she learn of his interest in Miss Gilhooley.

"So I let him go and marry her—and may God make him happy," says this heroine of so many Ibsen tragedies.

**THIS** month's prize for the perfect gift goes to the Mayor of Camberwell, London, England.

Betty Blythe was the guest of honor at the

opening of Camberwell's largest motion picture theater last month. Betty sang several songs and made a speech. Then a member of parliament attempted to address the crowd, but they would not allow him, and Betty had to speak up again.

So enthusiastic were the Camberwellians over Miss Blythe that the mayor thought it would be nice to make the star a present in return for her courtesy.

Imagine Betty's dismay when she received an enormous oil painting of the mayor himself in official robes!

She is now wondering whether she will have to pay duty on it as a work of art when she returns to America.

**HOLLYWOOD** now has a new name for the various general managers who have been coming and going recently at the Universal City. They are no longer called "general manager" but "officer of the day."

**THE** thoughtfulness of a mere acquaintance saved Mary Miles Minter the shock of having to read in the newspapers of the death of her beloved grandmother, Mrs. Julia Branch Miles. Mrs. Shelby, Mary's mother, had for months refused to respond to her daughter's telegrams and long distance calls.

On the Friday before Mrs. Miles passed away, the former screen star received a telegram from an acquaintance telling her that her grandmother was not expected to live.

In despair, Mary wired the family physician and begged him to read her "mama," as she always called her grandmother, this message:

"My own beautiful little Mama. I am with you, darling, in heart and mind and will soon be there to hold you close in my arms as I used to do. Wait for me, pet, but if you cannot, then remember that the soul is all and nothing can ever separate us in spirit. I will keep you with me always. With all my love, my little Mama, Your Baby."

Mrs. Shelby was finally induced to break her long silence with Mary, and spoke to her daughter over the telephone. She said there was no hope and that it was merely a question of time. A later wire informed Miss Minter that her grandmother had passed away.

The funeral services occurred so soon after Mrs. Miles' death that it was impossible for Miss Minter to reach Los Angeles in time to attend. She tried to get the Curtiss airplane people to take her to the coast by air, but because of the heavy fogs prevailing they refused to risk it.

The devotion of the little old lady for her unhappy grandchild seemed the one dependable thing in the tragic life of beautiful Mary Miles Minter. And now that is gone.

**THIS** story savors of monkey business.

But Doug MacLean told it to me—and he's a minister's son, so it must be all right. It seems that when they were making "Seven Keys to Baldpate," Edith Roberts, Doug's leading lady, and Fred Newmeyer, the director, and Doug got into an argument about whether the Charleston was a new dance or whether it originated 'way back when we wore tails and frolicked in the tree-tops.

Jocko, the studio monkey, was busy chasing his eternal guest in the corner of the stage, and





The most unkindest cut of all. Pola calls this new bob "the orchid" for its resemblance to those blossoms. Smooth and sleek, it is cut with a point caressing either cheek and a long oval neckline



In the good old days of 1907 when the girls supplied their own orchids, they wore the billowing hirsute effect that Alice Joyce is here supporting. This is the chic Alice's make-up for "Mannequin"

one of the musicians had laid down his accordion for the moment, so Fred Newmeyer picked up the instrument and coaxed the monkey from the corner. Then Fred burst into a rollicking Charleston tune and Edith did her steps.

The monkey scratched its head—for one reason or another—and in a few minutes his little paws were giving a crude but exact demonstration of the dance that has set the world a-jump.

But that doesn't settle the question. Was the monkey stirred by some dim recollection of prehistoric jungle gyrations or was he just a little ape aping?

**PAL**, the bulldog star, is high-hatting his canine friends these days because of a new distinction conferred upon him.

He is the only dog in Hollywood with gold teeth.

Pal is not an old dog, but due to his strenuous career of rescuing movie heroes, gnawing ropes, pulling bundles and carrying objects in his mouth, his teeth became worn down.

A real human dentist, not a veterinary, capped the teeth with gold. Pal is reported to be doing a lot of unnecessary grinning around the studios these days.

**AS** PHOTOPLAY goes to press, Esther Ralston is hurrying away to Hollywood to play two very important roles. One is the lead in a new picture, "The Blind Goddess," for Paramount, and the other has to do with the little blind god.

Esther's friends say that she will become the bride of her manager, George Webb, on Christmas Day, at her Hollywood home. Mr. Webb was formerly an actor but is now devoting him-

self to the business of managing the beautiful film star. The couple have been engaged for some time.

**EVERYONE** knows Joe Schenck is a good business man and a lucky gambler. But perhaps it's more than luck—possibly good, sound judgment—which makes him win so often. His latest bet makes me think so.

Joe has just wagered Charlie Chaplin \$5,000 that the little comedian won't finish his next picture, which has to do with a circus, six months from the day he starts.

Looks to us like Schenck won the bet the moment he made it, for a six months' picture would be a world's record for Charlie.

**IN** selecting the Thirteen Baby Stars of 1926, to be introduced at their annual Frolic in February, the Wampas organization has shown better judgment than they did last year. Olive Borden and June Marlowe are the only young women on the 1925 list who have made even slight advancement in the past year.

The screen press men can't go very far wrong with their new list, since several of the girls have already made definite hits, as, for instance, Mary Brian, Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neill. Vera Reynolds and Mary Astor are established players. The newcomers of the Baby Stars are Joyce Compton, Dolores Costello, Marceline Day, Dolores Del Rio, Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor, Sally Long and Edna Marian.

**WHILE** in Hollywood, Michael Arlen managed to pull an epigram or two for the benefit of the natives—which he gave away free, although they may possibly appear in book form later. Here's one of them:

"In Hollywood, when two people get together it's a conference. When

it's three or more it's a dinner in honor of—"

"**WELL**," said Oliver, the handsome extra. "I'm going back to Goldwyn's tomorrow and finish a bit in 'Ben Hur' that I started two years ago."

If this opus isn't the world's greatest, then it will be a terrific waste of time and dollars. Already it has taken three years of the former and three millions of the latter.

**WELL**, now the secret's out. Helen Lee Worthing must be some relation to "The Tattooed Countess."

The other day I was over at the Warner Brothers' studio watching Jack Barrymore and Helen Lee enact a very impassioned love scene for "Don Juan." During a prolonged kiss Helen Lee was to drop one small satin mule and slowly lift her foot—in approved ecstatic fashion.

And on the bottom of her left sole was tattooed a beautiful blue and red butterfly! She declared that she was the loser of a bet at a beach resort several years ago and the penalty was that she was to have a butterfly tattooed somewhere on her body.

So Helen Lee, being a Follies girl in those days, chose her sole as the least exposed portion of her anatomy.

"**WHERE** do you live, Miss Banky?"

It was at the United Studios and the fair Vilma had just been introduced to some visitors.

"Up in the hills in a little house. His name I think it is bungalow," answered Vilma.

**THIS** whispered that Mrs. Adolphe Menjou has had a mad on her husband ever since he re-signed with Paramount for \$3,500 a week.





Vamping's my dish, said Dorothy Gish,  
I know I can act full of sin.  
The English producer was loathe to refuse 'er  
And gave her the role of *Nell Gwyn*



Fashion's slave, Bebe Daniels, and fashion's slave bracelet on Bebe's hat. The slave bracelet began its movie career round Connie Talmadge's ankle. Later it twined many a stellar wrist, but Bebe gave it head space

She felt her talented husband was worth more. In fact she harped upon it so much that Mr. Menjou fled to New York to get some peace. Like a dutiful spouse Mrs. Menjou followed. The dapper Adolphe eluded her for a week by checking in and out at various hotels, but she finally caught up with him. Some kind of compromise must have been effected, for the Menjous are now said to be happily rusticated together in the country.

Two excellent performances in "The King on Main Street" and "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" would indicate that the actor himself must be satisfied with his new arrangements with Lasky.

**I** SAW Pauline Frederick on the street the other day, and the irresistible Polly looks quite as charming as ever, which proves conclusively that eight months of kangaroos and boomerangs must have been very agreeable. She has just returned from Australia, you know.

All sorts of rumors are afloat about her forthcoming wedding to a well-known Australian clubman. It is understood that he is a polo player—captain of the Harden Polo Team which won the Countess of Dudley Cup at the recent meet in Wanganiu, New Zealand. Polly doesn't deny it, so there must be some truth in the report.

It was not long ago that she received a divorce from Doctor Rutherford of Seattle, and before that the alliance between Willard Mack, the playwright, and herself was snipped by the divorce judge.

**JIMMY CRUZE** and his wife, Betty Compson, are leaving almost immediately for Europe, where they are going to spend their vacation and, incidentally, buy furniture, dishes, and decorations for their new home.

Betty's chief trouble has been getting Jimmy's trunks packed. Not, she says, because he has so many clothes, but because he has so few.

"When I finally got his things together," she confided, "I almost wept. It seemed too silly to put them in a trunk. They'd rattle around like one bean in a kettle. They looked like they'd go nicely in a sack."

So she kept at him until she finally, piece by piece, got him a wardrobe covering a wide enough range to make him presentable in the capitals of Europe under most circumstances, and got them satisfactorily disposed in a handsome new wardrobe trunk.

"And now," she said with a sigh, "if I can only get him to wear them!"

**FOOTBALL** season reminds me of this, which Mildred Davis Lloyd used to tell on herself.

When Mildred first began to prepare the layette and the nursery for the coming of the Lloyd heir or heirless, she said to Harold one day, "Do you know, while I'm waiting for baby, I'm going to take up my music again. I think I'll set aside an hour or two every morning for a piano lesson, and I'll try to sing all the time, whenever I think of it. I do believe a lot in prenatal influence, and I should like my baby to sing and play and be musical."

Her husband contemplated her solemnly for several seconds. Then he said, "You couldn't manage to play a little football, could you?"

**LARRY SEMON** need not search far for a comedy plot. He has one right in his own home. Mrs. Larry Semon, who was Dorothy Dwan, has a furniture moving complex. When not engaged in playing foil for her comedian husband, Dorothy expends her youthful energy moving the piano from beside the fireplace to between the windows. And she insists

upon doing it herself, declaring that scratches and bruises are part of the kick she gets out of this pastime.

Larry became so bewildered the other evening upon returning home and finding his living room rearranged again that he inadvertently dropped his gloves in the goldfish bowl and sat down on a potted poinsettia.

**NOTE** to golf widows: Adele Rowland, who is Mrs. Conway Tearle in life, is donning the weeds to join your illustrious sisterhood. It seems that Conway has foresworn picture acting to make the course in eighty, and until that time comes he says he will positively not appear in any pictures.

Tearle is the man who puts a neat little "Inc." after his name when signing checks and contracts—not to show that he is interested in writing fluid, but that he and his holdings form a company which is incorporated.

So I guess the Tearle family won't starve if Conway takes a year to perfect his golf skill.

**A**NOTHER crowning glory has gone to make a Russian beard for a movie extra. This time it is Madeline Hurlock's.

This sinuous siren of the cinema will appear with a boyish bob in the Sennett comedy that brings Ben Turpin back to the screen after a year's absence.

"I could say my hair was coming out," says Madeline, who had oft declared she would never bob; "but the truth is I was bored with myself one day, and went out and had it done."

**BILL POWELL** writes gaily from San Juan, Porto Rico, where he has been dallying about in the Atlantic and with "Aloma of the South Seas," that ninety-five per cent of the natives there die from indolence, and the remaining five per cent from falling coconuts. There are land crabs as big as manhole covers that climb the coconut trees, clip the coconuts, return to earth and eat the nuts.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



# Wedding Bells of



The family of Falaise will have weathered its first year on January 28th, 1926. They seem to be very happy together and Gloria's friends feel that it is a successful union

Viola Dana and Maurice "Lefty" Flynn were in love with each other a long time before they married. Does happiness really end where the minister begins?



Bert Lytell was not deterred by the failure of his first marriage to an actress, Evelyn Vaughn, from marrying Claire Windsor, in Juarez, Mexico, last May. Claire is also a veteran of a former marriage

Herbert Howe in October PHOTOPLAY told us why so many movie marriages go on the rocks. Five of these nine unions are between actors and actresses. Will their self-expression be cramped by the confines of matrimony? Will the over-developed ego engendered by success prevent these people from yielding to the inevitable compromises of marriage?



Nobody knew Dorothy Dwan until she became Mrs. Larry Semon last January. With youthful optimism, she expects to have a career in pictures, and be a real wife. She is the year's youngest bride





# 12 Months



Helen Ferguson and Bill Russell were sweethearts for five years before they took the almost fatal—in Hollywood—step

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe were married in September. Edmund plays the lover to the screen's loveliest women. Lilyan vamps the screen's handsomest men. Can they resist the propinquity of the studio sets?



The marriage of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor is the first of its kind—world's heavyweight boxing champion and screen player. Each has a definite career. Estelle doesn't want Jack to fight. He doesn't want her to act. How will it end?

Producers have not the vanity and self-concentration that is part of an actor's temperament. They, therefore, would seem to be safer matrimonial bets. Samuel Goldwyn, one of the most successful, was married last April to Frances Howard, Broadway star

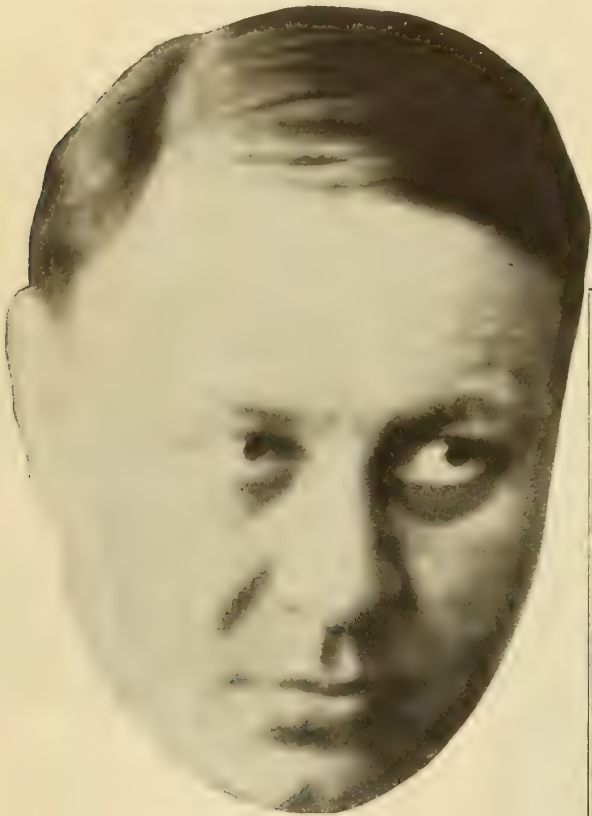


The question of Constance Bennett's movie career was apparently settled quite definitely before she became Mrs. Philip Plant in November. She says she is through with pictures. This would seem to take the jinx off their marriage



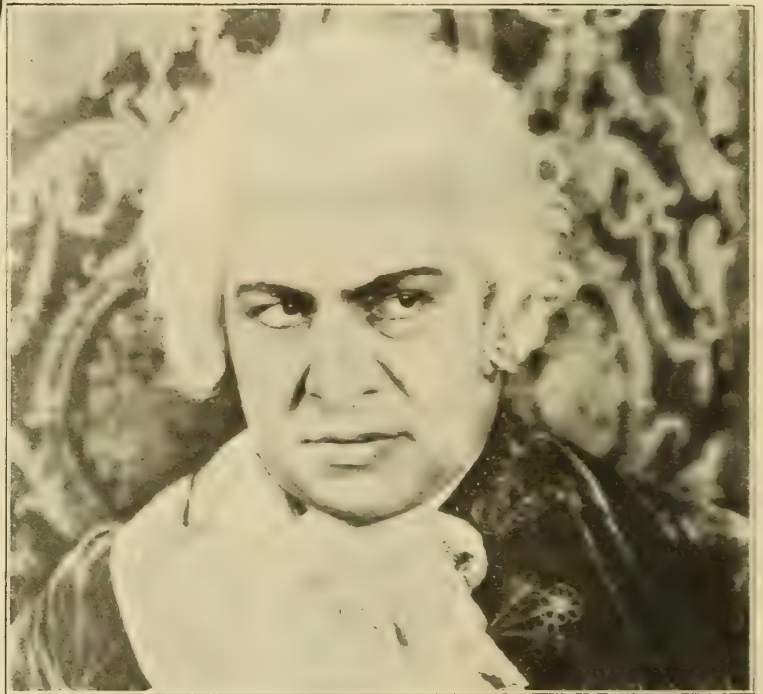


# A Visit with Emil Jannings



Emil Jannings, the greatest German actor of them all, was actually born in New York City. Yet he speaks no English

A close-up—with a long shot or two in which Emil states that he likes to eat more than is good for him—and look at the ladies. But you'd never suspect the reason he hasn't yet come to America



"Passion" brought Pola Negri to this country, while it made Jannings the highest salaried actor in his native land

**T**ALLER than he seems on the screen—at least five feet ten inches—

Not old; hardly middle-aged—

Not fat, either, but a compact hundred and ninety pounds of bone and muscle reminding one of Jim Jeffries in his prime—

And with a face not gross at all, but sterner, finer-lined than the face that most of his pictures show—

—Emil Jannings, as I met him on a wonderful morning in Berlin.

Away from the lamps, the last semblance of the actor fades out. His clothes are plain, but are exceedingly well-tailored and are worn well. Reminds you of a captain of industry, even to that big laugh which is known around the world. You know, outside the wooden stage and the silver stage, you very seldom see a real master of men who isn't a good laughter. And Jannings' face, which in repose is severe, sometimes almost to ferocity, has a lurking twinkle waiting to break up the whole forbidding mask into a cataract of mirth—a mirth which is Rabelaisian and red-blooded—the mirth of a man who loves life and the ladies, and is not ashamed of his frank enjoyment of both.

We met in the doorway of the E. F. A. Studio—a low, long structure in the heart of modern Berlin, built by Famous Players and now tenanted by the European Film Alliance. On the street front a dealer in antique furniture has handsome ware-rooms. Two flights of stairs and a carefully guarded door bring the visitor out upon the open gallery which every German studio raises around and above its stage.

In the center, Lya de Putti, the reigning female star of Germany, was finishing a highly emotional drama containing about as much hokum and just as much reality as the average emotional masterpiece. You may remember Lya; only a year or

two ago she appeared as a maid in "Above All Law," a play which enjoyed some small circulation in America, and over her grace and lissomeness and sensitive dark beauty there were even then many prophecies of future stardom.

Well, Lya has arrived, with all the stellar appurtenances. There have been several husbands and considerable talk; I saw her glittering under many diamonds which came out of the ground and not out of a factory, surrounded by ministering maids and a number of small dogs to which she was distractedly devoted; also, she was working under police bail, for one of her several motors had just killed a man, and while annihilating pedestrians is a leading sport in America, in Germany it is oddly considered quite an offense.

Jannings' dressing-room is not up among the stars. We clattered down an iron stair to the stage floor, then back of a pile of scenes which led to a dusty passage way off which the motor-room and the carpenter-shop sounded—clear to the end—and into a room so quiet, so different from the rest of the noisy studio that it almost seemed as if we had entered a cottage in the country. The rustling branches of a fine linden tree shaded the wide-open window, through which flashed the green of a rolling lawn, and the silver of a lake upon which water-fowl swam to and fro. A pair of deep chairs invited repose more than alert attention—and that was all of luxury, or even comfort.

Jannings told me that he chose the room because it overlooked a little park, and that he hated furbelows and furniture in his work-shop.



# the German Giant

By Julian Johnson

We sat down—three of us. The third was Felix Pfitzner, a New Yorker of German parentage who is now manager of the E. F. A. studio. What I said to Jannings, and what he said to me, had to travel via the Pfitzner route; Jannings is the only cultured German I met in Berlin who could not speak any English. But Pfitzner, as much of an American as I am, and at the same time as thoroughly German as Jannings himself, played equally well in the box and behind the bat. He gave the thought to both of us, instantly, in our own idiom.

"You might tell them"—Jannings apparently had had this on his bronchitis for a long time—"that I was *not* born in Brooklyn. I was born in Manhattan. Just where I don't know, for my father and mother came back to Germany when I was eighteen months old. Consequently I never learned any English in my childhood. Later—well, I have always intended to, but it's one of those things that I'm always going to do next . . . you know how it is . . ."

I knew . . . like my French, an omission I had not ceased to regret since the rainy evening I landed, tongueless as well as friendless, at the Gare du Nord in Paris.

We talked—not of cabbages and kings, because in Germany kings are nix and cabbages are kraut—but of many other things. For one thing, of the fundamental difference in the demands of a German audience and an American audience.

"One of your heavy, gloomy photo-plays is strong meat enough to last an American audience a long time," I said. "Yet I am told that tragedy and morbidity are [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



To his gallery of magnificent characterizations, Jannings adds another in "Tartuffe," not yet imported here. The passive armful is Lil Dagover



He tries not to play heroes or villains, but human beings. His old doorman in "The Last Laugh" was one of them



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey of Hollywood call on Jannings in Berlin





**HIS SECRETARY—Metro-Goldwyn**

AT last we have a story of the ugly duckling wherein the character remains consistent throughout. Director Hobart Henley and Norma Shearer are aware that one trip to the beauty parlor can change the face but not the nature of an individual. When the homely, love-starved stenographer turns into a raving beauty, the timid old-maidish heart still beats beneath the new silk frock.

Norma Shearer gives a splendid performance as *Ruth Lawrence*, the kind of secretary that only the boss's wife could love. Cotton stockings, sensible shoes, *pince nez* and all. Without any exaggerated make-up, beautiful Miss Shearer looks plain enough to be a movie critic.

And the moral is that it is not the fast worker with the pencil who gets to go on business trips with the boss.



**SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—Metro-Goldwyn**

ONE of the nicest pictures of back stage chorus girl life that it has been our lot to see. For a change, we see the tinsel creatures as they really are—hard-working, ambitious youngsters who go home to cornbeef and cabbage, usually, instead of to night clubs and broiled lobster.

The picture as a whole is very well cast, the title roles perfectly so. Sally O'Neill as *Mary*, the Irish kid from the tenements, makes a distinct impression in this, her first appearance in a part. She has a bewitching personality and an instinct for comedy that will win her an important place.

Joan Crawford as *Irene*, the sentimental one, gives a good performance; and Constance Bennett's work in the role of *Sally*, the girl that Broadway "got," makes one want to weep over her decision to make no more pictures.

# The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

*A Review of the New Pictures*



**STAGE STRUCK—Paramount**

THIS makes Gloria Charlie Chaplin's nearest rival.

Charlie got himself called a genius and taken very seriously when he mastered the trick of pathos behind the gag. In "Stage Struck" Gloria has learned the same lesson. If Charlie is a genius, this picture makes Gloria a genius, too. And besides, Gloria also has beauty and IT.

Taken from a story by Frank R. Adams and directed with finesse and cunning by Allan Dwan, this production offers perfect amusement value. It makes no pretences of art or tordid realism. It is unselfconscious and gay and very fine.

Gloria plays *Jennie*, a small-town waitress, who wants to be an actress because her boy friend admires the girls of the theater. *Jennie* wants *Orme*, who makes flapjacks in the restaurant where she works, and nothing is too hard for her to undergo to land him. Pathetic, screamingly funny little *Jennie*, trying to be gay for *Orme*; staying behind to do his work while he goes flirting with the girl on the showboat; paying the five dollars that would have bought her diploma from the correspondence school's dramatic course for a silk shirt for her hero; *Jennie* imitating her fancy rival's make-up and getting knocked about in the showboat's prize ring as a local masked marvel that *Orme* may see her actually upon the stage and thus win him back from the actress' clutches, these scenes pull at your heart even as they make you rock with laughter. The final love scene is low comedy raised to art by the tenderness and sincerity with which Gloria endows it. And for those who insist, there is a sequence that shows Gloria, the glamorous.

Don't miss this one. "Stage Struck" proves, if further proof is necessary, that the little marquise is a very human being. Take the whole family. The children will adore it.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Six Best Pictures of the Month

STAGESTRUCK BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES  
THE WEDDING SONG A KISS FOR CINDERELLA  
SALLY, IRENE AND MARY HIS SECRETARY

## The Six Best Performances of the Month

Gloria Swanson in "Stagestruck"  
Ben Lyon in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives"  
Norma Shearer in "His Secretary"  
Lew Cody in "His Secretary"  
Sally O'Neill in "Sally, Irene and Mary"  
Chester Conklin in "A Woman of the World"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 124



**"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA"—Paramount**

IT has no plot, this "Kiss for Cinderella," except the beautiful old plot of the Cinderella legend. It has no more sex than sunshine. It has no fashion parade. But it is exactly what its advertisements call it, "A Christmas Gift for All."

Charm and laughter and youth it has, and while it marks no great advance for Betty Bronson, it ranks Herbert Brenon among the really important directors.

Because she is starved and cold, she gets a blessed fever that transports her to a fairy ball where she wears the glass slippers and the beautiful gown and meets the *Prince*, who is really her friend, the policeman. And then when she gets well again—well, you go see for yourself. And take every one of the children, even the baby. It's their lollipop.



**BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES—First National**

IT was a great day when producers discovered comedy had box office value. That discovery made for some of the best pictures of the year, among which this Robert Kane production may be safely included.

"Bluebeard's Seven Wives" is a glorious comedy with the movies kidding their own methods and the actors kidding their usual screen selves. There is a love plot, too, and beautiful settings and even bits of "Romeo and Juliet" to make it glamorous. But most of all there are laughs. Real laughs.

It tells the comic rise of *John Hart* from boob bank teller to screen sheik and the struggle his real love for *Mary Kelly*, a waitress, has to keep up with his publicity love affairs that entail seven wives. All *John* really wants is a chicken farm and *Mary*. Instead, a dumb instrument of destiny, he becomes *Don Juan Harte*, a he-siren, due to a director who wanted to prove he could make any sap, and a press agent who regards the truth as a form of lunacy.

The cast is perfect. Ben Lyon gives a joyous performance of the stammering moron who never learns what it is all about. Lois Wilson is great as *Mary Kelly*, a genuine comedy performance. The scene of those two eloping, trying to escape in a Ford coupe, while the press agent, flawlessly done by Sam Hardy, chases them and some four hundred other flivver coupes, until finally the dazed lovers drive through a brook, only to emerge in the minister's parlor with their clothing shrunk past politeness, will bring tears of joy to your eyes.

You'll make sure of a happy New Year by seeing this film. The children can go too. They'll think it's great fun—which it is.



**THE WEDDING SONG—Producers Distributing Co.**

A STORY of sterling value will often make a success of a production which is otherwise mediocre. Provided of course it is coupled with skillful direction. Alan Hale, formerly a well known heavy and recently branching out in the directorial field, this being only his second production, has converted Ethel Watts Mumford's novel into a picture that will take an immediate place among the best screen efforts of the crook type.

A crook's plans to "clean" a pearl king through his sister and his confederates are cleverly depicted. But true to movie fashion the plans are frustrated and love triumphs. An excellent cast is headed by Leatrice Joy and Robert Ames. Praise is due George Marion, Jr., for his clever sub-titles. It's worth bracing the winty winds to see this.





**LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN—Warner Brothers**

**T**HE plot by Oscar Wilde was not so original. With Wilde's epigrams it became literature. With Lubitsch's subtle translation it is delightful.

Irene Rich is charming as *Mrs. Erlynne*, the naughty mother of little *Lady Windermere* (May McAvoy). Ronald Colman is a suave *Lord Darlington*.

Not for children.



**THE MIDNIGHT SUN—Universal**

**H**ERE is a Russian picture as Slavic as Vodka. The plot has been ground through many cinema mills but under the deft handling of Dmitri Buchwetski, it is a splendid film—the story of a ballerina of American birth, of moneyed power behind the throne and a dissolute Grand Duke.

Raymond Keane, a youth who will cause palpitation of many flapper hearts, plays the lead. Watch the lad.



**A WOMAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount**

**A**WAKE! Negri fans, from your long siesta. The fascinating, continental Pola is with us once again. A dangerous, cynical, tempestuous Italian countess she is, wearing a tattoo—insignia of an amorous adventure.

Director Malcolm St. Clair deserves credit for the restraint shown in the small-town scenes and types that must have tempted exaggeration. Not for the children.



**IRISH LUCK—Paramount**

**N**OW, Tommy Meighan, you are yourself again. After a series of impossible vehicles, the Meighan fans will be delighted to see their favorite in one of the finest pictures he has made in some time. Tom, a traffic policeman, wins a popularity contest. The award—a trip to Ireland. He resembles *Lord Fitzhugh*, and that's the plot. A beautiful travelogue of Ireland adds to the entertainment value.



**MANNEQUIN—Paramount**

**G**OOD entertainment but rather disappointing for a fifty thousand dollar Fanny Hurst story produced by James Cruze. The story, dealing with a kidnapped baby, who as a young woman is reunited with her wealthy parents following her acquittal in an intensely dramatic and well handled murder trial, is sometimes spotty in places, as if Cruze found it impossible to get the story in seven reels.



**WE MODERNS—First National**

**"T**OO young to go to war but old enough to go to the devil," so sayeth the subtitle and, too, the best way to explain what it's all about. Colleen Moore struts through the picture with the breezy and carefree manner of the modern flapper. One can't help but delight in her. But not comparable with "Sally" or "Flaming Youth"—it's just Colleen's performance that is worth while.





**SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT—Universal**

**T**HIS does not contain the hilarity that the Denny predecessors have. However, there are many funny situations. How to do the Savannah Shuffle a la Charleston! It is a scream to watch Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante teach a gathering of wealthy society people the dance that has made such a claim to popularity. A refreshingly clean comedy with an excellent cast, ably directed.



**CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE—First National**

**R**ESORTING to the one little trick that he used in "Sally," Leon Errol does his utmost to try and amuse an audience. If you have seen Errol before, you've seen everything there is—if you haven't, you may get a laugh out of his eccentric knees. The story is weak, considered from a comedy viewpoint, and if you can get a guffaw out of this you're a better man than I am.



**THE ARIZONA SWEEPSTAKES—Universal**

**A**N excellent Hoot Gibson Western introduced in a novel way. This Western is filled with good snappy action and excellent comedy situations. The story opens in a Chinatown fight in which Hoot becomes entangled. To avoid the police he returns to his ranch, and wins a thrilling horse race. He is proved innocent. A young lady is at the bottom of the race affair and Hoot wins her, too.



**MADE FOR LOVE—Prod. Dist. Co.**

**D**EODORIZED Arabs, a wicked prince, a bevy of blighted beaux and a lover who prefers the chaste curves of antique alabaster bowls to the alluring curves of his fiancée, keep Leatrice Joy fully occupied in this picture of the sizzling sands. It is entertaining, and you will agree its two delights are Leatrice Joy boyishly shingled and slim and the titles by George Marion, Jr.



**THE ONLY THING—Metro-Goldwyn**

**A**NOTHER of Elinor Glyn's stories of mythical kingdoms. This is no different from the previous Glyn affairs, only perhaps a little more exaggerated. Eleanor Boardman is the beautiful princess who is betrothed to the old king. Conrad Nagel, with a blond mustache and pasted ears a la Glyn style, is the brave knight who rescues the fair lady. Lovers of romance will eat this up.



**JOANNA—First National**

**I** WONDER if the Cinderella of long ago had the chance to sow a few wild oats and have all sorts of millionaires propose to her—or were there "butter and egggers" in those days? This started out to be a real serious effort to depict the carryings-on of the younger set. It resulted in being very funny, but I am sure the comedy was unintentional. Send the children to Sunday School. [CONT'D ON PAGE 115]



# CLOSE-UPS *and* LONG-SHOTS

Satire, Humor and  
Some Sense

By Herbert Howe

**A**LTHOUGH the New Year has been officially welcomed, everything is at a standstill until I make my annual prediction as to Who'll Be Who on the new year screen.

In order not to tie up traffic any longer I herewith issue the official bull (ecclesiastical word for edict and distinguished by infallibility).

After long vigil and prayerful conference with the wise men and prophets of blessed Hollywood, your pastor is able to foretell the coming events with all the conscience of gospel.

**T**HESE individuals, it is agreed, will crowd the foreground of interest this new year by virtue of the greatest progress:

Of companies, Metro-Goldwyn.

Of executives, Joseph Schenck.

Of impresarios, Samuel Goldwyn.

Of directors: King Vidor, Erich Von Stroheim, Rex Ingram, Ernst Lubitsch, Malcolm St. Clair.

Of pictures: "Ben Hur," "The Big Parade," "The Merry Widow," "Stella Dallas," "Mare Nostrum," the latest brain child of Harold Lloyd.

Of stars—Gentlemen: John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, Raymond Griffith, Harry Langdon.

Ladies: Corinne Griffith, Vilma Banky, Norma Shearer, Belle Bennett.

**I**LIST these as the most significant because of the promise they made toward greater laurels.

Gilbert is the wow to succeed Valentino, who succeeded Francis X. Bushman, who succeeded Maurice Costello.

Corinne Griffith is the established star who appears most likely claimant to the queenly division.

Ramon Novarro with "Ben Hur" will take a unique position as an artist whose fame will reverberate to immortality with the great picture.

Ronald Colman will continue leisurely but as steadfast and enduring as true steel or Lew Stone.

Vilma Banky, among discoveries, commands a boundless horizon.

Norma Shearer, while definitely limited, is likewise definitely fixed on the heights of heaven.

Of maturing finds, Dolores Costello offers the most delectable surmise.

Among the solid silver stars Norma Talmadge will lead through her ability to make great pictures at any price. Gloria Swanson has reached her peak; how long she'll remain there is problematical. Harold Lloyd and Doug Fairbanks, invincible as star-producers, will continue as they choose. Chaplin's greatness is subject only to his personal mood.



Bool got pinched. They found it in his cellar. He had a permit. But the permit ran out, leaving Bool low and dry

Richard Dix is the long-distance man for Paramount who may go higher or remain a program card according to producers' wisdom.

Raymond Griffith may par with Lloyd if given time and facilities.

Harry Langdon's progress is up to his ability as a producer now.

Among directors, King Vidor is surest, with "The Big Parade" as a centurion of greater greatness. Von Stroheim is the most exciting because the most erratic. Ingram with "The World's Illusion" has a chance of topping all achievements.

Lubitsch must quit making pastries and go back to raw beef like "Deception" and "Passion."

Mal St. Clair is the big hope among the young directors.

**H**ONORABLE mention should go to Irving Thalberg, who is hard to detect because embedded in organization. But it was under his personal supervision that "The Unholy Three" was hatched, "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade."

**T**HE Valentino storm has blown over, leaving Rudie to paddle his bark by main strength of histrionic ability.

Gloria Swanson has weathered a similar gale of sensationalism in creaking vehicles.

The backs of the mob are now turned on these, and bravos go up for Mr. John Gilbert, the superior actor of passionall interludes.

The swift revolution finds him on the rostrum decked with flowers and bunting, and the incense rolls up as it did for Valentino but an hour ago.

How long John will wear the purple is a problem that depends not so much on him and his ability as upon his pictures—and those of the other fellows. But with "Bardelys, the Magnificent" as his next there is no sign of an immediate halt.

**E**VERY Napoleon must go into exile.

We rear idols to slay them.

The highest position affords the best target.

Even as the faithful are shouting, "There is no other god!" they are edging around the idol to pin a Kick-Me on his coat-tails.

Bouquets today and Gates-Ajar tomorrow.

Who ever built a snow man without kicking it to pieces?

**B**UT why be a mourner at the feast? My gloves applaud Mr. Gilbert but my heart is heavy for a less fortunate artist, Signor le Bool Montana.

Bool got pinched.

They found it. In his cellar. Search warrants, I suppose, like King George issued in the days of our Pilgrim fathers.



# Society has its Blue Book. Earth has its Heaven. Photoplay has Herb's Who's Who for 1926. The rest is silence

Bool was within the law. He had a permit, being a foreigner (did you ever note that nearly all my friends are foreigners?) and something midway between an ambassador and a prelate. But the permit ran out, leaving Bool high and dry—or, rather, low and dry.

IT seems my fate to choose friends whom the law eventually covets. And on several occasions I've had to take hurried flight with them.

I fled with Rex Ingram from Paris when he abducted Kada-Abdul-Kadir, the Arab boy who was held in virtual slavery by a Parisian. The gendarmes arrived at the docks too late to say aught but adieu as we sailed away, but wireless missives terrified us in mid-ocean, and only Nathan Burkan, the chief of police and Kada's salute to the examining official kept us from seeing New York by patrol wagon.

With Novarro, the eminent Mexican adventurer, I defied the laws of two nations by sneaking the Italian Franco border under the guns of soldiers, all because the senor was outside the law as to passport.

And mein friend Pola, the eminent Polish gypsy, nearly shuffled off to bondage when she came lugging an emerald the size of the blarney stone and twelve objets d'art in bottle form right past the government officials without so much as saying "scuse me."

Nor will I forget the happy hour I spent in jail as the guest of Bebe Daniels, known in that day as Speed-Queen Daniels, while Adela Rogers St. Johns renewed old acquaintance at every cell along the corridor.

However, my 'scutcheon is not without its stain. The second night after my arrival in France to kill the Kaiser, whom I hadn't even met and so had done me no wrong, I was lodged in a dungeon of Brest in a bastille that sheltered Napoleon before he sailed for Elba. My crime was in trying to see France without first asking nurse if I might play around. That dungeon night left its print on my soul. I've felt like Napoleon ever since.

BUT my, where was I? When I get on to my war reminiscences there is no stopping me. If I don't watch out I'll have nothing to tell when I take my rocking chair on the front porch of the old soldiers' home at Sawtelle, in the near future.

Oh, yes, regarding the short hour of idols and their sad fate which leaves them penniless or millionaires according to their wisdom.

What I intended to say is that only artists endure. They are not sensations and yet the rarest of them.

Chaplin was a sensation long ago but not through personality.

Time and again he has been tempted to come out from under the cover of his clown Charlot, but he wisely has refrained.

The secret of screen endurance is this: Never be yourself on the screen; off screen, never be anything else.



Mein Friend Pola, when she came lugging an emerald the size of the blarney stone and twelve objets d'art in bottle form right past government officials

GENIUS in an actor lies in his ability to transmute life into terms of character.

He is a glass through which other lives are seen.

The clearer the glass the greater the actor.

His power as a medium is in proportion to his shrinkage as a personality.

The greater he is the less he is.

He becomes the genius when he ceases to exist.

SARAH BERNHARDT, as given to envy as any movie artist, wrote of Eleanora Duse thus:

"... She has never created a part that can be identified with her name; she has never created a being or vision that makes one think immediately of her. She has done nothing more than to put on other people's gloves, wrong side out. Eleanora Duse is a grand actress, even a very, very grand actress, but she is not an artist."

In reply la Duse said: "I disdain to be the virtuous person who makes a fuss over her ability. I also disdain to put my personal successes above the play, because the interpreter of a work of art must be

merely the faithful attentive collaborator, who forces herself to transmit, without deforming it, the poet's creation to the public. . . . It has been said I have not *created* any new personage. This I consider is my best eulogy."

WHERE in the films is there a submerging Duse who would not deform a poet's creation?

But, for that matter, where, oh where, is there a poet?

IN the presence of Vilma Banky (woman of flesh! as 'well as Igoddess) there was discussion of a certain little star who has been magnified by publicity to ridiculous proportions. On Easter the little star poses with eggs, on Thanksgiving with the full-blown hen and on other occasions with any fowl or fauna that will pose.

She's not offensive personally but her publicity is. It renders her obtrusive.

"Too much publicity," observed Samuel Goldwyn's press agent incongruously.

"Too much publicity!" breathed Vilma with wonder. "Can there be too much publicity?"

"Yes," we said solemnly, fingering the watch fob.

"Be a good boy then," said Vilma, gently patting the p. a.'s cheek. "Give Vilma too much publicity."

FOR Vilma's sweet sake I trust he won't. At least not too much personal publicity, which is something apart from publicity of her screen image.

Women of history are the women of mystery. Thus the clever woman is always a little mysterious.

For years Duse's artistic personality was laid bare to the public but her own was swathed in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



# A Promising Young Actress

IF you were a nice girl, a very nice girl, would you become a wild woman to win the man you love? Read what Sylvia Stanton did. She

And she knew when  
to take her cue

By Gene Markey

Illustrated by R. F. James



THE living room of Mr. Anthony Merivale's bachelor flat was a pleasant chamber, with its book-shelves, its Cecil Aldin prints and its comfortable red leather chairs, not to mention the crackling log fire. A cozy room, though tonight its serenity was somewhat disturbed by the spectacle of Mr. Anthony Merivale himself, pacing restlessly back and forth across the Bokhara rug. A tall young gentleman he was, with the February tan of Florida upon his grave features; and over evening attire he wore a blue brocade dressing-gown. Of a sudden he halted.

"Hodge!" he called out. "Hodge!"

Came a patter of footsteps, the pantry door opened, and Hodge, Mr. Merivale's manservant, stood there—a withered little man, quite bald, who blinked incessantly.

"Did you call me, sir?"

"You heard me call you, didn't you? Then why ask such silly questions?" (He was not in a pleasant mood, surely.)

"Right you are, sir."

"What time is it?"

"A bit after eleven, sir."

A growl from Mr. Merivale.

Hodge coughed. "Miss Stanton isn't late, if I may say so, sir. She's scarcely had time to take off her make-up and—"

"Did I say she was late?"

"No, sir, but your expression—"

"Never mind my expression!" (He *was* in a temper tonight.)

"Right you are, sir."

"Mm." Mr. Merivale turned, scowling. "Please get the stage door of the Lyceum Theater and ask if Miss Stanton's left yet."

"Yes, sir." Hodge picked up the telephone. "Bryant 9543." Then, for no reason at all: "Miss Stanton *is* very beautiful. And a promising young actress, they tell me. . . ."

"Damn!" Mr. Merivale seized two pillows from the divan, and hurled them to the floor.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Hodge, at the telephone. "Is anything wrong?"

"Wrong?" snapped his employer. "Does it look as if there's anything wrong?"

"She danced—alluring, wildly graceful—and when

"Sorry, sir. Anything I can do?"

"Yes. Get that number."

"They don't seem to answer. . . ."

From the hallway came a faint sound.

"What's that?"

"Probably the elevator, sir. I left the hall door open for a bit of ventilation."

Mr. Merivale resumed pacing the floor.

"Oh, why doesn't she come? Could it be she's angry because I asked her here alone. . . ."

"Perhaps," ventured the loquacious Hodge, "perhaps she's on her way now, sir."

"I wasn't talking to you!"

"They don't answer, sir." Hodge put down the telephone.

"But, after all, why shouldn't I talk to you? I've got to talk to somebody!" The young gentleman flung himself around. "Hodge, how long have you been with me?"

Hodge cocked an eye ceilingward. "Six weeks, sir."

"The faithful old family retainer! Naturally you're interested in my welfare."

"Naturally, sir."

"You've—ah—seen Miss Stanton here?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir, with other young ladies—at tea. But this is the first time she's ever come here alone, if I may—"

"Have you," interrupted Mr. Merivale, "noticed anything in my manner toward her that would indicate I was—in love with her?"

"Now that you ask me, sir"—Hodge blinked—"you have behaved somewhat—"

"Well, I *am* in love with her. But it's all over!"



was a nice girl and a promising young actress. But when she discovered the man she loved preferred them jazzed and jaded, she changed her mind and her tactics.



the music ended, tossed the flower to Anthony"

"All over, sir?" the eyebrows of Hodge lifted.

"This is the end." Thrusting his hands into the pockets of his dressing-gown, Mr. Merivale stalked across to the fireplace. "I've decided not to see her again after tonight."

"I understand, sir."

"No, you don't. I don't understand, myself! I don't know what's happened to me." With a show of ill-humor he kicked the edge of the Bokhara rug.

The impossible Hodge sighed. "Miss Stanton was very charming. . . ."

"Too charming. The trouble is, she's a good girl."

"I was afraid so, sir." Hodge carried a small table over and placed it not too near the fire. Then he proceeded to lay a lace cloth, on which he set a bowl of red roses.

"Why, she's a little Puritan. Matter of fact, that's what first attracted me to her. She's so quiet and demure—positively old-fashioned—doesn't even smoke a casual cigarette. Not much like a college boy's idea of an actress!"

"Dresses very modest, sir," murmured Hodge, setting silver and china upon the table.

"Yes—she's too virtuous to have pretty clothes." Mr. Merivale frowned severely. "She's too nice. She hasn't enough pep! Sometimes I almost wish she were a different sort entirely—sophisticated, bold, worldly—even mercenary. A girl with whom one might have an affair—and then forget about."

"But—" Hodge coughed—"I'm afraid Miss Stanton's in love with you, sir."

"That's just it—she *is* in love with me," said Mr. Merivale shamelessly. "And with a nice girl that means only one thing

—marriage!" His worried expression became more worried. "Marriage! That's what I'm afraid of. I dread the very word!"

"Quite so, sir." Hodge placed two chairs at the table.

"What time is it?" suddenly.

"Twenty minutes past eleven, sir."

"Then she's not coming!" His voice took on a mournful note. "But then—perhaps it's just as well. Only I *did* want to—" Mr. Merivale paused dejectedly. "Well, it's better to get it over with. I've made up my mind—I'm not going to see her again after tonight. I admit it—I'm running away. Hodge, you and I are in for a change of climate. We're leaving for California tomorrow."

Now this was by way of being rather a blow to Hodge, who had no fondness for the California climate. But he was every inch a gentleman's gentleman.

"Tonight will be our last supper together."

"Right you are, sir."

"Damn it!" snapped Mr. Merivale, "can't you say anything but 'right you are'? There's nothing right about it! It's all wrong!"

"You have my sympathy, sir."

"I need it." He regarded the table gloomily. "Our farewell supper. . . . And maybe she won't come. . . ."

A silence came over the room, disturbed only by the crackle of the burning log. At length Hodge with soft tread crossed to the pantry door and sighed discreetly.

"I've put the champagne to chill. Cliquot, 1911. One glass as usual, sir?"

"What?" Anthony looked up. "Yes, of course. You know





"Did you call me, sir?"

Miss Stanton doesn't drink." Whereupon he sank into a large chair before the fire and muttered, as if to himself: "Well, it's all over. . . ." Then, almost instantly he rose with a restless gesture and lighted a cigarette.

"Might I suggest, sir, since you're expecting a lady, you do look somewhat—disarranged."

"I *am* disarranged!" Scowling, Anthony brushed nervous fingers through his hair, all tousled.

"If I may say so, sir, you don't look your best."

"I don't *want* to look my best! I want her to see me as hideous as possible. That will make it easier for her to forget me." He stared fixedly into the flames. "Poor little girl, I hope she doesn't take it too hard. . . ."

And at that instant the hall door-bell buzzed ominously. Mr. Merivale started.

Then Sylvia Stanton walked in, strikingly lovely, fair-haired, with wide, dark eyes and vivid red lips. "Live as the unclouded morning," an eminent Chicago dramatic critic had once written of her when she played a small part in that city. As she swept into the room, Anthony caught his breath, for Sylvia Stanton, whom he had just spoken of as being too virtuous to have pretty clothes, was wearing a magnificent ermine cloak.

"Your door was open so I walked right in. Good evening, Hodge." Her smile was radiant. "Hello, Tony!"

Anthony stared at her in astonishment.

"Well," she said in a crisp, throaty voice, "you're looking pale and interesting! I might say, more pale than interesting! Why do you stare at me so? Ah—you're surprised that I'm here. You didn't think I'd really come here alone, did you? But here I am!"

"I—by Jove!" he gasped. "Where did you get those clothes?"

"What do you care—" was her surprising answer—"so long as the bills aren't sent to you?"

"Sylvia!"

"But look at yourself, in a dressing gown! What's the matter, did I wake you up?"

"No, no—the fact is, I just—"

"Then run," she commanded, "and put on your coat.

Must I remind you that you're having a lady for supper?"

"Yes, of course." Mr. Merivale backed hastily toward the door to his sleeping-chamber.

"And for Heaven's sake brush your hair!"

"Pardon!" with another astonished glance at her, he bolted from the room.

Sylvia Stanton turned brightly to the little manservant.

"My coat, Hodge. And be careful of it—it's worth a fortune."

Hodge, with an armful of ermine, stood there, blinking. He could not comprehend this metamorphosis.

"You," said she, "are admiring my clothes."

Indeed, she looked lovely as a Drian drawing, in a *chic* evening frock of orchid tones. Her throat was very fair and her arms exquisitely rounded, and her little slippers were of silver.

"You—you're beautiful, Miss." Hodge's voice quavered.

"Am I really?" Sylvia Stanton's manner, this new worldly manner, softened, and her eyes—that dull gentlemen invariably compared to flowers—became grave.

Then Mr. Merivale came bounding into the room, tucking a gardenia in the lapel of his dinner jacket.

"Look here, Sylvia—"

"Old Anthony!" Again the strange light danced in her flower-like eyes. "Isn't it a pity I sha'n't ever be coming here again?"

"Wh-what?" Anthony halted.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" said she lightly, "this is the last time I shall be able to have supper with you."

"Why—what—"

"Don't take it so hard, my dear. Of course, I hoped you'd be sorry."

"But I—" he stared at her in great amazement—"I don't see—"

"Tony, I've been all wrong."

"All wrong? About what?"

"Life—everything. I've come to the conclusion that I've been too old-fashioned. That's what's been the trouble with me all along. Quiet girls are

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]



# From Pie Eating Champ to Film Vamp

Or, the story of the Gal  
who kissed Will Rogers

By Dorothy Spensley



Some imaginative person told Margaret she was like "a panther at rest" . . . so she tried out that pose

**I**F all the girls in Hollywood who claim to be former Ziegfeld Follies beauties were placed toe to top-notch they would reach from this planet to Saturn—or Venus.

But that has absolutely nothing to do with this story, for our heroine was not a Follies beauty.

And if all the beauty contest winners that are now in Hollywood seeking film fame were placed instep to shingle bob they would reach from here to Peking. Which is far enough.

But that has less to do with this story, for our heroine was not a beauty contest winner.

Our heroine is probably the only girl in Hollywood who won

a pie-eating contest. And, moreover, is the only girl who would own up to it.

Which is just a juicy way to introduce Miss Margaret Livingston, pie-eating champion of Salt Lake City, Utah.

And the spirit that prompted her to enter the pie-eating contest and which brought her forth the winner, is the same spirit which will catapult her into starry heights one of these bright days.

Margaret is not particularly popular with women. Girls of her type seldom are. She is much more popular with the male sex. And that is undoubtedly the thing that forms the chasm between herself and her sex. It is not a gigantic abyss, understand, but I'll wager that no one has ever seen Margaret rush up to a sister cinema star and sweetly osculate her, while she burbles a remark oozing with nothingness.

She is the modernists' delight. Quite frank and unassuming. Utterly lacking in feminine subterfuges. And yet she is essentially feminine. She thoroughly understands the psychology of man—and she has the philosophy of woman.

**M**MARGARET can do the most daring things—can make the frankest comments—and can get away with them!

That is the secret of Margaret's reputation—to do the things that would seem quite beyond the pale of society's demands if done by a kittenish miss of Oshkosh. But Margaret does them with utter naivete—with a finesse of manner—that they slip by quite unobserved, and, therefore, quite uncondemned. But let someone else attempt the same tricks, and alas!

The fact that she still has the spirit of the pie-eating child who won the prize from a bunch of cast-iron stomached boys, was substantiated when Margaret decided to become a motion picture actress instead of a stenographer. It was one of her first rôles of any importance and she was to be a castaway on a desert isle with only the stalwart hero, a can of sardines and a trusty and rusty rifle between a horde of cannibals and death.

She was to be of the clinging vine variety and was to look to her island mate for protection. The time came to take the scene, the cannibals charged, and Margaret clung to her white man for protection like water to a duck's back—not at all!

She looked as trembling and fragile as the Statue of Liberty. A healthy young Amazon in the pink (or would it be brown?) of condition would have been weak and palpitating compared to Margaret.

"You look as if you could defend the whole island, your lover and yourself," the director told her.

But that's just Margaret. Independent, self-reliant, and assured. That's why she won the pie-eating contest, when she was eight years old.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]



Margaret in blonde tresses in a scene from "Havoc," with George O'Brien as the handsome palm-presser





Princess Yelive in "Graustark"



Polly Pearl in "The Lady"



Moonyeen in "Smilin' Through"

# Our One and Only Great Actress

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

**T**HE screen to date has produced among its stars only one great actress.

That may seem strange, but it is true beyond question, as I am sure I can show you.

Understand, that when I say great actress, I mean just that. I do *not* mean fascinating personalities, nor ravishing beauties. I mean such actresses as Duse, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Fiske, Ellen Terry, Maude Adams, Calve, Rejane, Ristori, Emily Stevens, Katherine Cornell and Pauline Lord. Bernhardt, as all sound critics know, was not a great actress. She was a marvelous personality, with a great bag of tricks and a dazzling abundance of vital force, but she was not a great actress.

Norma Talmadge alone can join the illustrious company mentioned above. She is the screen's one and only great actress.

Now, before the adherents of Lillian Gish and Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford and Pola Negri get ready to do battle, let us consider this matter. I ask but a single favor—that they read to the end. I make but one qualification. There is one other great actress in the making among the screen stars—Colleen Moore. But she has not yet reached the strength and polish of her maturity. If she continues as her past promises, she should surpass them all.

Now I stand ready to prove my point.

Great acting must always possess certain qualities. Those of us who have spent a great part of our lives since childhood in study of the stage and screen, know that without any one of them, it becomes merely good acting. Those of us who were fortunate enough to see Duse in her prime, hold that supreme actress of all time as a standard. Power, conviction, sincerity, interpretation, originality, illusion, delicacy, intelligence, and above all, a complete sense of humanity and the ability to become the dramatic instrument without intruding self—these make acting an art.

The great actress must have versatility. She must be able to play anything within the limitations of her sex and color.

It takes courage for any writer of national reputation, especially one living in and part of the Hollywood motion picture colony, to come right out with the statement that any one actress is the only one endowed with greatness. But if there is any one quality in addition to her brilliancy that distinguishes Adela Rogers St. Johns, it is her courage to express her opinions. You may disagree with her but you must acknowledge her sincerity, and you must agree that she has presented a very convincing case.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

Of course we have no comparative performances, such as Bernhardt and Duse, playing Sudermann's "Magda," against each other in London in the same week, or as Farrar and Jeritza following each other at the Metropolitan as Tosca, or as a dozen first class actresses attempting Camille and Carmen in the same season.

But, can anyone question who would come out on top if our ten best screen actresses were asked to play a repertoire of Juliet, Nora Helmer in "A Doll's House," Iris Storm in "The Green Hat," Rosalind, Pollyanna, and the Sadie Thompson of "Rain?" I ask you, honestly, is there any actress on the screen, except Norma Talmadge, who could even begin to give a great performance of all these roles?

Yet that is a perfectly fair test for a great actress.

Personally, I am very fond of the school of fascinating personalities. I delight in watching Mae Murray's exquisite and extravagant posing. I am fond of Constance Talmadge's merry fascination. But that is not what we are talking about, is it? That is a different thing entirely. The same qualities they display also go to make famous hostesses and popular debutantes.

I am a devotee of Mary Pickford's. I have never missed one of her pictures since "The New York Hat." But that is because I love Mary Pickford. Her experience and business-like competence, her infallible ability to time and stroke a part exactly right, her amazing knowledge of all departments of motion picture making, keep her from ever giving a bad performance and enable her to give some very excellent ones. Her mischievousness, her wistfulness, her charming rages and brave little sorrows, all these she presents with a firm, sure talent. It takes a certain measure of acting to display yourself to the best advantage. This Miss Pickford certainly does, and she always gives her best. There is thought and work behind every one of her roles. But, again I say, that is not great acting.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]





Russell Ball

**N**ORMA TALMADGE last appeared with Tommy Meighan in "His Probation Wife." That was in 1919. Now, to the everlasting joy of moviedom, they are uniting again for a production to be filmed in the spring. This time Norma will be simply "His Woman"





Abbe—Paris

**T**HIS Love child, since discovering the Charleston, has revealed two unsuspectedly perfect things about her. Photographed here like a Degas etching, the story is that Bessie is about to appear in the Famous Players-Lasky Broadway production in the role of a dancing girl





Henry Waxman

**A**ILEEN PRINGLE has the charm of a mature and sophisticated woman. Neither flapper nor vamp, Aileen has created a distinctive place for herself upon the screen. An Elinor Glyn discovery, she is now under a long-time contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer





Harold Dean Carsey

ONE of the most photographically interesting women before the camera, Nazimova has always been a stormy petrel. Rumor now has it that she plans an early return to the speaking stage. A remarkable actress, Alla is an even more remarkable personality



# Supposing It Were Your Daughter?

An intimate dinner drama with a punch, in the Beverly Hills home of a famous movie authority

By Herbert Howe

THE scene opens with a Famous Motion Picture Authority, whose identity I modestly conceal as Mr. H., reading a letter in bed from a worried father who wants to know what would he do if he had a daughter who wanted to go into pictures like the undersigned's, with stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply before it is too late.

There are several big words in the letter which the Famous Movie Authority can't spell out, so he passes it to his secretaries, who adjourn for a conference, promptly returning the evening of the same day with a full translation spelled as pronounced.

After passing through the hands of his various valets, masseurs and mechanics, the Authority descends the stairs to the dining hall of his home in Beverly Hills. (See Signboards "Aristocratic Beverly Hills, Home of Famous Movie Stars—Lots as Low as \$20,000, A Hundred Down And They're Yours!")

The Lady of the House enters wearing the customary diamonds and the expensive perfume of thirteen cocktails.

The Daughter of the House comes scampering in, flushed from a merry crap game with the neighbor kiddies. She playfully kicks old Walker the butler, who gives her a contemptuous look.

"Daughter," says Mr. H. benevolently, "I have here a letter from one who is a man and a father even as I. He wants a serious question answered."

"Well what's the big idea in writing to you then?" pipes Daughter, who is little more than an infant and something less mentally.

"Medusa!" cries the Lady of the House. "Remember he's your father, at least in the eyes of the world."

DAUGHTER shudders slightly and braces herself with a sip from a glass.

Mr. H. kindly: "The question which this old sire asks concerns his daughter, and requires our serious deliberation and advice."

"Why didn't he write to Elinor Glyn or Michael Arlen?" mutters Daughter huskily, lighting a Fatima Camel.

"Now, Baby," reproaches Mr. H. "Isn't your old Dad worthy of giving advice to stricken fathers as well as Mr. Arlen and Mlle. Glyn?"

The lady of the House sniggers foolishly and winks at the butler, who freezes her.

"All right, shoot," says Baby. "But don't be windy, and for Gossakes have Walker turn off KHJ. I don't want to hear any more from the Warner Brothers studio—'where people are happy.' Give us something sad, Walker, from Abe Lyman or Aimee Semple MacPherson."



Ten years ago, this earnest young Englishman, named Ronald Colman, began his career as an actor, suspecting not that he was to race for fame with a young American who had been on the stage from his first living moment



His rival, Jack Gilbert, child of the theater, drifted into movies from the stock companies. Here he is in 1917 when he played with Triangle. Judging by these pictures, English men's tailors were then superior to ours

Walker scornfully obliges and gets Charlie Chaplin's latest own composition which is being played at Coconut Grove to the muted horror of the cocoanuts.

"The question I want to ask you, Medusa baby, concerns your future career," coaxes Mr. H. "When you are a great big girl and have completed your education so that you can say 'I love you' in all languages, what would you like to be?"

"A hired girl," replies Baby promptly.

"A maid," corrects Mother with a wild glance to see if the windows are closed. "Remember we're living in fashionable Beverly Hills."

"A hired girl in Beverly Hills," insists Baby stubbornly.

"You say maid or I'll bounce a plate at you," whams the Lady who is her Mother.

"No, you won't, old dear," bellows Baby. "They cost nine ninety-eight at Barker Bros. Removal sale and you hamburgered both your dogs getting them."

"Medusa!" intones Papa sternly. "You are speaking to the woman who is your mother."

THE woman who bore her and is about to execute same, lays down plate a little mollified but retains her knife.

"A Hired Girl" I said," shrills Baby.

"Maid!" screams Mama, seizing plate.

"Shut-Up!" booms Mr. H. paternally above the din. "The neighbors will hear you."

"Well, I guess they can stand it, they've heard Pola Negri," gongs Infant through the traffic.

At this point the windows are shattered, and the beautiful silver goblets, formerly the property of Marie Antoinette before the war, are filled with beebee shot.

The Howes. (for it is they) disappear under the table.

Curtain: To denote the lapse of three minutes during which complete silence is maintained.

Baby is the first to come up.

"Is anybody hurt?" comes the harrowed voice of Father muffled in solicitude.

Mother, peering out and up, "Where are the guests?"

"Guests?" asks Mr. H., recovering the Master's chair.

"I could have sworn we had two guests sitting right there when dinner started," blinks Mommer, glancing apprehensively under the table but finding no bodies.

"Heavens, Mamie," says Baby to Mommer. "They passed out long ago."

"Don't call me Mamie, it sounds like a blind mule," protests Mommer violently. Then, anxiously, "Nobody's killed then?"

"Only Walker" yawns Baby, reaching [CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]



# DOES YOUR WARDROBE

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# REFLECT THE SCREEN?

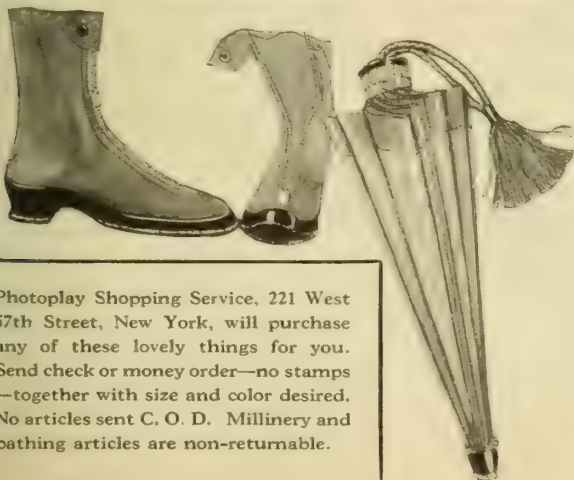
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*This wind breaker is ideal for sports wear and comes in natural or grey suede. Price \$14.95*

*The tailored dress ANNA Q. NILSSON is showing is made of kashmir flannel, a smart fabric, in beige, grey, blue, green or rosewood. Sizes are 34-44 and the price only \$19.75*

*The blouse ensemble sketched on VILMA BANKY is a charming and inexpensive costume. The material is a mixed silk self-figured in an attractive design, combined with a wide satin stripe. The skirt has the new front flare. Tan, grey, rose, green, blue, wistaria and salmon. \$12.75*



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*Bandeau chemise of glove silk, right, combines brassiere and step-ins. In the pastel shades, piped with contrasting color. Sizes to 40. Price \$2.95. Bedroom slippers of quilted satin in all shades are \$3.95. The umbrella is the convenient short shape which can be packed when traveling. \$7.50. Galoshes with the new zipper closing, for flat, medium or high heels, in all sizes. Price \$6.00*





# The "Baby" Wampas Stars of 1926



Vera Reynolds needs no introduction to picture-goers. They will recall her in "Icebound" and later in several DeMille pictures, the most recent of which is "The Road to Yesterday." Vera is a piquant brunette with brown eyes and pensive smile



Mary Astor is a russet-haired beauty with brown eyes. She played with Barrymore in "Beau Brummel," and is again his leading lady in "Don Juan." You also saw her in "Don Q." Mary's delicate beauty is ideally suited to old-world romance



Kentucky is represented by fluffy-haired Joyce Compton, a new addition to Hollywood's beauty barrage. Her first part of any importance was in "What Fools Men." First National, with whom she is under contract, plans big things for her

IT'S a great honor—being chosen one of the lucky thirteen. It means that one hundred enterprising publicity men of the films believe you have possibilities of becoming a star. It means parties, honors, publicity and boosting. And a formal introduction to a few thousands of "your public" at the annual Wampas Frolic.

On this night of nights the Thirteen, marceled, manicured and exquisitely gowned, step one by one from Cinderella's Coach on the stage to make a timid bow before the inquisitive throng who want "to see what they're like."

Each year the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers, popularly known as the Wampas, gets behind thirteen promising sub-debs and gives them the help and encouragement that is so necessary to their advancement. The value of this recognition and assistance is admitted whole-heartedly by Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Bessie Love, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Philbin, Dorothy Mackaill, Clara Bow, Lillian Rich, Dorothy Devore, Alberta Vaughn and Evelyn Brent—all of whom have been Wampas stars.

This year's bouquet of beauty includes Mary Brian, Mary Astor and Vera Reynolds, whom you already know slightly. Mary Brian's unforgettable *Wendy* of "Peter Pan" gave her a running start along the road to fame. She represents the sweet, old-fashioned innocence of the teens, and has that field almost to herself. She's from Texas.

Vera Reynolds proved her right to recognition by her good work in "The Road to Yesterday." Miss Reynolds has been in pictures for some time and has had one or two good parts. But she is just as anxious to be a Wampas star as the veriest newcomer. With this distinction and her Cecil DeMille con-



Joan Crawford, known on the musical comedy stage as Lucille Le Sueur, has glorious auburn hair and hazel eyes. You will see her in Harry Langdon's first feature length picture



Edna Marian is about as big as a minute, blonde with blue eyes and an engaging personality. She is a Century funmaker, but her dramatic ability has been proved in a serious film

tract, Vera's future seems assured. Richmond, Virginia, is her birthplace.

In "Beau Brummel" and "Don Q." you saw the old world romantic beauty of Mary Astor. Folks say she has the perfect feminine profile of the screen. It is not strange then that John Barrymore has chosen her again for his leading lady in "Don Juan." Mary Astor begins a new year rich with promise. She is a Quincy, Ill., girl.

Sally O'Neill and Joan Crawford are the *Mary* and *Irene* of Metro-Goldwyn's "Sally, Irene and Mary," just recently released. Each of these newcomers scored a distinct hit in this new picture. Sally O'Neill, who was born—and should have remained—Chotsy Noonan, has one of the most vivid personalities to come to the screen in some time. Jersey City is her birthplace.

Joan Crawford is beautiful and intelligent and intensely feminine. Another Texas girl.

Dolores Costello is one of the Costellos—old motion picture aristocracy. Maurice has retired from the screen, but his clan goes marching on. Dolores was born in New York City. She, too, will be seen in one of the important feminine roles in John Barrymore's "Don Juan."

Dolores Del Rio is the Mexican beauty, society girl, whom Edwin Carewe met in Mexico City and persuaded to come to Hollywood and pictures. Senorita Del Rio makes her screen debut as a vamp in Carewe's picture "Joanna" with Dorothy Mackaill.

Joyce Compton, of Kentucky, Marceline Day of Denver, Fay Wray of Canada, Janet Gaynor, of California, Sally Long, of Kansas City, and Edna Marian, are new names—to be conjured with. Now if these thirteen can deliver the knockout blow, the world is theirs.



# The Annual Bouquet of Promise



Janet Gaynor reminds one of "the kind of girl mother used to be." Sweet and unaffected with softly curling hair and frank brown eyes. Janet has not been long in pictures and is playing in "The Johnstown Flood"



Marceline Day is the type of girl who drives strong men to poetry. A profusion of dark curls, blue eyes and an adorable smile won her featured roles after two years' work as an extra. She will be glimpsed in "The Barrier"



Sally Long is a beauty from one of Broadway's best shows. It is said she inspired the song, "I Wonder What's Become of Sally." If you are wondering—she has been playing in the Belasco show "Fifth Avenue"



Wendy of "Peter Pan" fame is now a Wampas star. Little Mary Brian of the long brown hair and bright blue eyes came from Texas. She is still in her teens, and her screen future is very promising



Sally O'Neill is the cute little rascal who made such a hit as Mary in "Sally, Irene and Mary." Her real name is Chotsy Noonan—and they handed her "Sally O'Neill," Chotsy is as Irish as her name, with blue eyes and golden-brown hair



Canada is represented by Fay Wray, who has appeared in numerous comedies and is now having her first dramatic experience in westerns. Fay is another girl who was reluctant with the shears



Delores Costello, daughter of Maurice, is fast following in her famous daddy's footsteps. Musical comedy brought her to the screen where she recently played with John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast." Her coloring is fair and her hair, you shingled dears, is long!

Daughter of a distinguished Mexican family is Delores del Rio. A typical Castillian Beauty . . . and a dancer of remarkable grace. Edwin Carewe persuaded her to leave the social life of Mexico City for Hollywood. She has appeared in several of his films





# The Correct Way to Hang



Here are pictures correctly hung in relationship to one another and to the atmosphere of the room they ornament. This is an English living room from "The Little French Girl"

**M**IRRORS are as full of charm as a mysterious woman's eyes. To a room mirrors bring light and depth and shadows. They increase its size. Just as gold blends perfectly with any color, so does a mirror blend perfectly with the atmosphere of any room. I know of no room in which a mirror may not be used advantageously, and I know of no person, male or female, who won't take advantage of a mirror so placed.

From which statements you may surmise that I am enthusiastic about mirrors. I am. The only reason you do not see more of them in the settings which I design for the movies is because mirrors pick up the lights and have a fatal tendency to flash them into camera range. I use mirrors, however, whenever I can and in the accompanying photographs you will see how I hang them to be both decorative and useful.

In fact, for the home where money is limited and a choice must be made between the two, I would recommend the purchase of a decorative mirror rather than a picture. Pictures are simply things of beauty. They do not combine practicality with their beauty, unless one uses them to cover spots on the wall paper. A picture is a bit of framed color that acts as a stimulus to the tired imagination. It has only that purpose, excellent as it is. The mirror has a dozen.

In the decorative scheme, pictures and mirrors should be treated similarly. The picture must have proper lighting, of course. The mirror will fit itself in anywhere. But in general hanging, mirrors and pictures are one and the same.



The fourth of a series on how to use the motion picture to suggest furnishings in your home

In "The American Venus" the typical hotel hallway has been made attractive by an interesting furniture grouping in which the mirror holds central place. The detached mirror is the only one in correct taste today

You can see this influence at work in the size of the mirrors now sold. In the Victorian era, the so-called pier glass was the thing. And what a thing it was! It stood between the front parlor windows, and frequently between the back parlor windows, too, occupying the entire space and rising from floor to ceiling. Not content with those, the Victorian parlors often had another giant mirror over the mantelpiece, tipped away from the wall, so that no corner of the whole room was safe from its glare.

Such mirrors have now disappeared from smart modern houses. The immediate reaction to them was when the mirror got pushed out of the parlor into the bedroom and dining room. There were several years when mirrors were used only in bureaus and sideboards or built directly into the house. This has all changed now and the looking-glass has emerged as an individual piece, as distinctive in its way as a fine chair or a family portrait.

In buying your mirrors, adapt them to the room in

which they are to hang. There are mirror and picture frames in every period now from early Jacobean to late Grand Rapids. They come in all colors as a relief from the standard gilt. Mirrors are now combined with colored glass or delicately etched in place of the familiar beveling. As a whole, frames are generally plainer and colored glass is more generally used today in the smartest interiors. In every instance, detached mirrors are better than those attached to furniture, as in the case of bureau or dressing table.

The mirror in the sideboard has gone—as has the sideboard—and the mirror hung over the buffet. Except when used under flowers as a centerpiece for the dinner table, the mirror is "out" as far as the dining room is concerned.

Put a mirror in a narrow hall to widen it. Don't hang it down to the floor. People will constantly walk into it, if you do. The best rule for hanging mirrors is to keep them on the eye level. First and foremost, a mirror is to be looked into!



# Mirrors and Pictures

By Charles D. Chapman  
Art Director, Eastern Paramount Studios

This set from "Salome of the Tenements" shows pictures and mirrors worked into the same decorative scheme. Pictures not similar in size must hang with the bottom lines parallel. Mirrors lighten dark corners

Small pictures such as these hunting scenes used in "That Royle Girl" (below) must always be hung with the cords concealed. In placing a mirror or picture above a small table, break up the space into units of three as done here with console, flowers and the picture. Simple frames are best



The next rule for hanging them, and this applies likewise to pictures, is to balance them with the furniture near which they are to be. In hanging two or more objects together, two pictures, for instance, or a mirror and picture, let the space between them be less than the width of each. If they do not balance in height, hang them so that the bottoms will be on the same line. In the English living room set in the upper left corner of page 68, you see an example of this ruling. Not only are the pictures hung in relationship to one another, but they are also balanced to harmonize with the high paneling of the walls and the low-hanging ceiling beams.

In placing either pictures or mirrors, it is best to show the cords on the heavier type, and to conceal them on lighter ones. This does away with the feeling of agonized suspense you have on seeing a huge frame with no visible means of support, and in the case of the smaller frames, keeps them from being overbalanced. Always use two cords where you let them be seen. Wire is practically never used any more.

**T**HIS series of articles on home furnishing is designed to enable American home managers to take advantage of the experience and ability of our greatest authorities on home decoration. Next month Photoplay will advise you on exactly what makes a "period" room and how to get it that way.

In the living room set from "Salome of the Tenements," note how I hung three pictures and a mirror to balance with the furniture. On the lower wall are two pictures hung over a pair of antique commodes. In relationship to those commodes, the pictures are hung too high. The pair of vases on the commodes are the answer to that. The vases are chosen to balance the height of the commodes, the pictures hung to key in with the vases. Thus you get a correct group done on the Greek principle of dividing space into three units. These two groups are balanced on either side of the doorway, making an attractive corner to the room.

Looking into the library you will observe a single portrait hung in the paneled space above the bookcase. Not only does the portrait balance that space, but it also correctly fills in the space between the door hangings. As three steps in height relationship see how the picture is balanced in height above the library lamp, as that is balanced above the low bowl of flowers in the living room.

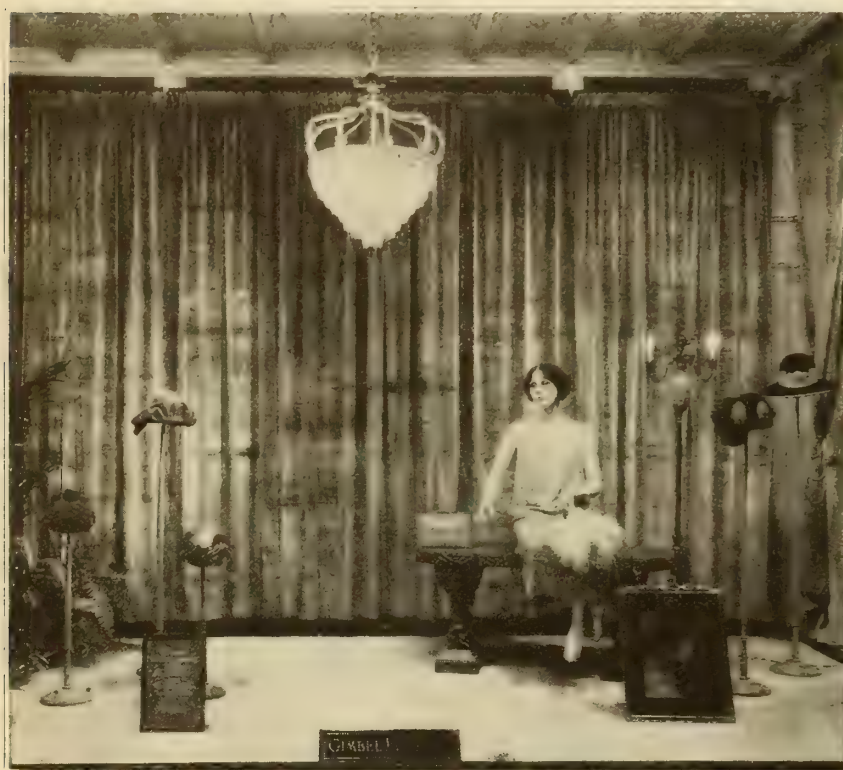
A mirror is hung over the living room fireplace with two candlesticks on either side to complete the group. I put a mirror in that space, rather than a picture, because the surface was a dark one that was bettered by the addition of the light and depth a mirror gives.

Another example of the same principle is shown in the hallway from "The American Venus." Here, first of all, was a door and a wall sconce to be worked into the decorative scheme. They couldn't be altered, so the furniture had to be placed to make them assets. Accordingly, the back of the chair is a third higher than the china upon the commode. The top of the commode is in the same proportion above the seat of the chair. The mirror is hung

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 600]



# Beautiful But Dumb



This is a wax reproduction of dainty Irene Rich as she sits, day after day displaying evening gowns, in a store window in New York City. Isn't it a perfect likeness?

**M**ANY actresses have been made to look like clothes horses, but making an actual clothes horse, or department store dummy, really look like a star was something else again. Not until L. E. Oates of Los Angeles tried his artistic hand at this game did anything successful result



Merchants may have their choice of wax arms, too, all supposedly fashioned after famous film arms. They come in every position. In packing them, the arms are locked between partitions to the sides of the box



Some stars  
who do not resent  
that title

Here, side by side, are Anna May Wong in the flesh and Anna May Wong in the wax. Photoplay advocates a wax double sent to every star who believes personal appearances are necessary



This is the way the stellar heads go forth to find their place in life. The girls packed close together here are Claire Windsor and Aileen Pringle



# Some of Peggy's New Clothes

The lissome Miss Joyce  
displays the latest models



This is beautiful Peggy's favorite  
negligee, a rare Mandarin coat  
of rose silk embroidered in many  
colored flowers



Peggy of the evening, stunning in  
white velvet and pearls. Severity  
has become sumptuousness by  
using side trains on a short skirted  
frock. The gown gains smartness  
from the material and line



Peggy here proves that the straight,  
severe street costume is still the  
most correct. The coat of grey  
Kasha has a wrap-around scarf  
bordered with seal and a contrast-  
ing plaid at the throat



# Arlen Eyebrows Hollywood

So great a literary sensation that he receives \$2.50 for every word he writes, Michael Arlen has wasted not a one to express his opinion of Hollywood. His eyebrows, however, have said a mouthful

By Harriet Shearing



With mocking eyes, worldly-wise ways and "The Green Hat" as a glowing background, Michael Arlen, of Armenian birth, has become Hollywood's idol . . . of the moment!

**E**YEBROWS are really very interesting, you know. They often denote character more readily than does a face.

There is the eyebrow that overhangs a baleful eye like a wet eave on a rainy night. Constant scowling and wrinkling of the forehead has given it a downcast look. A nasty brow.

Too, there is the plucked brow of the lady who would hide her true character from the world. A plucked eyebrow denotes nothing but a vapid expression and very little of that. An imbecilic brow.

There is also the eyebrow like a swallow's wing. A smooth sweep like the outline of a bird's wing. A placid brow.

And then there is Michael Arlen's eyebrow.

Quite the most unique eyebrow in Hollywood.

It's the left that is so fascinating.

It plumes his forehead like an arrogant feather—and the other is passively indifferent to its mate.

But I want to tell you about Michael Arlen—not his unruly eyebrow. He has probably done more to establish Webster's Unabridged Dictionary in Hollywood than any other one individual. He has, with the tremendous sale of his books, done more for the words "subtle" and "sophisticated" than even Charlie did with his delightful "Woman of Paris" or Lubitsch and his "Marriage Circle."

If Arlen had the royalty of a penny on every time the word "subtle" is used in describing "The Green Hat," he would add another million to the million and a half that he is reputed to have in the bank.

Many a movie star, in searching for the right word to laud his novel of the colored lid, gropes madly about for a moment and comes to the top with the poor little exhausted "subtle" dripping in her grasp.

And consider the green hat trade. There are more green felt hats to the table at the Montmartre Cafe where Arlen lunches—one day with Bebe and the next with Alice Terry—than there are Essexes to the city block. And there are plenty of the latter.

Fat ladies, lean ladies, sallow ladies and florid ladies gaily plop down the aisle hatted in felts ranging in shade from pea to olive. And Arlen's eyebrow plumes higher.

But, praise be to the gloriously unconventional memory of

*Iris Storm*, none of the ladies' locks have learned that "formal dance" that Iris' tresses were trained to do beneath her "bravely worn green hat." Apparently our lovely women have discovered that "formal dances" of the hair are much harder to acquire than mere Charlestoning of the feet.

Now, really, to tell about Arlen is to tell about an actor. He is as great an actor—in his literary way—as is Charles Chaplin. And nearly as romantic as Ronald Colman. He is small and dapper and has russet-colored hair—with just a pleasant suggestion of a wave. He wears charming manners and a double-breasted vest. A neat russet-colored mustache and mocking eyes.

And, of course, the eyebrow.

He is twenty-eight years old and next month will be twenty-nine. He was born in Armenia and his name is no more Michael Arlen than mine is Haidi Vandervoort. It is a long name—his surname—and comprises most of the alphabet. But Michael Arlen is much more euphonious—and, too, it saves type.

When he was sixteen years old he went to London and there became a reporter. He knows about the Limehouse and also about May Fair. He admits having known a young woman who is something like *Iris Storm*. And she wore a green hat. And one time he attended a midnight bathing party in the Thames.

So you see he is fully qualified to weave a story like "The Green Hat."

I have said he was like an actor. He is. He has a bit of the infantile pathos of Jackie Coogan, a bit of the boyishness of Dick Barthelmess, a bit of the suaveness of Adolphe Menjou, a bit of the business acumen of Conway Tearle, who puts his money in properties. But the whole is the charm of Arlen.

He is a bachelor of choice, by the grace of God, and being thus unattached it is Hollywood's will to have him engaged daily, excepting Sundays, to a different fair film belle. And if he lunches twice in the week with [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



# MISS ANNE MORGAN points the way to the business Women of America

"AMONG the many women who are my friends a high standard of personality always demands physical as well as moral and mental development and care. These women desire always that their complexion should be clear and vigorous.

So many achieve this end by following the Pond's Method that I should like to see the dressing rooms of our new Club House of the American Woman's Association equipped with Pond's Two Creams."

*Anne Morgan*



*This new photographic portrait of Miss Morgan in which her fine personality is faithfully portrayed, was made in Paris last summer by Baron de Meyer.*

ANNE MORGAN is unique among the women of America. Born to unlimited wealth and unequalled rank, possessing the organizing ability of her father, that great financial genius, J. Pierpont Morgan, she has dedicated her life to great achievements for humanity.

Miss Morgan's greatest interest is the welfare of other women. And because she believes that the business women of America are on the highroad to success she is investing her faith and energy in their behalf.

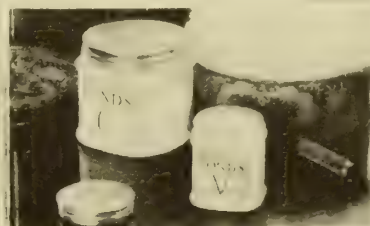
She knows that their lasting success will result from well-balanced living that has made no sacrifice of womanliness and charm. And she knows that they believe this, too. So in planning the equipment of their new Club House, she thinks even of the details that will accord with their personal tastes and contribute to their more attractive appearance. Knowing that so many achieve a clear and vigorous complexion by following the Pond's Method, Miss Morgan declares, "I should like to see the dressing rooms equipped with Pond's Two Creams."

The first step in the Pond's Method of caring for the skin is a deep thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Every day, always after any exposure, and before retiring at night, smooth Pond's Cold Cream lavishly over your face, neck, arms and hands. Let its pure

oils bring to the surface the dust and powder and excess oil. Wipe off all the cream and dirt. Repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. Now look at your skin—as fresh as a new-blown rose!

The second step is a soft finish and protection with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Fluff on just the least bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now see how soft and even the surface of your skin is—how transparently lovely. Notice how well this cream takes your powder—holds it long and evenly—and how it protects you from wind, sun and dust!

Pond's Cold Cream comes in extra large jars now. And both creams in two smaller sizes of jars and in tubes. The Pond's Extract Company.



THE TWO CREAMS which Miss Morgan says she would like to see in the dressing rooms of the New Club House of the American Woman's Association.



MISS MORGAN'S DEEP INTEREST in the women of America is again expressed by her activities in behalf of the nineteen story club house to be erected on West 23rd Street, by the American Woman's Association of New York City. It will cost \$4,500,000.00 and will contain a thousand private rooms with bath, to rent at \$10.00 to \$16.00 per week. This intimate sketch of the garden terrace suggests the personality and charm with which its sponsors have endowed it.

**Free Offer** Mail this coupon and we will send you two tubes of these Two Creams—and an attractive little folder telling you how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B.  
147 Hudson St., New York.

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, and directions for using them.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



# New Stars in the DeMille Sky



It took William five years to make Cecil's Milky Way. He worked at Lasky's when C. B. was making the bath tub dramatic. When De Mille left there, Bill went with him

Not content with having lighted the cinema heavens with such bright stars as the never-to-be-forgotten Wally, Gloria, the glamorous, Leatrice Joy, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix and Rod La Rocque, Cecil De Mille has created two new stars for his latest production, "The Volga Boatmen." William Boyd is the male of the species



Elinor Fair is the girl chosen to make Gloria and Leatrice shake in their slippers. Not so long ago she was the crippled girl in "The Miracle Man"





"I had been a perfect physical specimen and I was so strong that I could take a man of my own size and lift him over my head. Then suddenly I became ill with constipation and stomach troubles. I felt also that I was generally dispirited. I tried many remedies, they did me no good. One day when I went to town I bought Yeast cakes and began eating them, three or four a day. Now indigestion, constipation and the other physical ailments are gone. I cannot express in words the good that Fleischmann's Yeast has done for me."

—LEWIS L. HILBORN, Baltimore, Md.

## They hardly know themselves today



They conquered constipation,  
corrected skin and stomach  
disorders, renewed youthful  
optimism ...

*with the aid of One Food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

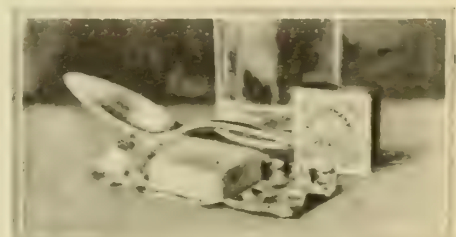
Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation\*especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 14, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I was afflicted with chronic constipation for sixteen years. Four years ago, I had a position in a hospital. My attention was drawn to a lecture given by a doctor who spoke on Constipation and advised as a cure Fleischmann's Yeast, together with other proper foods. I did not believe that those small cakes could help my case any. But on my way home, I went into a grocery and asked for Yeast. After I had taken the Yeast for a period of three weeks, my condition improved remarkably. My outward appearance had a decided change for the better, and I still continue to take my Fleischmann's Yeast."

—ALEXANDRA GAIMS, New York City



This famous food tones up the entire system—  
aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. At all grocers. Start eating it today!

"The spring of 1924 is memorable to me for what I suffered through loss of sleep, nervousness—general run-down condition; for six continuous weeks I endured boil after boil on neck and back. Kind people recommended Yeast, but it took a well-known physician to convince me that 'there must be something to it.' I can truly say that before I had finished one week's treatment of two yeast cakes a day, I felt a change in my system. Every boil disappeared, my skin cleared, my strength increased. With the result that I feel different and look it."

—MISS ROBERTA O'BRIEN, Montreal, Canada



# The Swedish Invasion

Greta Nissen has already made a dent in our consciousness with her performance in the amusing "The King on Main Street"



Another Greta, Miss Garbo, who became a popular star after only two years' work. She has just been imported by Metro-Goldwyn



America is rediscovered by the Norsemen and Nordic talent gets strong reinforcement

We know what Victor Seastrom can do and are looking forward to his next picture, "The Scarlet Letter," with Lillian Gish

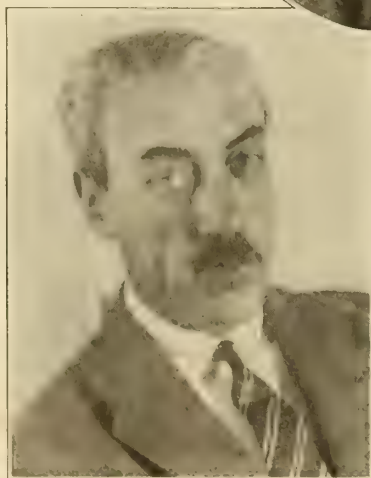


No, not the Prince of Wales. It is Einar (pronounced Eye-nar) Hanson, Scandinavian matinee idol, recently arrived. Just the chap to play H. R. H. if somebody writes the story of the Prince



Lars Hanson—no relation of Einar's—is called the John Barrymore of Sweden's stage and screen. He will make his American debut opposite Lillian Gish in "The Scarlet Letter"

Mauritz Stiller, Sweden's most noted director, once directed Victor Seastrom. He is the discoverer of Greta Garbo and Einar Hanson, and emigrated to this country with them at the invitation of Metro-Goldwyn



Author, producer, director, Benjamin Christianson's reputation reached these shores long before he did. His first American picture will be "The Light Eternal," his own story, in which he directs Norma Shearer



## What to tell him!

**A** GAIN and again he would call her up. Always asking an appointment.

She had used every conceivable excuse. But still he persisted. And here he was again on the phone!

She didn't want to be outrightly rude to the fellow. Yet what could she do? For between him and her was a certain invisible barrier that made her determined not to see him.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

### A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

**LARGE TUBE—  
25 CENTS**

For  
**HALITOSIS**



use  
**LISTERINE**



# Bearding the Lyon

Many a maiden's crowning  
glory goes to make a movie  
beard. The girls cut it off  
and the boys put it on



The bicuspid and permanent belong to Ben, for 'tis he—in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," Robert Kane's new picture for First National

Ben seems trying to be a second somebody or other in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives." The picture's all about a boy who tries to get into the movies



Here you see what a mustache and sideburns will do to a nice wholesome boy

Bluebeard himself. But it's not his own and it isn't blue



Being the Elsie Dinsmore that she is, all four horsemen couldn't persuade Lois Wilson to kiss this sheiky Latin lover. It's just a joke, Lois. That's Bennie Lyon beneath the sideburns and mustache



# Nature's Gift to Beauty

is embodied in this gentle, daily care that has brought the charm of natural loveliness to millions

COCONUT PALM TREE



AFRICAN PALM TREE



OLIVE TREE



## Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured above—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

**T**HE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty.

Women have learned that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more, thousands turn to Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

*The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal*

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both the washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of

good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

*Sallow, unattractive skin no longer excusable*

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

*Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*



*When it's a perfect winter day—  
and you've just returned from a  
tramp in the crisp country air  
—when you come in and  
find the crackling fire  
awaiting you  
—have a Camel!*



*Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.*

WHEN it's late winter afternoon. And you've just returned with your dogs from a ramble over the hills. When you come inside to your friendly fire—*have a Camel!*

For no other smoke-friend brings back so much cheer and comfort to your fireside as Camel. No other cigarette in the world is welcomed in so many homes. Camels are so skilfully blended that they never tire the taste, or leave a cigaretty after-taste. There's not another cigarette made, regardless of price, that contains choicer tobaccos than those rolled into Camels.

So, on this day, as you start your favorite stroll along the sun-lit hills. As you return and come in to the welcome of your sparkling fire, joyfully know the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette.

*Have a Camel!*



*Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.*  
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



out of date. The world has changed, and the modern Cinderella who sits at home by the fire—is left sitting there, because Prince Charming is out dancing with wild women. Well, from now on I'm going to be one of the wild women!"

Now this was an extraordinary speech, and as he heard it, vast amazement appeared upon her host's features.

"Why," said he, "you're the last person in the world I'd ever expect to—"

"Virtue," she cried, "may be its own reward, but it doesn't pay the rent!"

Whereupon Mr. Merivale sat down abruptly. In marched Hodge then, bearing a tray on which stood a dark bottle and one glass.

"Champagne!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Good! I shall need it tonight." Gracefully she seized the glass from the tray. "I don't mind if I do. Fill it up, Hodge."

Hodge and Anthony looked at each other, then Hodge coughed, and proceeded to pour foaming golde bubbles into the glass.

"But," stammered Anthony, "I—I thought you never drank anything!"

"Tonight I drink—everything!" The glass was raised. "Cheerio!" and Sylvia downed it. "Mm! I hope I can depend on that. Fill it up again, Hodge!"

"I say!" burst forth the startled Anthony. "Look here—what—"

Hodge was refilling the glass.

"Tony," said the radiant girl, "I don't like to hurry you, but do you mind giving me supper now? You see, I can't stay long."

"Why?"

"Supper is served, sir."

"Good! Though I doubt if I can eat anything—I'm so excited. Are my eyes sparkling?"

"Your eyes," murmured Anthony, gazing into them, "are more wonderful than I've ever seen them. Look here, what is this—"

But Sylvia was airily seating herself at the table. "Put the champagne right here beside me, please," she directed. Then as Hodge placed bucket and bottle on the floor by her chair: "I've got a lot of drinking to do in a very short time. I'm going to do my Christmas drinking early!"

ANTHONY, shocked, sat down opposite her. "Look here, Sylvia—"

"What time is it?" she asked suddenly.

Host and servant consulted their watches, and when they looked up, her glass was empty.

"Eleven-forty," said Anthony.

"Eleven forty-three," said Hodge.

Anthony glared at him.

"So late?" exclaimed Sylvia. "My dear, I must hurry!"

"Hurry?" uncomfortably. "Why?"

"I'm going somewhere." She was holding up her empty glass. "Encore!"

"Where are you going?"

"Aha! That's the great secret!"

"What in the world," he demanded, "has happened to you?"

"It's what is going to happen to me! Please keep my glass filled."

Anthony's pained and puzzled frown deepened. A shocking procedure! Could this gay, imperious beauty across the table from him be Sylvia? Little Sylvia who had always been so quiet, so demure. . . .

"What does this mean?"

"It means"—a pause—"it means that somewhere someone is waiting for me."

"Someone waiting for you?" A sharp thrust of jealousy pierced the armor of Mr. Merivale's shirt-front. "Who is it?"

"Oh—a man." Sylvia smiled mysteriously.

"What kind of a man?"

"Lobster," said Hodge, serving supper.

"Ah, you know him! Hodge's a comic!"

She laughed up at Hodge, and to Anthony the laugh sounded faintly edged with alcohol.

"Just a moment," said Anthony sternly.

"You say you're going to meet a man?"

"A man?" vaguely.

"Yes—a man!"

"How sweet of you to be interested?"

"Well, I—I—where are you going to meet him?"

"Downstairs, in the dance-club! So convenient of you, Tony, to have your room over the dance-club where I'm to begin my scarlet life."

"Scarlet life!" gasped Anthony.

"I mustn't keep him waiting. What time is it?"

AND Hodge, watch in hand, replied. "Eleven fifty, Miss."

"You can go," Anthony turned to him, annoyed. "I'll serve the supper."

"Then," said Sylvia, "fill up my glass."

"What—a glass?" It was empty. Three glasses of champagne! Little, demure Sylvia—

"Shall I," asked Hodge, "open another bottle, sir?"

"Open a window!" Sylvia threw out her white arms in a gesture of abandon. "I'm giving you the air!"

Hastily Hodge left the room.

"Sylvia!"

"Ah!" she paused, listening. From below came the muted jazz of an orchestra.

"They've begun dancing downstairs. I'm to meet him at twelve."

"Sylvia—" there was distress in his voice—

"Who is this man? What's his name?"

"Oh!" the pink tips of her fingers wafted a kiss ceilingwards. "I don't know his last name—but he asked me to call him Herman."

"Sylvia!"

"And what do you think—he wants me to marry him! Imagine! But I wouldn't be such a fool. I want to be free!"

The scion of the Merivales winced. "Do I know him?"

"I don't think so. He comes from the great open spaces, where men are men—and women are governors!"

Anthony turned away. He felt suddenly desolate.

"Just time for one more little drink!"

Again her glass stood empty.

"My God!" he stared at it, aghast.

"And then—the great adventure!" She rose and her smile seemed painted.

Anthony got to his feet and faced her across the table.

"This man—you mean—"

"I mean I'm tired of being a good girl. Nothing ever happens to a good girl. I've worked and slaved in the theater, and what has it got me? Nothing!"

"But you—you're a promising young actress!"

"Ah! Well, after tonight I'm going to be a *breach-of-promising* young actress! I'm going to become a star—and I'm taking the easiest way!" Her voice rose. "Only—the easiest way is so hard to take! Give me some more champagne."

"Sylvia!" he exclaimed, horrified.

"I want to have long, lean limousines and pearls and fur coats—and diamond bracelets up to the shoulder—and a line of millionaires in silk hats, with bunches of flowers, waiting for me at the stage door! You know—like you read about in the Sunday papers!"

"But you couldn't! You're not the kind of girl who—"

"Too late, Tony! I've decided to be a bad woman—and I'm going to be a *good* one!"

"Sylvia!" he was quite pale. "you're not yourself!"

"You bet your life I'm not myself—and I'm never going to be again!" She came round the table, and moved close to him. "It might've been you, Tony!"

"I've half-forgotten," she looked up at him. "Then she shook her head."

"But no—you wouldn't do!" Puffing his cheek, she turned away. "No—I like you too much."

"Listen to me," he pleaded, trying to take her hand.

"You're just a—nice boy. And I'm so tired of nice boys."

"But this other fellow—"

"He's a big bacon and egg man—all right!"

"This isn't *you*!" moaned Anthony. "You were always so sweet."

FROM below sounded the throbbing, rhythmic music of a tango. With a Spanish shrug of her shoulders, Sylvia caught up a red rose thrust it between her white teeth. Then, snapping her fingers, she danced—dancing, wildly graceful. . . . And when the music ended, tossed the flower to Anthony.

"The last rose of supper!" Then she sank into her chair at the table.

"Sylvia!" She had shattered his vanity and she was, he felt, shattering his heart.

"Sylvia—my dear—I want to talk to you!" He sat down opposite. "Please be serious."

From the dance-club downstairs, a dreamy melody floated up. Sylvia leaned forward across the table, and there seemed more of sentiment than champagne in her mood.

"All right—I'll be serious. Do you remember the evening we first heard that tune?"

"There was a moon. . . ."

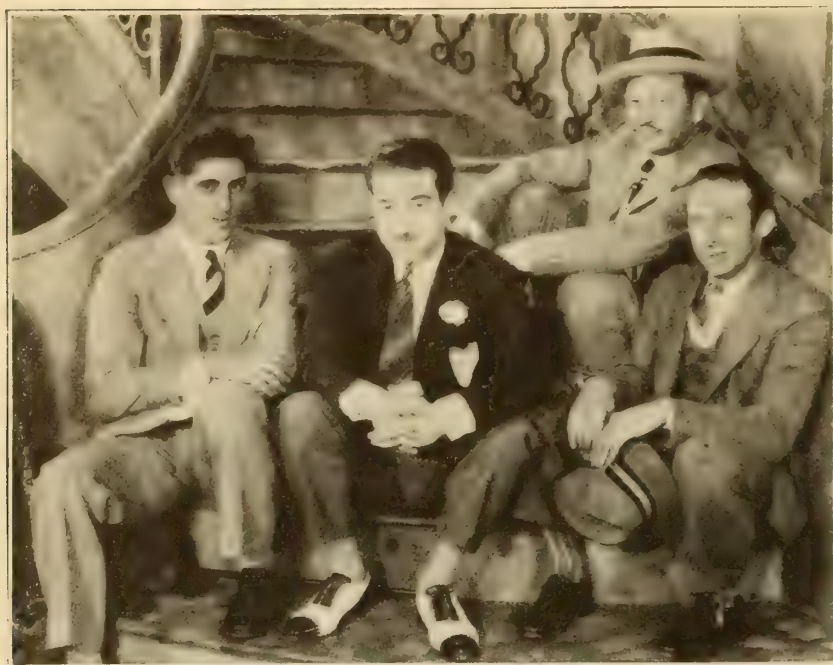
"Could I forget it?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 139]



"I couldn't help hearing what you said"





How to be practically invisible—have your picture taken with Michael Arlen. The well-known "Green Hat" dealer is he with the carnation. Carelessly grouped around are Eddie Sutherland (left of Michael), Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton

And the fish, my dear! are positively carnivorous. One young maiden, while frolicking in the surf, lost her little finger to a hungry barracuda and when her escort came out to rescue her, Mr. George Barracuda proceeded to make a mess of the chap's legs, with the result that he—the rescuer, not the fish—is now laid up in a Porto Rican hospital.

But Bill doesn't say a word about the liquor! Need he, after the above reports?

AND of course Linc gave the stranger a hearty handclasp.

But to begin at the first of our story, Lincoln Stedman was dining at the Montmartre the other evening when a slightly ginned individual ambled over to him:

"How de ya do, sir? Somebody over there just told me you were prominent in pictures. I don't recognize you, but I'd like to shake hands just the same!"

And of course Linc gave the stranger a hearty handclasp.

ESTELLE TAYLOR claims she has found the reason for the graceful posing of the hands and forearm across the waist in the portraits of women of the middle ages.

"I had often noticed in old paintings that women never held their hands at their sides, or in any way except at their waists, particularly when sitting down," said Estelle at the Vitagraph Studio the other day, where she is playing *Lucretia Borgia* with John Barrymore in "Don Juan."

"I found out why when I began to wear this—" pointing to an elaborately jeweled and brocaded medieval gown she was wearing.

"They had to hold their pointed girdles down to keep them from buckling. The darn thing simply won't stay in place and I have to keep my hands on it almost constantly."

WE do have the most precocious waiters in Hollywood. Consider this one that Bob Fraser, in the denims and overalls of his part for "The Splendid Road," met in a restaurant near the United Studios.

Bob's hair was long and shaggy, in keeping with the part.

Bob handed his servitor a quarter as a tip. The fellow eyed it—and then eyed Bob's hair.

"Keep it, my lad, and get a haircut!" he said.

COLLEEN MOORE held a housewarming the other day. But housewarmings seem to be the order of the day with Colleen. First she

opened her lovely home on Rossmore Avenue, then she displayed her tiny Queen's Doll House, now she entertains in her brand new dressing-room bungalow on the United lot. And soon a magnificent Beverly Hills home will be ready to open.

Of course the bungalow was decorated in green . . . it would be for an Irish colleen. It has just three little rooms, with a hanky-sized patio and a frolicking fountain. There's a knocker on the door—in the form of a woman's shapely hand—but we hasten to assure you it is Colleen's only knocker!

A tiny living room with a fireplace which crackles cozily with a real blaze; a diminutive kitchen glistening in its enameled whiteness; and a lovely dressing room with green taffeta frills and soft cushions.

But the clothes closet is the wondrous thing. Katherine—that's Colleen's maid—is elated over it. It is nearly as big as the living room and has drawers and shelves and hangers for all of Colleen's costumes. Long drawers—one apiece—for each of her heavily beaded frocks; a huge closet with a separate stand for each chapeau—and the cavernous cupboards are all cedar-lined.

And I peeked into the tiled bathroom and saw the color scheme was carried out even to green bathsalts!

MICHAEL ARLEN has been starved out of Hollywood!

His intimate friends say that he cannot afford the movies. On every motion picture story he writes he loses \$100,000.

They say that Michael Arlen is the best business man who ever had anything to do with writing for a living. When he writes a novel, it is said that his contract with a New York magazine brings him \$60,000 for the serial rights. On the story, afterward published in book form, he gets a liberal percentage from every book sold—and a great many are sold.

Then he scoops up in selling the dramatic and screen rights.

At a mere \$30,000 a scenario, Mike simply cannot be annoyed writing for the movies.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 94 ]



The Golden State, one of the crack trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad, was converted into a studio on wheels when the "Fifth Avenue" company went to New York City to secure actual settings for the picture. Louise Dresser and Marguerite de la Motte are breakfasting, with Director Vignola and crew gazing hungrily on, and the camera grinding





*The lovely hands of MARTHE RENIER, from a drawing by a noted French artist. This charming and universally noted French actress has a perfect taste for fashion not only on the stage but as a model of active women as well. She keeps her hands constantly groomed the effective Cutex way.*

## KEEP YOUR NAILS LOVELY WITH THIS METHOD FAVORED BY THE SMART WOMEN OF TWO CONTINENTS

*Not only in America, but in the aristocratic capitals of Europe, in the most sophisticated of the fashionable French resorts, brilliant and accomplished women depend upon this secret of lovely mails.*

**Y**OUR hands can be as lovely as the woman's who has unlimited resources for guarding her beauty. Nails gleaming with rosy lights! Tips as delicately curved as the new moon—and just as flawless. Cuticle smooth and unbroken framing your nails in dainty ovals.

Simply follow each week the same exquisite method that smartly groomed women everywhere find so marvellously effective! Care for your hands with Cutex preparations, famous the world over.

For Cutex, long a favorite with Americans, is as widely known abroad. And Americans traveling abroad are delighted to find it highly esteemed in Paris—the home of sophisticated toilettries! In fact in Paris itself, and at the smart French resorts—Deauville, Biarritz, Nice, Cannes, Aix-les-Bains—more Cutex manicure preparations are sold than any other kind!



**THE WAY TO CARE FOR YOUR HANDS**  
—First wash your hands thoroughly in warm soapy water and file the nails. Dip the orange stick in Cutex, twist a bit of cotton around the end and dip in the bottle again. Work gently around the base of each nail, wiping away the dead dry cuticle



that looks so untidy. Now pass the wet stick under the tips to remove any stain or grime, and smooth the least bit of Nail White under the tips to make them snowy white.

For a lovely finish to your nails, buff them lightly with the velvety Cutex Powder Polish and rinse your



hands again to remove traces of Powder and Nail White. Then for a rosy brilliance that lasts, spread a drop of Cutex Liquid Polish evenly over each nail. How cleverly it emphasizes the smooth ovals of cuticle and delicate white tips, and it lasts as long as your manicure.

There, just as they do here, lovely women owe the charm of their well-groomed hands to the world-famous Cutex method. And Northam Warren—the originator of Cutex—is acknowledged as the greatest authority on the manicure.

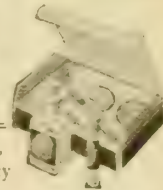
You will be amazed at how quickly the antiseptic liquid Cutex shapes your cuticle in lovely ovals. And smooths away every roughness under the nail tips! How magically the dainty paste whitens them. And you will find the rosy Cutex Liquid Polish gives your nails a truly enchanting radiance.

Begin at once to care for your hands the delightful Cutex way. Complete Cutex Sets are 35c to \$5.00, single items 35c—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Or send coupon with 10c for Introductory Set containing every essential for the manicure—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, Brush, Emery Board, Orange Stick, Cotton and helpful booklet. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. Q-2, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Canada.

NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON

*Mail coupon with 10c  
for INTRODUCTORY SET*



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-2,  
114 W. 17th St., New York City

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin  
for Introductory Set, containing every essential  
for the home manicure.

MARTHE RENIER, talented French actress whose lovely hands are pictured above, says: "In the salons of my *Maison de Modes*, I always notice the beautifully kept nails of my American clients and know that they have used Cutex."





RAMON NOVARRO

Rock Island Railroad  
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

I want to express my sincere appreciation for your splendid new fast train between Los Angeles and Chicago—the Golden State Limited. The long trip was a pleasure, due to the excellence of your service and splendid cuisine.

Sincerely,

Ramon Novarro

What Ramón  
Novarro Says  
about

The  
Golden  
State  
Limited

De Luxe  
All Pullman  
Train

California

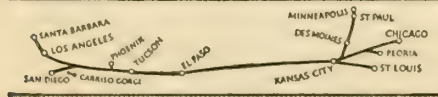
*"The trip was a pleasure"*

This is from one who makes trans-continental trips frequently.

When planning your next trip to California be sure to consider the train which is the choice of the most discriminating.

Rock Island Travel Bureaus  
in all principal cities at  
your service, or address

L. M. Allen, Vice President  
Rock Island Lines  
792 La Salle St. Station  
Chicago, Ill.



"Golden State Route"



## FRIENDLY ADVICE

From

Carolyn Van Wyck

HOW can I get more out of life? What books should I read? What subjects should I study? What contacts should I make? How can I make myself a more interesting person?

Many letters containing these questions come to me every month, eager, ambitious letters of the type I like to receive.

Develop your power of appreciation: That is the best and surest way in which to get from life the fullness and happiness it holds. Given appreciation, life from ten to ninety can become an adventure, the glorious, exhilarating adventure of self development and understanding, of living and loving and spiritual content.

The moment one begins to really live, one demands more and more of life. Despite all that certain unhappy, morbid people say, life is a joyous thing when you know how to make it so.

I must repeat that old, old saying that happiness is a state of mind. It comes definitely from the inside out. That being true, it is more than a little ridiculous to go drowsing our lives away, as too many of us do, or making our lives unhappy because we can't go to parties or have the costliest clothes in town.

There is so much more to life than this slender social end of it. True life happiness is the careful storing of "treasures in heaven," the heaven of the mind, from which they can never be stolen.

Go to the parties and buy the pretty clothes by all means. But keep them in their place, as the charming trifles of existence. The development of ourselves is much more important. It isn't a solemn business. It's fun. And it pays higher dividends than any investment in the world.

The way to appreciation is not entirely through books, as is too often believed.

One doesn't need to be "literary" or to memorize ponderous tomes to be interested in life or to be interesting to other people. One can study constantly and never use a book. There are people to be studied on the street, studied to find out why the young man looks so troubled, the young girl so happy or the tired mother so subdued. There are birds flying over one's head, and trees waving above one's street, every one of which has its story. There is the whole world of nature spread out before us like a gigantic, living painting that has a thousand points of absorbing interest to be discovered.

There are all the points of interest about work, your work and my work and your friend's work. No matter what it is, there is something

within it worth investigating. The girls who work in stores and factories have a dozen things before them to understand. Typewriters are interesting, with a long history behind them. Paper making is a romance in itself. The same is true of ink. The same is true of anything. Nothing in this world is a bore except as we ourselves make it so.

Yet if one is serious about this desire for self-improvement, a little sacrifice must be entailed, a sacrifice of laziness and listlessness. Sometimes this sacrifice may take the form of reading a book one would otherwise dodge.

Take the arts, for instance. You may not be able to paint, or compose music, or write short stories, or build a beautiful building. But knowing a little about the processes involved in all these things would build up your interest in them and in turn make you an interesting conversationalist. Music doesn't need to be a dark continent to anyone. There is a very simple and delightful book that will help toward an appreciation of it—"The Common Sense of Music," by Spaeth. Another helpful book on music is "How to Listen to Music," by Krehbiel. You'll be amazed and amused. I know, after reading them, to learn that jazz very often has the same form as a great classical work.

With the present interest in interior decorating, there are dozens of excellent books on that subject, with "Furniture," by Davis Benn perhaps the most authoritative of them all. Mr. Benn's book is a romantic thing, too, giving the history of furniture from the time of Queen Elizabeth to our own, showing how wars and peace and the loves of several kings have affected the very shape of our chair legs!

Or if you don't care for furniture or music, you can read Sturgis on "Architecture," which will prove to you that even the buildings in your home town have their histories. There is "The Lore of Precious Stones," if you desire to learn something about diamonds and pearls besides the fact that they are expensive. Clement Witt has written a fine book on "How to Look at Pictures," which will make your eyes see many values they never beheld before. Or if all these things seem too mental to you and you want something more personal, you can still get values from the excellent book of "Etiquette" by Emily Post, or, in another line, from that same little volume, "Outwitting Our Nerves," by Dr. Jackson, which proves that most of our illnesses are nonsense.

All these are books for building one's interests. In the fiction books, which one is more apt to read just for the enjoyment, there are

SCORES of letters come to me monthly asking for exact advice on diet, reducing, increasing weight, the care of the skin, the hair, the best colors for blondes, the best for brunettes, and general health. These letters demand careful replies.

I have, therefore, had printed for your use directions for obtaining any desired improvement in your appearance. I shall be very glad to send you them on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. I shall in the future reply to such letters directly rather than through these columns.

It will leave the columns open for advice in matters that need understanding rather than rules, matters of the heart, of work and play and personality. I think in this way I can serve you more.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.



# Above All Things This Brings You Peace-of-Mind

*under the most trying of hygienic handicaps*



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

**S**HEEREST, gayest gowns; your filmiest, daintiest things—wear them without a moment's thought!

Social activities, meet them in confidence. Dance, dine, motor for hours . . . unhandicapped, without a doubt or fear.

Eight in every ten women in the better walks of life have adopted this new way. It ends the uncertainty of the old-time sanitary pad by providing protection which is absolute. It will make a great difference in your life.

### *These three factors changed the habits of millions*

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.

It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

### *You can get it anywhere, today*

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace-of-mind, and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex mailed free on request.

*You'll appreciate  
these 3 factors*



- ① Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



- ② No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



- ③ Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

THE CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in women's rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Co.

## KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen  
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





## "With you~ in some old Palace"

"*EVEN today I am haunted by the sense of having been with you in some old Palace of the Orient—and you the Princess. What could have made the room—and you—so mysteriously wonderful last night?*"

FROM HER DIARY:

"*THERE was something new in his eyes last night. Could the temple incense have caused it? . . .*"

**E**VEN when royal splendor was their setting, beautiful women of centuries long past enriched their background by the subtle power of temple incense. Vantine's Temple Incense preserves the ancient secret of creating the romantic atmosphere that makes beauty lovelier. Six subtle fragrances at all drug and department stores.

**Learn how incense can enrich your charm.**

*Six sample fragrances sent  
on receipt of ten cents.*

A. A. VANTINE & CO., Inc.

(Dept. 3) 71 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



this season many excellent books on the market. I am not one to look down upon fiction. I like to read too much, and fiction can instruct one as competently about life as any other medium. There is good fiction, however, and there is trash. Leave the "confession" stuff alone. It's mostly terrible. A beautiful new novel is "The Perennial Bachelor," by Anne Parrish. "Glorious Apollo" and "The Divine Lady," both by an Englishwoman, E. Barrington, have the advantage of being exciting romances as well as historical facts. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Red Lamp" is a peach of a mystery yarn. "Caravan" is a fine collection of short stories by John Galsworthy.

It is said that one who is a true reader loves poetry. For those who are a little timid on this matter, I advise a reading of Hazlitt's essay on poetry. It will make you eager to purchase every book of poetry you can. And among those you will surely want the works of Edna St. Vincent Millay, or, for novelty, the really lovely verse of Nathalia Crane, who wrote two books, "The Janitor's Boy" and "Lava Lane," a couple of years before her fourteenth birthday, which she has just celebrated.

MISS E. S. BAYONNE.

I know of no treatment for your trouble better than the one you have been using already. It is sometimes possible to bleach the superfluous hairs on lips and chin to the color of one's skin. They are not so noticeable then, and this treatment used in common with a good depilatory may help you.

PAULEEN.

You should be able to wear all the richer colorings well, the wine reds, leaf browns, yellows, the intense blues. Leave most of the neutral shades, like navy blue, and the pastels, alone. Try rubbing your nose with ice whenever you are bathing. This will strengthen its resistance to cold and do away with its redness.

ANXIOUS, CALIFORNIA.

You have a very worthy ambition, but the road ahead of you is a long, hard one. To be a really great dancer takes hours upon hours of the hardest work. I have the privilege of knowing one of your idols, Ruth St. Denis, and I have often heard from her the story of the years of practice, study and sacrifice of luxuries that she had given to her art. Yet if you are courageous to go on and work as hard as your ambition demands, the medium that you have chosen is a very satisfactory one. For the moment I can only advise you to study as hard as you can. A well trained mind is almost as important to a dancer as a well trained body. Build up your health, for that also is imperative. Keep up your lessons with the best teacher you can afford and work, work, work, to the perfecting of your dance technique.

C. F., WISCONSIN.

Jealousy is a form of mental disease and the only cure of which I know is establishing in the other person's mind a complete trust in you. When a person is jealous of you, it really means he is afraid of losing you. Tell your friend that his jealousy hurts you and comes between you. Show him that the admiring glances of other men really do not influence you, but that they should make him proud, rather than unhappy, because he is your escort.

As for your leaving home and trying to get into the movies—oh, my dear! I never will advise any girl on that course. It is the most hopeless, heartbreaking game in the world. Stay out of it, I beg of you. In last month's issue we had a story about the movie beginners, called "I Wouldn't Wish It on a Dog." That is the way I feel, too.

PEGGY.

I think there are more boys who feel there are few nice, wholesome girls who like outdoor sports than there are girls of your type hunting for them. That makes me feel sure that you will soon meet a boy who will appreciate you

and your interests. Remember, when you want to make friends, Peggy, that most people are lonely. Try to find out the interests of the people you desire for companions. Let them talk to you and be truly sympathetic. The dancing class might be a good idea for you. It would, at least, bring you in contact with a new group of girls and boys about your own age. If you do attend it, however, try not to be too shy. Show that you want to be friendly, and instead of trying to be friends with the most popular member, pick out those who are shy, also. You will have a common bond then, that should unite you. Endeavor to get in as many group activities as you can. I think this will do away with your friendlessness. Your weight is correct for your height. No, dry rouge does not hurt the skin and it would probably be very becoming to you.

RUTH M.

You ought to give yourself a good cross-examination and find out what you really want to do and what you desire from life. You can't go on this way, my dear. When any of us say or feel that we are unusual and therefore superior to the general rules of life, we must prove it. Taking that attitude and then failing in friendships, in work, is all wrong. There surely is a place for you in this world, but you must be worthy of it. You are so young that I feel much of your attitude may be simply youth in revolt. If you are going on alone and going to make a success of your life, however, you must be more honest with yourself. You say you "can do anything that it is not necessary to have special training for." Nobody ever got very far on that basis. Mark out your course. You have a good education, and from your letter I know you have a good mind if you will but use it. Get yourself a job, no matter how unattractive it may be for the moment, and work at it until you are self supporting and can be truly self respecting. Cut off from your friends, out of work and in a strange city is a bad environment for a girl of your age. Be brave and strong. Work is one of the finest things in the world and it will bring you true independence, and it will also bring your friends back to you once more.

ANXIOUS, IOWA.

Your weight is satisfactory for your height. For your ankles and heavy legs, avoid standing as much as possible. Climb all the stairs you can, and as often as you can. Nothing reduces the ankles more effectively than this. Any pedaling exercise, such as bicycle riding, will help. Exercise your legs by swinging them from the hips, each leg forward and back as far as possible. Do this about twenty times each morning. Lying on your back with your arms stretched up above your head, pull your knees up to your chest. From that position ride an imaginary wheel dozens of times. Yours was one of the letters that made me write the column you find above.

D. J. H., SYRACUSE.

Almost all cold creams have a lanolin base. Read the trade-marks carefully and you'll surely find one. You can buy toilet lanolin, if you prefer. It comes in tubes at most good drug stores and many beauty specialists recommend it.

B. VICTORIA.

It is possible that you are using too much cold cream on your face. Try keeping your skin less oily and use a fairly heavy rice powder. I think this will help you.

L. P.

With dark hair, eyes and skin, the brunette shades in powder, lipstick and rouge are your aids. Use a dark rachel powder, but it might be well for you to experiment a bit with rouge and lipstick to see whether you can wear the bright red shades which are sometimes so becoming to girls with your coloring. If you find these too bright, use the ashes of roses type.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



# ROMANCE

Free! A trip to the land of

## Read these easy conditions.

They may enable you to visit the Mecca of Movieland—free!

### Conditions of Contest

1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
2. Send each solution under separate cover, addressed to "Romance-Hollywood Contest," care of Cox Confectionery Company, No. 156 Orleans Street, Boston 28, Mass.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of "Photoplay," the Motion Picture Editor of "Liberty," and Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of "Motion Picture Magazine."
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner—and a friend—receive a free Round Trip to, and a week's stay in Hollywood. There are 200 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today—it gives all the details.



A trip to Hollywood free!

As you have watched the thrilling scenes of the Silent Drama sweep across the motion picture screen, have you ever wished that you could see the great movie masterpieces filmed; that you could stand beside the famous directors and watch them at work; that you could actually *meet* the stars of filmdom?

Then *here is your chance*, in the great Romance-Hollywood Contest. For you may win the grand prize: A Free Trip to Hollywood with a companion of your own choosing, as the guests of the great Moving Picture Corporations, with all expenses paid by the makers of the famous ROMANCE CHOCOLATES.

The conditions are easy. The makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES have selected twelve romantic scenes from twelve great photoplays. These scenes are reproduced in two booklets, A and B, one of which is packed with every pound box of ROMANCE "Selections." You have simply to name correctly the leading actor and actress appearing in each of the twelve scenes, giving also the correct title of each photoplay. Then, arrange the scenes in a novel and attractive manner.

This contest is open to all. You do not have to buy anything to enter. You may have both booklets, free, by writing directly to us. Get *your* copy now!

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY

156 ORLEANS STREET, BOSTON 28, MASS.



# ROMANCE CHOCOLATES



# What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

## WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

**BUSTER KEATON STUDIO**, 1025 Lillian Way.

Production will soon start on "Mr. Battling Butler" with Buster Keaton.

**CALIFORNIA STUDIOS**, 1438 Gower St.

Dell Henderson directing "The Pay-Off." Cast not announced.

J. P. McGowan completing another of the Helen Holmes series.

**CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS**, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Production will soon start on "The Circus" with Charlie Chaplin and Georgia Hale.

**CHRISTIE STUDIOS**, 6101 Sunset Blvd.

Bobby Vernon, Walter Hiers, Jimmie Adams and Neal Burns are all working on two-reel comedies. William Watson directing "A Salty Sap" with Billy Dooley.

**CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO**, Culver City, Cal.

Cecil B. De Mille directing "The Volga Boatman" with Victor Marconi and Elinor Fair.

Rupert Julian directing "Silence" with H. B. Warner.

**FILM BOOKING OFFICES**, 780 Gower St.

Bob De Lacy directing "The Cowboy Musketeer" with Tom Tyler.

Harry Garson directing "Smilin' at Trouble" with Lefty Flynn.

Del Andrews directing "No Man's Law" with Fred Thomson and Adalyn Mayer.

Noel Smith directing "The Badge of Honor" with Richard Talmadge.

James Hogan directing "The King of the Turf" with Kenneth Harlan, Dolores Costello and Henry B. Walthall.

**Sovereign Prod.** Production has started on "The Phantom Pilot" with Kathryn McGuire.

**FOX STUDIOS**, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Robert Kerr directing "A Trip to Chinatown" with Earle Foxe and Margaret Livingston.

Irving Cummings directing "The Johnstown Flood" with George O'Brien and Florence Gilbert. J. G. Blystone directing "My Own Pal" with Tom Mix, Olive Borden and Tom Santschi.

Emmett Flynn has completed "Palace of Pleasure" with Betty Compson and Edmund Lowe.

Lou Seiler directing "The Flying Fool" with Marlon Harlan and Sid Smith.

John Wray directing "The Golden Butterfly" with Alma Rubens, Bert Lytell, Huntley Gordon and Frank Keenan.

Howard Hawks directing "The Chariot of the Gods" with May McAvoy and Leslie Fenton.

**LASKY STUDIOS**, 1520 Vine St.

Production will soon start on "That's My Baby" with Douglas MacLean.

Edward Sutherland directing "Miss Brewster's Million" with Bebe Daniels.

Alan Dwan directing "Sea Horses" with Florence Vidor, Jack Holt, William Powell and George Baneroff.

Victor Fleming directing "The Blind Goddess" with Esther Ralston.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO**, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney Franklin directing "Beverly of Graustark" with Marlon Davies and Antonio Moreno.

Robert Leonard has completed "Dance Madness" with Claire Windsor and Conrad Nagel.

Archie Mayo directing "Money Talks" with Claire Windsor and Conrad Nagel.

Benjamin Christlanson directing "The Light Eternal" with Norma Shearer and Charles Mack. Monta Bell directing "The Torrent" with Greta Garbo and Ricardo Cortez.

Mauritz Stiller directing "The Temptress." Cast not announced.

J. E. Williamson directing "The Mysterious Island." Cast not announced.

John Stahl directing "Toto" with Lew Cody.

**METROPOLITAN STUDIOS**, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

Edward Dillon directing "The Danger Girl" with Priscilla Dean, John Bowers and Gustave von Seyffertitz.

Paul Bern directing "The Prince of Pilsen" with Norman Kerry and Anita Stewart.

Scott Sidney directing "The Million Dollar Handicap" with Vera Reynolds and Edmund Lowe.

**Harold Lloyd Prod.** Sam Taylor directing "For Heaven's Sake" with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.

**PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO**, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Inactive.

**HAL ROACH STUDIO**, Culver City, Cal.

Fred Jackman directing "The Devil Horse" with Rex, Yakima Canutt and Gladys McConnell.

**UNITED STUDIOS**, Hollywood, Cal.

**First National Prod.**

Sylvania Balboni directing "The Far Cry" with Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall and Myrtle Stedman.

Harry Edwards directing Harry Langdon and Alice Calhoun. Title not announced.

E. M. Asher directing "Good Luck" with Arnold Gray.

Lambert Hillyer directing "The Second Chance" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Robert Frazer.

Clarence Brown directing "Kiki" with Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman.

**UNIVERSAL STUDIO**, Universal City, Cal.

Edward Sedgwick directing "The Squarehead" with Jean Hersholt.

Lynn Reynolds directing "The Rowdy" with House Peters, Wanda Hawley and Walter McGrail. Svend Gade directing "Wives for Rent" with Pat O'Malley and Virginia Valli.

Al Regell directing "The Tuneful Tornado" with Jack Hoxie.

William A. Seiter directing "Doubling for Lora" with Laura La Plante.

Cliff Smith directing "Mavericks" with Art Acord and Olive Hasbrouck.

Arthur Rosson directing "Chimp of Flying U" with Hoot Gibson.

**WARNER BROS. STUDIO**, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Alan Crosland has completed "Don Juan" with John Barrymore and Mary Astor.

Roy Del Ruth directing "The Man Upstairs" with Dorothy Devore and John Roche.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Bride of the Storm" with Dolores Costello and John Harron.

"Other Women's Husbands" with Marle Prevost, Monte Blue, Huntley Gordon and Phyllis Haver.

## EAST COAST

**BIOGRAPH STUDIO**, 807 East 175th St.

George Archambaud has completed "Men of Steel" with Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon and May Allison.

John Francis Dillon has completed "Too Much Money" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.

**COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO**, 127th St. & Second Ave.

Robert Kane directing "The Show Down" with Alice Terry, Holbrook Blinn and Conway Tearle.

Robert Kane directing "The Reckless Lady" with Ben Lyon, James Kirkwood, Belle Bennett, Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Charlie Murray.

**JACKSON STUDIO**, Jackson and Westchester Aves., Bronx, N. Y.

Charles Hines directing "The Brown Derby" with Johnnie Hines.

**PARAMOUNT STUDIO**, Pierce Ave. & Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Frank Tuttle directing "Tamed" with Gloria Swanson and Lawrence Gray.

Lewis Milestone directing "The New Klondike" with Thomas Meighan and Gladys Valerie.

Mal St. Clair directing "I'll See You Tonight" with Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen.

Production will soon start on "The Man From Mexico" with Richard Dix.

Sam Wood directing "Glorious Youth"—The Paramount School Picture.

**TEC-ART STUDIO**, West 44th St., New York City.

Harry O. Hoyt has completed "Do Clothes Make the Woman?" with Natacha Rambova and Olive Brook.

**WHITMAN-BENNETT STUDIO**, Glendale, L. I.

Whitman Bennett directing "Share and Share Alike" with Jane Novak and James Rennie.

Maurice Campbell directing "Self Defense" with Eileen Percy, Edna Murphy and George O'Hara.

## CHANGES IN TITLES

**FOX PICTURES.**

"The Outsider" will be released as "Daybreak."

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.**

"The Reason Why" will be released as "Soul-Mates."

"Free Lips" will be released as "His Secretary."

**UNIVERSAL.**

"Proud Heart" has been changed to "His People."

## BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. D. W. Griffith Prod., 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.





## UNKNOWN BEAUTY

THE Silver Screen—the Stage—the Pictorial Magazines—bring us the pageant of lovely women known to fame.

But hidden in the great cities, in town and village, is beauty as glorious as Dawn . . . beauty that never graced screen or stage . . . beauty that makes America the true land of Charm.

Tre-Jur Compacts and Tre-Jur Face Powder are the Symbol of Feminine Charm. In their exquisite ingredients is a quality that enhances loveliness.



Thrust \$1  
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50 Cents

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**TRE-JUR**  
FACE POWDERS AND COMPACTS





Brushing your coat collar  
doesn't stop dandruff

**I**F YOU have dandruff, you're a slave to a whisk-broom. And so you brush, brush, brush—to save yourself embarrassment.

But it isn't necessary to be embarrassed, nor to play second fiddle to a whisk-broom—if you are willing to try the simple Wildroot treatment. For years, Wildroot Hair Tonic has been famous, because it *does* remove dandruff.

A very interesting thing happens with the first few applications of Wildroot. The accumulated dandruff loosens up and is temporarily more apparent, but soon disappears under regular treatment. This is a good picture of Wildroot at work.

After applying to the scalp, dress your hair with Wildroot, to renew the lustre and beauty. Get some Wildroot at your druggist's today.



**IMPORTANT NOTE**

It is incorrect to suppose that Wildroot grows hair. Only a healthy scalp can grow hair. Wildroot removes the very unhealthy condition of dandruff, and thus prevents the loss of hair that is sure to follow dandruff.

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**WILDROOT**  
H A I R T O N I C

for  
dandruff



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such questions in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 721 W. 57th St., New York City.

**PATSY C.**—Patsy, all those guys you love, Ramon Novarro, Harrison Ford and William Collier, Jr., are the same height. Every one of them is five feet, ten, or the three of them are seventeen feet, six inches. They all live in Hollywood, too, though Harrison is in New York at the moment. Ben-Hur was released Christmas Eve.

**PEGGY S., CHICAGO.**—You think I'm swell? Gee, I wish you were around to tell the boss about me. You want to know the time and place that Bebe Daniels chose to visit this globe? Well, Bebe was born in Dallas, Texas, the fourteenth day of January, 1901. She is five feet, three and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred twelve pounds. So you love Bebe honestly? Well, I hope so. No dishonest love goes in this here section.

**F. F. C.**—Here's the low-down on Colleen Moore. Colleen is married to John McCormack, the film man and not the singer. She was born twenty-three years ago in Port Huron, Michigan, of Irish-American parents. Sorry I can't send you a picture of Colleen, but if you will write to her personally and enclose a quarter, she will send you one herself.

**MADGE L., ASTORIA.**—Harrison Ford is four years older than the twentieth century. Now see if you can add. He's divorced. Tom Mix was born about 1888. No, Ruth Roland isn't playing in anything except real estate. Ruth's a year younger than Harrison. Now see if you can subtract. Atta girl!

**P. R.**—Marion Davies' next picture is "Beverly of Graustark." She's out in Hollywood at present, but I agree with you. She and Harrison Ford make a great team. Beautiful Marion is five feet and a half and weighs one hundred twenty-three pounds. You want to know who I think is the most beautiful woman on the screen and then ask me to name three. Lady, lady, I have not lived all these years free and unshackled by saying who I think is the most beautiful screen siren. The only reason they let me live is because they don't know I'm alive. And they would if I told them they were beautiful. Stay away from the movies, P. R. You say you'll never have to work for a living. Well, you'll have to work like fury to get in the movies, and then to stay in.

**HENRIETTA, HALIFAX.**—Henrietta, how can you doubt me? I am just as masculine as potatoes. You want to know about Rudy. Well, I've talked to Rudy a lot and he isn't swell headed, no matter what your friends say. He's a fine, handsome chap with excellent manners. Does that make you feel better? I don't know whether he was in your town three years ago, but I do not believe so.

**M. E. M.**—So you want my dear old grandfather's address, do you? I wouldn't advise you to send the old man a note. The last one I wrote him got all scorched. As for my photograph, you can't see me behind my whiskers anyhow. You think Ben Lyon is the handsomest man on the screen, do you? You oughta see him off. A handsome guy. Yes, that's his own name. Neither married nor engaged. Imagine that. Write to him in care of First National pictures. I enjoyed your first letter as much as you say you enjoy my paper. So that makes us even.

**W. C. C.**—Your pretty Alberta Vaughan is unmarried, unengaged, only twenty and to be found at the F. B. O. studios. William, do your stuff. Shirley Mason is six years older than Alberta, but then she's a widow.

**BROWN EYES OF PERTH AMBOY.**—Write all you like and I won't be mad. Richard Dix has brown eyes with hair to match. His next picture is "Womanhandled." Dick, wonderful boy, is still unwed.

**A FRIEND, NEW HAVEN.**—I've always wanted to have a friend in New Haven and now I've got you. Such a cheering thought. Write to Ronald Colman, personally, in care of the United Studios and I'm sure your handsomest man in the movies will send a picture to you.

**H. E. LAPRE, HOOFDKANTOOR, BANDOENG.**—Where on earth is that? Glad to know PHOTOPLAY reaches there, but I want to know how. The lovely ladies you saw were, respectively, Gertrude Olmstead in "Cameo Kirby," Claire Windsor and Bessie Love in "The Eternal Three" and Alice Calhoun in "The Man from Broadney's." Write again.

**S. L. R.**—Ramon Novarro played *Rupert of Hentzau* in "A Prisoner of Zenda." You're right. Rod La Rocque's fine. His hair is dark brown and his eyes are black. You didn't bother me a bit.

**I**n writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

**PEGGY.**—Another Dix admirer. That boy surely pulls them in. Also fond of Ben Lyon and Buster Collier. That's a smart girl. If you fall in love with three men, you'll never break your heart so hard over one. Buster was born in the large city of New York, February 12, 1902. Glad you like our family paper so much. So do I.

**F. P., RALEIGH.**—No, I just love the questions. My rooms at home are all papered with question marks to make me feel natural, and my figure, after years of bending over my typewriter, is a walking advertisement of my profession. Ronald Colman is neither divorced, widowed nor married. That's a puzzle. What is he? Separated. Ronald is five feet, eleven, and thirty-five years old. His hair isn't brown, but black. It was Vilma Banky with him in "The Dark Angel." A blonde angel, certainly. She's in Valentino's "The Eagle," too. Billie Burke is married to the theatrical manager, Florenz Ziegfeld, and lives quietly just outside New York. Yes, Billie's bobbed her hair. Mary Miles Minter is in New York, but she is not making any pictures now, though I understand she means to return to them soon. Florence Vidor is divorced and now reported engaged to George Fitzmaurice, the director. No, not even Florence has long hair any more.

**M. B. A., MINNEAPOLIS.**—Many thanks for your letter. I have destroyed it, but I won't forget.

**D. I. C., LYNBROOK.**—So you think I am important and awfully interesting, do you? How we two would get along. For I think I'm awful interesting, too. The editor usually leaves off the interesting, tho, when he talks to me, particularly when I ask for a nickel raise. Hugh Allen is nineteen and unmarried. Write to him in care of the Fox Studios. Yes, I agree with our Adela that Ben Lyon is the real college type. You can reach Ben in care of First National studios, address in the studio directory.

**JACK. A. B.**—You certainly are one curious young person. Wait till I get my breath and I'll start on your letter. Here goes. Mary and Doug have been married six years, in March. Doug, Jr., isn't their child. He's only Doug's child. Jack is Mary's brother. He's married to Marilyn Miller, the musical comedy star. Both Norman Kerry and Fred Thompson are married, Norman to a non-professional, called Mrs. Norman Kerry, and Fred to Frances Marion, the famous scenario writer. Norman's thirty-two and Fred thirty-five. Hoot Gibson's wife is Helen Johnson. Didn't you see Barbara's picture in the January PHOTOPLAY? You can't scare me. Write when you like.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



# Who is it?

## The GREEN ARCHER

with  
*Allene Ray &  
Walter Miller*

From the book by Edgar Wallace  
Directed by Spencer Bennet



**TRAPPED** in the dungeon of Abel Bellamy's strange castle on the Hudson is a beautiful girl. Four others are imprisoned with her; a murderer, a maniac, a woman of the underworld, a handsome and brilliant detective. Water rushes into the dungeon, rising, rising, rising, as they desperately struggle. Suddenly comes a terrific explosion and . . . but see the astounding climax yourself, at the nearest theatre which shows "The Green Archer."

Baffling, fascinating, gripping, you'll pronounce this picture the greatest Pathe serial ever produced. Don't miss it! Ask when YOUR theatre will show "The Green Archer!"

Hear the voices of Allene Ray and Walter Miller—a FREE phonograph record for the asking!



Send for this FREE phonograph record and hear the voices of Allene Ray and Walter Miller, the stars of "The Green Archer!" Both you and your friends will be fascinated by their unique, personal, spoken message. Write today for the record that Miss Ray and Mr. Miller have made for YOU! Absolutely free—sent postpaid to your home! Pathe Exchange, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York, Dept. P.

Note: Owing to unavoidable circumstances, Miss Irene Whipple, winner of the "Sunken Silver" Beauty Contest, was unable to appear in "Casey of the Coast Guard" as advertised. We hope to announce at an early date, the serial in which she will appear.

# Pathéserial

In Ten Weekly Chapters,



Bebe Daniels a personage, pretty, peppy and piquant

## The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

**BEBE DANIELS** is unique in that she started as a leading woman. She entered the movies, a plump cherub, when she was thirteen. That was with Harold Lloyd, when the Lloyd studio was an old house and the Lloyd fortunes netted about \$10.

Since then, she has climbed very steadily and very surely. In more ways than one she has grown up with the industry.

Everyone thought in those early days that she and Harold were in love. They were, but it was puppy love and even the most ardent grow out of that. But for several seasons they played together day after day at the studio and danced together night after night in the contests in the little dance halls to which they could afford to go. They won cups, too, of which they were both very proud.

Bebe stayed with Harold until she went with Cecil De Mille, stayed until her plump cherub days were over and she was instead a beautiful young woman with a slim, lovely body and dark, brown eyes and shining black hair.

De Mille made her into a vamp, little Bebe who lived quietly with her mother and grandmother in a modest bungalow. She wandered in and out among the De Mille bathtubs and gained so rapidly in popularity that when the short-lived Realart company was formed, they made her a star. They advertised her as "the good little bad girl" and she did her darnedest to live up to it.

When Realart flopped, she came East. That visit helped her grow some more, mentally this time. More knowledge showed her the vast equipment necessary to stardom. Bebe, proving her intelligence, decided she wasn't schooled enough in her art for stardom. Very earnestly, she went back to playing leads.

Then came "Sinners in Heaven." Paramount viewing it and watching the work she and Richard Dix put over in it, starred them both.

Today Bebe is a star by virtue of real ability. Her latest releases, "Lovers in Quarantine," "Wild, Wild Susan" and "The Crowded Hour" all reveal her true artistry.





*HER wealth of bronze hair perfectly complements the clear olive of her skin, adding greatly to her beauty by using the Oriental tint of Pompeian Bloom.*

# A Healthy Glow~

That's what your cheeks  
were meant to have.

Pompeian Bloom

gives the natural color that comes with health

By MADAME JEANNETTE

*Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.*

I RECENTLY overheard one of my friends say to another: "You have stopped using rouge, my dear. What lovely natural coloring!" But the truth was that she hadn't stopped at all. Like thousands of other women, she had learned about the rouge that would give her cheeks the exquisite natural coloring of a girl in her teens. That rouge is Pompeian Bloom.

Today women everywhere realize the necessity of using rouge that matches perfectly their natural skin-tones. And when they use the right shade of Bloom they achieve the wholly natural effect they desire.

From the shade chart you can easily select the particular shade of Pompeian Bloom for your type of complexion.

**SHADE CHART for selecting  
your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom**

**Medium Skin:** The average American woman has the Medium skin-tone—pleasantly warm in tone, with a faint sugges-

tion of old ivory or sun-kissed russet. The *Medium* tone of Pompeian Bloom just suits this type of skin.

If you are slightly tanned, you may find the *Orange* tint more becoming. And sometimes women with Medium skin who have very dark hair get a brilliant result with the *Oriental* tint.

**Olive Skin:** Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the *Dark* tone of Pompeian Bloom. If you wish to accent the brilliancy of your complexion, the *Oriental* tint will accomplish it.

**Pink Skin:** This is the youthful skin, most often found in blondes or red-haired women, and should use the *Oriental* tint.

**White Skin:** If you have this rare type of skin, use the *Light* tone of Bloom.

**Special Note:** An unusual coloring of hair and eyes sometimes demands a different selection of Bloom-tone than those above. If in doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Bloom, 60c (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

*Madame Jeannette*  
Specialiste en Beauté



## SPECIAL OFFER

1/3 of a 60c box of Bloom

with 1926 Panel and samples — All for 20c

To help you realize the exceptional quality of Pompeian Bloom, we make the special offer above. The 1926 Panel is the most beautiful and expensive one we have ever offered. Size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value 75c to \$1. Sent for two dimes along with 1/3 of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom and valuable samples of Beauty Powder; Day Cream (protecting); and Night Cream (cleansing); and Madame Jeannette's beauty booklet.



**Madame Jeannette,**  
THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES  
2909 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, 1/3 of 60c box of Bloom, Beauty Booklet and other samples.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State .....

Shade of rouge wanted.....

This coupon void after July 15, 1926.





## Fascinating— the white loveliness of her complexion

She was the most popular girl in her set. Many hearts were entangled by the alluring, satin-smoothness of her exquisite skin.

Intelligent care will transform even the most uninteresting complexion to clear, flawless beauty! MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, who has devoted years of her life to creating new beauty, has now crystallized her famous scientific methods into three simple steps, which supply every beauty need of the average skin. Acquaint yourself with these three steps to beauty—study them—follow them. *Even in one short week you will be charmed with the improvement in your complexion.*

### Three Steps to Beauty

#### Cleanse, revitalize and protect

with **Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream**—a marvelous cream purified by the famous Pasteur method, for cleansing and freshening and molding the skin to new beauty. Removes all impurities admirably. Soothes, protects, smoothes out tired lines, and keeps the contour youthful. Also an excellent powder base. 4 oz. 1.00, ½ lb. 2.00, 1 lb. 3.50.

#### Awaken the skin's activity

with **Valaze Beautifying Skinfood**—a cream for clearing, whitening and youthifying the skin. Lightens the skin several shades. Refines the skin texture and clears away sallowness, tan, darkened skin pigment, light freckles and other discolorations. 1.00, 2.50

#### Tone and brace tissues

with **Valaze Skin-toning Lotion**—invigorates the tissues, smoothes out and prevents fine lines, refines the pores. 1.25

These final make-up touches are protective as well as flattering

**Valaze Complexion Powder**—for normal or oily skins, and **Valaze Novena Powder**, for dry skins—both exquisitely fine, adherent, moisture-proof, subtly fragrant. 1.00, 1.50, 3.00

**Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge**—richly colorful—flattering to every complexion. **Compact 1.00**

**Valaze Red Geranium Rouge**—Helena Rubinstein's latest shade. All the rage in Paris! New—sparkling—youthful. **Compact 1.00**

**Valaze Lipsticks** to match rouges—ultra-smart. 1.00

Write for "SECRETS OF BEAUTY," Edition R, fascinating 40-page pamphlet with a world of information on the correct care of all types of skin. Everyone desirous of beauty should possess this important guide. FREE.

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The son of John Bunny, as one of the leading lights of "The Lights of Old Broadway." George Bunny portrays *Tony Pastor*, the showman who made Fourteenth Street famous, when lights were mostly oil lamps and Broadway was a bypath

## Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]

EVER since his stubby rôle of *Casey* in "The Iron Horse," J. Farrell Macdonald has been trotting about Hollywood looking like an animated haymow, with a ten-day growth of hair on his erstwhile pink cheek. While in this unshorn condition he opened a charge account at a large Los Angeles haberdashery. Then came the close shave for his rôle in "The First Year." With his cuticle revealed to the sun for the first time in many moons he went a-shopping and told the clerk to charge his purchases to the account of J. Farrell Macdonald.

But the clerk was not to be deceived by any impostor. "Very sorry, sir, but the Macdonald who opened the account had whiskers. You'll have to show your identification."

Of course the bank book was in the other suit. It always is.

Then Jack Ford, director of "The Iron Horse," sauntered in. Macdonald greeted him with open arms. "You're just in time to identify me, Jack!"

But Jack remembered the time J. Farrell had put sand in the bunk when they were on location together.

"If you are the Macdonald I know, you will have a strawberry-shaped scar on the palm of your left hand."

And J. Farrell was no Thurston, so he left the shop minus his purchases.

OF course it would happen in Tia Juana. Such cock and bull stories always do, because there is so much bull fighting in that country. But it sounds good, and maybe you'll think it funny.

Everyone knows how much Jack Mulhall and Eugene O'Brien look alike, but the film colony is quite able to tell them apart. The other week-end Gene O'Brien joined the Schenck-Talmadge party that went to that Mexican border town, and as they were partaking of liquid refreshments in one of the cafes a husky bruiser, with overstuffed shoulders, came rolling in with a feminine companion who might have been a burlesque beauty.

Seeing Gene, he swaggered over to him and walloped him on the back:

"Hello, Jack, ole kid! How are yuh? Meet the little woman!"

And now Gene is kidding Jack about his pugilistic friends.

ANOTHER matrimonial barque lost in the cinema sea. Rudolph Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova, have come to the parting of the waves and with the granting of a Parisian divorce their connubial sloop will be completely submerged.

With the breaking of Rudy's marital ties many rumors are afloat as to who will be Mrs. Rudolph Valentino III. Vilma Banky, hi



# Feminex



**Tasteless Tablet That End Pains**  
Feminex is recommended for relieving simple pain only, and does not interfere in any way with the normal functioning of the system.

## Banishes habitual pains in 10 minutes— is equally effective for other pains

**G**IRLS nowadays, and women, have more to do. More outside interests. More social and business activities. Every hour of every day counts for something in this day and age when beauty shop appointments are kept as religiously as dinner engagements.

So, to lose a whole day, spells tragedy. But this is no longer necessary. Feminex saves those days that were habitually lost through pain or fear of pain. Replaces them with fine, free, normal days.

### *Feminex is Effective Promptly*

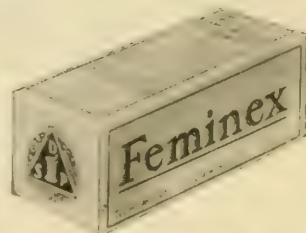
In rendering its service of relief and relaxation . . . Feminex also immediately relieves other pains that discomfit girls and women—backache, headache, neuralgia, neuritis and other similar distress. It comes in a little blue package, protecting a small

bottle that holds enough tablets for three months' service. And for only 50c . . . The bottle is as easy to carry as a compact.

Feminex is absolutely safe, inexpensive, tasteless, and effective at once . . . easy to buy in drug stores . . . Has no effect on heart or stomach.

### *Liberal Sample for 10c*

We will gladly mail a small container in plain wrapper for 10c. It isn't necessary to write a letter—just tear out this advertisement, write name and address on the margin, and mail with a dime to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.



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## "ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"



# SUCCEED while you are young

## in COMMERCIAL ART



Why go through the long, hard years of drudgery at low pay, that are necessary in so many occupations? There will always be a demand for good art work, due to the limited number who have talent for drawing. If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, don't fail to make the most of it. Modern business offers rich rewards to the young man or woman who will develop art ability along practical commercial art lines. Federal training has *proven* that it can lift you over several years of low-pay struggling and bring you much more quickly to a worthwhile income!

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(Names on request.)

The average age of these young artists is only 30 years. These are only a few of the hundreds who have developed their natural talent through the Federal Course and are earning good incomes.

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**America's Foremost School of Commercial Art**



Milton Sills gets another two-fisted role (here's one of 'em) in his new First National feature picture, "Men of Steel." Milt plays a rough worker in a steel mill. His hands are soiled but his heart is clean, and he gets the gal of his choice

leading lady, has been reported glimpsed in his imported limousine and at the Friday night prize fights. And Pola, too, had Rudy at her right at a dinner party she gave the other evening, to say nothing of the rumor that the first half of his journey to the station on his way to New York was made in Pola's creamy Rolls-Royce.

However, Valentino is quoted as admitting to be sublimely happy in his new freedom—and his home on Whitley Heights is vacant, save for eleven doggies, as Rudy trots about Europe visiting old friends and cafes.

I know the time this might have created a hurricane of discussion. Now it makes but a passing ripple. Ring out the old! Ring in the new!

NATACHA told an interviewer recently that she didn't believe in exploiting one's name for professional advancement—provided one had a name that meant something.

"And," continued the new cinema player, "I consider it bad taste to talk about one's family. If one has a family, it usually shows, doesn't it?"

THE Lucy Stoners are getting to be the bane of Margaret Livingston's existence.

The other night at a dinner party there was a goodly sprinkling of celebrated ladies who had assumed the wedding rings but not the names of their husbands. And Margaret, of course, did not associate her dinner partner's name with that of a certain noisome lady who sat farther down the table. The woman's voice grew more raucous and Margaret murmured to her partner:

"I never heard anyone with a voice like Miss So-and-So's!"

A strange spasm passed over the man's face. Then Margaret remembered the relationship of the two and with remarkable presence of mind said to the woman's husband:

"... It is so individual!"



# If you're Beginning to show "Age" it will be at 1 of these 3 places

According to the World's Most Expensive Beauty Expert

67% of All Women Past 25, and 90% Past 35 Reveal One or More of These Conditions

## A Double Chin

The chief agent in treatment is Dorothy Gray's Tissue Cream. For best results use a Dorothy Gray Patter.



## Lines at Eyes and Mouth

In this treatment Dorothy Gray's Muscle Oil smooths out lines and wrinkles.



## Thin face with flabby muscles under the chin

Dorothy Gray's Special Skin Food nourishes and rounds out thin faces.

## The Remarkable NEW Treatments Now Used In Overcoming Them

Dorothy Gray's preparations with complete directions for treatments can be obtained at the leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country.

IT is now known that the signs of age on a woman's face center almost 90% of the time on just three places. Correct those three and the difference is almost unbelievable.

By discovering that fact and then by perfecting new and totally different treatments and preparations from any known before, Dorothy Gray became one of the world's most famous beauty specialists.

Scarcely a woman of international social or financial importance but has yielded to her amazing ministrations.

In proof of the effectiveness of the Dorothy Gray methods, experts point out that while 67% of all women past 25 and 90% past 35, in ordinary walks of life, look from 5 to 10 years older than they are, the opposite applies among the ultra-wealthy where the average woman looks years younger than she is.

Household cares and motherhood are held blameless. The battle against age has largely been a losing one for want of scientific youth protection.

With the correct treatments and preparations at your disposal, you can work an almost unbelievable transformation in yourself. A fact you can now easily prove to your own satisfaction in your own home.



DOROTHY GRAY

Coming to New York ten years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Dorothy Gray, by the application of a new method of scientific strengthening of the facial muscles, resulting in the keeping and bringing back of youth, soon became one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, numbering among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register. Known as "the Beauty Sculptor," her hands were recently insured for \$100,000.

result in flabbiness, in lines and wrinkles. Thin and withered skins are made plump—sallow skins are made white—the actual color of youth is restored—lines and crow's-

feet around the eyes are corrected—fat chins are reduced . . . absolutely—drooping "chin line" is overcome.

The Dorothy Gray methods banish them, results in many cases being almost beyond belief. Today, looking one's age is a folly; looking older than one's years, a crime against one's self.

## Dorothy Gray's Personal Advice Free

The complete Dorothy Gray preparations are now available for home use with very definite and easily followed printed instructions. They may be obtained at leading department stores and quality drug stores. Or you can write direct.

Note the coupon below. Check and fill it out carefully. Then mail it.

Exact and detailed instructions for individual treatment will be sent you without charge.

Each skin requires a certain treatment. That is why no general directions are given here. Once your condition is understood and the method of correction suggested by Miss Gray, you can follow it at home as satisfactorily as in Miss Gray's own establishment.

## What the Dorothy Gray Treatments Are

The Dorothy Gray treatments and preparations are wholly and totally different. They strengthen certain facial muscles which when weakened

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11

- Please tell me how
- ☐ to treat a double chin and flabby throat.
  - ☐ to round out a thin face and strengthen muscles under chin.
  - ☐ to erase wrinkles and crow's-feet.

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An alluring, seductive charm of infatuating mystic depth, bewitching and enamoring all those who behold it. It is just this entrancing touch that

## GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

renders to your skin and complexion. An appearance of glowing, fascinating loveliness, bringing you the joy of a new, dominating beauty. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is astringent and antiseptic, proving invaluable in cases of flabbiness, undue redness, wrinkles, blemishes and excessive oiliness.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City



Thirty-six pieces—count 'em. Jean Crozier, Inglewood, California, school girl, won this \$2,000.00 toilet chest in the Modern Girl contest staged by Colleen Moore in Los Angeles. The chest is of ivory plate and the toilet articles are of solid ivory inlaid with gold

FOR weeks Fred Talmadge, father of Norma, Constance and Natalie, lay in a sanitarium counting the days until Christmas would come when he would be strong enough to leave his bed to play Santa Claus to his two little grandchildren—the babies of Natalie and “Buster” Keaton. Of course he had not been able to do any Christmas shopping himself, but Norma had bought some gay little toys at his bidding.

And then, on a day just a month before Christmas, he quietly passed away in the arms of Norma and Natalie, who had been called at his request. Constance and Mrs. Talmadge were en route to the coast from New York, and the funeral, to which all of Hollywood paid tribute, was held upon their return.

USUALLY the first in everything, but the last to have her hair snipped, is Patsy Ruth Miller. But now she has gone and done it. The result is devastating, but oh! the gentle razzing that goes with the compliments. Pat is a very decided young person, and decided were her views on long hair—until she bobbed!

The most humorous occurrence came about the other evening—it was the night of the bobbing, to be exact—when Pat made a personal appearance at a local theater. Huntley Gordon was the master of ceremonies and, not knowing about the massacre, he made a very neat little comment anent Pat's wisdom in retaining her tresses and, thereby, her individuality. And he concluded by asking Pat to say a few words on why she had never bobbed.

Pat was nonplused. But only for a moment. She snatched off her little felt hat and stood in all the glory of her new shingle bob.

“I haven't a thing to say!”—and the audience howled.

UPON her return from Europe, Irene Rich was honored by the Warner Brothers with a dinner dance at the Casa Lopez. She looked charming as ever, but was quite apologetic because she hadn't had time to get a new gown for the party. You see, Irene had taken her two daughters to Europe and placed them in school in Switzerland, and their stay in Paris was spent outfitting the children. So Mamma was neglected.

Nevertheless, the line formed to the right of Irene's table, and it took all four Warner Brothers to fight off her prospective dancing partners.

Mabel Normand in an ermine wrap looked well and happy. Natacha Rambova made her usual striking appearance in her draped turban. Clive Brook and John Roche were among the most popular dancing partners.

After the dinner and some dancing, the Warner Brothers' newest opus, “Lady Windermere's Fan,” was run off for the guests. In this picture Irene Rich makes a departure from her customary misunderstood wife parts. She plays Mrs. Erlynne, a mercenary vamp, and wears a bobbed wig. Everyone exclaimed over how well Miss Rich looks with bobbed hair, and she confessed she is dying to cut her own—but the Rich sisters and the Warner brothers say no.

IT was during a temporary slump which sometimes comes in the motion picture business.

A cameraman who was out of work called up a well known star whom he had often photographed in the past, and asked him if he knew where he could find a job.

Said the star: “If I knew where there was a job, I'd borrow a camera and take it myself.”

NOW that all doubts regarding the authenticity of her husband's title have been removed, Gloria Swanson has settled down to a quiet homey life with the Marquis, in \$15,000 a year quarters on the top floor of the fashionable Park View Apartments, in the heart of New York.

In addition to the rent, Gloria will pay \$3,000 a year for the use of a private elevator shut off from all the others.

Her furniture includes many importations from France, among which are pieces formerly in the possession of the mother of the Marquis. One is a spinnet said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette.

Gloria signed a five year lease when she



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is hers—a youthful serenity, born of her fresh, clear beauty. For she is sure of the magnetic, sparkling rosinness of PERT Rouge.

A new, handmade rouge in compact form, skillfully blended to create the illusion of youth. The satiny texture of Pert clings invisibly and its subtle coloring shades into the natural tones of your skin. For more lasting adherence, apply it directly to the skin before powdering; it is then waterproof!

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Coming soon! MARIE PREVOST in "Seven Sinners"—a cyclone of excitement and laughs—the newest Warner screen sensation!

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Classics of the Screen





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"I do," said Constance Talmadge when she took the final oath in the naturalization ceremony that restored her United States citizenship recently. Connie lost it under the law, since repealed, that a wife assumes her husband's nationality. You recall she married John Pialoglou, a Greek

moved into the new apartment, so it looks as if she will make her pictures in New York for some time to come.

### OVERHEARD on Hollywood Boulevard, the Great White Way of the picture village:

"Sure, I know the producer. Why, he's so important he could sit in his office in Culver City and scratch his head in Hollywood."

IF all the umbrellas checked at the Strand Theater in New York on a certain Sunday afternoon last month were laid end to end, they would reach wherever things laid end to end reach. Which is a neat way of saying that several thousand people defied a heavy down-pour to see the opening of Rudolph Valentino's latest picture, "The Eagle."

If Rudy had any doubts as to his popularity, they were dispelled in the thunderous applause that greeted the sheik as he took his place in the box at the theater. The mob thumped their palms vigorously in the hope that he would take a bow. But he didn't; he was trying to remember the speech he had to give after the show.

But his memory failed him. So he just came out on the stage at the finish of the picture, and talked. He admitted frankly that he knew his popularity was ebbing, but hoped with a few more pictures like "The Eagle" to win back the friends that were slipping.

After the showing, Mr. Valentino held a reception in his suite at the Ritz, where he greeted his Broadway friends after a year's absence. Mae Murray, looking sixteen in a jaunty leather raincoat and turban, came in. Also Leatrice Joy, just arrived in New York for the first time in three years, with her mannish haircut.

Rudy held the same sandwich all during the party; every time he tried to bite it somebody was introduced.

NAUGHTY Lois Wilson is flaunting her new independence in the faces of the admiring Fifth Avenue strollers these fine winter days. You know Lois has rebelled against the Elsie Dinsmore stigma that has clung to her so long. Her first step toward emancipation was the

buying of snappy, bright colored dresses, which—I shudder to say it—she wears almost to her knees!

RICHARD BARTHELMMESS was terribly upset recently when one of his maids telephoned him to come home immediately, that something awful had happened to his daughter and they had to chloroform her to get it out.

"Get what out of *where*?" shrieked Dick, but the agitated maid had hung up.

So shooting on "Just Suppose" was suddenly halted while the star dashed hatless into a taxi.

It seemed little Mary Hay had been making a dress for her dolly. Becoming slightly bored, she amused herself by pushing buttons up her nose. One of them lodged beyond recall by the frantic nurse, and the doctor was called. It was feared the button might slip into the child's windpipe. An anaesthetic was administered and the offending object retrieved.

All was over but the shouting—and there was plenty of that—when papa arrived.

KNOW who was the very first person to be photographed by a motion picture camera? Cissy Fitzgerald.

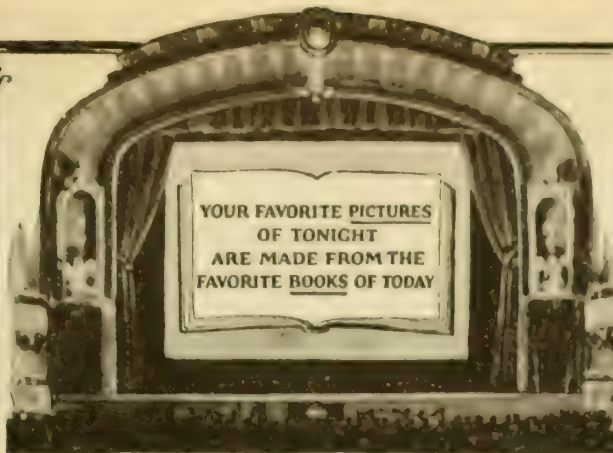
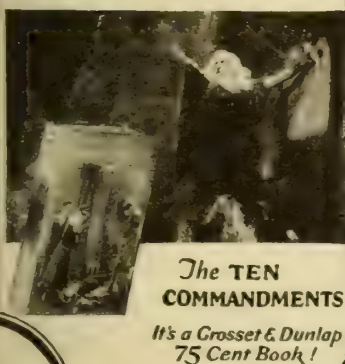
It was in 1896. Thomas A. Edison was experimenting with his kinetoscope—the machine that made motion pictures practical—and he engaged a young stage actress to dance before his camera for a test film. Cissy Fitzgerald was this girl and the film of the dance she performed for the Wizard proved to be the first successful motion picture of the present type ever made.

Cissy of the naughty wink is still performing for the movie camera. She is working in Hollywood at present with Priscilla Dean in a new picture called "The Danger Girl."

### CHARLIE CHAPLIN announced

At a luncheon party in honor of a visiting author that he, Chaplin I mean, cuts his own hair. The comedian may have expected a storm of disbelief, but it didn't follow. Everyone present accepted his words for truth and, after taking another look at Charlie's hair, I was inclined to believe it myself.





# 9 Times Out of 10

The Movie You Like is made from

**A GROSSET & DUNLAP 75¢ Novel**

HAVEN'T you often wished, while watching a good movie, that it would go on and on and never stop—that you could take it home with you and see it again and again—that you could know better those characters whose shadows flitted across the screen—and know more of the romantic setting of the story?

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Nine times out of ten—when the picture has been made from a book, you can go to your nearest book store, department store, drug store, stationery store or newsstand and buy it in the Grosset & Dunlap Edition, well bound in cloth, full library size, illustrated with scenes from the Moving Pictures—for 75 cents a copy.

The following books (also those illustrated on the margins of this advertisement) are on sale wherever books are sold.

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The Fool . . . Channing Pollock

Janice Meredith . . . Paul L. Ford

The Sea Hawk . . . Rafael Sabatini

Classmates . . . Walter Eberhardt

The Roughneck . . . Robt. W. Service

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Ben Hur . . . Gen. Lew Wallace

Peter Pan . . . James M. Barrie

The Covered Wagon . . . Emerson Hough

Light of Western Stars . . . Zane Grey

Seven Keys to Baldpate . . . Earl Derr Biggers

The Man on the Box . . . Harold MacGrath

K. the Unknown . . . Mary R. Rinehart

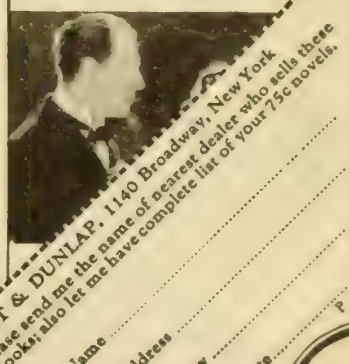
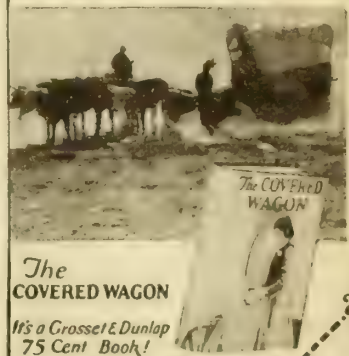
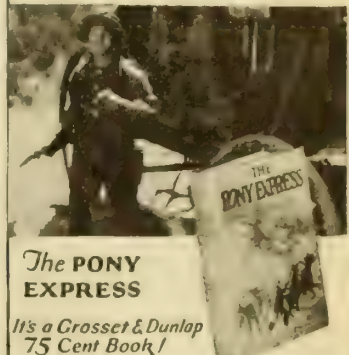
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Eleanor Boardman, Malcolm McGregor. in *The Circle*.  
new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production

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Stacomb keeps the most stubborn hair in place—all day long. And gives it a fine, healthy lustre. Stacomb helps prevent dandruff, too. Not sticky. In jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores. Buy Stacomb today.

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Who said telephone operators are slow? The voice with the smile at Universal City conceived this idea of using the stars' photographs instead of numbers to indicate their telephones. How many faces do you recognize?

AND speaking of Charlie Chaplin's hair-cut reminds me of another hair-cut—or rather a threatened one—which is causing a great stir in the film world.

Following a recent announcement that Jackie Coogan was about to cut his Dutch bob and have a regular man's hair-cut, Pa Coogan has been so besieged with requests for locks of Jackie's hair that he is planning to lay in a supply of hair mattresses to tear them up so that none of the clamoring fans need be disappointed.

NO, it wasn't a Rolls-Royce or an imported super-model, but a plain, ordinary, commonplace, every-day Ford coupe in which Richard Dix met his Waterloo.

Dick and his dad were bowling merrily along in the little car on their way to the depot, where Richard was to embark for the East, when along came a bold bad truck and crashed into them, lacerated poor Richard's legs, Dad Dix's arms and knocked the flivver for a row of ashcans. However, Richard's injuries were not serious enough to incapacitate him for any great length of time and he left for New York—with a decided limp—four days later.

Vote for Richard Dix, the Workingman's Friend! He drives a Ford!!

THE most popular guessing game of the moment in Hollywood is being played ardently—and confusedly—by onlookers. The subjects are the ex-benedicts and ex-fraus of the film folk.

The other night at the Montmartre I saw Emory Johnson and Ella Hall dancing blissfully together, quite as if there never had been any rude divorce proceedings between them.

And before Mae Murray left for Europe it was common gossip that she and Bob Leonard dined together as often as three times a week in a remote little French restaurant far from turbulent Hollywood, where the serene moun-

tains of Pasadena gave an old-world color to their meetings.

So you see the most popular game is guessing when . . . and if . . . and where . . . the wedding bells are going to re-peal for these parted couples.

ALL is not hale and hearty in the home of the Creighton Hales. A divorce judge split the union the other day—reason unknown. But we do know that Creighton is an able saxophonist.

And Alma Bennett—with the glorious shoulders—is seeking to regain her freedom from Hubby Fred Bennett who, in addition to being her husband, was her step-uncle as well. The matrimonial hodge-podge resulted from the marriage of Alma and her mother to Fred and Charles Bennett, brother realty operators.

I hope her liberty bonds will bring Alma back into pictures. A girl with a spinal column like hers should not be kept from the screen. Remember her in "Lilies of the Field"?

THANKSGIVING Day was celebrated in a very original way this year by Diana Miller and George Melford, when the titian-haired actress became Mrs. George Melford, wife of the director who has just completed "Rocking Moon." Upon completion of a feature entitled "Honeymoon," in which Mrs. Melford will co-star with Mr. Melford, the locale of which will be in the North, the director will commence upon a screen version of "Shipwrecked" for Metropolitan Pictures, to whom he is contracted. The title of the latter picture refers entirely, of course, to his next film!

A new home in Beverly Hills awaits the blissful couple upon their return to Southern California. If you are a devotee of the divorce page you will recall that some time ago Diana Miller won her freedom from William Boyd, who is now a De Mille contract player. Melford has also been married before.





## Time out to relight:

Then back to the pages of sparkling, vivacious comedy—that 100,000 college humorists and artists are furnishing **CollegeHumor** under exclusive contract. The fiction, satire and wit in **CollegeHumor** take you back to the good old school days—the first prom—the winning football games—memorable homecomings—Dorothy, Florence and the rest of the old gang—and the all-night sessions at the old chapter house.

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# Neet

The Hair Removing Cream



Sally O'Neill climbed up in the world to get her first leading role. Edmund Goulding, desiring higher things, mounted a ladder and put Sally on a pinnacle for "Sally, Irene and Mary." The cameraman had his own platform

WALTER FUTTER, formerly in charge of the Cosmopolitan film editing department and who supervised the editing of such pictures as "Janice Meredith," "The Great White Way" and "Yolanda," has graduated to the rank of producer. He has an educational release and will start with something new in the way of one-reel comedies.

DAN KELLY, the casting director at First National, has been dashing madly about these last few weeks with a tapeline in hand and a worried frown on his brow. His quest has been a girl with thirty-six hips and a boyish figure. Now there is a difference between slimmness and boyishness, as he found, and the difference is more than likely to be downright skinniness. But he finally found a girl in the shape of Evelyn Francisco, blonde Betty's brunette sister, to fill the rôle.

The girl of the small hips is to appear in the fashion parade—and it's to be some promenade!—that is an important sequence in Colleen Moore's picture "Irene," and the costume she is to wear is—scant—to say the least.

It is a water lily creation with large waxen petals cupping about her head, and floating green leaves and tendrils drip down. Of course there is more to the costume—green slippers, to be exact!

You can imagine what an Apollo-like Venus the girl had to be.

A COZY little jewel of a theater was opened the other night when "The Road to Yesterday" made its first Los Angeles appearance. Confetti and lights were showered in profusion and the celebrities scurried in to avoid the blinding snowstorm of finely cut paper.

Someone with a good sense of the fitting gave the theater the euphonious name of "The Figueroa" instead of an ornate and snappy moniker such as "The Grand." So art does live.

The gold and tan coloring of the theater formed a sympathetic background for the soft luxurious furs worn by the feminine guests. I saw Diana Miller, in cocoa caracul, with George Melford; Vera Reynolds, all smothered

in white ermine, a marshmallow with curly brown thatch of hair; Lillian Rich in dashing Spanish shawl; Cecil DeMille's daughters in shawls, and Mrs. DeMille handsomely patrician in gray. Too bad C. B., whose picture was being displayed, was not in town to see the gala event, but a location trip interfered.

DOROTHY MACKAILL notified her bosses that she intends to go to England for a vacation in April.

She has not been back since she left there several years ago with a slim purse and a great ambition to become famous on the stage.

Dorothy wants to visit her former home and see all the new babies of her old friends.

HAVING been inspired by a recent visit from none other than Big Bill Tilden, the world's best tennis player, the Hollywood film colony tennis devotees have organized a tennis tournament which is now in the process of being very hotly contested.

The matches are being played off on Florence Vidor's tennis courts, and a large and handsome silver cup has been provided for the winners of the first series of matches, which are mixed doubles.

Competing teams at present are: Ronald Colman and Ivy Shilling, George Fitzmaurice and Florence Vidor, John Considine and Catherine Bennett, Ivan St. Johns and Enid Bennett, Fred Niblo and Adela Rogers St. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, and Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman.

DAVID BELASCO, dean of theater impresarios, seems to hold Norma Talmadge in the same high regard as does Adela St. Johns. Upon Norma's decision to produce "Kiki," Mr. Belasco sent her a congratulatory wire in which he declared that "no other actress of the cinema today could play this character with the artistry and faithfulness of interpretation" of Miss Talmadge.

THIS being the open season for picking All-American football teams, at least one motion picture star has had the courage of his

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Herbert Brenon presenting Betty Bronson and Esther Ralston with a Rolls Royce, fairy tale model. Note the starlets' enthusiasm. But Herb's gifts are only props from "A Kiss for Cinderella" and later turn into a coach and four

convictions and come out with what he considers an All-American eleven that could lick any other selected group of men in the country.

Douglas MacLean spent his fall vacation traveling around the country seeing football games, football being his favorite outdoor sport, and in this cross country journey he has seen the leading teams of most of the different sections in action. He has seen Dartmouth, Illinois, Harvard, Princeton, Stanford, Chicago, California, Colgate, Pennsylvania, and U. S. C. in action. This is the team he has chosen, with, of course, the explanation that he has selected only such players as he has actually seen play. But he still thinks they would win most football games.

L. E. ....	Lea, Princeton
L. T. ....	Hobsceid, Chicago
L. G. ....	Sieracki, Pennsylvania
C. ....	Cravath, U. S. C.
R. G. ....	Swan, Stanford
R. T. ....	Henderson, Chicago
R. E. ....	Shipkey, Stanford
Q. ....	Grange, Illinois
R. H. ....	Oberlander, Dartmouth
L. H. ....	Tryon, Colgate
F. B. ....	Nevers, Stanford

Of course Grange, Nevers, Lea, Oberlander and Swan are sure selections on every All-American. The rest will probably be on some of them, while such players as Joss of Yale and Friedman of Michigan, whom Doug didn't see, will probably get a berth.

Just the same, the picture industry doesn't need to be ashamed of its All-American picker.

TWO more young scenario writers have this month graduated into the ranks of motion picture directors. Willis Goldbeck, who did the scenarios on "Peter Pan" and "Scaramouche," has been selected by Paramount to direct Michael Arlen's first screen story, "The Ace of Cads." Howard Hawks, once scenario head for Famous Players-Lasky, and supervising editor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is just starting his first production for Fox. It is an original story of his own.

THE sixteen young hopefuls of the Paramount School of Acting have graduated and are actually at work on their first motion picture. It is to be called "Glorious Youth," and is being directed by Gloria Swanson's former director, Sam Wood.

This production is going to determine the

fates of the young students. Already several have proved their worth and have been invited to sign contracts with the Famous Players-Lasky Company.

Besides the students, several Paramount stars will play important parts in the picture.

THE screen comedians want to look to their laurels. Edward Everett Horton, whom you will remember in "The Beggar on Horseback," has abandoned his first love, the stage, and is to devote all his time to pictures. Up until now, Eddie has sandwiched pictures in daytimes while he played in the theater at night, but the screen has made him such attractive offers that he's really going to take it up seriously, and not just as a side line. And believe me, when Eddie Horton starts being funny on the screen seriously, even Harold Lloyd will have to watch out.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN will return to the rollicking type of comedy similar to "The Hottentot" and "Going Up" in his next picture, "That's My Baby," which he will start immediately. Once again Doug will be seen as the infatuated young man who is forced to win the girl against overwhelming odds. And of course there will be a stray baby in the yarn—maybe two—and some airplane thrills which will match if not surpass those in "Going Up."

LITTLE Tim and Betty Holt will have their first chance to throw snowballs at Santa Claus this year. Accompanied by Mrs. Jack Holt, they are making a winter visit at the home of Mrs. Holt's father at Wolf Neck Farms, on Cosco Bay, near Portland, Maine. Jack Holt will join his family for Christmas and return with them to Hollywood sometime in January.

HAROLD LLOYD and Joe Merrick, genial comedy man, recently dropped in at a neighborhood theater to see Lloyd's "The Freshman."

As they were leaving the theater after seeing the picture, Merrick asked Harold to wait a minute and cornered the manager of the house. Says Merrick:

"Say, why don't you run a comedy in your house?"

And Harold didn't even hit him.





Herbert Brenon before he suspected what Edison's invention was going to do to his career. Herbert was a vaudevillian in those days. Observe the Kollege Kut Klothes, the earnest look. A good troupier then. A fine director now

WHEN, about twenty years from now, they begin to write biographies of the screen from the necessary distance to give them perspective, one of the figures that is going to stand out as Disraeli stood out from the Victorian age, is Adolph Zukor, one of the founders of the Famous Players-Lasky Company.

Here is a typical story of him they may use if they like:

During the recent fight against Famous, charging an attempt to illegally control the motion picture industry, a certain New York newspaper printed some articles about Adolph Zukor. The first one was far from complimentary. It called him the film octopus and various of the stereotyped names for financial giants, and with the story it printed a picture of Mr. Zukor—taken some ten years ago—wearing a derby hat. One of his under chiefs was given the task of taking the paper in to Zukor, which he did with some tremblings, and also some regrets, since, in common with the rest of the organization, he adores the little man.

Zukor looked the paper over, and an expression of utter anguish came over his countenance.

"I don't mind the story," he said, suddenly, "but oh—that hat is terrible!"

THEDA BARA, arriving in New York to do some shopping, refused to be interviewed. "No," said Theda via the telephone, "I just



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Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them.

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It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy "off-color" look.

Germs by the millions breed in it and lay your teeth open to decay. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that

film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain unattractive.

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Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Ordinary methods fail in these results. Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

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A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.

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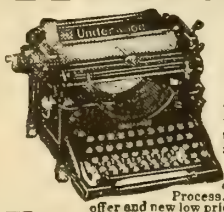


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Not a Hollywood love nest but Frederick Arnold Kummer's new home in Baltimore. Mr. Kummer wrote "That Terrible Thorne Girl" and "It Can't Be Done" for Photoplay. After that he had money enough to live like a star. This is the result

won't do it. I must refuse to be interviewed. The day I arrived here some reporters met me at my train. I talked to them and they didn't print nice things about me at all. One of them said lovely things to me, but when the interview was published, right down at the end of it it was awfully catty."

Theda did impart the information, astonishing as it may seem, that she is under contract to Hal Roach to make two-reel comedies. The pictures will be made in Hollywood, the New York visit being two weeks long and for the sole purpose of purchasing clothes.

So though Theda remained invisible, this much may be reported. Her voice is lovely, a soft, beautifully modulated voice such as few stars possess.

THE dressing room of the Ritz Carlton, always New York's center of smartly dressed women, was dazzled the day Rudy Valentino gave a tea party, to behold a beautiful girl, gowned in scarlet, enter. Dainty Mae Murray, smartly clad in a tiny tan leather coat and hat; Leatrice Joy, modish as Paris in her sleek new haircut, were both forgotten for the moment while the crowd tried to catch the face of the lady in scarlet. Then she turned.

It was Lois Wilson.

Lois dimpled as she heard the gasps of astonishment. "It's the most wonderful thing in the world to have a sister just my size," she giggled. "Nobody ever expects me to wear gay things. Diana wears them, though, and her clothes fit me perfectly. So, behold me clad in one of her gowns—and I must say I like myself in it very much."

THE lights had come up over the Astor Theater, throwing into high visibility the dense throng of actors, writers, directors, executives and society people present for the New York showing of "The Big Parade." It was the intermission between the first and second half of the picture and the applause of the crowd still shook the theater.

Two exhibitors were sitting together far back in the theater. They were young men, each of whom guided the destiny of a small city playhouse.

"Say," whispered the one in accents trembling with awe, "do you think they'll sell this film to us?"

"Sure they will sell it," answered the other, "but by the inch, boy, by the inch, and at about three dollars an inch, too."

IT was the night of the day that Natacha Rambova returned from Europe. The place was the Winter Garden, New York City. The show was "Artists and Models," the most undressed revue Broadway has yet witnessed.

There before your scribe were two heads, a fair blonde girlish head and a dark shining masculine head. Shades of Natacha Rambova Valentino, it was Rudy. But the blonde was not Natacha.

The blonde was Connie Talmadge.

JAP houseboys—with their bland imperturbability and ability to juggle the language—usually furnish a laugh. Tully Marshall's boy did, although at the time it was most annoying.

Tully was working in two pictures at once. One was being filmed at the United Studio, which is several leagues away from Universal City where the other was being canned. The Universal assistant director phoned the Marshall residence:

"Have Mr. Marshall report tomorrow morning at 7:30 to Universal," the assistant told the houseboy.

"Ya-as," replied the boy.

Tully returned to the house.

"The studio he call and say you be there in the morning," faithfully repeated Togo.

"What studio?"

"U-U-U-Uni. . ."

"United?" queried Tully.

"Ya-as!"

Tully was very late to his 7:30 call at Universal the following morning.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN, like Lois Wilson, has decided to reform. No longer will he permit his press agent to bill him as a minister's son—just a nice, wholesome boy. Indeed not. A regular devil from now on, that's Doug's ambition.

He fired his first shot the other day when I asked him to say a few words in favor of a certain face powder which is having quite a run with the ladies. The advertising department wanted to quote him.

"Sure," says Doug. "Just tell the world it tastes better than any other and brushes off a dark suit easily!"

PERILAPS the greatest thought of the month is one gleaned from the publicity of one of the large picture companies. This world-revolutionizing statement was sent out by them to this publication early last month.



# WARNER'S SPRING SHOWING

## MODERN STYLES FOR YOUNGER WOMEN



No, sir, that's not my baby. That's Harry Langdon. Remember Harry when he made two-reelers? He's signed for full length comedies now with First National. He seems to be starting at the bottom, hoping to grow up with the firm

"After an exhaustive survey that has been nation-wide in its extent," it read, "it has been found out that the motion picture public wants the unusually unusual in cinema entertainment."

THE PHOTOPLAY monthly prize for mixed metaphors—no, Angeline, they are nothing like Scotch highballs—goes to this choice bit of publicity anent Harry Langdon.

Announcing that Harry was about to become one of those five-reel comics, this was said:

"Just what sort of picture Harry Langdon is going to make is not as yet known. Only his inner office knows. He wants to be completely sure of his vehicle before he makes known its contents."

EVERY actress has at one time or another revealed that one of her suppressed desires is to be a comedienne.

But Leatrice Joy can prove that she is sincere



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is a smart brocade and elastic model which assures flatness back and front with delightful freedom at the waistline and hip. Made for average figures and slightly raised in front for diaphragm control.

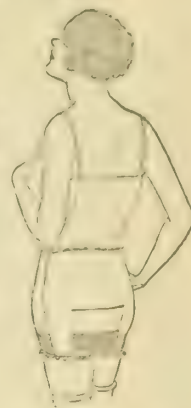
Particularly pleasing under snug fitting dresses.

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Guaranteed not to slip out of place on the figure. Very new and smart. Made of dainty but firm fabrics combined with elastic webbing.



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### Egyptian\* 6268

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**\$1.00**



**\$3.50**

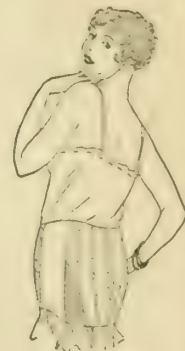
### Oriental\* 7053

The "1926 Model" Oriental\* confines only the lower figure in the back, leaving the waistline entirely free. It slants to the waistline in the front, being perfectly balanced so as not to slip up on the figure. Made of soft brocade and elastic in flesh color.

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### Oriental\* 7018

of flesh color suede and batiste with elastic insert is made for small figures. Softly rounds the lower figure without interfering with freedom.







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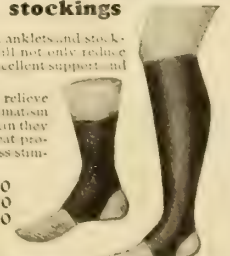
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Here's the new soft seat parachute just perfected, about to be tried out by Marian Harlan of Fox films. If you don't get your 'chute opened before the fall, you are at least assured a soft landing

when she says it. Over at the old Mack Sennett Studio is a screen test made about six years ago with Leatrice and a dummy of Ben Turpin.

Leatrice was a stock actress in San Diego at that time. Thursday was the players' day off, and every Thursday Leatrice took the stage to Los Angeles and spent time visiting the casting offices.

At the Sennett Studio she was given a screen test.

"I'm not discouraged because I never heard from the test," Leatrice says. "I wasn't funny in it, but that doesn't mean a thing. An undertakers' convention is a college boy frolic compared with the audience at a screen test in a comedy studio.

"Mack Sennett, a bored cameraman and two comedians looked on and just dared me to be funny. I wasn't."

Leatrice means it when she says she wants to do an all-comedy rôle some day, directed by Marshall Neilan.





The mirror Mary Philbin holds used to belong to the Russian Czarina. It is worth \$15,000. That's not what makes this picture remarkable, however. Mary, a star, is not looking at her own reflection. Can such things be?

ONE of the rumored reasons for the postponement of Eric von Stroheim's direction of "East of the Setting Sun," starring Constance Talmadge, is that the script submitted by Von to Joseph Schenck contained a fat part for Eric—who was to play the heavy as well as direct the picture—and a little "extra" work for Connie. The script is being rewritten.

WHEN Edna Purviance landed in New York from abroad recently, looking lovely and slim from some strenuous rubber girdle reducing, the reporters plied the former Chaplin leading lady with questions as to her future activities.

To which Miss Purviance replied laconically: "One never knows, does one? And when one does what does one do?"

THE Fascist press in Italy treated Rudolph Valentino somewhat shabbily during his stay there recently. They are piqued because the sheik has taken steps to secure American citizenship.

So when Rudy failed to contribute a dollar to the voluntary fund the Italians are raising for the payment of the debt to the United States, the press demanded a boycott of the film star.

AN interesting bit of news this month is that which informs us Hal Roach has signed Theda Bara, May McAvoy and Lionel Barrymore to play in his two-reel comedies. There is no long term contract—just an agreement for one picture, to be made by these players in their off time between big productions. And if everybody is satisfied with the first comedy, there will be others.

AN occasion unique in the history of Sing Sing occurred recently when Richard Barthelmess visited the institution and awarded cash prizes in the contest for the best reviews written by the prisoners, of "The Beautiful City," the star's latest picture.

The first prize of \$50.00 went to No. 76029 (James Dunn), who wrote in part:

"Until witnessing this picture, I believed the movie producers had some ironclad rule that all crook rôles must be given to nincompoops and lunkheads, and that all their acts must be



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your skin*

DINNERS, dances, theatres, shopping or the club—always some engagement for the popular woman in the busy life of today—hardly a moment left for herself. What a temptation to use some of the quick beauty treatments that promise such marvelous results!

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If your complexion is now marred by blackheads, blotches, roughnesses, etc., apply Resinol and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment has been successfully prescribed for years for skin disorders. Itching rashes, slight or serious, chafings, or the smart of a burn, cut or sore quickly respond to its first application. No home should be without it. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and

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amateurish and atrociously bungled. Having been forced for years to gaze on the spectacle of 'boxmen' sandpapering fingertips, and dinner burglars doing everything we do not do, is it any wonder that I was impressed by the complete fidelity to detail with which William Powell cleaned the payroll of the 46th Street Automat in Mr. Barthelmess' new picture? The plan and execution were a bit of flawless workmanship and the old-timers here are unanimous in acclaiming it a meritorious coup."

THE third death in the film world last month was that of Marguerite Marsh, sister of Mae Marsh, who was stricken with bronchial pneumonia while at the home of her mother in New York.

Marguerite Marsh never attained the star heights of her sister, but she was a well known figure on the screen. For the past few months she had been making personal appearances in the East with some of her pictures. Stricken with a nervous breakdown, she went to her mother's home to recuperate. It was there she contracted pneumonia, from which she failed to recover.

Besides Mae, there are three other sisters and a brother, Oliver Marsh, one of the best motion picture cameramen on the coast. Both he and Mae were in Hollywood and unable to reach New York before their sister died.

D. W. GRIFFITH is launched upon picturizing "Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli. He regards it as the greatest opportunity of his career. Ever since he was a young director—even before he made "The Birth of a Nation," Griffith has wanted to film "Sorrows of Satan," but he has never had the financial backing. He is now assured of this for Famous Players is allowing him a preliminary budget totaling \$1,500,000 for the picture. Chances are that the picture, which will occupy an entire year of Griffith's time, will cost about \$2,000,000. Written by Marie Corelli about thirty years ago, "Sorrows of Satan" created a literary sensation. Although it does not rank high as a book, as a theme for a huge spectacle it affords unlimited possibilities.

The setting of "Sorrows of Satan" includes Paradise and Hell, smart London society and literary circles, a tropical island and icebergs. One of the numerous spectacular scenes is a yacht crashing through an iceberg. This will be taken in Greenland.

JAMES CRUZE has been given instructions to go the limit on "Old Ironsides," the greatest picture ever made. There is no restriction on the bankroll. The story of "Old Ironsides" is that of the gallant frigate *Constitution* which, with the aid of Stephen Decatur, subdued the Tripoli pirates after every European nation had been paying them tribute for years. Although Cruze went to Tripoli on a location hunt it is possible that all of the film will be made near Hollywood. The *Constitution*, now in the Boston Navy Yard, will be reproduced for the picture. Laurance Stallings, who wrote "The Big Parade," will collaborate with James Cruze on the story for the new film.

"THE ROUGH RIDERS" will also be another special to be released next Fall. It will be the story of Teddy Roosevelt and his cowboys, college men, professional men and adventurers who composed the famous Rough Riders. Herman Hagedorn, the writer of Roosevelt's biography, is preparing the story. Victor Fleming will direct. The picture will be made principally in Cuba. Search is now being made for an unknown actor to play the role of Roosevelt.

ONE of the biggest novelty films ever attempted will be "The Greatest Show On Earth," an original story by Monte Katterjohn about the adventurous life of P. T. Barnum. This picture will have an all star cast and will be road-showed.

BEFORE this magazine appears on the news-stands, it is very probable that Clara Bow, who leaped into fame in flapper roles and whom every director for whom she has worked predicts a brilliant future, will be married.

She has been engaged for some time to Gilbert Rowland, a young Spanish picture actor whose off-stage name is Luis Alonzo.

In next month's issue you will read a delightful story about a "Comedy of Errors" in real life which resulted from the erroneous publishing of her engagement to another young actor, with tumultuous results.

HE was an author, scores of whose stories have been sold to the movies, and she was a very prominent star who, for obvious reasons, shall be nameless. They sat next to each other at a formal dinner party.

"You're a writer, aren't you?" cooed the star.

He admitted he was.

"Do you write books or plays?" she asked.

"Books," he said.

"I just love a nice, deep book," she said, resting her velvet eyes upon him.

"Have you," asked the author, "read 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea'?"

LITTLE Thomasina Mix was deeply interested by the fourth finger of her pretty mother's left hand. On that finger Mrs. Mix wears her wedding ring, a slender, plain band of platinum, and her engagement ring. The engagement ring is set with one of the finest jewels of the extremely valuable Mix collection, a square cut diamond of several carats.

"Who gave you that ring, Mother?" asked Thomasina, pointing to the diamond.

"My boy friend," Mrs. Mix said.

"You mean my daddy?" Thomasina pondered.

"I mean your daddy," Mrs. Mix smiled.

"What did he give it to you for?" the little girl asked.

"He gave it to me when I promised to marry him."

That information was not sufficient to satisfy all the doubts in the child's mind, however, and after a few moments' silence, the questioning began again. It started on the wedding ring this time.

"Did your boy friend give you that one, too?" Thomasina demanded.

"Yes," her mother agreed.

"My daddy?"

"Yes."

"Why did he give you that one?"

"He gave me that one when I did marry him."

Thomasina sat back and eyed her mother for a few moments. Then she spoke.

"Hm," mused Thomasina. "It looks as if he liked you a lot more when you promised to marry him than he did when you really married him."

WE hope Mae Marsh comes back into pictures again as soon as the new baby is old enough to permit her to work. Mae has been away from us too long. Her last picture work was in an English film which was completed several months ago.

Mae and her husband, Louis Lee Arms, short story writer, are living among the hills of Pasadena. They have a little daughter, Mary, besides the bouncing boy born on December 18th.

AS PHOTOPLAY goes to press, twenty cables have failed to locate Nita Naldi in Germany, where she is believed to be. Miss Naldi sailed for Europe several months ago to make a picture for a British film company. Before sailing she had signed with Marion Fairfax, the producer, to play in "The Desert Sheikh," in January.

Miss Fairfax's picture is ready to go into production, but where is Nita Naldi? Secretary of State Kellogg has been asked to institute a search for the screen vamp, and has promised to do so.



A NOVEL preview was given by Peggy Hopkins Joyce last week when "The Skyrocket," her first motion picture, was shown on board the S. S. Leviathan.

Miss Joyce held a reception in the Palm Garden aboard, prior to the showing of the film, and the entire staff of officers received with her.

"The Skyrocket" is the screen version of Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel of the same name, and was directed by Marshall Neilan.

MARY THURMAN died of pneumonia at the Flower Hospital in New York after several months' illness. She was weakened by malaria which she contracted in a swamp in Florida where she was working in a picture.

Funeral services were held in the Mormon Church. Mary Thurman had the most beautiful figure of all the old Mack Sennett girls when they were famous for their figures several years ago. After graduating from the Sennett comedies, Mary went into dramatic work. For the past two years, she had been free lancing.

## The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

### THE SPLENDID ROAD— First National

A REALISTIC and colorful drama of the California gold rush of '49. The story is woven around the lives of the settlers and the struggles and success of *Sandra De Hault*, who set out from Boston to find fortune and happiness. Credit is due Anna Q. Nilsson, and justly so, for her characterization of this care-free, independent woman is of exceptional quality. An excellent cast of favorites rounds out the picture.

### COBRA—Paramount

WOMEN, women, women. He never could get away from women and the only good clean love he ever had he sacrificed for his friend's happiness. How dramatic it all sounds! This was taken from the famous stage play—but the way the tables have been turned only the bare skeleton of the play is left. Rudy, the gentleman who was so pursued, poses all over the place, feeling quite satisfied with himself. But did he satisfy us? Ha! Ha! Who said that?

### THE MASKED BRIDE— Metro-Goldwyn

INTRODUCING Mae Murray, as an Apache, in a series of soft-focused close-ups. She's just as cute as a kitten's ear in this role of the youthful gamin, who is a famous dancer and the toast of the Paris cafes. And don't let anybody tell you Mae can't dance. However, it is quite evident Mae did just as she pleased and one can plainly see what Von Stroheim's direction did for her in "The Merry Widow."

### THE SCARLET SAINT—First National

MOVIE producers have a lot to learn if they think they can wish such trash on the public. Or else have they the idea that people go to the movies to sleep? The story centers around a girl's sacrifice to protect her lover. That much is O. K., but then it wanders off very carelessly and becomes very, very sexy. And now, just for fun, cast your eagle eye at the title and try to figure it out.

### SIMON THE JESTER—Producers Dist. Co.

A HODGE-PODGE affair. At the end of the picture one wonders what it is all about and how the characters managed to transport themselves from one country to another. William Platt, a midget, contributes a telling performance. Lillian Rich is pretty and that's about all. Eugene O'Brien manages to exist. Passable.



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You need Frostilla Lotion when cold weather, raw winds and artificial heat dry out the moisture of the skin, just as you need it for the hot sun and summer burns. By using Frostilla Lotion regularly you keep your complexion as soft and lovely as the skin on your body. It is quickly absorbed without stickiness. The fragrance is delicate and alluring.

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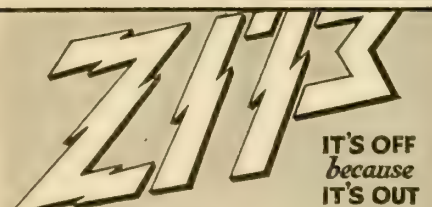
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### WAGES FOR WIVES—Fox

ANOTHER of the series of the John Golden stage successes. A nice little comedy drama filled with human interest. The story is based on the idea that husband and wife should agree to a fifty-fifty split on hubby's wages. Of course the women are the instigators and three wives decide to put their law into effect. And then the fun begins! Jacqueline Logan, Creighton Hale, ZaSu Pitts, Claude Gillinger and several other popular players give sincere performances.

### BRIGHT LIGHTS—Metro-Goldwyn

AFTER a brief absence, Charles Ray comes back to the screen in the kind of role in which he made his fame. A chorus girl, weary of Broadway's whirl, goes home and falls in love with a country bumpkin. He follows her back to the city and she chooses in his favor in spite of a number of swaggering city suitors. It is a mildly entertaining comedy with the laughs few and far between.

### THE SPLENDID CRIME—Paramount

AN ordinary crook drama of the girl who reforms because of her admiration for a wealthy man. The plot is devoid of humor, and Bebe Daniels hasn't the opportunity to display her abilities as a comedienne—just when we were all keyed up over the way she was coming along. Better luck the next time, Bebe! Neil Hamilton makes a charming hero and dainty little Anne Cornwall is an excellent choice for second lead. William de Mille directed.

### THE GOLDEN COCOON—Warner Bros.

HEREAFTER, my dear young ladies, if you must faint, please be sure of the time, the place and all details connected with it. Because five years from now you may be married to the governor-elect and all the crooked politicians will try and dig up scandal about you to ruin your husband. A weepy and draggy story with Helene Chadwick shedding tears all over the screen. Huntley Gordon is the prosperous husband. Don't bother to go out of your way to see this.

### THE UNGUARDED HOUR—First National

DORIS KENYON ought to be spanked. We always thought she showed ability to act. Then why does she go through this picture jumping, skipping and pouting like a child ten years old! That very romantic figure, Mr. Milton Sills, a woman-hater, is the man the aforementioned lady has designs on. Needless to say she gets her man just like the Mountys in the Westerns. This plot is one of our pet aversions. Not for the children.

### TIME, THE COMEDIAN—Metro-Goldwyn

HERE is an old situation in such a nice new dress that you should see it. Theodore Kosloff, in cap and bells, tells you that Time is not an old man with a scythe, but a comedian who laughs at the tricks Life plays on you. And he skips through the picture chuckling at the tragedy of a mother who discovers an old lover making love to her daughter. Mae Busch, Lew Cody, Creighton Hale and Gertrude Olmsted give interesting performances.

### THE SCRAPPIN' KID—Universal

ARTACORD in a Western. Art rescues and befriends a family in a forest fire. A friendship develops, especially for a certain member of the family. Some mail robbers come into the plot—but love conquers all. Fair.

### THE DESERT'S PRICE—Fox

ANY Buck Jones picture is a winner with us. He's our favorite. The plot hasn't any earmarks of originality, nevertheless Buck

makes it interesting. There are plenty of good fights the boys will enjoy.

### WANDERING FIRES—Arrow

OVERLOOKING the cheap sentiment and the old fashioned melo-dramatic emotions of Wallace MacDonald, here is a picture that will appeal to the average audience. George Hackathorne gives an excellent performance of a shell-shocked soldier. Constance Bennett always enlightens a picture and it is just a draw between her and George Hackathorne for the performance honors.

### THE DESPERATE GAME—Universal

ALL dolled up like a movie cowboy, the hero returns to his father's ranch from college. He is "razed" by the cow-punchers but eventually proves his worth and wins the love and admiration of all. Hurrah for our cowboys! Nothing to become enthusiastic about. Pete Morrison is the star.

### THE BEST BAD MAN—Fox

NOW that Tom Mix has proven to be a popular box office attraction, he has the idea that any old story will do. A flimsy plot, and one not suited to his personality, serves as his latest vehicle. Clara Bow makes an attractive feminine lead. It will be pastime for the children, but grownups will be bored to death.

### THE PERFECT CLOWN—Chadwick

ABOUT the most atrocious comedy ever produced by Larry Semon. Had this been in two reels it would have been funny, but stretching it through five reels of supposed-to-be comic situations is beyond our conception of hilarity. It's a picture the kiddies will enjoy—but not grownups.

### HOGAN'S ALLEY—Warner Bros.

THIS month, ladies and gentlemen, we take great pleasure in presenting a prize (a fur-lined bathtub) to the Warner Bros., producers of "Classic of the Screen," for giving to the public the world's worst picture. Every movie machination has been dragged into the plot to supply the audience with thrills. They're such thrills that one screams out laughing at them. It starts out with Patsy Ruth Miller going in for the Our Gang stuff, only to be rescued by Monte Blue, a prizefighter. They fall in love—and then the villain comes, kidnaps the girl from her father. The hero dashes to the rescue and here, ladies and gentlemen . . . Yes, this is a sample of the Warner Bros'. "CLASSICS of the Screen."

### SOME PUN'KINS—Chadwick

RATHER an interesting picture if you don't take it too seriously. Once again Charles Ray is the victim of his famous country boob roles. We doubt if there is another person on the screen that can excel Ray in this sort of role—not that we mean to cast any slurs on anyone else. There are plenty of laughs throughout the picture—and, too, you can take the children.

### TUMBLEWEEDS—United Artists

BILL HART returns to the screen in a story blaid in the time when the Indian territory was turned over to the homesteaders.

The scene in which the prospective land owners, waiting for the cannon's boom which would send them racing in to stake their claims, furnished a brand new thrill. Forty miles they had to cover to reach the acres waiting for them.

Of course, Bill Hart on his black stallion outdistanced all others and staked the choicest claim for the girl he loved. It is good entertainment.



**STEEL PREFERRED—Warner Bros.**

FROM furnace stoker to boss of the boiler squad is what happens to William Boyd in this fairly entertaining comedy-drama about strong men and steel. Mr. Boyd will gather to him new scores of admirers through this film in which his personality seems more distinct and pleasing than ever before.

Ben Turpin and Charlie Murray add a large quota of laughs to the picture, and Vera Reynolds and Walter Long help make it interesting.

**Last Minute Reviews**

on pictures released too late to be included in main reviews

**THAT ROYLE GIRL—Paramount**

THIS picture reached us too late to be included in the best six of the month.

Once again D. W. Griffith comes forward with something different! This time he has selected Chicago's jazz zone as his locale and developed a film tale vibrant with action, powerful in heart appeal, tingling with suspense, touching in its love theme and decidedly gripping in its climax. While this is not especially a picture for family consumption, being more appropriate for the sophisticates, it is entertaining every inch of its colorful way.

It will be reviewed at greater length in the next issue.

**SEVEN SINNERS—Warner Brothers**

A HILARIOUS crook yarn, with farcical situations that are irresistibly funny. The main idea is the crowding together of a bunch of crooks, each intent on looting a mansion left unguarded by private watchmen. The complications which arise when they take each other for servants and people of the house, make for many hearty laughs. The climax is capped when one of the crooks goes to bed with scarlet fever and the house is quarantined.

Marie Prevost and Clive Brook head an exceptionally good cast, all of whom do good work.

**THE GOLDEN STRAIN—Fox**

KENNETH HARLAN, Madge Bellamy and Ann Pennington are in this worth while screen translation of Peter B. Kyne's story of the old West and the boy who overcomes his yellow streak by riding for help during an Indian attack. Very good entertainment.

**THE MAN FROM RED GULCH—P. D. C.**

HARRY CAREY runs true to form in this Bret Harte story. He plays the good Samaritan of the desert, striving to sustain an imbibing buddy who drowns his sorrows in liquor. Harriet Hammond is the girl who wins his heart. Pretty fair entertainment.

**THE LAWFUL CHEATER—Schulberg Prod.**

CLARA BOW, sprightly as ever, masquerades as a boy and makes her personality count in spite of a very far-fetched story. She fools a gang of crooks in Chinatown into reforming. Raymond McKee is a rich man's son who loafs with the crooks with the adolescent idea that they are heroes. Fair.

**THE COWBOY MUSKETEER—F. B. O.**

TOM TYLER looks good and rides well in this Western, the story of which is presented with snap and clearness. All about a hidden gold mine, the map of which is concealed in the girl's bracelet. Conventional Western entertainment.

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## THE MIDNIGHT LIMITED—Rayart

**GASTON GLASS** and **Wanda Hawley** are a very good team in this railroad melodrama. Above the average in melodrama because the thrill scenes are not handled with the usual sledgehammer strokes. A very interesting story unusually well directed for this type of picture.

## TONIO, SON OF THE SIERRAS—David Dist.

A **TYPICAL** tale of bygone times in the West when Indians were continually on the war-path. Has some good melodramatic punches and a nice love story—two young lieutenants in love with the same girl, played by **Neva Gerber**. Pretty good entertainment.

## STEPPIN' OUT—Columbia Picture Corp.

A **BRISK** comedy well acted and well directed. **Dorothy Revier** makes a pronounced hit as a comedienne, and **Ford Sterling** is funny as ever. Not a dull moment after **Mr. John Durant** decides to leave the missus at home and see what these cabarets are like.

## THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER—Universal

A **N** entertaining melodrama with a whale of a climax, where the hero and villain fight savagely in an aerial bucket suspended in mid air, and **Josie Sedgwick**, the heroine, climbs down on top of them, saving her lover. Good for an evening.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES—Universal

**O**NE of **Reginald Denny's** best pictures. A rip-roaring farce and riot of laughs from start to finish. The plot has to do with the

adventures of **Jones** and his pal dodging disaster in a Turkish bath reserved for ladies. Don't miss this!

## THE SEA WOLF—Ralph Ince Prod.

**WOLF LARSON**, the famous **Jack London** character, comes to life on the screen, with all the savage brutality of this skipper of a hell-ship. **Ralph Ince** plays the *Wolf* realistically, and also directed the picture with great skill. A trifle strong for the ladies.

## THE TRUE NORTH—Griffin Prod.

A **FINE** scenario, replete with thrills, covering a long, hard trail through Alaska and Siberia. A spectacle of awe-inspiring beauty is the photographing of the *Midnight Sun* in colors. As a scenic novelty it stands in a class by itself.

## SMILIN' AT TROUBLE—F. B. O.

**M**ELODRAMA, comedy and romance are freely mingled in this latest **Lefty Flynn** vehicle, which registers as nifty entertainment. **Lefty** is a civil engineer working on the construction of a dam, and discovers the contractor grafting by the use of inferior cement. He foils the plot and wins the gal.

## THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG—Chadwick Prod.

**G**EORGE WALSH, as a penniless count living in the Paris artists' colony, marries a beautiful actress without seeing her. Later they meet by accident and fall in love, not knowing they are already married. Fairly entertaining.

## Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Here's my list of pulchritudinous females: **Pola Negri**, **Mary Pickford**, **Jacqueline Gadsden**, **Mary Brian**, **Aileen Pringle**, **Vilma Banky**, **Norma Shearer**, **Georgia Hale**, **Dorothy MacKail** and **Helen Lee Worthing**.

I would like to see "The Student Prince" in cinematocal form with **John Gilbert** in the title role, **Vilma Banky** as *Kathie*, **Helena D'Algy** as the *Princess* and **Tully Marshall** as *Whatsisname*, the comedy relief; with the stage ending. But I suppose **Heidelberg** would become a republic for the sake of the happy ending.

THE PHANNE.

## Dix Safe Looking

Clarksburg, W. Va.

**Richard Dix** is my favorite and always will be. I was **Valentino-crazy** for a while, but it's all over now. I don't think the Latin lover would make a good husband anyway. **Richard** is so different, big, strong and protecting like. **Valentino** doesn't look as safe and sure as **Richard**. **Rudolph** looks wicked to me. Maybe it is because he is not an American. **Richard** is the typical American, and I bet he would adore an old-fashioned girl. I hope he finds a sweet little girl with long hair and old-fashioned ideas, for his wife.

MARY G. DONOHUE.

## In Defense of Billie Dove

Highland Park, Mich.

I noticed a letter last month criticising **Billie Dove's** acting in "Light of the Western Stars." I think our valuable magazine says: "Refrain

from severe personal criticism." Some folks never think about the directing of a picture. The player is always blamed if his work does not please.

Anyone who saw **Billie Dove's** other pictures will realize that she is a fine actress. For instance, "Wanderers of the Wasteland," "Lucky Horseshoe" and "Wild Horse Mesa."

I really don't think such an artist as **Douglas Fairbanks** would have chosen **Billie Dove** from over one thousand players if he didn't think her capable of playing the leading woman in "The Black Pirate."

G. STANLEY DAVIS.

## For Gloria

New Haven, Conn.

I am an ardent fan of **Gloria Swanson**, and so of course I think she is the greatest artist in the movie world. She is very fascinating when she is dressed in gorgeous gowns, but to tell the truth, I like her better when she is in rags, with her funny, lovable ways. Her comical actions in "Stage Struck" were very winning, and made everyone feel that she was actually of human flesh and not one of those cold, immovable actresses that one sees so often.

Therefore, I give three cheers for the great **Gloria**, who has captured the hearts of all the people.

JEAN ROSEN.

## Hey! Producers

Livonia, N. Y.

I would like to say a word in your correspondence column concerning some of the fool-



ish and trivial-sounding titles given to pictures, when they are re-named.

Why must such respectable sounding titles as "The Sea Woman," "Joseph Greer and His Daughter," and "The Interpreter's House," be changed to "Why Women Love," "What Fools Men," and "I Want My Man," the titles by which these stories appeared on the screen.

And now comes "Spanish Sunlight," the picture which marks such an important step in the career of Barbara La Marr, the picture in which she is attempting to regain the public's favor. The title "Spanish Sunlight" suggests the flavor of sunny Spain, a different and distinctive story. And the title on the screen is to be "The Girl from Montmartre." Certainly this commonplace title will not help Miss La Marr to regain her rightful place once more.

W. C.

### John Gilbert As St. Elmo

Miami, Florida.

A word in appreciation of John Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert possesses a dash and vivid good looks, coupled with a rather unusual amount of acting talent. His style of looks is too distinct to allow him to play a large range of characters, yet he plays the allotted ones well. His personal magnetism is sufficient to guarantee his success, and his acting ability will raise him higher than the common type of matinee idol.

I do not know whether "St. Elmo" has ever been filmed or not. In its earliest years, more than a quarter of a decade ago, it was far more the rage than any book has been since. Notwithstanding the fact that it is not a well written book from an artistic or a technical standpoint, and is rather in the "dime novel" class, it has an appeal which made it a place in all hearts and was read by the savants as well as the multitude.

This story possesses the qualities of action and universal interest which would make it a delightful picture, and I think that John Gilbert and Mary Astor would make a handsome and suitable couple for the leading roles.

R. T. M.

### Defines Beauty

Sutton, Nebraska.

I have no fault to find with the selection of the ten most beautiful movie stars, but I would have included Lois Wilson and Leatrice Joy in the list. Standards vary, but according to my judgment, "beauty is the outward expression of goodness, unselfishness and intelligence." No make-up can supply these elements if wanting.

A. G. G.

### Sunday Film Exhibits

London, England.

It may interest PHOTOPLAY readers to hear of the new Film Society which has been formed here in London. The Society, which now numbers several hundred members, exhibits pictures on Sunday afternoons at the New Gallery Kinema, solely for those who belong to the club. The pictures shown must possess outstanding merit and originality, and are mostly those of little or no commercial value. The aim of the Society is to elevate the taste of the average fan, and to show the best films procurable of all nations. The first programme consisted of:

A new Futuristic film, German.

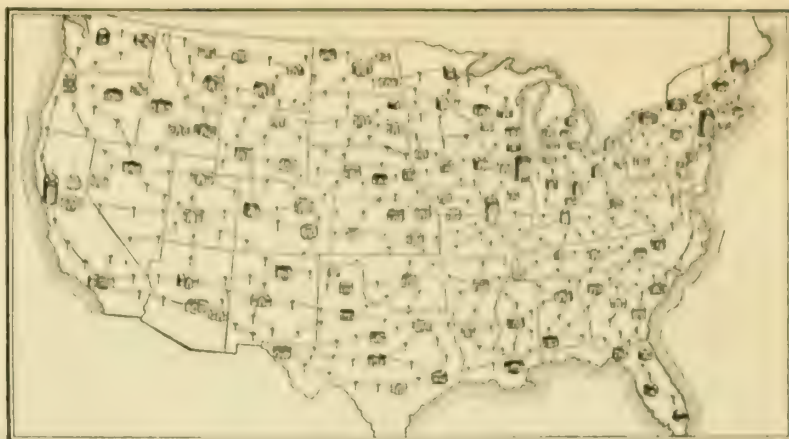
"Why Broncho Bill Left Bean County," American, an 11-year old cowboy two-reeler that amused everyone very much.

"Typical Gazette," English, a satire upon the topical or news reels.

"Waxworks," German, a brilliantly produced and acted, extremely modern fantasy, with Emil Jannings. Creepy and eerie.

"Champion Charlie," American. A 1916 Chaplin with Edna Purviance. Amusing and good entertainment.

Among the members of this Society are



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vast extent and intricacy. Great economies have already been gained by such technical improvements and more are sure to follow for the benefit of telephone users everywhere.

There are still to come many other discoveries and achievements, not only in transmission of speech, but also in the material and construction details of every part of the network of plant.

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Augustus John, Epstein, Ivor Novello, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells.

I will close with one or two suggestions for producers: "The Vortex" with Pauline Frederick and Ramon Novarro. "Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire" by J. M. Barrie, with Alice Joyce, Betty Bronson and Ben Alexander.

EDWIN SEVERN.

### A Good Picker

Chappaqua, N. Y.

For some time I have wanted to write to this department, not about the stars, but about the minor players who are, occasionally, better than the stars.

It is gratifying to watch the rise of some players of small parts to prominence. I picked Adolphe Menjou four or five years ago when he was playing parts such as the negligible husband of Norma Talmadge in "La Duchesse de Langeais." Even in the short time he was on the screen then, his satirical humor and subtlety were in evidence. And now look at him!

I have been struck recently by two performances by Edna May Oliver; one as a lodging house keeper in a Richard Dix film, and the other in Bebe Daniels' "Lovers in Quarantine," as the patrician but amusing Aunt Amelia. Miss Oliver and Tully Marshall are the only players I think of who are competent to act the parts of millionaires. They are reasonable about it, and not blatant as are most actors attempting to be rich and aristocratic on the screen.

Brickbats to the persons responsible for the non-appearance for so long of Carl Miller. He was exceedingly good in "A Woman of Paris," and then he disappeared. Why? He is young, good looking and a fine actor. Now he plays a near villain in a bad flapper picture with Colleen Moore. *Theodosia*, the cook, in this picture, gave an interesting performance.

In this widely read department, let's help the so far unrecognized people with talent. The stars get their share of notice.

WYTHEMAYLE.

### For the Black Irishman

Baltimore, Md.

I just bought January PHOTOPLAY and as usual turned first to Brickbats and Bouquets. Each time I look in vain for some mention of my favorite actor. So I am herewith sending a large bouquet to that most deserving and handsome young actor, George O'Brien. Please give us more news and pictures of him, and maybe a large picture.

MILLCENT HARTMAN.

### Take 'Em Off, Alberta

Winchester, Va.

Without being too unkind, I want to criticise Alberta Vaughan, hoping she may benefit by it.

Such a make-up! Her dresses are that tight and short that they are ridiculous. And sleeveless ones—with bracelets all the way up her arm—to work in an office! Her hair is just a frizzy mass, and then big ear rings—and beauty marks.

I cannot imagine a director looking her over and then having the nerve to start the camera.

Oh, please dress her up in a nice outfit and have her hair dressed differently, and perhaps we can hand her a bouquet—but never as this is today.

MRS. RAMON ROSSMAN.

### A Seasoned Fan

Pittsburgh, Kansas.

I notice of late in PHOTOPLAY some expressions of opinion regarding the retirement desired of some of our mature and experienced actors. Now I have been for fifteen years a devotee of the picture theater and know my programme thoroughly as a fan. It is very evident that the matinee attendance is composed of those above school or college age. I

am sure that this audience does not wish for the retirement of men like Lewis Stone, with his gentle and matured graciousness. Conway Tearle, whose dignified and iron-hand-in-velvet glove manner appeals deeply to those who have not yet closed their hearts to romance.

Charlie Chaplin, Lloyd Hamilton and Louise Fazenda express the beginning and end of comedy. I sincerely hope that those actors will play as long as they can for us who have followed their pictures. None are old, and they portray the ease and finesse that can come only through experience. I regret the death of Mrs. Sidney Drew. We have had nothing to compare with the old Drew Comedies.

MATRON.

### For Miss Banky

Hewlett, Long Island.

Just a word to answer Althea's letter in January PHOTOPLAY. Has she seen "The Dark Angel" and "The Eagle"? If so, what is her definition of distinction? To my mind, anyone who can find her way into the hearts of the public as Miss Banky has done, after her first appearance in America, must possess a certain amount of that indefinable something known as personality.

Althea grants that Miss Banky is a capable actress. But what is it that makes a capable actress if it is not distinction with a rare personality?

To be sure, Gloria Swanson is wholly charming; Pola Negri is magnetic and Corinne Griffith aloof and aristocratic. But Vilma Banky possesses all these qualities together with a charm of her own.

HELEN SCHNEIDER.

### Just Pola

Boston, Mass.

I should like PHOTOPLAY to be all Pola!

She came, she was seen, and she conquered. That's Pola. One doesn't think of her sitting by the fire knitting, and one doesn't want to. She is a beautiful wild cat that can purr and scratch. I consider Pola the greatest actress on the screen, and the most fascinating woman I ever saw.

A FAN.

### Lamb Chops and Pineapple. Leatrice

Syracuse, N. Y.

I think "The Wedding Song" is a punk picture. And it contains the prize subtitle, viz: "A bullet in her shoulder, but victory in her heart."

Leatrice Joy at one time made excellent pictures, but if this is a sample of her future films, she will soon lose all her admirers.

Leatrice is almost ten pounds too thin, too. But she has a quaint charm that is very becoming with the correct background.

KIKI.

### On the Other Hand

Petersburg, Va.

Brickbats for the critics of Cecil DeMille's pictures. Ever since Mr. DeMille left the Paramount field, it seems the reviewers have picked on him. But, thank goodness, they can't destroy the faith of all his loyal fans.

Three cheers for De Mille, Leatrice Joy, Rod LaRocque and Vera Reynolds. Vera is a hit with the college set.

JAMES A. DOYLE.

### A Cruze Fan

Louisville, Ky.

Lady Duff, who wrote concerning "Beggars on Horseback" in your December issue, is representative of a vast majority of American fans. James Cruze went completely over their heads in this picture. If he hadn't, Lady Duff wouldn't be trying to "get some sense out of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]



## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91 ]

**BLACKIE.**—Sure, it's in my line to answer your question—particularly when it concerns a Prince. For that young fellow who played with Pola in "Flower of the Night" was just that. His name is Prince Youcca Troubetskoy. Try that on your pronunciation.

**B. A. M.**—No, Myrtle Stedman is not married. She's divorced, so what do you care whom it's from? On the other hand, blue-eyed Betty Compson is married—looks permanently—to James Cruze, the director. They live in Hollywood. Monte Blue is married also to Tova Jansen. Monte's eyes and hair are brown. So you and your girl friends talk about these marriages all the time, do you? Well, well. Girls will be gossips.

**SALLY R., STOCKTON.**—Sally, here you come with more marriage questions right on top, or right below, rather, B. A. M. When I get through answering you two everybody will know who belongs to whom, at least officially. Anyhow—Charlie Chaplin is married. Certainly he is. To Lita Grey. She is his second wife and they have one child. Viola Dana is married to Lefty Flynn, but her sister, Shirley, is a widow. And now, hold your breath. Ricardo Cortez is 27 years old and he ISN'T married.

**PEGGY W., MICHIGAN.**—Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque's real names are Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. Yes, they now have music playing during the filming of all scenes. So you disagree with Adela and think Richard Barthelmess, Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, Doug Fairbanks, Ramon Novarro, Ricardo Cortez, Rudy Valentino, Tom Meighan, Ben Lyon and Reg Denny are the ten handsomest? Well, that's all right with me, but you don't exactly hate those Latin boys, do you?

**JANET AND JEANETTE MOORE.**—How does your mother call you and how do you know which one of you is to come? (You see, I can ask questions, too.) You want to know all about Barbara and Bebe. Well, Babs was born in Richmond, Va., in July, 1900. She started as a dancer when she was a little girl and later went into vaudeville and stock. She wrote stories, too, for the magazines and scenarios, and entered pictures as an actress in 1922. Bebe was born in Dallas, Texas, January, 1904. She started in pictures when she was a child, having previously had some stage experience. Against Barbara's many marriages, Bebe is still unwed.

**A. B., NEW JERSEY.**—Neither one of you girls is right. It was Marie Prevost and Helene Chadwick playing opposite Monte Blue in "The Dark Swan" and not Irene Rich and Eva Novak. No, Rin-Tin-Tin, my favorite actor, is not dead. Dagmar Godowsky is twenty-five.

**N. E. G.**—Don't worry about liking West-erns. Lots of people, wise people like me, adore them. Your friend, Tom Mix, was born on a ranch near El Paso, Texas, thirty-eight years ago. He lives in Hollywood with his two daughters, Thomasina and Ruth, and his wife, who was formerly Victoria Forde. She used to be in movies but she has retired now.

**R. G., MINNEAPOLIS.**—That was Betty Bronson in "The Kiss for Cinderella." Yes, difficult as it seems to believe, it was our Conrad Nagel who did Paul in "Three Weeks." Julianne Johnson received Doug's adoration in "The Thief of Bagdad." Yes, Alice Terry wears a blonde wig. I always do good, R. G., even when it only comes to making out handwriting like yours.

# Watch This Column

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LAURA LA PLANTE in "THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

"She had the night in her eyes and the sun upon her lips and he called her his 'Midnight Sun'."

A beautiful dancer in the Russian Imperial Ballet catches the eye of Grand Duke Sergius, and Kusmin, a roue millionaire, and both make up their minds to have her. She is in love, however, with a young lieutenant on the Grand Duke's personal staff, and is obliged to use all the power of her beauty and brains to outwit the two powerful personages and save her romance.

The rivalry of the two notables involves the abduction of the dancer by the banker in his private yacht, a chase on a destroyer by the Grand Duke, the near execution of the lieutenant for slapping the Grand Duke's face. So, thrills follow one another in rapid succession, and the climax will surprise and delight you.

Such is the basis of "*The Midnight Sun*," Universal's magnificent and thrilling drama, laid in the very center of the Imperial Russian court with all its splendor and luxuriousness.

This picture is a dramatic triumph for LAURA LA PLANTE. It will forever establish PAT O'MALLEY who plays the Grand Duke. It is a splendid vehicle for GEORGE SEIGMAN'S peculiar talents and a star-maker for young RAYMOND KEANE, the cadet lieutenant.

The picture is beautiful beyond description. It occurs mostly in the palace, in the Kuba Cafe and behind the scenes of the Great Russian Theatre, is replete with brilliant uniforms and gorgeous settings. I would call it one of Universal's best pictures and I think you will agree with me.

(To be continued next month) *Carl Laemmle*  
President

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MARION L. W.—That aristocratic Ralston girl even started out grandly by choosing Bar Harbor, Maine, as the town to be born in, and born there she was, in September, 1902. Esther is five feet, five, and if you write to her in care of the Paramount Studios, I am sure you'll reach her.

CHARLIE OF COLBY.—Yes, I admit my pen has a woman's style. If you knew how I work over that pen, keeping it fashionable. I have it dressed every fall by Lanvin, every spring by Patou and every summer by a coat of tan. No, your rave, Greta Nissen, does not come from Sweden. She comes from Norway, does little Greta. Why ask Greta to act? How much do you want for your money? To look at her little blonde curls is enough. Besides the two you mentioned, Greta has played in "In the Name of Love," "The Golden Journey" and "The King on Main Street." Now, there you go, jumping around from blonde to brunette. But I agree with you about Betty Bronson. Betty is the best bet there is. You can reach Lloyd Hamilton at the Educational studios. Ronald Colman and Blanche Sweet played together in "The Sporting Venus." Write again.

A DAISY FROM NORTH DAKOTA.—When Richard Dix started life in St. Paul, Minnesota, during the year of 1895, he was working under the handicap of being called Ernest Carleton Brimmer. Lois Wilson was born a year after Dick, in Pittsburgh, Pa. There you are, Daisy.

RITA B.—I burn to oblige but I can't tell you about Vera Reynolds' husband and children. She hasn't either. Vera's five feet, one inch tall and weighs 102 pounds. Yes, I agree on her figure. In fact it was years before I knew the child had a beautiful face. Mae Murray wild? Nay, nay, not Mae. Where did you hear that about Rudy Valentino teaching a Sunday School? Rudy, the Sabbath sheik, I suppose.

ICONETTE H., MICHIGAN.—Who gave you that name, Iconette, and where did they find it? Am I handsome and dark? You don't know the half of it, dearie. I am dark as night and handsome as Hamlet, with my long, white whiskers as an added attraction. But I am still able to resist the wiles of you wimmin. The Indian in "The Mind with the Iron Door" was Robert Frazer. No, Bob's a real white man. His newest picture is "The Splendid Road." Doug Fairbanks, our handsomest actor? Well, I could tell you about the girls but when I look at the men, I remember my own beauty and get confused. It was Marguerite de La Motte who played in "The Mark of Zorro." No, in spite of the fact that Rod La Rocque is 27 years old, he's still a bachelor. His next is "Strongheart." Hollywood says a lot, but not about Marion Davies and Harrison Ford getting married. They played together in "Zander the Great."

R. V. B.—You want to know about the Fairbanks males. Well, you're right about Doug, Senior. He sure is in a class by himself. He is forty-six years agile. Young Doug is just past fifteen. His mother is Beth Sully Fairbanks, now Mrs. Evans. If you write to United Artists Exchange, you can find out whether they will show "The Three Musketeers" and "The Mark of Zorro" in Chicago again.

ELIZABETH ANN, TENN.—You want to know all there is to know about Carol Dempster? So do I, only I can't find out. However, I can tell you this much. Carol came to the movies from Santa Maria, California, where she started this life in January, 1902. She tripped the light fantastic so well at the Denishawn studios in Los Angeles, she got in the movies, where now she has attained some five feet, five inches, one hundred fourteen pounds and much fame.

MILDRED B.—Richard Dix will next be in "Womanhandled," the chief handling woman being Esther Ralston. Dick's not most fond of any girl. That's why he's a bachelor, wise boy. Write to him in care of Paramount studios. Rod La Rocque pronounces his name stonily.

BETTY B.—For a first time you're a wonder, Betty. No, Ricardo Cortez is not an American. Ric comes from Alsace-Lorraine, France, that land where the girls wear the big, black bows on their hair. He was born there twenty-six years ago. He is one inch over six feet tall. Send him a quarter in care of Lasky Studios, Hollywood, and you'll get his photograph. Eleanor Boardman is a year Ric's senior, but she's seven inches shorter. She has gray eyes and lovely light brown hair. You'd like to see Eleanor and Ricardo in a Spanish movie, would you? I think that would be hot stuff, myself. Pronounce the last syllable of Ricardo's surname to match the first syllable of Wesley Barry's first name and you'll come out all right. The reason you haven't heard anything about Marguerite Clarke is because Marguerite got married and retired. Some of the girls still do that, you see.

A. K.—So you like gobs. So do I, particularly gobs of whipped cream. Write Dick Barthelmess, in care of Inspiration Studios, and I think you can get a picture of him in his sailor suit. Now, A. K., you're not up on your PHOTOPLAY lessons and I'll have to scold you. "Peacock Feathers" has been made, with Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis in the leading roles, and it was reviewed in our November issue. Naughty, naughty! Mustn't forget those things. It breaks my poor old heart. No, Lloyd Hughes wasn't in it. His next is "Irene." Write again.

R. S. WYCHE.—Lillian Walker is out of movies. She is playing on the speaking stage now. She is divorced from Charles Hansen. "Dimples" was born in Brooklyn, April 21st, 1888. I'm sorry I don't know her present address.

MARY ANN.—Ah, Mary Ann. What sweet words are thine. You call me the very wisest of men. I'm even wiser than that. Here's why. Solomon, the guy that held the championship before I came along, had more than a thousand wives. But I'm a bachelor. So that makes me a thousand times wiser than Solomon. Lloyd Hughes, again. That man is getting lots of attention this month. Send Lloyd a quarter in care of United Studios. He'll send you a photo then, and put the quarter in the gas meter. Is Kenneth Harlan married? Is he? Have you seen that girl, Marie Prevost? Well, 'tis she Ken married. the lucky chap.

AN ADMIRER FROM CALIFORNIA.—Admirer of whom? Something tells me it is not of me alone that you think. You seem interested in that other guy, Ramon Novarro. Ah, well, many's the time other women have sighed in my presence over Ramon's charms. That's the tragedy of it. That handsome man is not short. He is five feet, ten. Yes, he's rather shy, but he doesn't go around with any certain girl. He took my tip and goes around with all of them. That's the way to stay unmarried.

PATSY EDGE.—That was Corinne Griffith's picture you enclosed.

MARCUS R.—We're glad we arouse your curiosity, Marcus. That's our business. Here are the addresses you want: Virginia Valli, Universal Studios; Richard Barthelmess, Inspiration Studios; Shirley Mason, United Studios. You can get the individual studio addresses by looking them up in our studio directory. Your friend, Shirley, is twenty-five. She's five feet cute, weighs 95 pounds and is a widow.



**RUTH, STAMFORD.**—When "Hoot" Gibson was born in 1892 they called him Edward, but they named him after the first sound he gave forth to the world. You can reach Hoot at Universal Studios and Ramon Novarro at Metro Goldwyn Mayer Studios, both listed in our studio directory. Send the boys each a quarter and they'll return their pictures to you.

**CONSTANCE P.**—No, Connie, Gloria is not going to leave her Marquis. If there ever was a real love match, Gloria's marriage is it

**F. C.**—Zorro himself came up to our office and barked his head off, but I have heard it was our editor who translated his bark into the article you liked. Glad you like this department, too. We aim to please.

**L. B.**—Often when I go home at night, I look at myself in the glass, see my antique and honorable beauty and say to myself, "Can this be I?" So, if I don't know myself when I see me, how can I tell you who I am? I don't know when in the world Ben-Hur is going to get to Toronto, but I do know it is going to arrive in New York along with Santa Claus on Christmas eve. If it takes as long to get from New York to Toronto as it did for it to get from Hollywood to New York, it ought to play your town in time for Thanksgiving, 1923. It has a beautiful bunch of leading ladies, Betty Bronson, May McAvoy, Carmel Myers and Kathleen Key. Ramon Novarro is Ben-Hur himself. Bessie Love is one of the smallest stars on the screen and the champion Charleston dancer besides, being one small whiz of an actress. Dick Barthelmess' next is "Just Suppose," a story all about a prince. You did very well for one month. Try another!

**I. McD.**—You in love with Richard Dix, too? Some men are born lucky! Yes, alas, Walter Miller is married. He is now playing in "The Green Archer." Walt's one of those Southern boys coming from Atlanta, Georgia. He's thirty-four.

**FRANK.**—Hope on, Frank. Eleanor is not married. She was born in Philadelphia, Pa. Yes, honest. Because she was wide-awake, she lit out quickly and now works for Metro-Goldwyn Mayer at Culver City, Cal.

**D. O. L.**—Thanks for your faith in us. I don't know about any other records save our own, but we have Ramon's natal day set as February 6th, 1899, and I am quite confident that is the accurate date. I'll tell Mr. Howe how much you admire him, that is, I will if my vanity will let me.

**G. L., ALAMEDA.**—No, neither one of those girls, Jobyna Ralston or Alberta Vaughan, is married. It gives me hope.

**L. W. P., OAKRIDGE.**—Eleanor Boardman again? That young woman is being questioned about a lot these days by you fans. But having watched Eleanor's optics, I don't wonder at it. Well, the child comes from Pennsylvania. She went in pictures in 1922. She is now 27, five feet, six in height and 125 pounds in weight.

**RIO YAUQUE.**—Tobacco by radio? What could smell sweeter? Each day now when I sniff the breeze I shall say, behold you are getting your tobacco from Santiago via the radio. And the money I shall save! You want glorious Gloria's address? 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, my smoky friend.

**V. S., MINEOLA.**—You want all the dope on Buck Jones. Well, just a moment and I'll give it to you. Buck is 37 years beyond his first birthday, stands five feet, eleven and three-quarters (ain't I the bound for accuracy), has brown hair and grey eyes. He is married. He has a daughter too, even if you didn't ask me that. I'm generous that way.



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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"STAGE STRUCK"**—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Frank R. Adams. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Jennie Hagen*, Gloria Swanson; *Orme Wilson*, Lawrence Gray; *Lillian Lyons*, Gertrude Astor; *Hilda Wagner*, Marguerite Evans; *Buck*, Ford Sterling; *Mrs. Wagner*, Carrie Scott; *Mr. Wagner*, Emil Hoch; *Soubrette*, Margery Whittington.

**"BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Blanche Merrill and Paul Schofield. Directed by Alfred A. Santell. The cast: *John Hart*, *Don Juan Harte*, Ben Lyon; *Mary Kelly*, Lois Wilson; *Juliet*, Blanche Sweet; *Gilda La Bray*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Kathra Granni*, Diana Kane; *Gindelheim*, Sam Hardy; *Partners in the film business*, Dick Bernard and Andrew Mack; *B. C. Duval*, Dan Pennell; *Paris*, Wilfred Lytell. *Bluebeard's Wives*—1. Dorothy Sebastian. 2. Katherine Ray. 3. Ruby Blaine. 4. Lucy Fox. 5. Muriel Spring. 6. Kathleen Martin. 7. Diana Kane.

**"HIS SECRETARY"**—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Carey Wilson. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Ruth Lawrence*, Norma Shearer; *David Colman*, Lew Cody; *James Sloden*, Willard Louis; *Clara Bayne*, Gwen Lee; *Minnie*, Estelle Clark; *Mrs. Sloden*, Mabel Van Buren; *Janitor*, Karl Dane; *Head Clerk*, Ernest Gillen.

**"SALLY, IRENE AND MARY"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the musical play by Edward Dowling. Adapted by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Sally*, Constance Bennett; *Irene*, Joan Crawford; *Mary*, Sally O'Neil; *Jimmy Dugan*, William Haines; *Glen Nester*, Douglas Gilmore; *Charles Greenwood*, Ray Howard; *Mrs. O'Brien*, Aggie Herrin; *Mrs. Dugan*, Kate Price; *Mrs. O'Dare*, Lillian Elliott; *Marcus Morton*, Henry Kolker; *Tom O'Dare*, Sam DeGrasse; *Maggie Edna*, Mae Cooper.

**"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Barrie. Scenario by Willis Goldbeck and Townsend Martin. Directed by Herbert Brennon. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: *Cinderella*, Betty Bronson; *Policeman*, Tom Moore; *Fairy Godmother*, Esther Ralston; *Richard Bodie*, Henry Vibart; *Queen*, Dorothy Cumming; *Mr. Cutaway*, Ivan Simpson; *Mrs. Maloney*, Dorothy Walters; *Second Customer*, Flora Finch; *Third Customer*, Juliet Brennon; *Gladys* (English), Marilyn McLain; *Marie-Therese* (French), Pattie Coakley; *Sally* (American), Mary Christian; *Gretchen* (German) Edna Hagen.

**"THE WEDDING SONG"**—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CO.—From the novel by Ethel Watts Mumford. Adapted by Charles Whitaker and Douglas Doty. Directed by Alan Hale. The cast: *Beatrice Glynn*, Leatrice Joy; *Hayes Hallam*, Robert Ames; *Paul Glynn*, Charles Gerrard; *Filhea*, Rosa Rudami; *Captain Saltus*, Clarence Burton; *Grandma*, Gertrude Claire; *Auntie*, Ethel Wales; *Jeffrey King*, Gladden James.

**"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN"**—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the play by Oscar Wilde. Adapted by Julien Josephson. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch. Photography by Chas. Van Enger. The cast: *Lord Darlington*, Ronald Colman; *Mrs. Erylme*, Irene Rich; *Lady Windermere*, May McAvoy; *Lord Windermere*, Bert Lytell; *Lord Augustus*, Edward Martindel; *Duchess*, Helen Dunbar; *Duchess*, Carrie Daumery; *Duchess*, Billie Bennett.

**"THE MIDNIGHT SUN"**—UNIVERSAL.—Story by A. P. Younger. Directed by Dmitri Buchwetski. The cast: *Olga*, Laura LaPlante; *Alexei*, Raymond Keane; *Grand Duke Sergius*, Pat O'Malley; *Asst. to Grand Duke*, M. Vavitch; *Kusmin*, George Siegman; *Kusmin's secretary*, Arthur Hoyt; *Director Orchestra*, Cesare Gravina; *Director of Opera*, Theodore Kosloff; *Nicholai*, Earle Metcalfe.

**"A WOMAN OF THE WORLD"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Carl Van Vechten. Scenario by Pierre Collings. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Countess Elnora Natalorini*, Pola Negri; *Gareth Johns*, Charles Emmett Mack; *Richard Granger*, Holmes Herbert; *Lennie Porter*, Blanche Mahaffey; *Sam Poore*, Chester Conklin; *Lou Poore*, Lucille Ward; *Judge Porter*, Guy Oliver; *Mrs. Baebauer*, Dot Farley; *Mrs. Fox*, May Foster; *Annie*, Dorothea Wolbert.

**"IRISH LUCK"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Norman Venner. Scenario by Tom J. Geraghty. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: *Tom Donahue*, Lord Fitzhugh; *Thomas Meighan*, *Lady Gwendolyn*, Lois Wilson; *Douglas*, Cecil Humphreys; *Solicitor*, Claude King; *Earl*, Ernest Lawford; *Doctor*, Charles Hammond; *Aunt*, Louise Grafton; *Uncle*, S. B. Carrickson; *Denis MacSwiney*, Charles McDonald; *Kate MacSwiney*, Mary Foy.

**"MANNEQUIN"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Fannie Hurst. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Selene Herrick*, Alice Joyce; *John Herrick*, Warner Baxter; *Joan Herrick*, Dolores Costello; *Annie Pogani*, ZaSu Pitts; *Martin Innesbrook*, Walter Pidgeon; *Terry Allen*, Freeman Wood; *Toto*, Charlot Bird.

**"WE MODERNS"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Israel Zangwill. Adapted by June Mathis. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Mary Sundale*, Colleen Moore; *Sir Robert Sundale*, Claude Gillingwater; *Lady Kitty Sundale*, Clarissa Selwyn; *John Ashler*, Jack Mulhall; *Beamish*, Tom McGuire; *Dick Sundale*, Cleve Moore; *Oscar Pleat*, Carl Miller; *Johanna*, Blanche Payson; *Theodosia*, Marcella Corday.

**"SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the book by Henry Irving Dodge. Scenario by Rex Taylor. Directed by William A. Seiter. Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: *Skinner*, Reginald Denny; *Honey*, Laura La Plante; *Perkins*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *McLaughlin*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Tommy*, Arthur Lake; *Mrs. Colby*, Hedda Hopper; *Jackson*, Lionel Braham; *Miss Smith*, Betty Morrissey; *Mr. Colby*, Henry A. Barrow; *Tailor*, William W. Strauss; *Mrs. Wilton*, Lila Leslie; *Mr. Wilton*, Broderick O'Farrell; *Mrs. Jackson*, Lucille Ward; *Mrs. Crawford*, Lucille De Nevier; *Mrs. McLaughlin*, Frona Hale.

**"CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Holman Day. Adapted by Marion Fairfax. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: *Tremble-at-Evil Tidd*, Leon Errol; *Betsy Tidd*, Dorothy Gish; *Mme. De La Tour*, Nita Naldi; *Jennison*, first mate, George Marion; *Scute*, the baker, Tully Marshall; *Crabb*, the innkeeper, Frank Lawler; *Nancy Downs*, Edna Murphy; *Lieut. Carendish*, James Rennie; *Dixie Bull*, Walter Law; *Capt. Montague*, Reginald Barlow.

**"THE ARIZONA SWEEPSTAKES"**—UNIVERSAL.—Scenario by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Clifford Smith. Photography by Harry Neumann. The cast: *"Coot"*, Caddigan; *Hoot Gibson*; *Nell Savery*, Helen Lynch.



*Jonathan Carey, Philo McCullough; "Stuffy" McGree, George Ovey; Col. Tom Sawyer, Emmett King; Detective Donnelly, Tod Brown; Mrs. McGuire, Kate Price; The McGee Kids, Billy Schaeffer, Jackie Morgan and Turner Savage.*

"MADE FOR LOVE"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CO.—Story and adaptation by Garrett Fort. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *John Ainsworth, Leatrice Joy; Nicholas Ainsworth, Edmund Burns; Lady Diana Trent, Ethel Wales; Mahmoud Bey, Bertram Grassby; Pharaoh, Brandon Hurst; Freddie Waddams, Frank Butler; The Cherub, Lincoln Stedman; Pierre, Neely Edwards.*

"THE ONLY THING"—METRO GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by Elinor Glyn. Adapted by Elinor Glyn. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Princess Thyra, Eleanor Boardman; Duke of Chevenix, Conrad Nagel; The King, Edward Connelly; Sir Charles Vane, Louis Payne; Gigberto, Arthur Edmund Carew; Princess Erik, Vera Lewis; Princess Anne, Carrie Clarke Ward; Countess Arline, Constance Wylie; Governess, Dale Fuller; Gibson, Ned Sparks; Prime Minister, Mario Carillo; Kalkur, David Mir; Captain of the Guards, Michael Pleschkoff; Young Arnold, Buddy Smith; Young Lady Catherine, Joan Crawford; Young Porteous, Frank Braidwood; Young Cheney, Derek Glynn; Thyra's Maid, Mary Hawes.*

"JOANNA"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by H. L. Gates. Scenario by Lois Lee-son. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: *Joanna, Dorothy Mackaill; John Wilmot, Jack Mulhall; Anthony Eggleston, George Fawcett; Frank Brandon, Paul Nicholson; Lord Teddy Dorminster, John T. Murray; Georgie Leach, Yvonne Carewe; Carlotta de Silva, Dolores del Rio; Mrs. Adams, Lillian Langdon; Grayson, Edwards Davis; Chauffeur, Bob Hart.*

"THE SPLENDID ROAD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Vingie E. Roe. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Sandra Dehault, Anna Q. Nilsson; Stanton Halliday, Robert Frazer; Dan Clehollis, Lionel Barrymore; Banker John Grey, Edwards Davis; Captain Sutter, Roy Laidlaw; Captain Bashford, De Witt Jennings; Captain Lightfoot, Russell Simpson; Buck Lockwell, George Bancroft; Satan's Sister, Gladys Brockwell; Angel Allie, Pauline Garon; Lilian Grey, Marceline Day; Hester Gephart, Mary Jane Irving; Billy Gephart, Mickey McBan; Doctor Bidwell, Edward Earle.*

"COBRA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Martin Brown. Scenario by Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Joseph Henabery. Photography by J. D. Jennings. The cast: *Count Rodrigo Torriani, Rudolph Valentino; Elsie Van Zile, Nita Naldi; Jack Dorning, Casson Ferguson; Mary Drake, Gertrude Olmstead; Victor Minardi, Hector V. Sarno; Rosa Minardi, Claire de Lorez; Sophie Binner, Eileen Percy; Mrs. Porter Palmer, Lillian Langdon; Store Manager, Henry Barrows; Marie, Rose Rosanova.*

"THE MASKED BRIDE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Leon Abrams. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Gaby, Mae Murray; Marquis, Francis X. Bushman; Perfect of Police, Roy D'Arcy; Antoine, Basil Rathbone; Marquis's Sister, Pauline Neff; Wine Waiter, Chester Conklin; Vjbout, Fred Warren; Floor Manager, Leo White.*

"THE SCARLET SAINT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Gerald Beaumont. Directed by George Archambaud. The cast: *Fidele Tridon, Mary Astor; Philip Collett, Lloyd Hughes; Baron Badaud, Frank Morgan; Mr. Tridon, Jed Prouty; Josef, Jack Raymond; Trainer, George Neville; Cynthia, Frances Grant; Butler, J. W. Jenkins.*

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**"WAGES FOR WIVES"—FOX.**—From the stage play by Guy Bolton. Scenario by Kenneth B. Clarke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Neil Bailey*, Jacqueline Logan; *Danny Kester*, Creighton Hale; *Hughie Logan*, Earle Foxe; *Luella Logan*, ZaSu Pitts; *Jim Bailey*, Claude Gillingwater; *Chester Logan*, David Butler; *Annie Bailey*, Margaret Seddon; *Carol Bixby*, Margaret Livingston; *Mr. Tevis*, Dan Mason; *Judge McLean*, Tom Ricketts.

**"BRIGHT LIGHTS"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.**—From the story by Richard Connell. Scenario by Jessie Burns and Lew Lipton. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Tom*, Charles Ray; *Pansi*, Pauline Starke; *Gwendolyn*, Lilyan Tashman; *Marty*, Lawford Davidson; *Barney*, Ned Sparks.

**"THE SPLENDID CRIME"—PARAMOUNT.**—Original story by William de Mille. Adapted by Violet Clark. Directed by William de Mille. Photography by L. Guy Wilky. The cast: *Jenny*, Bebe Daniels; *Bob Van Dyke*, Neil Hamilton; *Beth Van Dyke*, Anne Cornwall; *John Norton*, Anthony Jowitt; *Dugan*, Fred Walton; *Kelly*, Lloyd Corrigan; *The Kid*, Mickey McBan; *Mary*, Josephine Crowell; *Madam Denise*, Marcelle Corday.

**"THE GOLDEN COCOON"—WARNER BROTHERS.**—From the novel by Ruth Cross. Adapted by Hope Loring and Louis Lighton. Directed by Millard Webb. Photography by Byron Haskins. The cast: *Gregory Cochran*, Huntley Gordon; *Molly Shannon*, Helene Chadwick; *Mr. Renfro*, Richard Tucker; *Mr. Bancroft*, Frank Campeau; *Mrs. Shannon*, Margaret Seddon; *Mrs. Parker*, Carrie Clarke Ward; *Mr. Shannon*, Charles McHugh; *The Baby*, Violet Kane.

**"THE UNGUARDED HOUR"—FIRST NATIONAL.**—Story by Margaretta Tuttle. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Andrea*, Milton Sills; *Virginia Gilbert*, Doris Kenyon; *Bryce Gilbert*, Claude King; *Duchess Bianca*, Dolores Cassinelli; *Russell Van Alstyne*, Cornelius Keefe; *Gus O'Rorick*, Jed Prouty; *Stelio*, Charles Beyer; *Elena*, Lorna Duveen; *Annie*, the maid, Vivia Ogden; *The butler*, J. Moy Bennett.

**"TIME, THE COMEDIAN"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.**—From the novel by Kate Jordan. Adapted by Frederic & Fanny Hatton. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Photography by Oliver Marsh. The cast: *Larry Brundage*, Lew Cody; *Nora Dakon*, Mae Busch; *Ruth Dakon*, Gertrude Olmstead; *Time*, the Comedian, Theodore Kosloff; *Ruth Dakon (child)*, Rae Ethelyn; *Michael Lawler*, Roy Stewart; *Mrs. St. Germaine*, Paulette Duval; *Tom Cautley*, Creighton Hale; *Aunt Abbey*, Nellie Parker Spaulding; *Anthony Dakon*, Robert Ober; *Count De Brissac*, David Mir; *Prince Stroloff*, Templar Saxe; *Swedish Maid*, Mildred Vincent.

**"THE SCRAPPIN' KID"—UNIVERSAL.**—Story and scenario by E. Richard Schayre. Directed by Clifford Smith. Photography by William Nobles. The cast: *Bill Bradley*, Art Acord; *Betty Brent*, Velma Connor; *Mike Brent*, Jimmy Bowdin; *Hank Price*, C. E. Anderson; *Pete Hendricks*, Jess Deffenbach; *"Slim" Hawks*, "Hank" Bell; *Cliff Barrowes*, Edmund Cobb; *Sheriff Bolton*, Dudley C. Hendricks.

**"THE DESERT'S PRICE"—FOX.**—From the novel by William MacLeod. Scenario by

Charles Darnton. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Wils McCann*, Buck Jones; *Julia*, Florence Gilbert; *Peggy*, Edna Marion; *Phil*, Ernest Butterworth; *Sam Martin*, Arthur Houseman; *Jim Martin*, Montague Love; *Gilner*, Carl Stockdale; *Sheriff*, Harry Dunkinson; *Shepherd*, Henry Armetta.

**"WANDERING FIRES"—ARROW PICTURES CORP.**—From the novel by Warner Fabian. Directed by Maurice Campbell. The cast: *Guenda Anthony*, Constance Talmadge; *Raymond Carroll*, George Hackathorne; *Norman Yuell*, Wallace MacDonald; *Mrs. Doremus*, Effie Shannon; *Mrs. Carroll*, Henrietta Crosman.

**"THE DESPERATE GAME"—UNIVERSAL.**—From the story by George C. Jenks. Directed by Joseph Franz. Photography by William H. Thornley. The cast: *Jim Wesley*, Pete Morrison; *Marguerite Grayson*, Dolores Gardner; *Mel Larrimer*, Jerre Austin; *Griff Wesley*, James Welsh; *Adam Grayson*, J. P. Lockney; *Montana McGraw*, Al Richmond; *Bat Grayson*, Leo Meehan; *Belle Deane*, Virginia Warwick; *Skinney*, Milburn Morante; *Pat Davis*, Bert Limbley; *Luke Grayson*, Wm. Merrill McCormick.

**"THE PERFECT CLOWN"—CHADWICK PICTURES CORP.**—Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Bert Larry*, Larry Semon; *Mrs. Sally Mulligan*, Kate Price; *John Mulligan*, Oliver Hardy; *The girl*, Dorothy Dwan; *Her Chum*, Joan Meredith; *The Boss*, Otis Harlan; *The Porter*, G. Howe Black.

**"THE BEST BAD MAN"—FOX.**—From the novel by Max Brand. Directed by A. J. G. Blystone. The cast: *Hugh Nichols*, Tom Mix; *Hank Smith*, Buster Gardner; *Frank Dunlap*, Cyril Chadwick; *Peggy Swain*, Clara Bow; *Dan Ellis*, Tom Kennedy; *Mr. Swain*, Frank Beal; *Molly Jones*, Judy King; *Sam*, the Butler, Tom Wilson; *Sheriff*, Paul Panzer.

**"HOGAN'S ALLEY"—WARNER BROTHERS.**—From the story by Gregory Rogers. Adapted to the screen by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Photography by Charles Van Enger. The cast: *Lefty O'Brien*, Monte Blue; *Patsy Ryan*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Michael Ryan*, Willard Louis; *Dolly*, Louise Fazenda; *A Stranger*, Ben Turpin; *His Friend*, Chas. "Heinie" Conklin; *Jewish Clothier*, Max Davidson; *"The Texas Kid"*, The Texas Kid; *Battling Savage*, Frank Hagney; *Dr. Emmett Franklin*, Nigel Barrie; *Mother Ryan*, Mary Carr.

**"SOME PUN'KINS"—CHADWICK PICTURES CORP.**—Written by Bert Woodruff and Charles E. Banks. Directed by Jerome Storm. Photography by Phillip Tannura and James Brown. The cast: *Lem Blossom*, Charles Ray; *Pa Blossom*, George Fawcett; *Ma Blossom*, Fanny Midgley; *Mary Griggs*, Duane Thompson; *Josh Griggs*, Bert Woodruff; *Tom Perkins*, Hallam Cooley; *Constable*, Wm. Courtright; *Gossip*, Ida Lewis.

**"TUMBLEWEEDS"—UNITED ARTISTS.**—From the story by Hal G. Evans. Adapted by A. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by King Baggott. The cast: *Don Carter*, William S. Hart; *Molly Lassiter*, Barbara Bedford; *Kentucky Rose*, Lucien Littlefield; *Noll Lassiter*, J. Gordon Russell; *Bill Fred*, Richard R. Neill; *Bart Lassiter*, Jack Murphy; *Mrs. Riley*, Lillian Leighton; *Old Woman*, Gertrude Claire; *Old Man*, George Marion; *Major of Cavalry*, Capt. T. E. Duncan; *Hinman of Box K Ranch*, James Gordon; *Hotel Proprietor*, Fred Gamble; *Riley Boy*, Turner Savage; *Hicks*, Monte Collins.

**"STEEL PREFERRED"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.**—From the stories by Herschel S. Hall. Adapted by Elliott J. Clawson. Directed by James Hogan. The cast: *Amy Creeth*,



Vera Reynolds; Wally Gay, William Boyd; James Cagney, Hobart Bosworth; Red Face, Walter Long; Nicky, William V. Mong; Dickie, Charlie Murray; Bartender, Ben Turpin; Mrs. Creeth, Helene Sullivan.

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

silence. In this she is a strikingly enchanting contrast to Bernhardt.

In America Maude Adams achieved even a greater degree of secrecy.

PICTURES are made in glass houses, and the lives of the players have been viewed through them. We have had actresses who emulated Bernhardt, Lillian Russell and Eva Tanguay in publicity style, but as yet only one who has modeled after Duse, and that rather ineffectually.

Talking is the temptation of the silent actor, and the press is an invincible sleuth, as Chaplin found when he tried suddenly to bang the door of his domicile in the faces of the inquisitors.

THERE may be something in this:

Duse commanded the world to revere her art.

As yet there has been no screen artist great enough to issue such a command.

VALENTINO clings to his spats, his slave bracelet and his accustomed furs.

Kings put aside their sables long ago. That is, the kings who kept their jobs.

Yet there is a certain valor in the man who sticks to his glad rags.

Bushman passed out of the prints wearing purple pajamas and an amethyst ring. The stern stuff that kept him true to his color has brought him back, albeit sans purple.

NOVARRO is an appreciative admirer of Francis Bushman.

The older idol has given him sound advice.

Bushman was the first screen favorite to make personal appearances. He says that when he walked down the aisle of the theater people shrank away from him as from a wraith. A few with temerity reached out and touched him.

Fatal touch! The idol was flesh and blood, the god a mortal man. And worship ceased.

"Beware of personal appearances," says Bushman.

THE one thing worse than bad publicity is good publicity.

The tragedy in trying to prove that a star is just a regular, ordinary man or woman is that the case may be proved.

Why should the populace worship an ordinary human being like unto itself? Kings faded when the doctrine of divine right waned.

True, the exterior must be of democratic uniformity, for that's the style today. But the party inside must be of rarer, finer, more aristocratic stuff than the Kuppenheimer cut. Otherwise why not write fan letters to the ice man? The answer is, you probably do, only he appears on the screen instead of at your back door.

THERE are a few superior ladies and gallants upon our silver cloth. Believe me as a cynic who loves his curds and whey. I know some well and long, and I still salute their characters.

WHILE in an amiable mood, a word anent the lack of appreciation that is ascribed to players. I've had my howling moments on the subject, but since being cast in Mr. Dante's

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Hollywood I've found extenuating evidence. Producers are not the most appreciative mortals, nor are directors all big-hearted. I even know a writer or two who is not always aglow with it. So far as business goes, it's give and take. If a player makes good with a producer he deserves proportionate advance, and the producer has no right to squawk "lack of appreciation" if some other producer appreciates the player more.

No one in business does anything for the sake of receiving appreciation. If he does he's demanding something that a Christian has no right to demand.

Three of the most appreciative people I have ever known are players.

### HEARD on the curb:

One bo to another: "I see Gloria's title is no good. Serves her right if she got rooked. Why didn't she give a home boy a chance?"

"She did, two of 'em, and they were flops."

NOW that Corinne, la bella, has been proclaimed by critics the Venus of earth, the next move will be on the part of hygiene specialists to get her beauty secrets. Having known Miss Griffith for seven years I will tip you to the truth.

She doesn't use any make-up on the street. She doesn't smoke.

But, on the other hand, she doesn't diet and she doesn't exercise at anything more strenuous than waving a fan.

So it's back to the tomb of Tut for that secret of secrets.

MICHAEL ARLEN is in much the same position among penmen that Valentino was among movie idols day before yesterday. He's the sheik of the syllable. Hence the target for invidious mince-meat.

Unlike most writers—and most actors—he doesn't posture gloomily with thoughts of art but runs his fingers gleefully through the shekels, frankly confessing that that's what he writes for.

He recently received two dollars and a half a word for an article. This seemed to him sufficiently amazing to afford entertainment generally. So at lunch he said, "I'll pay the check." And he wrote the word "the."

Upon hearing this I just as generously and vaingloriously offered to pay the hat check, and wrote the word "a."

But the effort was too much. Hereafter art for art's sake. Let California real estate pay the checks.

## A Visit with Emil Jannings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

your favorite prescription here the year round—and as for light amusement, mirth is spelled m-u-r-d-e-r."

"Whoever told you was a liar," answered Jannings, pleasantly. "We are as silly as you are, and we like it just as much. The only difference is, that the American audience never likes to be serious, or when it is serious, it isn't honest. It likes fairy stories with sentimental endings. Little girl stories. When we are serious we like stories with some probability to them. Maybe the endings are tragic. Maybe not. Just as the story would seem to end naturally."

But if you don't think we like comedies, look into our theater—any evening. The lighter story predominates with us, in the proportion of three to five, and two out of three of these lighter stories come from America. Then when we do go in for drama, we are realists. Your people will be also . . . some day . . . when you grow up and find that not all your dreams of today have happy endings."

Pitzner interposed.  
"There's a fundamental difference in the functions of the screen—when you compare Germany and America. In America screen actors may act on the stage, and stage players very frequently act before the camera, but there is no relationship between the two arts. Personally I think America is right—the screen is a new field of expression, and will develop its own material just as it has developed its own players and its own methods. But here the screen is an adjunct of the stage. You people think of Herr Jannings as a distinguished screen star. He's not that at all. He has been, and is, a distinguished star of our legitimate stage, and the screen has been a different medium for him only in that it has immeasurably widened his field."

JANNINGS got the drift of Pitzner's interpolation—thereby making me misdoubt his utter lack of English. He interrupted.

"My whole reputation was made on the stage, and I will never leave it. I find the screen much more profitable—and I like pictures. So I will never leave them, either!"

We have seen him in so many parts, all played with such immense gusto and physical force, that no two American writers seem to agree on his greatest performance. His series

of historic portraits—*Louis XV*, *Henry VIII*, *Peter the Great*—equal in lifelikeness and contemporary quality his series of brutal or unfortunate moderns, of which the aged doorman, in "The Last Laugh," seems to be the subtlest as well as the tenderest. I asked him what rôle he liked best.

"I have no favorite," he answered, and with instant decision. "I only ask—am I playing a man? A great many stories have been offered me in which I would be cast as something less or more than human. I will not play a man who is either too good or too bad to live. To be exact, I will not play any fellow who is all good, nor any creature who is all bad. There aren't any such people! I despise heroes. I don't believe in villains. I believe only in men—under varying circumstances."

"BUT this is true: whatever part I am playing—I live! Ask my wife! She will tell you that for weeks I have been the damndest dog that ever ruined a home. I am in the mood of my character by night as well as by day. It becomes unpleasant for me, as well as for other people. When I played *Henry VIII* my wife was afraid I was planning to murder her. When I played *Peter*, the studio manager thought I had delusions of grandeur."

"When I played the old doorman, in 'The Last Laugh,' my daughter was ashamed to be seen on the street with me, for she said I shuffled along with my head hanging . . . I had what you call the inferiority complex, and I had it bad. When I played *Nero*, I ate so much I gained fifteen pounds. And all this is not a pose with me; it's business; I can't drop a part at five o'clock at night, and pick it up at nine o'clock the next morning. Some actors can. I often wish I could. But I've tried it—and I've lost my character, and whole days' work have been NG'd while I was trying to find it again. But when I am through . . . ! Then I am just Jannings, a lazy fellow who likes to eat much more than is good for him, to drink a little, to laugh a lot—and look at the ladies!"

And in truth he was Jannings then . . . an easy fellow who spoke without effort and with much good humor. He relaxed in his chair, and required none of those nerve-spurs common to the American interviewee—a cigarette, a cigar, or a small glass of outside-the-law.



Fortunately for me I had found Jannings between parts—or rather, just beginning rehearsals for his next rôle. Had he been deep in a new character I might not have reached him; if I had, he would have said little.

We spoke about American films.

"The one actress I have seen who impressed me with great possibilities is Gloria Swanson. There is an intelligence there. She will play real women. Her vogue will not end because of maturity. The trouble with screen women in America is that when they are old enough to know anything about acting, they are through."

And he had passed this judgment on Gloria without having seen anything later than her Hollywood films of three years ago!

Of the men, he had seen more.

"You have a great potential artist who should go farther—much farther. But perhaps he never will, though he has brains, poetry, dramatic feeling, the sense of beauty and an overwhelming imagination. He has money, success, fame . . . too much responsibility to take chances . . . Douglas Fairbanks.

"Of your young leading men I like best Rod La Rocque. There's a fellow who always plays a believable man, no matter how the story ties him, no matter how the director hinders him!"

Jannings is an optimist about America's film future. Says it's the greatest on earth. Of all the Europeans, he seems to understand best what we're trying to do, and the perhaps devious way that we go about it.

"Europe has come into the maturity of film art—big, serious stories, great dramas—too early. Because film technique is just beginning. As America grows in artistic appreciation the quality of her film material will advance, slowly, just as screen technique grows into something greater than we have ever dreamed of. There, the mechanic and the artist will arrive together—and the result will be magnificent."

He is—or was, when I saw him—enthusiastically planning to come to America.

Lubitsch, I gathered, had fired him with this resolution to see the New World. He misses Lubitsch. He would like to work with him again. It was always a collaboration between them. But of this he said very little.

"So far," he admitted naively, "no one seems to want me there. That is to say, no one wants me on the terms at which I should go. But no matter! I'll go anyway, in a few months. With my wife. We'll take a long vacation, and see America from end to end."

But they told me afterward—down at the Hotel Adlon—that Jannings is likely to do no such thing. He has one trait in common with Harry Lauder . . . they are both such spendthrifts . . . so that when his "vacation" comes, it will be vacating at a thousand a week or so.

**THOUGHTS** of an outing . . . what does this big fellow do, when he's neither resting nor playing? What's his fun?

I asked him.

And the answer came with a bang, in English—

"The girls!"

"I never get tired of women. They amuse me. They are so many-sided. They let me down, if I want to be let down. They pick me up, if I'm low. (This in translation, of course.) They make life worth living, because a woman—once she feels at ease with you—is more natural than a man. Unconsciously, she's more human."

A quizzical twinkle came into his eyes, and he murmured something to Pfizner obviously not intended for me.

Pfzner laughed, and let me have it, anyway.

"He says that's the only thing that worries him about coming to America. He can get along without liquor, which doesn't bother him much, but he's an incorrigible flirt—and he understands that the newspapers there make mountains out of golf-tees—that they're always on the lookout, with well-known people, for a possibility of scandal. So he thinks if he



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Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and brush it through your hair when you dress it. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

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A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

A generous sample **FREE** upon request.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

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Please send me **FREE**, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

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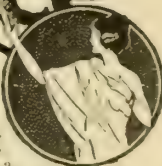
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## Friendly Advice

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

Miss O. H.

You might be a few pounds heavier, but I wouldn't worry about it. It is better to be slightly underweight than the reverse. If your skin is free from blemishes, that is the best answer to your questions. Don't worry about it. The preparations you are using are all excellent. You might use a little less vanishing cream. The smarting of your skin simply means the cream is having an astringent action, which is almost always beneficial.

D. K., MASSACHUSETTS.

All the advertisements in PHOTOPLAY are thoroughly investigated, and their products may be trusted. Perhaps you have not dieted and exercised consistently. Try doing without potatoes, white bread, butter, cream, oils, and substituting green vegetables for at least a month. Eat fresh fruits instead of candy, and I am sure you will reduce.

N. M., KANSAS.

I would wait if I were you. Marriage is a tremendous responsibility, and you are still only a little girl. No, I wouldn't let that one trouble stand in the way, but I do think you two ought to have a little money saved before starting life together. Marriage is expensive. You will want to furnish your home, for one thing, and that costs a great deal. Why don't you and your sweetheart wait a year more and try to save a little each week during that time? Savings are excellent love insurance.

WINNIFRED T.

Be careful of cold creams. Your skin is too oily now, I think, to use them. Use more astringents on your skin instead. Witch hazel is excellent for this purpose. See that your skin is very clean at all times. Its oily tendency will cause it to gather dust quickly. Use one of the drier soaps, and always close the pores either with witch hazel or ice. You ought not to be so pale. You probably need more green vegetables in your diet. Yellow, rose, peacock blue, light green and tan would become you. If your pallor is white, you can wear black, but not if your skin tends toward yellow.

TRIX, FLATBUSH, BROOKLYN.

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will be glad to mail you definite instructions for doing away with your enlarged pores.

L. M.

I wonder if you mean that you are what is generally called "pigeon toed"? If you are, one excellent thing is for you to walk barefooted as much as possible. This straightens the feet and the line of walking as nothing else. It would also help you greatly if you could study Greek or aesthetic dancing, provided you do it exclusively in bare feet and not in ballet or other slippers. This will also help the lines of your legs. By no means have an operation.

ADALINE R.

Send me a stamped, addressed envelope and I will mail you instructions for reducing your hips. Yes, rolling is excellent, not only for the hips but for reducing the whole body.

MAIZIE OF NEW JERSEY.

The easiest way to overcome sensitiveness and self-consciousness is by becoming interested in other people. The reason we are self-conscious is because we are most interested in ourselves. When we feel shy in public, it is not because our attention is directed upon someone else, but because it is directed inward upon our own personalities. We wonder how we appear, how we look, if our voices sound strange to the listener. The moment we turn that interest

outward, toward the other person, all shyness and self-consciousness vanish. And oh, how grateful the other person is to you for your attention. Your letter gives evidence of an intelligent mind, Maizie. Put your good sense to work and conquer this social fault of yours. I am sure you can do it. When you are going to be among men, try to find out beforehand what their particular interests are. Ask them of those and do listen. In a little while you will be amazed to discover how genuinely interested you are, for everyone with whom one comes in contact, it seems to me, has some interesting facts to tell. When you have become really interested, you will suddenly discover you are being perfectly natural and that your self-consciousness is gone. For another thing, don't think of yourself as "sensitive." That is a sort of self flattery, and sensitiveness isn't anything to be proud of, really it isn't.

M. M. W.

By all means wear "real young things." You're only twenty-four and that is very young, even if you are married. You are in excellent proportion. Yes, I think you are too short for the long basque and circular skirt, and it isn't a particularly good model anyway. Wear one-piece dresses as much as possible, or when you choose a two-piece model keep it in a straight line frock with very little trimming. The small, untrimmed felt hats are smartest for your type. You can wear almost all colors, and, being as small as you are, you can occasionally wear some extra bright color, such as brilliant yellow or red. That would make you a cheery little splash of color against the general grayness.

MADELINE D.

I wish you would write me more definitely about yourself, Madeline. Just how tall are you? What do you weigh and what is your coloring? Gray eyes doesn't explain enough—there are so many shades of gray eyes. Of course, you don't bore me. I am sure I can help you if you will only write to me again and in detail.

"SPUD."

What a nice letter yours was! And what nice parents you must have! Now for your questions. Any accomplishments are helpful to popularity, and when one has learned, as you have, to "be yourself," in addition to your social gifts, it is an irresistible combination. Yes, if you get along well at the various clubs, by all means be a member of them. There is nothing finer or more helpful in life than a circle of good friends. Unless there is some school rule against it, I see no reason why you should not invite the young man to the senior dance. That is, of course, if your parents approve. Send him the New Year's card. He will appreciate your attention and understand your ignoring the other holidays, and respect you for your tact. Men usually like to handle a woman's doorway, unlocking doors in much the same mood and manner with which they open doors to let her pass through. The same thing rules with the doorbell, though there is always this to remember—ringing the bell or unlocking the door signifies, to some extent, that the engagement of the evening is over. Therefore, the gesture comes more naturally from the girl than the man. Since it is her home to which they have come, he can not so readily make the move that literally sends her indoors and away from him. The best etiquette at a time like this is that which your experience and the occasion dictate.

A powder with a yellow base, such as rachel, will bring out the green tints in your eyes, though this is more dependent upon the color



dress you are wearing. The preparations you are using are satisfactory, though I do think you are a little young for cosmetics. The simplest haircut is the smartest this season. I think the one you are wearing is in better taste than the "Dutch" cut with bangs. I like your writing paper very much indeed.

Z. SMITH.

You can afford to lose about five pounds. No, I do not think you are too tall for high heels, and for a recital they appear much smarter than any other kind. You did not tell me whether the recital was an afternoon or evening affair. At the moment, the two-piece model, cut with a fairly full, short skirt and a blouse almost like a sport blouse, with no trimming, is very chic both for formal afternoon wear and for evening. For afternoon, you might develop the model in velvet, a chiffon velvet of some good shade. For evening, choose a lighter color, or make the blouse in the new metal cloths, so very popular at the moment.

X. Y. Z.

If you are quite tall and fear the boys don't dance with you for that reason, the best way of overcoming the handicap is by becoming the best dancer in the room. You can do this with practice. Depending upon your natural grace, it will take more or less time, but I know it will be worth it to you. Everyone likes to dance with a beautiful dancer, no matter how tall she may be. That flapper phrase "be yourself" is the best advice anyone can have for popularity. Be natural, charming, agreeable, and above all practice that everlasting virtue of listening. Not only will such a manner make the boy you are interested in like you, but it will make everyone like you.

Mrs. J. Z.

I have mailed you under separate cover instructions for diet and exercise. I think, however, that it might be well for you to consult a good physician regarding your trouble. It seems to me that you should not have lost your figure as much as you have. Since you like black, it is one of the best shades you can choose. It is becoming to your coloring and it is always smart. Hair dressed high on the head isn't very smart at present.

Draped dresses aren't being worn this season. Keep to straight lines.

KONSIE.

Your weight is correct for your height. All the tan, yellow and brown shades should be very becoming to you. Blue depends upon your skin. If it is fair enough, you can wear dark blue, otherwise avoid it. Let black and white alone. Certain reds and pinks should be very flattering, and you might try violet or purple for an occasional dress.

KATHERINE K., PENNSYLVANIA.

You should weigh 115 to 120 pounds. You are not too young to let your hair grow. Nobody's doing it, of course. Bobs are conquering more heads daily, but I do think long hair is beautiful. By all means let it grow if it is more becoming to you. I have heard Listerine very highly recommended for dandruff. High heels are smartest for formal wear, but keep to low heels for business and walking. Read what I said to "Maizie" in this issue about self-consciousness. The simplest styles obtainable are always the best styles.

CAROLINE J.

Your hair will probably keep the beautiful color it now has. Black should be very becoming to you. Delicate shades of green, the green with quite a little yellow in it, would be lovely, too. Light blue, rose, and yellow, too, but avoid brown.

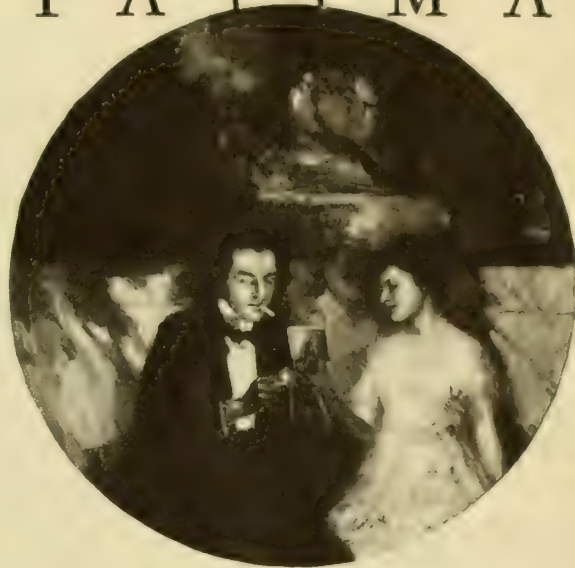
CLEO S., ILLINOIS.

You can wear all of the pastel colors, and, if your skin is fair, black also. Rose, light green, old blue and black in velvet would be lovely for

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"LET ME SEE something better," says the customer—very frequently indeed. That something better in an automobile may cost several hundred or perhaps even several thousand dollars more; but in a cigarette it costs just three cents more

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# I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair

## Here's the Method

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried many ways to get rid of it—depilatories, electrolysis, even a razor, but all were disappointments.

I thought my case was hopeless until I found a simple method which has brought great relief to me and to other women.

I will gladly explain to any woman who will write to me how this simple method accomplishes these results.

This method of mine is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid; not a razor, not electricity. At the same time it makes the skin more attractive.

With this method, which is easy to use, you will get the same results as I and many other women.

Believing my method to be the best, I have given it my own name—Lanzette.



## Send for Free Book

A book that tells just how this method gets rid of superfluous hair is free upon request. Don't send a penny—just a letter or post card. Address Annette Lanzette, 204 South Peoria Street, Dept. 1442 Chicago, Illinois.



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Do you suffer from skin troubles? Do you long for relief from that irritating itch? What would you give for a cool, clear, velvety skin? Then try the famous lotion

## D.D.D.

This healing antiseptic wash has a record of 25 years of success in relieving skin troubles. The action of D. D. D. is calm and gentle; still it soothes the irritated skin instantly. Apply D. D. D. to your troubled skin. It will remove your skin affliction and allay irritation.

## Trial Bottle Free

Write today for generous free trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription and get quick relief from your skin troubles. Sample mailed free. No obligation. A postal will do. Send now! D. D. D. Co., Dept. 1722 3845 Ravenswood Ave, Chicago

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Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.



MR. C. E. BROOKS

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 214-B State St., Marshall, Mich.

you for evening wear. A nose always looks larger when it is powdered with white. Yes, you are quite right to decline a supper invitation if you are tired and not hungry.

"TINA."

Yes, I think your weight is right for your height. You can wear almost all colors except brown, but I think the lighter, more delicate colors and black would be particularly charming on you. I should think orchid and violet, yellow and yellow green and pink or rose would be best for evening wear. Black, no brown, light tan, any shade of blue would be your best friends for street wear. I wouldn't worry about my nose if I were you.

With pretty hair and beautiful skin, such as you have, no one is going to notice a tiny bump on your nose unless you make it conspicuous by being self-conscious about it. I'm sorry, but I do not know about the face exercises you mention.

HELEN M., WASHINGTON.

If you will send me an addressed, stamped envelope I will be glad to mail you instructions for doing away with blackheads.

LILLIAN R.

Perhaps it is your illness that is making your skin wrinkle. Write me again when you are well, and I will be better able to advise you.

EDITH M. A.

I am now having printed some booklets on diet and exercising and I shall be very glad to send you one of them as soon as they arrive from the printers.

"ANXIOUS" SALISBURY.

Send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I will mail you instructions for dieting.

MISS MILLER.

You are in a very hard situation and it is very difficult to advise you. Your friend may be sincere with himself and you when he says that he loves you two girls at the same time, but it isn't true. He may think that it is, but it is not. True love is exclusive. It seems to me your problem is not so much to worry over yourself and why you have fallen in love with a man who loves another girl, as it is to help him understand himself. Seemingly you two talk frankly to one another, and that shows there is the bond of intelligence and sympathy between you as well as the emotional attraction. Try to talk it out with him, my dear. Be honest with yourself, too, and face the fact that this love doesn't look like a very happy one for you.

NELLIE, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

I wouldn't lose ten pounds if I were you. I'd lose twenty-five! You are much too heavy for your height and age. Get rid of that flesh quickly and I believe half your problems will be solved. Hair worn close to the head is very smart this season and straight hair a little smarter than marcelled.

The colors you have been wearing are correct for your coloring, but you may safely purchase the orchid dress, though I wouldn't wear too much make-up with it. Swimming is one of those marvelous exercises that reduces you if you need it, or adds to your weight if that is your requirement. It is better to eat three very light meals daily for reducing than one heavy one. The heavier perfumes would suit your type best.

GERDA, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

I would dye the white canton crepe of which you are tired henna or ox blood. You should look brilliant in either. I am glad you are careful to choose clothes that are becoming to you, not to your neighbors.

CORLISS, SAN FRANCISCO.

Exercise and regular, well proportioned meals should make you gain although you are not much under weight. Drink plenty of cold water to help clear your complexion.

PATTY, CHANUTE, KAN.

As nearly as I can tell without seeing you, I think your weight is about right. You can wear brilliant colors and also tan and brown.

K. C., DODGE CITY, KANSAS.

Indeed, there is a solution to your problem. You are experiencing the readjustment that many women have to go through when they find themselves with a home to care for instead of the varied activities they were accustomed to before they married. If you were given the chance, you know that you could not do without your baby and your home. Take great pride in doing the most with your home that you can on the small amount of money you have. You are fortunate in having had an education in the things you like. Keep up your music at home as much as you can. This will occupy so much of your time while your husband is gone that you will forget you are lonely. Keep on trying until you make friends. Each new thing you find to do will take your mind off yourself. You are thinking too much about yourself and not taking advantage of the things that could make you happy.

Rub flabby flesh with ice. This is a splendid treatment for making it firm.

PAULINE, SAYRE, PA.

Take exercises every morning before you eat your breakfast. Avoid all starches, sweets and rich foods, especially anything containing cream, butter or oil. Try eating dark bread and don't eat between meals. The lamb chop and pineapple diet is always good. Why don't you get a calory chart from your doctor and avoid all the foods that are rich in calories? As for your difficulty in expressing yourself, the best way to acquire a gift for conversation is practice. Most women do not need it. Why don't you try reading light and amusing books? As for your colors, all shades of blue would be becoming to you and also reds and greens. Lavender might be nice for a change, but I wouldn't try yellows or browns.

L. L. S., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Your weight is in exact proportion to your height. If the weight is not evenly distributed that is awkward. Rubber bandages are in vogue. These reduce the parts of the body to which they are applied. Perspiration is induced by the rubber. The perspiration carries away the fattening oils.

R. C. C., CLEVELAND, TENN.

It is curious but true that hair is whimsical. You say your curls naturally and prettily at the sides but not above the forehead and at the temples. A friend of mine is equally impatient with hers because it has a perfect, natural marcel in the back and is "merely frizzy," as you say yours is, in front.

Cultivate the fuzz. Coax it by brushing forward, by twisting it about your finger and by water waves, to develop its latent curliness. Having done such coaxing every evening, tie that part of your hair down with a ribbon. The ribbon helps to train it. Eight hours' discipline a day will do a great deal for the hair. Wear another ribbon about it while you are at home, by day, until you have trained the hair in the way it should go. You can even pin some of the recalcitrant fuzz here and there into a curl.

Don't trouble about your weight. It is as though ordered for your height. You are right. You do owe to your husband and your three-year-old little girl that you look as well as you can. Barring, of course, extravagance with time or money.

MARGARET, RIEGELVILLE, PA.

A cure for shyness is to think less about yourself and the impression you are making. Be interested in the occasion and in the persons you meet. Show that interest in a pleasant, modest way. Don't compare yourself with others. Be yourself. As to your friend's method, I think hers is wrong and yours is right. If the young man is rude, as you say, he would not feel deeply a firm "No" from



you. Don't go about with persons whose manners you disapprove. A good book is an excellent companion at any age.

KINKY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Try a dry shampoo. Some excellent ones have been advertised. If you have seen none of the advertisements resort to cornmeal or powdered orris root. Dust your hair thoroughly with the cornmeal or powdered orris and brush out the shampoo. These will reduce the amount of moisture and at the same time clean the hair.

STELLA, GREENFIELD, OHIO.

Wear high-heeled shoes for the more formal occasions. Don't be impatient about your figure. If you lead an active life time will give it the right proportions. If you are an indolent girl with an inordinate fondness for sweets you may grow too plump. If that is so, restrain your appetite. White and bright colors give the figure an appearance of greater width, while blue and black are slenderizing colors. Church membership often affords pleasant acquaintance. Its festivals, picnics, socials and bazaars should open the door to sincere friendships.

F. F., FOREST HILLS, L. I.

A woman with your qualifications is rare, and while the positions you desire are not so numerous, there are many of them eager to get someone of your type to occupy them. I believe you could get in touch with the institutional situation at the Charities Building, 4th Avenue and 22nd Street, New York, or the Russell Sage Foundation, Lexington Avenue and 22nd Street. The Y. W. C. A. employment bureaus should be of assistance to you, also.

MARGARET FROM PROVIDENCE.

The slim, flat-chested figure is the smart one this year, so you're really lucky to have one. Don't tamper with it, at least until the present mode changes. If I were you I would consult a good physician about your skin trouble. The symptoms you exhibit are readily cured, but they may arise from a variety of causes that a good doctor should diagnose.

VICKY, RHODE ISLAND.

I never recommend "flesh" color powder. I think it is very trying to any complexion and it is never in good taste. Use rachel on your skin and a lighter rouge. The tints with more yellow than red in them would suit you most.

MRS. MARTIN N., MONTANA.

Both glycerine and vaseline ought to help your skin condition. Use glycerine on your hands at night and when you have to have your hands in water, rub the nail margins with vaseline. If your hands have to be in water for a protracted period, use rubber gloves, if possible. I believe this will help you.

MARGUERITE H., BIRMINGHAM.

I would be careful of the raspberry shade. It might take the color away from your hair, and auburn hair is too distinctive to let that happen. You can wear delicate shades of pink, however. They are most attractive on girls of your type. A light rachel powder is very good for you. I would endeavor to keep my skin pale, if I were you, to emphasize your grey-green eyes and the tint of your hair. Your weight is satisfactory, but be careful not to get any heavier. Wear pumps with a long last, since your feet are plump and short. On your small feet, high heels ought to be charming. Don't get them too high, however. The most satisfactory wardrobe for a business girl, to my mind, always centers around an excellent tailored suit. Such a costume is correct for any hour of the day. It is perfect for business, always smart, and indicative of good taste. You ought to have yours tailored to order. It will cost a little more, but it is worth your sacrificing other things. It will also make you appear taller.

# Lemon for the Hair

## After Shampooing

### —the Finest Rinse I've Ever Used

"Next time you wash your hair, whether bobbed or long, rinse with the juice of two California lemons in a washbowl of water, as I do.

"Soap forms a curd which stays on the hair, no matter how frequently you rinse it with plain water. The hair is sticky in comparison, not really clean, when lemon isn't used. The curl comes out.

"Take my advice and try it, and then simply feel the hair. Note, too, its lustrous, fine appearance. See how the curl stays in it. One experience like mine and you'll always use the California lemon rinse as thousands do, including all the better 'Beauty Shops' where moving picture artists go. They know its value. This rinse is most effective, and is harmless."

by

*Helene Chadwick*

Well Known Motion Picture Star

\* \* \* \*

Buy California Lemons for their rich, abundant juice. At all good stores.

Send coupon for free book.

### How To Do It

Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 qts.) and rinse with this, following with thorough rinse in plain water.



Helene Chadwick

California Fruit Growers Exchange,  
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## Our One and Only Great Actress

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58 ]

Gloria Swanson I simply cannot take seriously as an actress. Enchanting she certainly is. Like Mrs. Pat Campbell, she has a keen, theatrical instinct. But when I come across the contention that she is a great actress, I am both astonished and amused. Who wants her to act, anyway? Do we ever get enough of just Gloria? Do most people want Gloria covered up, melted, transformed into something and somebody else? Certainly not—and she never is. She is always Gloria Swanson. Usually, she is clever enough to select only those things which, being eminently suited to Gloria, she can do well, vehicles which give her the appearance of acting when, as a matter of fact, she is still just being herself. But let her attempt something different, something really difficult, with shades and changes over a wide range of real characterization, like "Madame Sans-Gene," and her lacks and limitations at once reveal themselves.

To Pola Negri must be credited one great performance—DuBarry, in "Passion." But one great performance cannot and does not make a great actress. And Pola has been giving us that performance in different guises ever since. Pola has irresistible physical gifts. She has a really fine sense of color, rhythm, form and a positive genius for momentary effects. But at no time does she approach the violent, gorgeous, creative realism of Calve. She never gives you that sense of stripping a curtain from life itself with a ruthless, powerful hand that made Calve an almost fearful artist. Negri's work is marred by self-satisfaction. And it is lazy work. Mentally lazy. Tags from this and ends of that. She knows better. She can do better. And we should insist upon her doing it. But there is no actress on the stage or screen who can give you so much to forgive and still make you forgive her.

Personally, I consider Lillian Gish the most over-rated actress on the screen. Hard as I try to be charitable, much as I desire to be just, and anxious as I am to give every shred of credit where it is due, I boil with ungovernable rage when I hear her referred to as the "Duse of the Screen." Duse! Lillian Gish's narrow, strange, immature talent compared to that great, warm, inspired genius that was Duse's. Oh, no—the very thought is unfair to Miss Gish.

LILLIAN GISH'S claim to the name of a great actress is founded, not even upon her playing of one part, but actually of one scene. If you will honestly stop and consider her performances in "Broken Blossoms," "Hearts of the World," "Way Down East" and even in "The Clansman," you will see that this is so. The frenzy of fear and anguish, followed by the apparent loss of all reason and mentality, the daze of imbecility. Miss Gish has exceptional nervous power, combined with a physical appearance of extreme frailty. She drives this nervous force into a frenzy of excessive emotionalism, and as her physical endurance, which is very slight, nears its end, she achieves a creditable appearance of madness. This runs away with her, with the part, with the story. It does not reach out, as Duse's most delicate gesture could do, and touch you on the naked heart. It simply stirs you to the sort of nervous upset and regret that you experience after witnessing a street accident. I admit that to witness a hurricane or a whirlpool in action is an amazing sight and will bring almost any crowd up standing with its mouth open. But I also submit that it is not art, is not great acting. And I further believe that no matter to what heights such a frenzy of dashing about and wringing the hands may go, it can never move the audience as does the comparatively quiet, sincere, intelligent method of such an artist as Norma Talmadge.

I have never seen Miss Gish give but one performance that even approximated characterization, or that had the faintest elements in it of invention, continuity of development and execution, selection, and interpretation. I do not believe she even knows the meaning of such things. Her very physical contour and the construction of her face, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, make it impossible for her to portray the big, generous, soul problems that make great acting possible. And I sincerely believe that when people call her a great actress they are deceived by her gusts of nervous frenzy and over-acting and have not soundly considered her work as a whole.

Miss Gish has much beauty and, as a type for the persecuted and betrayed heroine, she is excellent and has her place upon the screen. But it is doing both her and the public a real, artistic injustice to continue this business about the "Duse of the Screen."

AND now let us come to the acting genius of Norma Talmadge, in contrast to other screen actresses.

First of all, with Norma Talmadge every part is a separate and distinct creation. And when you see her upon the screen, you never see Norma Talmadge. You, as an audience, know absolutely nothing of the woman, Norma Talmadge. You have never even seen her. Instead, you know *De Luxe Annie*, and the *Duchess de Langeais*, *Anne Regan* and the *Princess of Graustark*.

When Norma Talmadge becomes the shop girl heroine of "Within the Law," she doesn't become her for the "big scenes." The very carriage of her head, the very movements of her hands, the whole woman changes. There is nothing in her work more delightful than her unflinching hold upon her characterization. She doesn't stop in the middle of it to give you a personal aside and wink, like a vaudeville performer. Nor does she wait for the high dramatic points to begin acting. Hers is the inevitable method of genius—the intelligent ability to make those big situations live by careful and consistent preparation beforehand. She knows, as Maude Adams always knew, that the less you have actually to do at big moments the better. They should be acted, unfolded, until they exist of themselves, and thus give the minds and hearts and imaginations of your audience a chance to work with you undistracted by so-called "acting."

It takes reason, hard work, sublime faith, to give the world great acting. There is no intellectual vacuum behind Miss Talmadge's work. She first visions and understands the part, and then she plays it. And her technical skill has reached that high pitch where it is absolutely undiscernible to the naked eye. With every bit of skill in execution that it is possible for an actress to have, she still gives an impression of utter spontaneity, and that, I assure you, is the acme of art. Probably ninety percent of her audiences do not realize that there is any art or study or technique behind her performances.

Miss Talmadge need yield to no one for beauty and charm. But they are her servants, and not her stock in trade. She uses them when they are to be used, but she will sacrifice them just as recklessly. I do not mean by make-up, as she did in "Secrets" and "The Lady," but in the emotion of the moment. And I think she is the only screen actress who has realized that grace on the screen is almost as great an adjunct to fine acting as beauty.

The scene in "Smilin' Through," when she came into the garden, was one of those things that looked simple, and easy. And yet I doubt if any other screen actress could have reached out with it as she did, could have played it so touchingly and beautifully. Yet contrast it



with the vivid, vulgar, animal life of the chorus girl scenes in "The Lady," which, to my way of thinking, were much finer in their conception than the scenes as the old lady. Contrast them both with the warm voluptuousness of her Balzac duchess, that intellectual voluptuousness that enjoys itself.

And I shall never forget the way in which she played the great scene in "Secrets"—the scene with her husband after the other woman had been there. The exquisitely delicate touches, the way she looked at him, the way you could see her heart beating under her dress, the way her woman's soul fought, not for herself, but for him.

**E**VEN in so meagre and unworthy a role as *Princess Yelive*, she manages to give something fine, to actually drag the silly, trite story up into a glamour of romance by the sheer power of her acting. And she gave you the feeling, by a glance that lasted only a fraction of a second, that she was a Princess, and that when the young American first touched her it was the opening of a new world, the birth of a woman within the Princess.

There are other actresses upon the screen who cannot be passed without a word, in any honest review of screen acting. Just why Bebe Daniels has failed to show us the full range of her ability, I don't know. Bad stories, bad direction, bad handling. But she has it—she has all of it, I think, if she ever gets a chance. Blanche Sweet is a perfect technician. If there is a part that the producers aren't sure of, the infallible remedy is to send for Blanche Sweet. But she lacks the flame, I think. And Florence Vidor and Marion Davies both have a really splendid genius for real comedy acting—Mrs. Vidor, for the quieter kind, made famous by Grace George and Laura Hope Crews.

But if you will stop and go over Miss Talmadge's work, from "Poppy," and "Panthea," and "The Passion Flower," through "De Luxe Annie," "The Sign on the Door," "Within the Law" and "Smilin' Through," to "The Eternal Flame," "Secrets" and "The Lady," I am sure you will agree that she is our one great actress.

## From Pie-Eating Champ to Film Vamp

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

Her playmates called her "Ginger." She is just the kind of girl you would call by that peppery name. Red-haired, with an impertinent little nose that was flecked with freckles of the golden-brown variety. She still has the red hair—and the freckles. But the freckles have faded to a demure little trail of them across her piquant nose, and the hair is that deep auburn color.

It was before the days of the motion picture and the greatest neighborhood excitement was when the circus came to town—or the medicine man opened his show. This time it was Ferdon, the World's Greatest Medicine Man, who would remove warts, superfluous hair, tonsils and teeth, all with one application of his Marvelous and Unrivalled Tonic for Man or Beast. You know—you have lived in the glorious past—you know all about Ferdon and his ilk.

Margaret and her mother were members of the gaping crowd. Ferdon announced that he was to stage a mammoth and mastodontic pie-eating contest. Blackberry pie was the *piece-de-resistance*. All comers were to mount to the platform. Margaret decided to enter. Mother said "No!" emphatically. By devious means Margaret left mama and climbed to the platform. She was the only girl contestant 'midst a flock of lads. But she didn't care.

The blackberry pie was one of those luscious confections that drips and splashes. It did. The one who finished first was to whistle.

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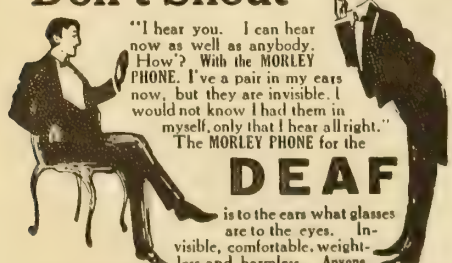
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Margaret was first—with a mouthful of pie in her mouth she whistled. And she literally sprayed the audience with half-masticated pie which, in her haste, she had neglected to swallow. But she won.

And that night she ate her supper standing! Margaret was to be a stenographer. She went to the West Side High School and learned all about scrolls and pothooks. Also typewriting. Then entered Romance in the shape of a Montana cattleman from the great open spaces. Margaret was to marry him. She went to Los Angeles to purchase her trousseau.

A visit to Los Angeles was not complete without seeing the Selig Zoo, so with another girl she trekked there. There was the lion, the kangaroo, the rhinoceros and the giraffe. All as big as life. She decided the giraffe was hungry and fed him with tempting morsels of grass.

Along came a distinguished-looking gentleman with gray hair and whiskers. Sounds like the Menace—but it really isn't.

"Don't you know, little girl, that it is very foolish to feed an expensive animal like that? You might poison him," said the nice man, who was not the Menace.

Margaret went over to the park bench and sat down. She was hastily followed by her friend.

"Be careful of strange men, Margaret! He might be a white slaver and steal you!"

But Margaret didn't give much credence to her friend's warning. She was not to be kidnapped, though. When the nice gray-haired man came over to her and asked if she had ever been in pictures, she said:

"No, I never have and I don't want to!" It sounded final.

"If you ever want to try, come to the Selig Studios and ask for me," the benevolent whiskered gentleman said.

"Would you give my friend here a job, too?" queried "Ginger."

"Certainly!"

"We'll be over this afternoon!"

And that was Margaret, the pie-eating champ's first introduction to pictures.

Mother—back in Salt Lake City—heard of daughter's escapade and sent an immediate command to return to home and fiancé. Margaret did. But instead of marrying her Montana cattleman and becoming a rancher's wife, it was written that she was to return to Hollywood and the films. Her fiancé died.

Margaret returned to Hollywood, where she gained considerable experience as an extra, and sometimes—when good fortune smiled—she played bits and tiny parts. But all was not easy and the path to immediate fame was not rose strewn. The flu epidemic made its tragic appearance, and its hoary breath halted activity here, there, and in Hollywood. When the cameras ground again Margaret found it impossible to procure bits and parts and was forced to the extra line.

THEN one day she was one of the mob at the Ince studio in a picture that Henry King making. King sighted her, was impressed by her effervescent personality and sent for B. B. Hampton who was to produce "The House of Youth" with H. B. Warner. "There's the girl you want for your feminine lead in Warner's picture."

And she got the part—following it by other featured rôles.

It was about this time that Margaret won another distinction to add to her pie-eating medal.

It may sound a bit dubious. The old saying is "truth is stranger than fiction." And not being an onlooker—or even possessing an ouija board—how can we tell? *She is the only girl outside of his wife who ever kissed Will Rogers!*

Clarence Badger was directing "Water, Water Everywhere," in which Will Rogers was his usual whimsical self. Margaret was in the cast. Now Badger knew that Will would never submit to being kissed. It had been tried before.



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"Tell you what to do, Red. When Will steps off the train in this picture you dash up, throw your arms around his neck and kiss him. And you'll have to work fast or you can't do it at all!"

"Leave it to me!" said Margaret, with a naughty wink.

The cameras were set, Margaret waited in the offing, Will stepped from the train, and with his inimitable bashful grin looked at the cameras. A little red-headed whirlwind pounced on him and kissed him quite in the center of the mouth. Will looked aghast.

She kissed him again—and again.

Instead of fainting, Will feinted. He sparred with thin air. And the cameras ground. But they recorded the fatal osculation.

"Gee!" said Margaret—her conversation is engagingly interpolated with "gees, goshes and gollies"—"Will was embarrassed! He got as red as flannel undies—and afterwards he confided to someone that 'Red' was the only gal he had ever kissed besides his wife."

But Will is *such* a funster!

That was a long time ago—all of three years. And that's an aeon in Hollywood. Now Margaret is a film vamp. Her naughty eyes lead man from the straight and narrow. And with a blonde wig she is just as effective as a "light woman."

But when she is herself she is just as much a child as when she won the pie-eating contest. But she probably wouldn't enter a pie-eating orgy now—for only one reason!

Pies contain 1,500 calories too much!

## A Promising Young Actress

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81 ]

"There was a marvelous moon!" Anthony sighed.

"And we danced. . . ."

"Every dance together!" He was aware of something like a pain beneath his shirt-front. Never had any woman seemed so utterly desirable!

"And you told me the story of your life. . . ."

"Did I? Good heavens, what a bore that must have been!"

"I didn't think so—then." She smiled—a sad little smile. Then brightened. "But don't tell it to me again tonight."

"That evening will always be—" His eyes were pathetic. "Oh, Sylvia, won't you—"

Across the room a tall grandfather clock cleared its throat and struck. Motionless they listened, and at the stroke of twelve Sylvia sprang to her feet.

"S midnight! I must go."

"You're not going."

"Not going? Don't be absurd." Her delicate eyebrows arched. "Please have Hodge bring my cloak."

"You sha'n't go!" cried Anthony, blocking the way. "I won't let you."

"And why not?" Annoyance in her dark eyes.

"Because I—well, because!" stammered the unhappy young man.

"Your reason is excellent. Nevertheless—" a toss of her golden head—"I'm going!"

"Then," begged the scion of the Merivales eagerly, "let's compromise."

"There's another man waiting to compromise me now!"

"You sha'n't go to him!" His voice choked.

"What right have you to stop me?"

"What right?" Anthony's hands clenched desperately. "Because I—because I love you!"

Sylvia's shoulders drooped. She closed her eyes, her eyes that the dull gentleman invariably compared to flowers. "Say that again."

"I love you!" He said it again—breath-



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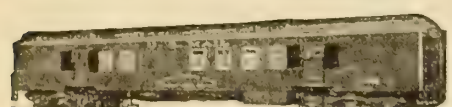
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lessly. "I didn't know until tonight how much—how terribly much."

"When people love other people terribly much, there's only one solution—marriage." Her voice was very gentle. "Marriage—that's what you're afraid of. You dread the very word. And so you'd made up your mind to run away from it all?"

"What?"

"Yes, running away from a girl who was too good, too virtuous, not enough pep. Sometimes you almost wished she were a different sort entirely: Sophisticated, bold, worldly—even mercenary. A girl with whom you might have an affair—and then forget about!"

"Sylvia!" His own words! He stared at her, his mouth open.

"You're like millions of other men, Tony. You want something there isn't."

"Something—there isn't?"

"Yes. A good bad woman—or a bad good woman. Well, there's no such woman on earth. A woman is either good or bad, and you'll have to take her for what she is."

"Then for Heaven's sake," he demanded, "what are you?"

"I—I'm not the girl I've pretended to be tonight."

"Pretended?"

"I must tell you," she went on, meeting his

stare bravely, "I borrowed these clothes—that ermine coat—from the star of our play. I—well, I wanted to look beautiful, tonight. Then, as I arrived, the door was open. I couldn't help hearing what you said. So—"

"Darling—I didn't know what I was talking about! But this other man—let me go down and tell him you aren't coming."

"You wouldn't find him, Tony."

"I'll find him, all right!" grimly.

"No—because he doesn't exist."

"What?"

"I invented him. I invented the whole story. I didn't even drink that champagne—poured it all in the bucket. Well—which kind of girl do you want? I can be either."

"I want you, Sylvia!"

"Ah, but which me?" Her eyes were shining.

"The real you! Will you marry me?"

"Yes," said she—words to that effect.

One second later she was in his arms.

One minute later Hodge appeared in the doorway.

"I just looked in, sir, to see if you have everything you want—"

"I have!" shouted Mr. Merivale. "Get out!"

"Right you are, sir," beamed Hodge, and withdrew, closing the door softly.

## What is IT?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Next on our list was Norma Shearer. *It* cometed her into the stary film firmament almost overnight.

Norma was gownned in the latest from Oshkosh—lisle stockings, school-teacherish walking shoes, ill-fitting suit and most impossible hat. But in spite of her outlandish garb, necessitated by her latest picture, a glimmering of that intangible quality radiated in her eyes. "What is *It*?"

Norma blinked—and thought.

"Just a moment—I will have to ponder on that!"

"I think Madame Glyn's *It* is a magnetic force, partly physical and partly mental. People that possess this quality, to my way of thinking, need not necessarily be beautiful—or handsome—but are usually electric, having a great force of life or vitality. By this they make us conscious of their presence—they attract our attention when they enter a room—they dominate."

That's the Shearer *It*.

\* \* \*

Now comes Cecil B. De Mille, creator extraordinary of films reeking with *It*.

Another pelt-laden room, this. Quite different from the Glyn abode and more like an ancient hunting lodge. Across a broad expanse of desk sat De Mille, arms folded on the shining edge, eyes piercing the space.

"You ask what *It* is?"

"Could the radio be explained in a few words?"

"Could the gradual unfoldment of life on this great planet be recorded in a brief paragraph?"

"Then how could *It* be interpreted on a single page?"

"It is what makes the world go around. *It* is life itself."

"Yes, Mr. De Mille!" said we.

Thus the De Mille *It*. *It* assumes mighty proportions.

\* \* \*

Pola Negri is reputed to have a vast quantity of the precious quality. Poland's great actress was discovered in her dressing room.

"*Eet*? *Eet* ees a magnetic personality. The strong individual qualities of a man or woman that attract other people to them."

"*Eet* does not require beauty, wealth, or

necessarily great talent. *Eet* ees sufficient in eetself!"

You have the Negri definition.

\* \* \*

It was a somber panelled room. A handsome man with neat black mustache paced the floor. George Fitzmaurice, who has more pulsating pictures and fervid films to his credit than America has beauty contests, was talking. Fitzmaurice is of Irish parentage, but French birth and rearing flavor his life.

"*It*? The French have a phrase that is applicable to that indefinable something—it is *Je ne sais quoi*—I don't know what."

"As I have said, *It* is that indefinable something that makes one woman—or man—more attractive than another."

"You cannot say that this actress has *It* or that actress has *It*. Some may say that Lillian Gish has *It*, others that Nita Naldi has *It*. And more than likely the person who glimpses *It* in Lillian Gish cannot see the same quality in Nita Naldi. *It* is a matter of mentality and personal ideals."

"*It* is *je ne sais quoi*!"

\* \* \*

Dashing across the United lot we caught a glimpse of Rudolph Valentino, resplendent in a furry Russian uniform.

"Oh, high and mighty Eagle, what is *It*?"

The figure wheeled on its military heel. The eyes, known for their slumberous allure, looked query.

"You ask me to define *It*?"

"I confess I am a bit confused as to the meaning of the term. One day I read an advertisement quoting Elinor Glyn as saying that Rex, the equine actor, has *It*. I read a magazine article the following day about a beautiful actress saying that she has *It*. Now just what these two have in common, I don't know!"

"It's beyond me!"

We wonder!

\* \* \*

Paul Bern is next to be consulted. Bern, as you are aware, knows more about women and kindred subjects than does Kipling's well-known character. We found him in his little office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

He ruminated upon our query. And then spoke—weightily:



"Aside from that elucidation forbidden by the postal regulations, the shorter and uglier *It* has come to mean sex attraction—not the decadence of the abnormal, but that healthy, vital, happy power which, with charm of personality and physical attractiveness, is the great quality we like to draw to ourselves and to leave as our heritage."

Thus spake Mr. Bern.

Now that the long quest is ended, it is about time to make a brief survey of the answers.

What is *It*? *It* is—inspiration, animal magnetism, personality, magnetic force, life itself, magnetic personality, mental ideals, sex attraction?

*It* is none of these things—for *It* is all of them!

*It is It!*

## Supposing It Were Your Daughter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

for the champagne bottle that fell with its valiant care-taker. "Just as well. He'd heard about all there was to hear. Been here three weeks."

"Let us continue the discussion then," says Mr. H., taking up the letter which had been riddled by the spontaneous ovation.

"Why?" grumbles the Lady of the House, who at heart is a coward and lover of ease. "It's hard enough to get servants without shooting them away on your fan mail."

"Remember, you're speaking to a movie celebrity," says Baby bitterly. "The day you don't listen to his fan mail, that day, sweet woman, you edge yourself off for the divorce courts."

Mr. H. ignores the remark as he has just noted a passage in the letter which says that the writer considers him a man of letters on a par with Sir Walter Scott.

"What did Sir Walter Scott write?" asks Papa brightly.

"Who?" demands Mama.

"Whoops!" laughs Kiddie. "He doesn't write. He played the lead with Pola Negri in 'Flower of Night.'"

"Well, how should I know?" grumbled Mater. "Hollywood is so full of starving nobility and rich Armenians, you don't know who acts and who writes and so forth. Anyhow, what does it matter so long as he didn't write 'The Green Hat'? I never heard of any other writer paying. (She glances darkly at Father.) And the nobility are just as poor around here."

At this point a telegram arrives and is opened by Mother. She bursts into sobs that wrench her bosom, an architectural feature of unusually sound construction, which shows how violent was her grief.

"Who died poor?" asks Baby, stretching for the bell with her tootsie and stamping furiously, at the same time yelling, "Food!"

"It's from the kitchen," gulps Mother midway between bawls. "Lilly the cook has resigned. Says she can't afford to raise her daughter in this atmosphere. Yah-hoo! hoo! hoo!"

"Is that your Alma Mater yell you're giving?" demands Baby. "So Lilly has resigned."

That's the doom for you. They want to be ladies and we want to be cooks. Well, I suppose there isn't any chance of more food then. What time was that telegram sent from the kitchen? Seven thirty? The last course must have arrived by now. Anyhow, I'm certainly not going to walk the two miles down that badly decorated hall to find out. Back to the canned sardines of my infancy, I suppose."

"It's so hard to keep help," sighs the Lady of the House, glancing at the slain form of Walker stretched appropriately on the floor just where a little moonbeam steals through the window and makes a Belasco aura about the old gray ebony head. "So hard to keep help. If the world only knew the struggles we movie people have to go through I guess they wouldn't envy us so much."

"But after all we have one another," exclaimed Mr. H. extemporaneously, at the same time jotting the line down in his little book for future use.

Baby picks up a bottle and glances mischievously at Papa, but finally tucks it under her arm and toddles off toward the door.

"You haven't answered Papa's question yet, cherub," calls Mr. H. reproachfully. "What advice are you going to give this old man whose daughter wants to go into pictures?"

"Ah, tell him to be sure she can hold her licker," coos Baby in her cunning patois as she patters off to the nursery to say her prayers at her old nurse's knee, who unfortunately is ossified.

At this point the Famous Movie Authority is awakened by Walker's "Breakfast ready, sir."

So it was all a horrible dream after all! (Tag devised to get by Pennsylvania censors.)

There is no Mommer, there is no Kiddie, there is no beebie shot in the bracer. Only Walker, and he's alive, alive!

But there is the letter from the old Sire whose daughter would go into pictures. And the Famous Movie Authority, raising himself with the customary effort writes: "My advice concerning your daughter is—shoot her, as painlessly but as definitely as possible."

CURTAIN

## Confessions of a Movie Critic

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

remark about its being much better to see a picture in the projection room without music than in the theater with music—because the music, at least, keeps you awake—is, of course, very good.

When your criticism is printed, your friends either wonder who's been taking you out to lunch, or they didn't see it—"I love your stuff—just what paper is it that you write for?"

You always read it yourself, however, and find that the make-up man threw out several sentences because of a last minute ad—and those sentences are always the brilliantly

epigrammatic ones. Last week so many of my really snappy lines were cut out that only three theaters quoted me in their advertisements.

CRITICISMS, interviews, accounts of the assistant ticket-taker's annual banquet, or any other cinematic comment, always result in mail, in effusive and vari-tinted quantities. Mothers and relatives confide that Minnie or Clayton can do the cutest tricks, and that all the neighbors just know that Minnie or Clayton would make grand stars if they had the chance—and how do you go about getting children into the movies anyway?



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN  
The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," Etc.

## The Unpardonable Sin

A man may kick his neighbor, poke him in the nose or throw him down stairs. If he has any kind of an excuse we pass it by. That's all right. But what a fool is the fellow who deliberately kicks himself in the shins. He's a nut. That's all there is to that.

It's a sin and offense to abuse others, but there are times when it will be overlooked. Never, however, can we overlook a man's abuse of himself. That is the unpardonable sin which brings destruction.

### Are You An Offender?

Check up on yourself, fellow! Are you playing square with yourself? You've got a wonderful body there. Are you giving it all the breaks in life? Do you wake in the morning burning with pep and ambition? Do you still have the keen appetite of a kid? Do you have plenty of snap and zip as you go about your daily work? If not, you're just as bad as the chap who kicks himself in the shins. You're either a real, live, muscular, red-blooded, two-listed, he-man or your body is being given a raw deal. Who's at fault? If no one else is abusing you, it must be yourself.

### Stop It

Cut it out right now. Determine this minute that you're nobody's fool. If you only knew what a strong, robust, healthy body meant, you would have had one long ago. Take it from me, fellow, it's great to be healthy. I've been both ways and I know. Let's you and I work this thing out. What do you say? I'm a muscle builder. I'm a pep builder. I've taken the skillest looking scare crows you'd ever want to look at, and I've built them up into real big powerful, virile men. Listen to this and I'll shoot you off a few things that are coming your way. In just 30 days, I'm going to add one full inch onto those arms of yours. Yes, and two inches to your chest in the same length of time. But that's nothing. Get this. I'm going to broaden your back and deepen your chest, so that going to broaden your back and deepen your chest, so that every breath you take will drag a full load of oxygen into your lungs, shooting life-giving red corpuscles into every nook and corner of your body. I'll broaden your shoulders and strengthen your neck. I'll put an armor-plate of muscle over that old tummy of yours. I'll shoot a quiver up your spine that will make you feel like turning flip-flops. Meanwhile I'll work on every muscle inside your body pepping up your vital organs and putting fire into your whole system. Good! You're darn tootin' it's good. It's wonderful. And the best of it is—I don't just promise these things. I GUARANTEE THEM. You take no chances with me. It's a sure bet. Well, what do you say? Let's ride.

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Modest maidens, on blushing notepaper, write and tell me that their friends tell them they're a super-combination of Pickford, Swanson and Negri. And they'd like to go into the movies, only it is true that a girl has to—oh, you know—to be a star?

Young men, inclosing snapshots, request a rendezvous, so I can advise them as to whether they ought to see Jesse or Marcus first. Bank presidents and elevator starters let me know that they have a whale of a scenario, only they're afraid to send it directly to the film companies because they've heard that producers steal ideas, and never pay the original authors.

To say nothing of the blue, white and pink-papered notes from "Constant Reader," "Bright Eyes," and "Babe," who want to know how tall is Lochinvar Trix; is Camille Delight really her own name; and would Conway Shriek send a photograph if one enclosed one's own in return?

But, now and then, some criticism, interview or column produces a verbal reaction. In that event, when someone, for some reason, insists that your stuff is awfully good, and that they read it all the time, the pose de rigueur is to smile inscrutably, to cast the eyes upward and with the unconscious and unfeeling penetration of the self-admitted humorist, to murmur:

"My one reader!"

\* \* \*

The next installment of these amazing revelations will appear in next month's issue of this magazine. It will be hard for you even to wait a whole month, so, to avoid disappointment, ask your favorite newsstand to save you a copy. My subject will be, "Celebrities Who Have Met Me."

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120 ]

it." She would know that there was never any in it and never meant to be.

I go to see James Cruze's pictures with a confidence which I do not accord any other director. He has never disappointed me, and I believe he never will. The most convincing proof of his genius I know of is the life he instilled into Ricardo Cortez in "The Pony Express." Cruze is the screen's surest director.

JAMIE F. HESS.

## Mr. Barrie, Rescue Betty

Montreal, Canada.

Betty Bronson is the most adorable child I have ever seen on or off the screen. Our Mary Pickford makes a charming little tomboy, but she can never compete with Betty. Mary may be the greater actress, the more versatile and beautiful, but the one with the perfect, the ideal child face—ah, that's Betty.

Then why not give her child roles? Why make a woman of this youthful wonder? She reminds me of those exquisite little cherubs often seen on beautiful old paintings, and that flit through one's dreams. Please, Mr. Barrie, come and rescue Betty and give her some more child stories.

A KID WHO KNOWS.

## A Sophisticated Fan

Knoxville, Tenn.

Adolphe Menjou, I salute you! Your suave, smiling, cynical man-of-the-world air pleases me to the marrow.

Does not Menjou's cynical air of sophistication and indifference seem more like every day life than the romantic "I love you—love me or I'll die"—parts of Valentino, Cortez and a few other sheiks?

A brickbat for each of the vamps: Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Pola Negri and Barbara La

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Marr. They are all beautiful, but that closed-eye fascinating stare which Nita Naldi and Pola Negri employ on their male victims makes me want to swear. The pouting expression of Mae Murray and Barbara La Marr is only rib-tickling. I agree with D. W. Griffith when he said, "There may be vamps in the world, but they're all in the movies."

NICK ROBINSON.

### Bad Indian

Glendale, Calif.

I was thrilled when I first heard that such a picture as "The Vanishing American" was being contemplated, for I have lived in Navajo land and love it, and must say it contains material for an extraordinary picture that would equal "Birth of a Nation."

But it is a bitter disappointment that so worthy a production as this picture is ruined by the silly attempt of a white man to play an Indian. No white man can emulate an Indian.

As Indians are excellent actors, it is difficult to understand why one was not used for the leading role instead of Richard Dix.

Directors seem to believe that any dark-eyed Caucasian with a make-up can act like an Indian. The Red Man possesses certain inimitable traits, both in features and conduct, that no white man can achieve, and least of all, Richard Dix.

A. V. P.

### A Tip for Miss Nissen

Boston, Mass.

If Greta Nissen thinks it really necessary to appear on the screen, will she please wear more tailored clothes and a hat that comes well down over her face, and stop emoting with such gusto?

I should like to see Lewis Stone and Alice Joyce play together—they are both such finished actors.

Where is Zasu Pitts keeping herself? She appears in a picture just often enough to let me know she is still a wonderful actress.

Let us have more Adolphe Menjou and Percy Marmont pictures. Ford Sterling's pantomime in "The Trouble with Wives" amused me more than any other sign language I have seen on the screen.

Bebe Daniels certainly deserves to be a star because she is so versatile, and she deserves much praise for having worked up from a bathing girl to a very finished actress. The same goes for Gloria Swanson.

I wish there were more Alan Dwargs. I challenge anybody to find the slightest flaw in any of his pictures.

E. A.

### Any Lewis Stone Fans?

Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Why does no one ever rave about Lewis Stone? I've never seen much curiosity about him from any of the readers, and I think he is about the best actor on the screen today. I like an actor who plays the part, and not himself, as do so many of our dearly loved players.

Another on whom I have a mad crush is Florence Vidor. I never miss one of her pictures. She and Lewis Stone would be a great team.

B. M. R.

### Appreciation for Chaplin

Portland, Maine.

Here's a bouquet for Charles Chaplin, who, in my opinion, is the finest artist of them all. It is difficult to express the great enjoyment I derived from seeing "The Gold Rush." Perhaps this enjoyment was all the keener on account of Charlie's long absence from the screen.

Please make another picture soon, Mr. Chaplin. The theme is a matter of supreme indifference, so long as you write, direct and act in it.

H. R. E.

### Watch Out, Papa Doug!

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Just a few words of praise for Doug Fairbanks, Jr. I do hereby predict a success for him as brilliant as his father's—if he keeps on making pictures as good as "Wild Horse Mesa."

Why not let him star alone, as in "Stephen Steps Out?" We think he is capable of handling a starring role. How about a college story for him—*Hugh Cregar*, of "The Plastic Age?"

A bouquet for Buster Collier, too

JOHN D.

### We're Not Joking

Findlay, Ohio

I am trying to figure out how George Barr McCutcheon allowed anyone to butcher his wonderful story, "Graustark," even though it was Norma Talmadge and others. I have attended Movie Theaters on an average of four times a week for the last 14 years, and of all the disappointments, this is the worst. Why Norma allowed herself to be entangled in this mess is beyond my comprehension, especially when Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne made such a wonderful picture from the story.

We are told that pictures are getting better. Please don't joke with us.

J. S. COLLING.

### Bouquet for Fairbanks, Producer

Long Beach, Calif.

The writer from the beauty shop in Buffalo has, unquestionably, the right to express her likes and dislikes, but it seems to me she is assuming undue responsibility when she attempts to speak for her 800 customers.

I have not missed a Douglas Fairbanks picture since the "Mark of Zorro," and surely I am not alone in my liking for Fairbanks pictures, judging from the newspaper reports of his income tax, and they say that figures don't lie. His fans are undoubtedly numerous, but probably not the type to write motion picture magazines, as do the Jack Gilbert devotees. I take into consideration, too, that Douglas Fairbanks is not only an actor, but a very fine producer.

ETHEL DUNCAN.

### Good Idea

Detroit, Mich.

As a constant reader of PHOTOPLAY, I want to offer you a little advice.

Your magazine, especially the cover, is now being imitated by several other publications.

The average reader in a hurry grabs what he thinks is PHOTOPLAY and often finds he has the wrong magazine.

I was thinking that a star placed on the cover would be a good drawing card, a distinction and a remembrance.

It is a magazine of stars and your motto might be, "Look for the cover with the star." Such an idea could doubtless be patented.

CLIFFORD LOUIS THORNE.

### A Real Fan

Yellow Springs, Ohio.

I am a motion picture fan who has lost my hearing almost entirely. I cannot hear the human voice without a good deal of pain.

I am certainly grateful to you motion picture people for the pictures, because I can enjoy them. It is the only kind of entertainment that I can enjoy because it hurts me to try to listen to someone speaking, even a lecture. It certainly would be dull for me without the movies.

I wish everyone all the good luck that they can have, and that means a lot of it.

EVELYN SHINN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]



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## Speaking of Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

NOT a single sex or society drama is included among the first fifty. The leader of the entire list is "The Ten Commandments," which, when it was released, PHOTOPLAY advised every man, woman, and child to see. Westerns and pictures with an historical theme won twenty-six places in the first fifty, and twelve out of the first fifty were based on Zane Grey stories. "The Covered Wagon," PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Winner of 1923, and "Abraham Lincoln," winner of the 1924 medal, were in the first seven. "Robin Hood," winner in 1922, was also a winner, despite the fact that it has been out three years. Of course it must be borne in mind that many fine pictures have come out recently, such as "The Merry Widow," "Stella Dallas" and "The Big Parade," which have not had a chance to play in very many theaters.

Out of four comedies in the first fifty, three were Harold Lloyd's.

It is a great compliment to PHOTOPLAY that nearly every picture among the first fifty was endorsed by it.

The first twenty pictures on the list are:

"The Ten Commandments."

"North of 36."

"Charley's Aunt."

"The Thundering Herd."

"The Covered Wagon."

"The Freshman."

"Abraham Lincoln."

"Sally."

"Riders of the Purple Sage."

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

"The Rainbow Trail."

"The Sea Hawk."

"When a Man's a Man."

"The Lost World."

"America."

"The Thief of Bagdad."

"A Girl of the Limberlost."

"Peter Pan."

"Hot Water."

"The Pony Express."

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143 ]

### Gloria, Don't Sling Hash!

Omaha, Nebr.

Just saw Gloria Swanson in "Stage Struck," and I am sorry to say I witnessed her finish as far as pictures are concerned. Why put an actress of ability in a silly comedy that hasn't one redeeming feature? The next time Gloria visits our city I shall turn her down, as I can never again see her except as a towheaded hash slinger. The whole audience was disgusted.

MRS. R. C. WINN.

### He Wants 'Em Cold

New Castle, Pa.

I saw in your December issue the comment or criticism on the lack of realism and common sense shown in our films.

The scene in "The Shock Punch" where Richard Dix was perched on a girder catching hot rivets, not bolts, is ridiculous. The picture amused me, as did the criticism. In steel construction the steel members are put together with fitting up bolts cold, then later they are replaced with hot rivets by a riveting gang.

GEORGE WALLER.

### Corinne's Coming Along

Mobile, Alabama.

I have written you about four times in praise of my beautiful Corinne Griffith but the letters did not appear. There is one statement I wish to make: If all Corinne's knockers will see her in "Classified"—and still knock—then I give up.

This is the first real story that has been given her. In it she proves what she can do. I

hope the producers will continue to give Corinne Griffith stories like "Classified."

She is by far the most beautiful star on the screen, and she has made successes out of the trashy stories by her acting and irresistible charm.

JACK B. LAMPTON.

### You'll Be Sorry

Philadelphia, Pa.

Say, what in the name of peace and common sense is the matter with Gloria Swanson? Each picture I see her in is worse instead of better. I know Gloria can act, better than any of them, but there's something wrong somewhere.

"The Coast of Folly" was hurried too much and I didn't like Gloria as an old woman. I haven't seen "Stage Struck" yet, and I don't think I will see it.

E. C.

### Oh! Oh! Readers

Montreal, Canada.

I don't believe there was a letter in the December PHOTOPLAY that I could agree with. If these letters indicate the taste of the movie fans, I sympathize with the artists and producers who try to give us better films. Think of finding fault with such graceful actors as Douglas Fairbanks and Mr. Valentino, and admiring Ben Lyon, Norma Shearer, Richard Dix and Ricardo Cortez. Naturally the producers won't make better films if the public is satisfied with this kind of acting.

ANN SERRINGTON.



### Nice Lady!

Yellow Springs, Ohio.

I am a motion picture fan and I criticize with friendship and good will. Milton Sills and Nazimova made a good thing out of a weak play, "Madonna of the Streets." I like Bill Hart because his pictures are strong and clean. I like Richard Dix and Thomas Meighan because they are good actors and have fine personalities.

I like every one of the motion picture people and wish them a whole lot of good luck.

EVELYN M. SHINN

### Down with the Ancient Lover!

Oakland, Calif.

I am a rabid movie fan and I want to register my emphatic and strenuous objection to the ancient lover!

If the heads of the big movie companies knew as much about feminine psychology as they do about piling up dollars, they would surely relegate these has-beens into the limbo of things forgotten. Or at least give them parts to play where their gray hairs and tired eyes would not outrage all ideas of romance, harmony and fitness.

Youth calls to youth, and the sight of an elderly ardor *reciprocated* by youth and beauty, is repulsive and almost indecent! It is far from convincing. For say what you will, no beautiful young girl can feel anything but repulsion—from a sex standpoint—for a man old enough to be her father; so the love she is trying to portray for her ancient lover is, I repeat, not convincing.

There are two that are often heralded as the perfect lovers. In fairness I won't mention their names, but every fan knows whom I mean. They are both artists. They make love artistically, but no young girl wants to be made love to, artistically or otherwise, when the melting glances shine from eyes surrounded with crow's feet and the tender smile breaks the face into a mass of wrinkles.

What the girl wants, what the audience wants—what the world wants—is to see a love scene with two young things. White fingers straying through locks of brown or blonde—not gray! Red lips pressed against firm young lips—not those with perhaps a set of false teeth behind them. Young eyes, lit with the fire of youth, gazing into eyes that speak the same language, not world-weary old eyes.

As these two "perfect lovers" of a decade ago are still in their prime as men and actors, if not as youths and lovers, they might still play romantic roles, but make them *unloved* lovers. Cast them as tolerated husbands, but not as men loved by girls young enough to be their daughters.

T. M. SMITH.

### Nothing Wrong with the Movies

Mountain View, Cal.

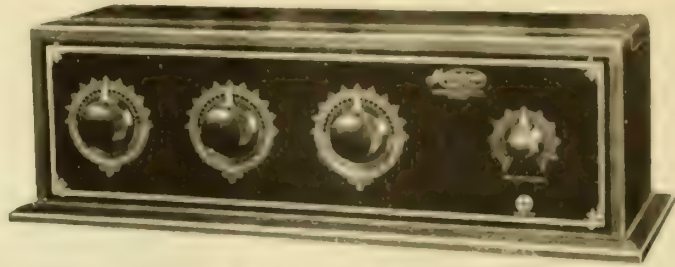
There has been much talk about what is wrong with the movies, but so far as I know the blame has never been definitely placed. Some say the actors are at fault, some say the directors, some the producers, while the producers lay the blame on the people. To me it is all one grand mix up.

I don't think there is anything in particular wrong with the movies.

By this I do not mean there are no poor pictures because there are and I have seen them. I know I try to avoid them. The picture business is like any other business. There is always a certain percentage of the product that does not reach the level, and here the percentage is naturally higher as there is a greater gamble. Look at the automobile industry. There is any number of poor machines, but does that mean the business is a failure? Certainly not. When a man sets out to purchase a machine he tries to pick a good one; so what is to prevent the theatergoer from as carefully selecting his picture entertainment?

EARLE C. KENDALL.

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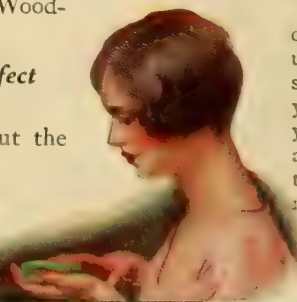
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the National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

March

25 cents



GILDA GRAY

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN L. JOHNS  
WESTINGHOUSE EDITOR

VOL. XXIX

No. 4

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## That Costello Girl

She came to the Rivoli theatre of Broadway and the Pastime of Main Street unannounced—and she is the most discussed new comer of years. Outside the fact that she is the daughter of Maurice Costello no one knew anything about her. Ivan St. Johns has written her story for next month's PHOTOPLAY and it is a mighty interesting one. She got an opportunity to make good, and, my, she went to it like a young Duse or baby Bernhardt.


## How Did Moses Cross the Red Sea?

How did Jack Gilbert fix his leg so that it appeared amputated on the screen in "The Big Parade"? Everyone who has seen the picture is asking that question. How are all those seemingly miraculous and thrilling effects achieved in the pictures you see every day? Out in Los Angeles are a number of expert chaps who are always called in when a difficult piece of work is to be accomplished. We will tell you how they do it next month.

*And a dozen more*  
**EXCLUSIVE  
FEATURES**  
*In April*  
**PHOTOPLAY**

*Out March 15*





### Viola Dana Reveals the Secret of Her Beautiful Eyes

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**AFTER BUSINESS HOURS**—Columbia.—Elaine Hammerstein and Lou Tellegen enact one of those far-fetched domestic dramas. (September.)

**AMERICAN PLUCK**—Chadwick.—She is a princess and he is only a poor American prize fighter if there is such a thing—but— (September.)

**ANCIENT HIGHWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A passable story of the timber lands with Jack Holt preventing the villain from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

**ARIZONA SWEEPSTAKES, THE**—Universal.—A snappy Hoot Gibson western with some novelty and good comedy situations. (February.)

**AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Producers Distributing.—It is awful, at that, and not what anyone would call first-rate amusement. (September.)

**BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN**—Producers Distributing.—A gambler in a mining town plays benefactor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful prima donna marries him. (September.)

**BEAUTIFUL CITY, THE**—First National.—The story not up to the Barthelmess standard. Contains good atmospheric shots of New York's tenement district. (January.)

**BELOW THE LINE**—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. (December.)

**BEST BAD MAN, THE**—Fox.—Unmistakable for Tom Mix. Clara Bow makes it endurable. (February.)

**BEST PEOPLE, THE**—Paramount.—An entertaining story of a son and daughter of the hoipolloi who insist upon marrying a chorus girl and chauffeur, believing that love is the only thing. (January.)

**BIG PARADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—See this if you have to pawn your shirt. One of the finest pictures ever made. A thrilling love story against the World War background with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. (January.)

**BLOODHOUND, THE**—F. B. O.—What do you think the Royal Mounted boy does? He gets his man. The man is his brother. (September.)

**BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES**—First National.—Let the gas go out and use the quarter to see this. You'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny, with Lois Wilson a flapjack flipper at Childs. (Feb.)

**BOBBED HAIR**—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are ably assisted by Louise Fazenda. (November.)

**BRIGHT LIGHTS**—M-G-M.—Charlie Ray as the country bumpkin again, and Pauline Starke a smart chorus girl. Good entertainment. (February.)

**BUSTIN' THROUGH**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western. (December.)

**CALGARY STAMPEDE, THE**—Universal.—The best Western in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts. (December.)

**CALL OF COURAGE, THE**—Universal.—Art Acord as a lazy cowboy, just for a change. The picture is helped by the dumb efforts of a dog and a horse. (November.)

**CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD**—Universal.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Reginald Denny. (November.)

**CAMILLE OF THE BARBARY COAST**—Associated Ex.—Owen Moore and Mae Busch in a new version of the old theme. Not for the children. (Sept.)

**CIRCLE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak tea society drama. Neither interesting nor real. (Dec.)

**CIRCUS CYCLONE, THE**—Universal.—A pleasant mixture of Western and circus stuff, with Art Acord proving he can ride. (October.)

**CLASH OF THE WOLVES, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Rin-Tin-Tin makes another big hit, this time in a beard. A good story. (January.)

**CLASSIFIED**—First National.—Don't miss this one. Corinne Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful," proves she can act, in this unusually entertaining comedy-drama of a New York working girl. (January.)

**CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE**—First National.—Leon Errol of the collapsible knees, and Dorothy Gish as his shrewish wife make this a fairly amusing comedy-drama. (February.)

**COAST OF FOLLY, THE**—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in a modern role. In fact, Gloria in two modern roles—that of mother and daughter. Her work in this picture will be much discussed. (Nov.)

**COBRA**—Paramount.—Disappointing to Valentino fans. Rudy is not rightly cast in this and Nita Naldi is entirely unbelievable. (February.)

**COMING OF AMOS, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Rod La Rocque, as a big diamond man from South Africa, and Jetta Goudal, as a Russian princess in a Cecil B. De Mille romance of the Riviera. (November.)

**COMPROMISE**—Warner Brothers.—A good cast: Irene Rich, Pauline Garon and Clive Brook, in an inadequate story. Fairly entertaining. (January.)

AS a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

**COUNT OF LUXEMBURG, THE**—Chadwick.—George Walsh, as a penniless count in the artists' colony of Paris, marries a beautiful actress without seeing her. Fairly entertaining. (February.)

**COWBOY MUSKETEER, THE**—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler looks fine and rides well in this Western, which is presented with snap and clearness. (February.)

**CYCLONIC CAVALIER, THE**—Reed Howes, the star, is handsome—but that's about all. A melodrama of one of those South American revolutions. (November.)

**CYRANO DE BERGERAC**—Atlas.—A commendable film version of Rostand's great play, made by a French company, and excellently acted by Pierre Magnier. (September.)

**DARK ANGEL, THE**—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Fitzmaurice and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. (November.)

**DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX, A**—Davis Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (Nov.)

**DESERT'S PRICE, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones is always interesting, although this film play has not much originality. Plenty of good fights. (February.)

**DESPERATE GAME, THE**—Universal.—A mildly amusing Western of a college cowboy. (Feb.)

**DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS**—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones. Weak on story. (Dec.)

**EAGLE, THE**—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino in three fascinating roles, a Russian lieutenant, a bandit and a French tutor. Pretty good Valentino fare. Vilma Banky is lovely. (January.)

**EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff. (Dec.)

**EXCHANGE OF WIVES, AN**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Two couples flirting madly with the dear old marriage tie. Lew Cody, Creighton Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree shine. (December.)

**FAINT PERFUME**—B. P. Schulberg.—Faint is right. A jumbled movie-ized version of Zona Gale's excellent novel. (September.)

**FIFTY-FIFTY**—Associated Exhibitors.—What happens when an American roue marries a French dancer. (September.)

**FIGHTING HEART, THE**—Fox.—George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are great. (Nov.)

**FINE CLOTHES**—First National.—A subtle story ably acted by Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith. (October.)

**FLOWER OF THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—Jo Herreshimer's special story for Pola proves a dud. Negri fans will like parts of it. (December.)

**FLYIN' THROUGH**—Davis Dist. Co.—Al Wilson, the stunt aviator, provides a flock of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

**FRESHMAN, THE**—Associated Exhibitor.—Harold Lloyd's comedy of college life is so funny that it defies description. (September.)

**GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK, THE**—B. P. Schulberg.—The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. (October.)

**GOLDEN COCOON, THE**—Warner Bros.—An unconvincing story about politics, with Helene Chadwick crying through reel after reel. (February.)

**GOLDEN PRINCESS, THE**—Paramount.—A charming story of California in the days of the gold rush. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (November.)

**GOLDEN STRAIN, THE**—Fox.—A worthwhile photoplay of Peter B. Kyne's story of the boy with the yellow streak. (February.)

**GOLD HUNTERS, THE**—Davis Dist.—A fairly interesting Curwood melodrama about a trapper who finds the map of a lost mine. (January.)

**GOLD RUSH, THE**—United Artists.—It marks the long-awaited return of Charles Chaplin to the screen. A great comedy of a fine artist. (September.)

**GOOSE WOMAN, THE**—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a striking but repellent character set in the atmosphere of a murder mystery. Superbly acted by Louise Dresser, Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett. (September.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 ]



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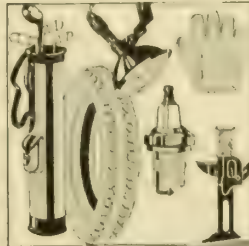
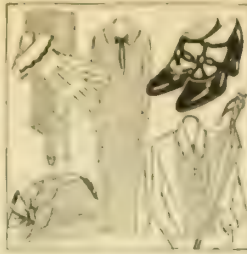
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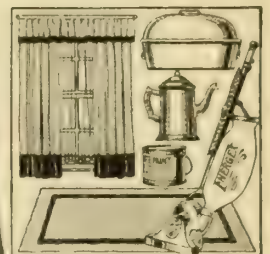
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# Brickbats & Bouquets

Three prizes to be given every month for the best letters—\$25, \$10 and \$5

## LETTERS FROM READERS

### \$25.00 Letter

New York City.

AFTER the year 1925 let every critic who has told us what is wrong with the movies pass out of the picture or forever hold his peace.

With "Ben-Hur," "The Big Parade" and "Stella Dallas," I feel free to compliment actor, director and producer for the perfect entertainment they have given us.

Sitting back and waiting three years for the completion of "Ben Hur," of course I expected to be thrilled. I was not only thrilled, however, but was completely bowled over. Ramon Novarro was splendid!

FRANCES KERWIN.

### \$10.00 Letter

Baltimore, Md.

IT is strange the feeling we have for our favorites of the silent drama. If some one criticizes one of them, we are immediately up in arms about it as though they were our personal friends.

For all who criticize Gloria—gaze upon her photograph for awhile and you will see the least of the reasons why people are so crazy about her. Miss Swanson's fairy godmother has endowed her with a very charming personality—to make me sit through "Stagestruck" she must possess genius.

What I think of the person who wrote "Stagestruck" is nobody's business.

CORINNE.

### \$5.00 Letter

Chrisman, Ill.

Moonlight and the pallid glint of stars,  
Aerial shapes clad in fairy gossamer;  
Rapt throbbing of a distant violin,  
Ye sense by these the fabric of a soul.

That expresses, however incoherently, the impressions I have of Mary Philbin. Out of all the rank and file of movie personalities, she seems exquisite—a fragile human vase in which all the emotions stir uneasily, like to some fabled elixir.

The rest of my bouquets are for Lon Chaney. I am not going to gibber adjectives about him; but if the public can appreciate intelligence, sustained acting ability and sincerity, they are going to back Chaney to the limit.

ALOISE DUBREUIL,  
c/o W. A. Shurtz,  
213 W. Ohio St.

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 150 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

### Less Suggestive Pictures

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Why is it we cannot have cleaner, less suggestive pictures? I have sat in motion picture shows and blushed myself at some of the scenes, and am a woman of forty not by any means a back number.

When I read that Lois Wilson, Mary Astor, Irene Rich, Mary Pickford and Lila Lee are to be shown in a picture, I am only too glad for my young folks to attend the show. But I am sorry to say I have seen more than one girl hang her head in shame until certain scenes in some pictures are finished. I cannot see how any one can enjoy such vamps as Mae Murray, Barbara La Marr, Pola Negri or Nita Naldi, when they can see good, clean acting by the people I mentioned above. I have young college folks in my home and they agree with me in this.

MRS. MYRTLE TURNER,  
270 More Ave.

### Champions Costume Pictures

Milwaukee, Wis.

Why is it that all the exhibitors and writers for newspapers and magazines are telling us we no longer wish to see costume pictures?

They are wrong, and are making a great mistake by influencing the picture producers. The public does like costume stories—when they are well done.

Pictures with modern themes are too much alike—they differ only in the circumstances of

the plot, bits of new scenery, players, directors and so on. Costume plays can be historically, dramatically and romantically fine no matter with which period or country they deal. Many of our best pictures have been costume plays, and they have been accorded more than average popularity.

To prove this, readers of this column need only refer to the "Most Popular Pictures" contest carried on by this magazine, to discover that out of the twenty-six with the highest number of votes, at least fifteen are costume pictures.

Why do not Mr. Ingram and D. W. Griffith give us more such pictures as "The Birth of a Nation," "Scaramouche" and "America," not to leave out "Little Old New York," "The Iron Horse" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower?"

SALLY T. REEVES,  
805 Shepard Ave.

### Down With Cream Puff Sets

Grand Rapids, Mich.

When buying "going-away gifts" for friends, I always get a nice box of candy, some cigarettes and PHOTOPLAY. This combination never fails to bring a happy smile to the recipient's face and a big hug for me.

Now for the brickbat. Twin bed scenes, when first shown on the screen were a novelty, and we all bent forward breathlessly at the hero ploughed through heaps of chiffon and lace to gaze upon the sweet face of the lovely heroine, who lay nestling in a ton of silk pillows, supposed to be sleeping—but that would be impossible with all the lace ruffles and flowers sticking in her ear.

But these bedroom scenes are now like too much whipped cream, leaving one feeling blah. Me for more comfortable surroundings than chiffon and lace. What we want are smart, up-to-date drawing room sets, outdoor scenes showing the latest toggery, and so on. Such settings can easily be used in most any story, and they are much more satisfying than the exotic boudoir atmosphere.

MARION NAGLER,  
121 Madison Ave.

### Another Colman Fan

Ft. Atkinson, Wisc.

I should like to express my sincere admiration for Ronald Colman. His superb dignity and reserve, coupled with his splendid artistry proclaim him one of the screen's most fascinating characters.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



# METROPOLITAN PICTURES

Presented by JOHN C. FLINN



EUGENE O'BRIEN



MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE



SEENA OWEN



EDMUND BURNS



ROBERT AMES



LASKA WINTER



JOHN BOWERS



PRISCILLA DEAN



VERA REYNOLDS



LILYAN TASHMAN



WILLIAM BOYD



DOROTHY PHILLIPS



LILLIAN RICH



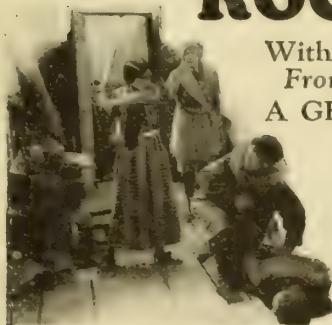
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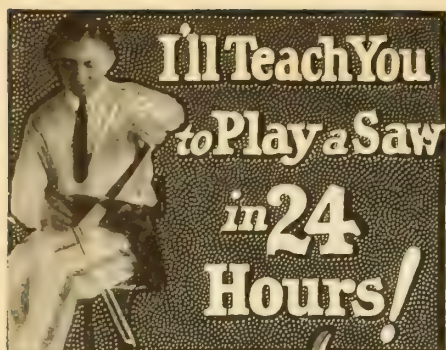


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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

**GO WEST**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Hardly a comedy because hardly a laugh. Yet the picture is very interesting. "Brown Eyes," the cow, gives a fine performance. (January.)

**GRAUSTARK**—First National.—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. (November.)

**GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE**—Paramount.—A French farce that just misses being delightfully frothy. Matt Moore and Florence Vidor are in it. (September.)

**HALF WAY GIRL, THE**—First National.—Doris Kenyon in a story of the sordid side of the Orient. (October.)

**HAPPY WARRIOR, THE**—Vitagraph.—The story is oversentimental, although it has its exciting moments. Malcolm MacGregor is good. (September.)

**HAUNTED RANGE, THE**—Davis Distributing.—Ken Maynard, a newcomer, joins the "heavy ridin' brigade." Just another Western. (November.)

**HAVOC**—Fox.—Showing the disastrous effects of the war on London society. A dismal drama is relieved by George O'Brien. (November.)

**HEADLINES**—Associated Exhibitors.—A fairly interesting newspaper story with Alice Joyce, Virginia Lee Corbin, Elliott Nugent and Malcolm MacGregor. (September.)

**HELL'S HIGHROAD**—Producers Distributing.—Cecil B. De Mille again gives the low-down on the lives of the rich. Leatrice Joy is starred. (November.)

**HER SISTER FROM PARIS**—First National.—Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman and George Arthur make this one of the funniest comedies of the year. But not for the children; oh dear, no! (Nov.)

**HIDDEN LOOT**—Universal.—A straightforward story with Jack Hoxie as a deputy after a gang of crooks. Fine for the children. (January.)

**HIS BUDDY'S WIFE**—Associated Exhibitors.—An Enoch Arden story of the World War, capably acted by Edna Murphy and Glenn Hunter. (September.)

**HIS SECRETARY**—M-G-M.—The story of the ugly duckling better done than ever before. Norma Shearer unbelievably homely for a few feet, then her own ravishing self. (February.)

**HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN**—Warner Brothers.—A good plot is ruined to make a slapstick holiday. Matt Moore massacres the title role. (Nov.)

**HOGAN'S ALLEY**—Warners.—We hate to say it—but don't go. A hash of every Bowery story ever made with Patsy Ruth Miller mimicking Annie Rooney all the way through. (February.)

**HOME MAKER, THE**—Universal.—A domestic drama with an unusually intelligent plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October.)

**HUMAN TORNADO, THE**—F. B. O.—Wherein the wild-ridin' Westerner again establishes his innocence of a lot of neatly assorted crimes. (September.)

**IRISH LUCK**—Paramount.—Tom Meighan in a good old Irish yarn with some gorgeous shots of the Emerald Isle itself—and Lois Wilson. (February.)

**ISLE OF HOPE, THE**—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (November.)

**JOANNA**—First National.—Well, Dorothy Mackaill is always good, but she almost gets snowed under this impossible story. (February.)

**KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE**—F. B. O.—Not worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Gene Stratton, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December.)

**KEEP SMILING**—Associated Exhibitors.—In which Monty Banks again tries to prove that he's a comedian. (September.)

**KENTUCKY PRIDE**—Fox.—The biography of a race horse, interwoven with a human story. (October.)

**KING ON MAIN STREET, THE**—Paramount.—A dandy picture, with the suave Adolphe Menjou as a European king on a holiday in New York. And Bessie Love doing the Charleston. (January.)

**KISS FOR CINDRELLA**—A—Paramount.—Barrie, Betty and Brenon, the incomparable trio. A beautiful fantasy of the little slavey's dream of marrying a prince. (February.)

**KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS**—Earl Rossman.—Like "Nanook of the North," another fine picture made within the Arctic Circle. (September.)

**KNOCKOUT, THE**—First National.—If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. (November.)

**LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN**—Warner Bros.—A very smart film version of Oscar Wilde's sophisticated play. (February.)

**LADY WHO LIED, THE**—First National.—A colorful production with a rather weak plot. (Acted by Lewis Stone, Nita Naldi and Virginia Valli. Not for the children. (September.)

**LAST EDITION, THE**—F. B. O.—An exciting story of the inside workings of a great metropolitan daily, with Ralph Lewis as foreman of the press room. Good. (December.)

**LAWFUL CHEATER, THE**—Schulberg.—Chara Bow, masquerading as a boy, makes her personality count in spite of a far-fetched story. (February.)

**LAW OR LOYALTY**—Davis Dist. Co.—Again our friends, the Mounted Police, struggling between love and duty. Fairly interesting. (December.)

**LAZYBONES**—Fox.—A real characterization of a small town fella given by Buck Jones in a well told story. Fine supporting cast. (January.)

**LET'S GO GALLAGHER**—F. B. O.—Introducing a new Western star, Tom Tyler. The boys will like him. Good fights, stunts and rescues. (Dec.)

**LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS**—Paramount.—One of Zane Grey's standard Western stories with Noah Beery doing his stuff. (September.)

**LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Much of the rare humor of the stage play is strangely missing from the screen version. Rather routine entertainment. (October.)

**LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Interesting for its historical sidelights on early New York. Marion Davies does a dual role. (Jan.)

**LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY**—United Artists.—In which Mary Pickford returns again as Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (October.)

**LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Universal.—A nice little story of young married life with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. (September.)

**LIMITED MAIL, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Monte Blue in a railroad melodrama. (September.)

**LIVE WIRE, THE**—First National.—Johnny Hines in the title role. Lots of "gags" and rough-neck comedy. (November.)

**LORD JIM**—Paramount.—A fair translation of the well known book with Percy Marmont giving a good performance. If you don't know the book, the picture is a pretty good melodrama. (January.)

**LORRAINE OF THE LIONS**—Universal.—The story of a little girl cast away on a desert island. Patsy Ruth Miller, as the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry assisted by the long arm of coincidence. (October.)

**LOST—A WIFE**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those devilish French farces. Fairly amusing. (September.)

**LOVE HOUR, THE**—Vitagraph.—The heroine goes to Coney Island and wins a millionaire. It's one of the silliest pictures of the year. (November.)

**LOVERS IN QUARANTINE**—Paramount.—The younger set will think this hot stuff. Their elders may be amused. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford, good. (December.)

**LUCKY DEVIL, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix dashes through an extremely dashing and entertaining automobile story. (September.)

**LUCKY HORSESHOE, THE**—Fox.—Wherein Tom Mix falls asleep and dreams that he's Don Juan. Just another Mix success with Tony and, as an added attraction, Ann Pennington. (October.)

**MAD WHIRL, THE**—Universal.—You'll be surprised to see May McAvoy in this story of the evils of cocktail drinking. May leads the crusade against the vice. (September.)

**MADE FOR LOVE**—P. D. C.—Arabs, a wicked prince, an indifferent fiancé, and some mummy excavating make this interesting. (February.)

**MAKING OF O'MALLEY, THE**—First National.—Milton Sills glorifies the New York cop. Dorothy Mackaill is the rich school teacher who marries him. (September.)

**MAN FROM RED GULCH, THE**—P. D. C.—Harry Carey makes a pretty good Bret Harte hero, playing the good Samaritan in the desert. (February.)

**MANHATTAN MADNESS**—Associated Exhibitors.—Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor revive the old Fairbanks success. Who is going to be silly enough to say anything against the champ? (Sept.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ]





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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

**MANICURE GIRL, THE**—Paramount.—She tries to be a gold-digger but true romance wins. Bebe Daniels in a pert comedy. (September.)

**MANNEQUIN**—Paramount.—Somewhat disappointing as a Fannie Hurst prize story directed by James Cruze. (February.)

**MAN OF IRON, A**—Chadwick.—Lionel Barrymore attempts to prove that a man may be great in business but a dud with women. He does. (Sept.)

**MAN ON THE BOX, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Spend a good evening with Syd Chaplin. (December.)

**MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE**—Thomas Meighan goes to Sing Sing for a crime he didn't commit. It's Meighan at his most noble. (November.)

**MARRIAGE WHIRL, THE**—First National.—Another and rather tedious expose of the evils of society. Corinne Griffith is in it. (September.)

**MARRY ME**—Paramount.—James Cruze does his best with a slender story. Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton do good work. (September.)

**MASKED BRIDE, THE**—M-G-M.—Mae Murray as an Apache dancer and the toast of the Paris cafes. Mae can dance, nobody will deny that; but rather disappointing after "The Merry Widow." (Feb.)

**MERRY WIDOW, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A brilliant and gorgeous screen version of the romantic light opera with Mae Murray, John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy contributing three of the finest performances of the year. (October.)

**MIDNIGHT LIMITED, THE**—Rayart.—Gaston Glass and Wanda Hawley make a good team in this railroad melodrama. Above the average. (February.)

**MIDNIGHT SUN, THE**—Universal.—The story of an American ballerina in Russia, grand dukes and moneyed power behind the throne. (February.)

**MIDSHIPMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rather juvenile story, but it brings back Ramon Novarro, and that's enough for most fans. (December.)

**MY LADY'S LIPS**—B. P. Schulberg.—A crook melodrama that is lively and often amusing. (Oct.)

**MYSTIC, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Aileen Pringle gives a good performance in this melodrama of a fake fortune-teller. (November.)

**NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart gives a piquant performance of a South Sea Island queen who loves and loses—but wins in the end. (October.)

**NEVER WEAKEN**—Associated Exhibitors.—A welcome revival of a Harold Lloyd comedy. (Sept.)

**NEW BROOMS**—Paramount.—It won't sweep you off your feet, but it might do to put in an evening. Everybody overacts but Bessie Love. (January.)

**NEW COMMANDMENT, THE**—First National.—It's "Thou shalt not doubt." Wealthy boy, artist's model, misunderstanding, war, and the thrilling love scene in months. (January.)

**NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK**—Paramount.—A round of sight-seeing in New York's hotels and night clubs. You are accompanied by Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence. (Sept.)

**NOT SO LONG AGO**—Paramount.—Aside from the work of Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez, this is a rather dull story of Manhattan in its Age of Innocence. (October.)

**OLD CLOTHES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—The last time you will have to look at Jackie Coogan without a haircut. Maybe that's worth a quarter. (January.)

**ONE YEAR TO LIVE**—First National.—Aileen Pringle hears the sentence of the doctor and then cuts loose in Paris. It all turns out all right. (September.)

**ONLY THING, THE**—M-G-M.—Conrad Nagel with sex appeal! And a mustache. Eleanor Boardman in a blonde wig. An Elinor Glyn story of a princess forced to marry an old king. See it. (February.)

**OTHER WOMAN'S STORY, THE**—Schulberg.—A tiresome story that might have been a good mystery melodrama. (January.)

**OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER, THE**—Universal.—A whale of a climax in this melodrama with hero and villain fighting to the death in an aerial bucket. (Feb.)

**PAGE THAT THRILLS, THE**—First National.—Beautiful Mary Astor wasted in this silly story. (Dec.)

**PAINT AND POWDER**—Chadwick.—The good little chorus girl becomes a star and marries the producer. Just fair. (December.)

**PARISIAN LOVE**—B. P. Schulberg.—Just another one of these things. In case anyone cares, it's the romance of an Apache girl. Not for children. (Oct.)

**PASSIONATE YOUTH**—Truett.—Now, really, what did you expect from the title? (September.)

**PATHS TO PARADISE**—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith again proves he's a real star. (September.)

**PEACOCK FEATHERS**—Universal.—An intelligent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well directed by Sven Gade and capably acted by Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis. (November.)

**PEAK OF FATE, THE**—Frank B. Rogers.—A fine Swiss scenic—with incidental love story. (Sept.)

**PERFECT CLOWN, THE**—A very bad comedy with Larry Semon. Might have been funny in two reels. (February.)

**PLASTIC AGE, THE**—The collegiate set is carrying on again. The usual jazz drama, with Clara Bow and Donald Keith. (December.)

**PONY EXPRESS, THE**—Paramount.—James Cruze directs another great story of the West. Wonderful acting by Wallace Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Ernest Torrence. (November.)

**PRETTY LADIES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A good human interest story plus the Ziegfeld Follies and an all-star cast. A treat for the eye. (September.)

**PRIVATE AFFAIRS**—Producers Distributing.—A charming story of small town life, accurately presented and well acted. (September.)

**PROUD HEART (title changed from HIS PEOPLE)**—Universal.—One of the finest pictures of Jewish emigrant life we've seen. Schildkraut, pere, contributes a great performance. (December.)

**RANGER OF THE BIG PINES**—Vitagraph.—The usual Western with the usual fight, and a good performance by Eulalie Jensen. (October.)

**RED HOT TIRES**—Warner Brothers.—Just a mix-up of good, bad and indifferent comedy, played by Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. (November.)

**REGULAR FELLOW, A**—Paramount.—(Reviewed under the original title, "He's a Prince"). A gay burlesque of royalty with Raymond Griffith as a prince with democratic ideas. (November.)

**RIDIN' THE WIND**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson disappoints. He rescues his brother from bandits, returns the stolen money and wins the girl. (December.)

**ROAD TO YESTERDAY, THE**—Producers Dist.—Catch this picture for the gorgeous train wreck. The story is a little muddled but fairly entertaining due to the reincarnation theme. (January.)

**ROSE OF THE WORLD**—Warners.—Sincere performances by a good cast, but an unconvincing story. Not very worthwhile. (January.)

**RUGGED WATERS**—Paramount.—Outside of a few good storms and some rousing sea stuff, it's just an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

**SALLY, IRENE AND MARY**—M-G-M.—An extremely interesting story of chorus girl life, with a splendid cast and a goodly sprinkling of laughs and tears. Sally O'Neil is a knockout! (February.)

**SATAN IN SABLES**—Warner Brothers.—Lowell Sherman is a bad Russian grand duke. Pauline Garon is a little rose from Montmartre. (December.)

**SCANDAL STREET**—Arrow.—An interesting picture because of movie studio atmosphere. Story of a movie actress and her husband who are both starred at the same studio. (January.)

**SEA WOLF, THE**—Ralph Ince Prod.—A well-made picture of Jack London's famous novel. (Feb.)

**SCARLET SAINT, THE**—First National.—A very dull story and inexcusably sexy. (February.)

**SCRAPPIN' KID, THE**—Universal.—A conventional Western with Art Acord. Fair. (February.)

**SEVEN DAYS**—Producers Distributing.—The famous farce is given splendid production and it is well acted. Eddie Gribbon is very amusing. (November.)

**SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPAPE**—Paramount.—Leave the dishes in the sink. If you miss the first of this, you're lost. A corking comedy-melodrama with Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts. (January.)

**SEVEN SINNERS**—Warner Bros.—A hilarious crook story with Marie Prevost and Clive Brook heading a good cast. (February.)

**SHORE LEAVE**—First National.—A genuinely funny comedy, a charming love story and Richard Barthelmess at his best as a tough gob. (September.)

**SIMON THE JESTER**—Producers Dist.—A hodge-podge story about a clown with a broken heart, played uninterestingly by Eugene O'Brien. (Feb.)



**SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT**—Universal.—R. C. Denny and Laura La Plante screen a lady's folly to teach some society folk the Charleston. (Feb.)

**SKYROCKET, THE**—The best picture about motion picture people so far, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce's debut on the screen. Adapted from Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel of the same name. (January.)

**SLAVE OF FASHION, A**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Wherein a guileless Cinderella gets her man. A silly but beautifully mounted story with the lovely Norma Shearer and the charming Lew. (October.)

**SMILIN' AT TROUBLE**—F. B. O.—A witty picture with Letty Flynn as a civil engineer working on the construction of a dam. (February.)

**SMOOTH AS SATIN**—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent at her prettiest in an ingenious crook story. (Sept.)

**SOME PUNKINS**—Chadwick.—Charles Ray in his old hick role is fairly amusing. (February.)

**SON OF HIS FATHER, A**—Paramount.—One of the dullest pictures on record, from a Harold Bell Wright story. (December.)

**SOULS FOR SABLES**—Tiffany.—A great display of feminine finery and a story of fair value. Good for grown-ups. Claire Windsor and Eugene O'Brien head the cast. (November.)

**SPLENDID CRIME, THE**—A commonplace crook drama, without humor to lighten it. (February.)

**SPLENDID ROAD, THE**—First National.—A colorful drama of the Gold Rush of '49 with Anna Q. Nilsson giving a fine performance. (February.)

**SPORTING CHANCE, THE**—Tiffany.—A good racing melodrama with plenty of pep. (September.)

**SPORTING LIFE**—Universal.—A new version of an old melodrama of life in the fighting, racing and spending circles of London. (November.)

**STAGESTRUCK**—Paramount.—A rip-snortin' comedy with Gloria Swanson singing cups in a cheap restaurant and taking correspondence lessons in acting. Lawrence Gray is great as her boy friend. (Feb.)

**STEELE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**—Vita-graph.—This time it's Bert Lytell who does his stuff in the great Northwest. (September.)

**STEEL PREFERRED**—Warner Bros.—William Boyd stands out in this fairly entertaining comedy-drama of strong men and steel. (February.)

**STELLA DALLAS**—United Artists.—An almost perfect picture, with one of the greatest performances ever given to the screen—that of Belle Bennett in the title role. (December.)

**STEPPIN' OUT**—Columbia.—A brisk comedy with Ford Sterling as an errant husband. (February.)

**STORM BREAKER, THE**—Universal.—A good story, some consistent character studies and excellent sea atmosphere make this a fine picture for adult entertainment. (November.)

**STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE**—Paramount.—A weird and unusual story of a professional beggar, well told by Herbert Brenon and splendidly acted by Percy Marmont. (October.)

**SUN-UP**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel, Lucille La Verne and Pauline Starke, and beautifully photographed. (October.)

**TEXAS TRAILER, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Harry Carey in that rare treat—a really entertaining and amusing Western picture. (September.)

**THANK YOU**—Fox.—The performance of Alce Francis as a small town minister is the only redeeming feature of this film. (December.)

**THAT MAN, JACK**—F. B. O.—Bob Custer again—just as loyal and brave as ever. (September.)

**THREE PALS**—Davis Dist.—An uninteresting story, badly played and badly directed. (January.)

**THREE WISE CROOKS**—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Brent tries to rescue the picture from mediocrity by some good acting, but to no avail. (December.)

**THUNDER MOUNTAIN**—Fox.—The old feud story, refreshingly told, with fine humor. (December.)

**TIMBER WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones doing his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November.)

**TIME, THE COMEDIAN**—M-G-M.—Worth seeing for the good performances of Mae Busch and Lew Cody. (February.)

**TONIO, SON OF THE SIERRAS**—Davis Dist.—A pretty good story of the by-gone West. (Feb.)

**TOWER OF LIES, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A worthwhile picture spoiled by a too-conscious effort to achieve art. Well played by Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer. (November.)

**TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY**—Warner Brothers.—Starring Rin-tin-tin. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (October.)

**TRIPLE ACTION**—Universal.—R. C. Denny and Laura La Plante screen a lady's folly to teach some society folk the Charleston. (Feb.)

**TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE**—Paramount.—Amusing domestic comedy with Florence Underhill, Moore, Ford Sterling and E. H. Rieu. (October.)

**TRUE NORTH, THE**—General Pictures.—A comedy set in Alaska and filled with plenty of thrills. (February.)

**TUMBLEWEEDS**—United Artists.—Bill Hart returns to the screen in a story of the old west, when the Indian territory was lawless, open to settlement. (Feb.)

**UNDER THE ROUGE**—A.—A red hot picture. While it isn't the best of its kind, it is gratifying and exciting crook story. (September.)

**UNGUARDED HOUR, THE**—Doris Keane.—A disappointment in this tale of a young lady who sets out to capture a womanizer and who, later, being none other than Mabel Sill. (February.)

**VANISHING AMERICAN, THE**—Paramount.—In spite of its weak points, this epic of the American Indian is very worth while seeing. Richard Dix gives a fine performance. (December.)

**WAGES FOR WIVES**—Fox.—A nice little comedy-drama based on the idea that Mr. and Mrs. should split fifty-fifty on the husband's salary. (Feb.)

**WALL STREET WHIZ, THE**—F. B. O.—All right for the young boys, who aren't particular about sense and logic. An absurd story with Richard Talmadge doing unnecessary gymnastics. (January.)

**WANDERER, THE**—Paramount.—It's a spectacularly beautiful production of the story of the Prodigal Son, with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery and Kathlyn Williams in the cast. (October.)

**WANDERING FIRES**—Constance Bennett and George Hackathorne save this picture from the cheap sentiment of Wallace MacDonald's acting. (Feb.)

**WEDDING SONG, THE**—Producers Dist.—Don't pass up this corking crook yarn. Leatrice Joy is a lady of shady reputation. (February.)

**WE MODERNS**—First National.—If you aren't bored with flapper pictures by this time, you will enjoy Colleen Moore as the English flapper. (Feb.)

**WHAT FOOLS MEN**—First National.—A nice little picture, with Lewis Stone. Introducing a new hero, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December.)

**WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES**—Universal.—A peach of a comedy with Reginald Denny, Marion Nixon and Zasu Pitts. Lots of suspense. (Dec.)

**WHEEL, THE**—Fox.—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Mahlon Hamilton in a good screen version of a popular play. (November.)

**WHITE DESERT, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A stirring story of a Colorado mining camp, with some fine spectacular scenes. (September.)

**WHITE OUTLAW, THE**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie, in a Western, is ably assisted by a horse and a dog. Better than average of its type. (September.)

**WHY WOMEN LOVE**—First National.—A good sea story with a number of thrilling episodes. (Dec.)

**WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Irene Rich is the victim of a plot that contains all the old movie hokum. (November.)

**WILD BULL'S LAIR, THE**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in the sort of Western melodrama that delights the children. (October.)

**WILD HORSE MESA**—Paramount.—A dashing melodrama, with fine scenery and an active plot, by Billie Dove, Jack Holt and Noah Beery. (October.)

**WILD, WILD SUSAN**—Paramount.—Amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod LaRocque. (Oct.)

**WINDING STAIR, THE**—Fox.—A passable romantic melodrama that falls short through a colorless performance given by Alma Rubens. (December.)

**WINDS OF CHANCE**—First National.—Plenty of thrills, plenty of story action and a large cast of popular players make this Alaskan melodrama worth your attention. (October.)

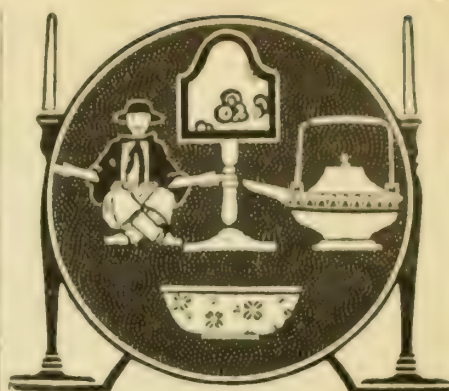
**WITH THIS RING**—Just one of those sexy affairs. If you're broad-minded and over twenty-five—all right. (November.)

**WOMAN OF THE WORLD, A**—Paramount.—An entertaining story of an Italian Countess who comes to Iowa to visit relatives, with Pola Negri in her most dangerously devastating mood. (February.)

**WOMAN'S FAITH, A**—Universal.—A dull and tiresome story that cannot be redeemed by the acting of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (October.)

**WOMAN HATER, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Clive Brook and Helene Chadwick are the leading players in a story of fairly stormy love. (September.)

**WRECKAGE**—Banner.—A fairly entertaining melodrama made worthwhile by performances by Mae Allison and Holmes Herbert. (November.)



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Gabriel Andre Petit  
Art Director

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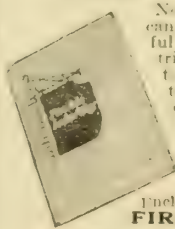


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Colleen  
*Moore*  
*in*  
"IRENE"



Johnny  
*Hines*  
*in*  
"RAINBOW  
RILEY"

A FASHION display that will make a Parisian milliner's look like the Garden of Eden! John McCormick presents Miss Moore in her greatest comedy achievement, adapted from the musical comedy triumph by James Montgomery, author, and Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy, composers. Directed by Alfred E. Green; June Mathis, editorial director, with a sterling cast that includes LLOYD HUGHES, George K. Arthur and Charlie Murray. It's bigger than its stage parent!

AND another riotous comedy from the king comedian whose two pictures for 1925 were among the year's best audience bets—by actual record! "Rainbow Riley," directed by Charles Hines from Thompson Buchanan's "The Cub," rollicks in the mishaps of a cub reporter sent to cover a Kentucky mountain feud. Picture Johnny as the novice trying to please both gunning factions and invariably antagonizing both! C. C. Burr presents this contagious farce.

You can see these features

First National





## *"The Reckless Lady"*

with  
Belle Bennett  
Ben Lyon  
Lois Moran  
James Kirkwood  
Lowell Sherman  
Charlie Murray

A PRODUCTION from Robert T. Kane as superb as the cast that enacts it! The desolation of lost love—the thrills of Monte Carlo—tradesmen's bills—mother love fighting tenaciously against an ominous doom—and the startling resurrection of a sublime romance. Belle Bennett repeats her magnificent mother role of "Stella Dallas," with Lois Moran as the daughter, in this adaptation of Sir Phillip Gibbs' memorable story, so ably directed by Howard Higgin.



## *"The Far Cry"*

with  
Blanche Sweet  
Jack Mulhall  
Myrtle Stedman  
Hobart Bosworth

THE wandering girl—a modern social nomad—who knew neither home nor father, with a philandering matron as a makeshift mother. Such was the character Arthur Richman featured in his stage success and whom Director Balboni, through Blanche Sweet's marvelous interpretation, has transferred to the screen. The colorful Continental background and a plot of steaming action make this an always intriguing picture. June Mathis acted as editorial director.

at the theatres that show

# Pictures





# At the Universities



FRATERNITY DANCES—AND THE THRILL OF POPULARITY, OF SUCCESS . . .

THOUSANDS OF GIRLS—girls dark and fair, long-haired and bobbed, graceful and *gauche*—shy girls, audacious girls, dreamy girls, provocative girls—in endless and fascinating variety they pour through our great mid-Western universities.

They are at an age when life seems a wonderful adventure—and success, admiration, the approval of others more desirable than it ever will seem again.

Latin verbs, yes; but what girl of twenty does not at heart believe supremely in the importance of a lovely, fresh, rose-leaf complexion?

Nearly 2,000 Woodbury users among the girl students of three great universities we canvassed! Woodbury's three times as popular as any other soap among the girls replying to us from the universities of Chicago and Michigan! Five times as popular at the University of Wisconsin!

Here are some of the hundreds of comments they volunteered:

"WHENEVER I 'religiously' use Woodbury's soap, with hot and cold water, I never fail to hear, in less than a month's time, such comments as 'What have you done to your face? It is so smooth and lovely.'"

"WE HAD BEEN in India for 5 years and on coming to Chicago I found the hard water and cold climate very hard on my skin. I think I tried every known American brand of soap, endeavoring to find one that would cleanse and yet not irritate. Woodbury's does just that. I think it perfect."

"AFTER USING Woodbury's my skin has such a fresh, clean feeling. As long as I keep using this soap I have no trouble with blemishes—my complexion continues to be clear and fine."

"BEFORE USING Woodbury's my face was covered with blemishes and my skin was very oily. I find these being removed by the use of Woodbury's. My skin is becoming soft and

Among nearly 5,000 girls at the Universities of Chicago, Michigan and Wisconsin, Woodbury's is from three to five times as popular as any other soap.

smooth by the daily use of it."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, etc. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming these common skin troubles, make it ideal for regular use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Now! the New large-size Trial Set!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,  
503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 503 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents, Quech & Gambles, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1.

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City.....State.....





G. Maillard Kessler

MAY ALLISON declines to rely on beauty alone for her place on the screen. She has spent nearly a year in two of First National's great specials soon to be released and those who have seen her work declare she will be acclaimed one of pictures' greatest actresses

*New  
Pictures*





Alfred Cheney Johnston

**S**TAGE players used to say the actor who built a strong road following was the one whose fame endured. Which course Evelyn Brent has followed in movies. Rather than be lost months in making specials, Evelyn has worked steadily in crook comedies for F. B. O. Result, a vast public





Alfred Cheney Johnston

**T**HE goodest girl who ever faced a movie camera, Lois Wilson stepped out in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives" when Paramount loaned her to First National. But back on the old home lot, Lois has gone good again, playing opposite Richard Dix in "Let's Get Married"





M. I. Boris

**A**FTER her exquisite Madonna in "Ben-Hur" there can be no doubt of the artistry of this discovery of Sir James M. Barrie. Totally unknown before "Peter Pan," Betty Bronson, in little more than a year, has become one of the foremost film favorites

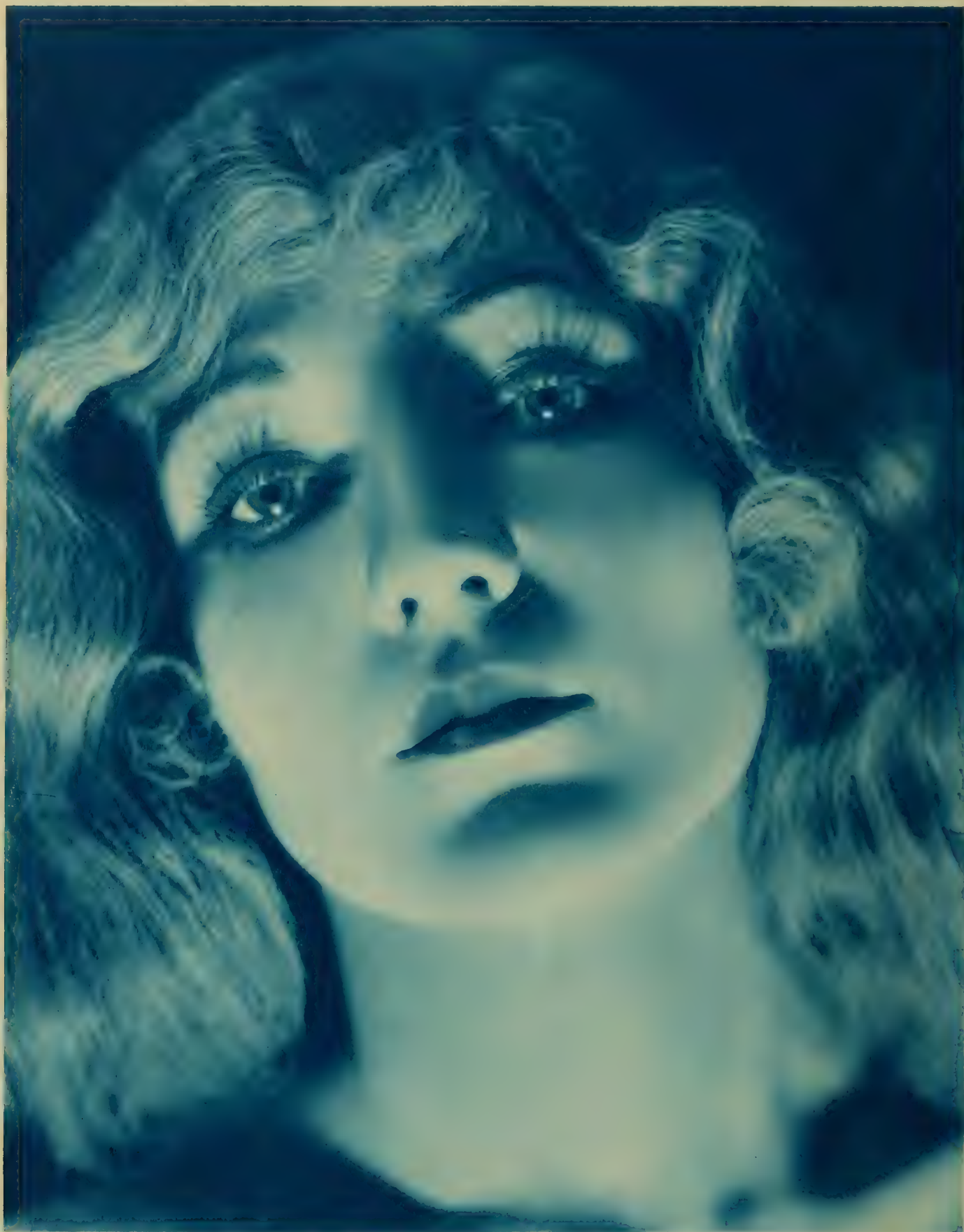




M. I. Boris

**L**ET'S GET MARRIED" is the name of Richard Dix's next picture and they do say that expression may go further than the studio with him. For rumor whispers there's a little extra girl in Hollywood who's causing him to consider abandoning his consistent bachelorhood





Freulich

**J**UST another little girl whom Ziegfeld forgot. Jane Winton graduated herself from the pulcritude playground and went to Paramount. Trained there and by Universal, she now belongs to one of the Western stock companies. One glance at Jane makes anyone take stock in it





Melbourne Spurr

**T**HERE is a look that lies and lies in both Vilma's and Ronald's eyes. Which is quite as it should be for on such looks are movie careers founded. These two are imported delights, Miss Banky coming from Budapest and Mr. Colman from London



# You Are So Pretty—You



Dorothy Manners decided that as an actress she was a good scenarist

*By Dorothy Spensley*

**H**ER profile is like Norma Talmadge's. Daintily patrician, with the faint touch of arrogance that distinguishes beauty of that type.

Ruby, the cigarette girl at the Montmartre, confided to me that when the Norma-like girl dances . . . gracefully beneath the festooned canopy . . . she is showered with questions as to her identity.

No, she is not an actress, nor does she aspire to be a great film mummer. She writes for her daily bread! Day after day and week after week she scribbles clever stories on film life. Month after month she grows nearer her goal of scenario writing.

To the uninitiated this waste of beauty and distinction sounds appalling. But we of Hollywood applaud her wisdom.

Dorothy Manners, the beauty-sacrificing scribe, is but one of many girls who pilgrimaged to Hollywood with glowing dreams of ruling the motion picture world. It looked so simple—so easy—this thing of film success—from her home town, where genial-voiced friends said "a girl as pretty as you should be in pictures."

And then there are the stories that emanate from Hollywood. Stories of the girl who was picked from the mob by a celebrated director and given the lead in his picture. Instant success was hers. And the girl who was walking along the Boulevard of Blighted Bliss, designated as Hollywood Boulevard on the unromantic Los Angeles street guide. A big producer glimpsed her and immediately skyrocketed her to sublimest stardom. And the girl who met the star at a dance . . . and the star was looking for a leading lady.

But do you ever hear of the girls who come to Hollywood and do not succeed in becoming actresses?

The girls who failed—here's the other side of Hollywood's story—that of the girls who missed out on the incandescents but who came through to success in other film channels

No! Of course not!

Failure has no place in the bright movie orbit.

But how about the girls who went through the deprivations often necessary to success and instead of finding that glowing reward at the end of the road, found naught but ashes? We can't all achieve what the world calls success, you know . . . some must lose in the deal so that sharp contrast can be etched.

What becomes of the girls who do not arrive at stardom . . . or who do not even reach a mediocre success?

What do they do?

Humorists would have it that they pick up the tray and serve the hungry throng; satirists would say they became beauty operators and scorched many a cinema bob for sheer jealousy; and your modernist would paint an untimely death by poison.

Kathleen Kay lost by a nose. She wouldn't have it bobbed. Instead she took to cutting cloth and now she's a leading designer



"Get a job where you eat regularly," is Patricia Fould's terse slogan. Pat's a casting agent



# Should Go in Pictures

Perhaps there is the essence of realism in each supposition. But that does not dispose of a certain element of girlhood endowed with brains as well as beauty—who sees the enormous possibilities of the screen as an outlet for creative and imaginative ability. Every studio has at least three or four girls in its employ who have been disappointed in their fame-seeking journey but who have turned to other lines of film endeavor.

And never once have I heard a girl who has abandoned an acting career for a rôle not so glamorous speak enviously of the life of a star.

**I**N casting aside film aspirations to reach a less glorified but often as important goal, she usually cultivates a philosophy—and tolerance—that serves her in good stead all her life. Who says the female is of the race of felines?

The thought immediately comes to mind, I rather imagine, that if a girl has beauty and brains, why is acting success so hard to attain. It seems that beauty and brains should overcome everything. It should, but often old Mother Nature plays us a mean little trick. In some wizardly way she neatly builds our nose a fraction of an inch too long, or skimps on the color pigment in our eyes. She is over-generous in our stature or

**Little Jerry Mulligan**  
hoped to be a comedienne.  
Instead she's a secretary  
for a film company



Marie Campbell had climbed to leading parts. Then came a slump. When it was over, Marie found she was Henry King's script girl

penurious in her gift of handsome teeth. Nevertheless, by certain and varied beauty standards we are considered pretty.

But the all-revealing eye of the camera is not so kind as our friends—our noses, our eyes, our heights and our teeth are shown quite frankly shorn of the kindly veils of vanity and sentiment. And sometimes it is a terrible blow to ego!

And then again Mother Nature, in beneficent mood, will add a pinch of uncommon common sense to a girl of beauty and brains with a result that I will now recount.

Dorothy Manners is a Fort Worth, Texas, girl. Now, to the film world, Texas as a state is classed with Ohio and its president-begging fame. If you come from Texas you are bound to become a star, it seems. Look at Bebe Daniels, Corinne Griffith and Florence Vidor. So Dorothy—with her patrician profile—came to Hollywood and for three years went the rounds of the motion picture extra.

**I**T'S no macadamized road—that. Nor is it carpeted with velvet. And the distance between the Universal Studio and Lasky's is great—and rough. But Dorothy trudged it back and forth for several years, meeting with a certain amount of fortune. She had a part with Shirley Mason at Fox. A lead with "Buck" Jones. It looked as if Dorothy had put it over when this was augmented by a leading rôle opposite Herbert Rawlinson.

Then Dorothy got to thinking. Possibly if Dorothy had not been endowed with uncommon common sense she might still be an actress of a sort. Dorothy decided that as an actress she was a dismal failure. She just didn't "register." And the skill with which an actor "registers" is akin to the way a poet weaves his lilting lays, or a painter blends his colors, or a composer creates his melody. It is the art.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]



Colleen Moore is glad Patsy Young's charm didn't register. For Patsy's camera failure made her Colleen's perfect secretary





### "Yes, Sir! That's My Baby"

Sings Maurice Costello. And well he might. For Dolores, his daughter, is featured in two noteworthy films on Broadway in one week, and the critics are acclaiming her one of the screen's greatest finds. She is featured with John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast," and in Paramount's "Mannequin," and her work in each is startlingly finished. She looks like a young Elsie Ferguson





That thrilling moment when the horses of *Ben-Hur* (Novarro) gain against those of *Messala* (Bushman).  
No doubles were used

# A Modern Miracle Film

**T**HROUGH great tribulation ye enter the kingdom. . . .

And so it is with the picture through which He walks. "Ben-Hur" enters the kingdom of art through titanic struggle, one of the greatest of all pictures because of its great appeal to all mankind.

There was real drama and sacrifice in the making of it, and, what is more, fine faith and reverence, without which the picture would have failed, for this is the Tale of the Christ.

The story of this production is the story of men who staked their fortunes, of men who risked their careers, their very lives, to realize the perfect picturization of General Lew Wallace's powerful story. Their reward on the opening night was a mighty roll of cheers that went up spontaneously from people who saw in it an inspired work of consecration, one that reaches beyond all race and creed into the hearts of men.

There were no doubles in "Ben-Hur."

Remember that when you see the perilous galley scenes and the terrifying chariot race. Novarro drove the chariot as *Ben-Hur* drove his, and Francis X. Bushman drove the four black steeds as *Messala* drove them. Fred Niblo, the day after the production was shown in New York, be-moaned the fact that the presence of a double in a difficult scene was so generally accepted.

By Ruth Waterbury

"It is absolutely true that Novarro and Bushman drove those teams," Niblo said. "I couldn't engage a double who would even rehearse such a scene, and once they were in it, neither Novarro or Bushman would leave, great as was the risk involved. Yet, despite the fact that every close-up and long shot shows them both plainly, the very officials of this company pat me on the back and grin when I say there wasn't a double anywhere."

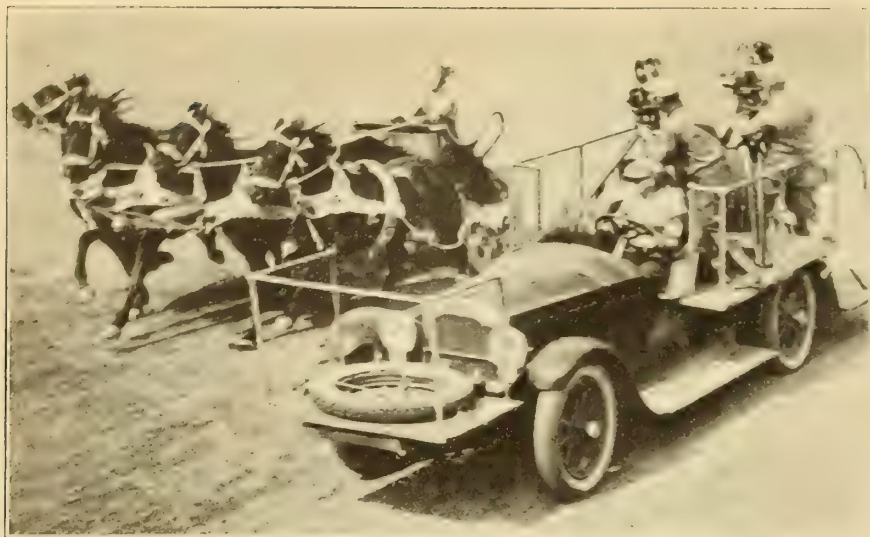


The perfect reproduction of a galley, showing the glory that once was Rome

**F**OR the galley scenes, as terrible as Dante's Inferno, the men went down with the boats in the oily waters of Leghorn Bay, where the scenes were filmed. In the raft scene Frank Currier, that fine old actor, nearly died. He and Novarro were exposed to the terrible chill of the water and the winds for more than four hours. Novarro kept Currier from pneumonia only by slapping him constantly and pouring into him generous amounts of the brandy that was sent to them from time to time by rowboat.

For the chariot race the Circus Maximus of the Caesars was reproduced both in California and in Italy. The one in Italy was never used, because of the obstacles that beset the production over there. Niblo said the labor conditions in Italy are almost impossible for an American to imagine. The Fascist and the anti-Fascist elements are al-





Here's how they did it. Auto-mounted, this camera close-uped Bushman through the entire course. Forty-one other cameras simultaneously shoot the scene



Fred Niblo, director, and Marcus Loew, M-G-M president, who did the financing

ways warring. He described it as being as though a crowd of Republicans and a crowd of Democrats were put to work on one job here, and suddenly, a dozen times a day, without warning, the Democrats were to start hurling hammers, rivets, boards, or any other weapon at the other faction.

Another thing they found it impossible to discover was a good Italian electrician. Niblo combed the cities, but all of them were too slow. He finally got his electricians from Vienna, the only Continental city, so he says, where workmen have pep.

**W**HEN it came time for them to get horses, Niblo located four of the most beautiful white steeds he had ever seen. He tried to buy them but the trader stated he had another patron who desired them, and he must consider the price. Every bid that Niblo made for them was immediately covered by the unknown party. The American director was not disturbed, however. He felt sure no Italian could hold out against movie money. But the price kept rising. Then he inquired who this opulent Italian could be. The unknown was the agent of the Pope. The Pope got the horses.

Before the Italian Circus was finished the fall had come on and the days shortened so that only a few hours of sunlight remained. It was a matter of abandoning the whole thing and returning to California or of waiting six months for the spring to come round once more. Hence the Italian circus was never used.

The Circus you see on the screen required four months to build. Forty-eight horses appear in the race of the twelve chariots, with a hundred and fifty horses utilized in all. Every important personage in Hollywood was out the morning the final scenes were shot. Niblo and his assistants issued orders through a loud speaker from a tower, while the batteries of cameras were manipulated by the wig-wagging system of army and navy signal flags, and a specially installed telephone system conveyed verbal instructions to various parts of the vast arena.

Forty-two cameras were trained on the race—the greatest number ever employed on a scene. They were utilized in every conceivable position. Some were concealed behind the soldiers along the course, shooting through apertures in the men's shields. Some

were inside the huge statues that towered to a height of thirty-five feet.

Cameras were buried in the ground and cameras swung from cables overhead.

The cameras buried in the ground created the effect of horses and chariots driving out from the screen and over the heads of the audience.

The race as it took place among the cameras was as thrilling in actuality as you see it on the screen. Real accidents occurred. The accident you see on the screen, where a chariot is wrecked and five oncoming chariots with their twenty horses pile on top of it, was an act of circumstance, such as often happens in a real race. Fortunately the men escaped, but unfortunately several horses were injured.

Novarro had luckily driven wide and so escaped the wreck. But he invited genuine hazard for himself and Bushman, when he drove his four horses against those of the latter in order to wrench off the Roman's chariot wheel, as *Ben-Hur* did in the story. There could be no faking about this. It had to be done at high speed, directly before the cameras. It is a testimonial to the skill of Novarro and Bushman as charioteers, gained through months of training in Italy, that they accomplished the feat without injury to themselves or to the horses, save for a slight grazing of one steed.



Death from exposure threatened Novarro and Frank Currier playing this scene, as survivors of a wreck, in the icy waters of Leghorn Bay

**T**HE niceties of mechanical skill that went into the filming of this scene can scarcely be described. The oncoming chariots were photographed from a motor truck travelling ahead of them. Two cameras caught the foreground shots while a third camera simultaneously took telescopic close-ups of the drivers, registering every passing expression of the faces. Again the trucks sped alongside the chariot at the same speed as the horses to get the side shots.

An accident was narrowly averted when the black horses of Bushman's chariot crashed into the side of the car bearing the cameras. And again, tragedy loomed over the arena when the black horses sent to drag out the wrecked chariot suddenly ran wild, crashing for the camera platform, beneath which Breese Easton was stationed directing the scene. Easton saved himself by

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



# 3170 Miles from Broadway

A Gotham Cereus blooms  
on a Hollywood  
Orange Tree

By  
Dorothy  
Spenseley



In "Whispering Smith" Lilyan had to weep, for the first time in her career. And, like most beginners, she couldn't stop

**L**ILYAN TASHMAN is one of those decisive persons who get what they go after.

If she wanted the moon, it would be served her on a silver salver in a fortnight—or sooner.

She must be remotely related to Salome, the girl who desired the cranium of John the Baptist. And got it for the dancing. But whether Salome paid the piper for his accompaniment you must decide for yourself.

Lilyan paid the piper. Doubly paid him in good, hard work. She danced and danced and danced—and sang. And then, figuratively, came the salvered head. Not of John the Baptist, of course—the similitude is not sacrilegiously intended. The head is allegorical and symbolizes fame and fortune.

To begin with, I regret to inform you that Lilyan was born in Brooklyn, New York. And Lilyan's own smartly hatted head drooped over her sliced tomato and cottage cheese salad as she confessed it. Brooklyn is a highly respectable town, understand, with its full quota of Babbitts and others, but Lilyan is the kind of girl of whom you expect the exotic.

She should have been born in India or Bangkok—reared by a wrinkled and toothless amah—placed in a French convent when very young—and escaped when a beautiful girl to make her stage debut in Budapest. *A la* Marie Corelli or Madame Glyn. But what matters a little thing like background? It is our present self that counts.

Born in Brooklyn, educated there, it was a tea that changed Lilyan's life. Teas often change the destinies of mortals and nations. Look what the fragrant leaf did for England—and five o'clock! And assuredly it placed Ceylon on the map.

Lilyan was studying to be a teacher. She was to be a pedagogue. Imagine! Then one day she and her school books attended a tea at which Florenz Ziegfeld was a guest. Flo Ziegfeld needs no introduction. What Vespucci was to the Americas, Ziegfeld is to the varieties.

"Who is the tawny-haired beauty?" he queried of the hostess.

And so Lilyan went into the Follies.

It was when Nita Naldi was one [CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]





John Bunney



Olive Thomas



Tom Ince



Clarine Seymour



Wm. D. Taylor

# The Final Fade-outs

**T**HIS is a story of death coming suddenly in the prime of life to people who had climbed to fame.

These are the strange deaths of Hollywood, tragic, mysterious deaths, too many of them in too short a time.

Even Death is not simple in the movie colonies. With other people in other lines of endeavor, their work lives after them. When an actor dies, all that he was, all that he might have been, dies with him. Others may come and take his place, but never can any other being carry on his art, create beauty or laughter just as he would have created it. In film circles death is the absolute end, killing fortunes, ambitions and all fair things. In other societies it can be release, peace as the reward for the journey, a mantle of mysterious majesty for the lowliest man. In the movie colonies it is never any of these things.

These are the strange deaths of the studios, more than twenty of them, girls and boys together, youth and beauty, pomp and poverty.

\* \* \* \* \*

**M**ARY THURMAN is dead. Pretty Mary Thurman, who had the loveliest figure that ever graced a Sennett bathing suit. She had been a university graduate, a school teacher, a belle of filmland, an ambitious red-headed young actress. She died alone except for Juanita Hansen and her mother. Juanita had stuck through everything, when Mary was being moved from one New York hospital to another, when Mary's mother couldn't be located, things like that. Mary had been sick a long while. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia, but she had been weakened by malaria acquired in the swamps of Florida while working on her last picture. They buried her from the Mormon church in her home town in Utah.

That was a few days before Christmas. For J. Gordon Edwards Christmas Day was the end. He was about to check

out from the Plaza hotel, Manhattan, to start for Hollywood and make another stab at re-entering pictures. Edwards had been a big director. The "Queen of Sheba," "Nero" and "The Shepherd King" were his. Yet the last time he visited Hollywood hunting for work he couldn't get a chance. He was about to start out again on Christmas Day. He was 58 and jobless. A broken heart. They called it pneumonia.



Beautiful Mary Thurman has gone back to rest in the shadow of the Mormon church where she was christened Mary Jones

**A**LITTLE before those two, on Armistice day, Mrs. Sidney Drew went to join her husband. She was only 35, and no matter what the doctors called it, her friends all knew it was a broken heart. To the burden of her sorrow over Sidney Drew she had to add failure also. After Sidney died in 1919, she tried to go on alone. She did a couple of comedies. They were years in advance of their audiences. She and Sidney had worked for Vitagraph, Metro and others. After her two comedies she couldn't get a look-in.

Just about that time Lovey Marsh, Mae's sister, slipped away. She was thirty-three and she, too, hadn't succeeded. Hers was a nervous breakdown complicated by pneumonia. She had tried and tried to get on, but she never did. Once she co-starred with Martha Mansfield, who was her greatest friend. That was the closest to the front rank she ever got.

Martha's death hurt her terribly. It was Thanksgiving day and she was working on "The Warrens of Virginia" somewhere down in Texas. She was a soft and fluffy darling. She had been a Follies girl, a star for Selznick and the world lay before her. She was engaged, though not many people knew it, to one of the biggest producers.

Martha was dressed that day in a billowing costume of crinoline. Some actor tossed away a match. Wilfred Lytell, her leading man, saved her lovely face by throwing his coat over



Lester Cuneo



Fred Mace



Bernie Durning



Lovey Marsh

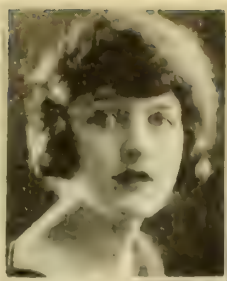


Arthur Johnson





Geo. Loane Tucker



Martha Mansfield



Wally Reid



Florence Labadie



Harold Lockwood

## Even Death is not simple in the movie colonies

her, but her body was so badly burned she couldn't recover.

For sheer tragedy her death wasn't comparable to Olive Thomas'. Olive had been in the Follies when Martha was, and at Selznick's too, and she was the toast of the street called Broadway.

At fourteen Olive was working, making \$3 a week. At sixteen she was in "The Follies." At twenty-one she was a movie star and married to Jack Pickford. She had beautiful clothes and diamonds and love. Ah, it was wonderful how Olive had succeeded!

Happiness formed a radiant aura around her as she sailed with Jack for their honeymoon in Paris. Then came a Sunday morning in September.

The stories now are conflicting. Some say that Jack came home about dawn and found Olive incapable of speech, her throat burned out with deadly bichloride of mercury. Others say he had been there when Olive went to the medicine chest ostensibly to get headache tablets. The French government, which is an efficient one, began investigations. Olive never spoke again and before death came even her sight had been burned away.

**D**RUGS got Wally Reid, drugs taken as the result of overwork. Poor, beloved Wally. His was as game a fight as ever a man put up. He will always be enshrined in the hearts of the fans.

Stark mystery to this day surrounds the death of William Desmond Taylor. Unlike Wally, no one knew him very well. He was a silent personage with a hidden background. Then he was found dead one morning. Everything indicated that it was murder. Who did it and why has never been revealed. Taylor's passing killed more than himself, notably the career of Mary Miles Minter.

Suicide, that most desperate of deaths, came to the studios, taking Max Linder, Fred

By Ruth Waterbury

Mace, Lester Cuneo, Florence Deshon and perhaps one other.

Linder was the first film comedian. A dapper little Frenchman he started making comedies in his native country about the time the first train wreck was being photographed over here. Last November he and his wife died in a suicide pact in Paris. She was twenty-one, twenty years his junior. Her mother, calling on them, was told by the *concierge* they had left orders not to be disturbed. They had escaped life through injections of veronal and morphine.



Mrs. Drew never recovered from Sidney's loss. They were so happy

**A** BULLET through the heart winged Lester Cuneo from life. It was a few seconds after a violent quarrel with his wife who filed suit for divorce.

It was unrequited love with Fred Mace. He adored every glance and gesture of Lovey Marsh's. Maybe it was because he was a fat man, and a funny one. Anyway, Lovey never seemed to love him. One night he came into the Astor Hotel, where he lived, and sat with friends in the lobby for hours talking about the girl. About noon the next day the house detective called them. "This guy Mace is dead," said the house detective. "Poison."

Florence Deshon was regarded as one of the most intelligent girls who ever entered pictures. She had signed a five year contract with Goldwyn a few days before she was found in a tiny bedroom at the back of Mrs. Dudley Field Malone's apartment. The medical examiner pronounced death accidental. The only mystery, he said, was why, with the apartment especially wired for electricity, Miss Deshon should have used the single gas jet in the room and forgotten to turn it off.

And Bobby Harron, Griffith's discovery, Bobby who telephoned the desk of his hotel saying, "I'm in a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



J. Gordon Edwards died jobless



Max Linder



Florence Deshon



Bobby Harron



Lucile Rickson



Pop Lubin





Following Mac Marsh and Lillian and Dorothy Gish in Griffith's screen college, Carol Dempster has suffered for years from the refined torture of comparison and prejudice. But with "That Royle Girl," Carol takes her place at the top of the class



# A Victim of Prejudice

Carol Dempster fought it gamely for three years, and has licked it to a standstill

By Dorothy Herzog

**P**REJUDICE, whether it be just or unjust, is the lurking "bogey" that creeps in the wake of screen players.

Few escape prejudice in one shape or another.

How often have you heard: "I don't like Tom Mix. He's too cocksure of himself. And Ben Turpin? Ye gods, he makes me sick. Thinks he's funny, the poor thing."

Prejudice usually kills outright or jeers its victims into oblivion. The worst kind of screen prejudice, from what we have discovered, is that which accuses one player of trying to emulate another. In pictures, the first shall be the last and that's all there is to it. Santa Claus or no Santa Claus.

**W**E question if any screen personality has been more victimized by this refined method of torture than Carol Dempster, D. W. Griffith's leading lady.

When "Isn't Life Wonderful?" appeared, the prejudiced, who numbered in the thousands plus, dismissed Miss Dempster's dramatic performance with a shrug, a raise of the brow, and:

"Fair, my dear, fair, but remember Mae Marsh in 'The Birth of a Nation' and Lillian Gish in 'Way Down East'? She can't touch them with a hundred yard pole."

When "Sally of the Sawdust" rollicked across the silver sheet, these same voices united to ignore Carol's drolleries and dramatics with:

"You ain't seen nothing. She's small potatoes. Remember Dorothy Gish in 'Orphans of the Storm'? The Dempster girl may be um-m-m, but . . ."

Never would this versatile young exponent of emotions get beyond that insinuating "but." These innuendoes cut her to the quick, yet she went quietly about her business, appearing in public rarely, devoting her energy and her thoughts to her



Griffith gave Carol her first chance as Gypsy Fair in "Dream Street"



In "That Royle Girl" she proved herself a great artist

work. The bitter propaganda spread about herself made her afraid of people. When she did meet strangers, she shrank into herself and managed only to murmur obvious commonplaces.

"Nothing here," circulated another story, the narrator pointing significantly to his head. "Can't imagine how she gets away with it."

And then "That Royle Girl" unfolded before our eyes like a rare, colorful orchid in a storm-swept garden, and Miss Dempster's startling characterization of *Daisy Royle*, with one fell swoop and twelve reels, hurtled prejudice of three years' growth.

She proved without gainsaying she was no Mae Marsh, Lillian or Dorothy Gish prototype. She was Carol Dempster, individualistic, vivid, gifted. She demonstrated by her convincing delineation of

her many-sided rôle that she had gray matter aplenty in her cerebellum and that it takes more than one idea to give her a headache. To filch an Abraham Lincoln subtitle from the picture that won her friends where before there had been antagonists: "Right is might."

No one was more astounded by

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



# Why Do They Change

By Frances Marion

**W**HEN I am the authoress I become very haughty and protest: "Let anyone dare change my stories!"

And when I am the scenarist I plead very humbly, "Dear authors and public, do not challenge the changes in the stories." Because here are the reasons why:

In the first place, the most delightful narrative cannot be translated to the screen because so often its charm lies in its analyses, its philosophy, its pattern of beautiful word-pictures.

Unfortunately many fine books are bought which have little material in them for the screen.

Because the language of the screen is pantomime, experiences and reactions must be expressed in gestures and physical situation. It is absolutely necessary to have action in our screen stories.

Titles on the screen are used when it becomes impossible to explain clearly our scenes with pantomime; they are the picture presentation of ideas.

**S**OME day, when we have perfected a language for moving pictures, we will buy few books and plays, but will write directly for the screen.

These few books and plays will be basically sound for the needs of our own medium.

They will not be chosen at random, bought because they have proven successful narratives, but because the story-teller has expressed his idea in action sufficiently physical to make it transferable as it stands to the screen.

Ibanez writes colorful plot movement. "The Four Horsemen" on the screen is as the author wrote it. It is a splendid picture.

"The Merry Widow" on the screen is nothing in plot or treatment like the old "Merry Widow" of the stage. It is also a splendid picture.

I have translated several hundred books and plays to the screen. Authors have fainted when they have seen their "brain-children" in fantastic new garb, authors have threatened, and authors have written appreciative letters, many endorsing and applauding the free translation of their books.

The latter authors are in closer touch with the making of



Frances Marion is the most famous and successful of all scenarists, men or women, and her annual income from her work stands at a most enviable figure. It exceeds \$250,000. Producers pay her \$50,000 for a single script. She prepared for the screen two of the five winners of the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor pictures, "Humoresque" (1920) and "Abraham Lincoln" (1924).

pictures, and they have begun to understand why these revisions are necessary.

For an example, let me explain why I changed "The Dark Angel." It was a very successful play, a very successful picture; yet the plots of the play and picture are divorced.

A play reaches several thousand, a picture is shown to millions. So it is that a successful picture must appeal to every type of mind, and to every age.

In "The Dark Angel," a difficult problem lay before us. The play of "The Dark Angel" told the story of an English girl who was so infatuated with an officer that she gave herself to him on the eve of his departure for Flanders. He was reported killed.

**F**IVE years passed. She loved another. It was no infatuation, but a deep-rooted and tender love. To her the past stood between them. Her secret was locked in her heart: she wanted to marry the man she loved, but she had given herself to another.

Then she found that the officer wasn't killed, but blinded, and that he had hidden himself away from the world under an assumed name.

She went to him. He successfully pretended that he could see because he feared she would, out of pity, sacrifice her life to him. She told him that she loved another, that she would be happy with the man of her choice if he would release her from the bond of their old promise.

He feigned indifference to her and wished her good fortune. When she did discover that he was blind, she told him she would give up her life and remain with him, to watch over him and comfort him as long as he lived.

He protested gloriously against this.

He convinced her that he no longer cared, and sent her away with the man that she loved, while he faced a life of loneliness and unfathomable longing.

Now for the reason of the changes: In the first place we must convince our audiences how much a girl really loves a man in order to push aside the barriers of conventional marriage. It takes at least two reels to run through these scenes. And, as



# the Stories on the Screen?

"All the world loves a lover," we do not slight their romance. We see them together, in springtime happiness.

Then war-clouds gather. Follows their long emotional parting. Few have not sent forth men they loved on dangerous missions. It is no hurried gesture, this tearing of hearts, this slow agonized release from arms of love.

Now that we have revealed this great emotion between two people, we cannot shock our audiences by saying in a cold title, "Five years later," and introduce another man with whom our heroine is in love.

carry away a remembrance of his happiness, and so we no longer pity but rejoice with him.

Of course there is a percentage who would have preferred the unhappy ending of the play. But most of us know sorrow, and disillusion, and weariness from work. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]

Have you gone to a theater to see your favorite novel or play screened, found nothing of it remaining, not even the title, remembered the price the producer paid for the original story and come away murmuring, "Why do they do it?"

If you have had this experience, this article of Miss Marion's is for you. Frankly she tells how stories must be changed to satisfy the producer, star and you, the great movie public. She asks, also, your pity on the scenario writers, who have a hard life, even if they do earn enough to cause the President apoplexy.

A few years ago she married Fred Thomson, champion athlete, who left the ministry for the screen and is now a very popular Westerner

Especially not with such a hero as Ronald Colman playing the role of the officer! We are much more interested in following him—through battle; we see him wounded, we see his heart-struggle not to return to the girl he loves and be a burden to her. Truly a great and worthy love.

The other man comes into her life. He is kind, he loves her. He pleads with her not to deny herself a woman's birthright: a husband to protect her, children to fill her empty life with work and happiness.

She cannot live forever with the ghost of a remote sorrow. Reluctantly she consents to marry him. But all the time Fate is weaving the threads of the lovers into one pattern. They find each other again; she is sent to him by the man who would make her his wife.

As it was in the play, he hides his blindness. It is a poignant, dramatic scene where he sends her away, then releases himself to his grief. She returns, guided instinctively back to him, because love is the vital force of life and it cannot be denied.

When we leave them in each other's arms we feel that the veil of his sorrow is lifted and that through her he will see with his blind eyes all the divine beauties of life.

This ending permits us to





# Bucked Into Stardom



A wonderfully interesting story of how Hoot Gibson, a champion buster and the most superstitious of stars, painted his face and won a mansion in Beverly Hills

*By Ivan St. Johns*

Hoot Gibson, being just plain regular, is happiest when he wears this outfit

THIS here Hoot Gibson is a genial sort of a cuss. They used to call him the "Smilin' Cowboy" in the days when his appearances on the screen in stunts and chases were so brief you'd miss 'em altogether if you winked your eyes. I can understand why. The thing that stands out most about him is an easy, pleasant, deprecatory grin that matches up with his easy, graceful, unobtrusive movements.

That and his superstitions. I have met up with Africans, Hindoos, and Irishmen in my time that I thought were superstitious, but they were tame specimens compared to this Hoot person.

First thing he said to me, pushing back his eighty-dollar Stetson and scratching his head pensively, was, "This here picture I'm making—'Chip of the Flying U.' Well, you can't tell nothing about it. I worked in it once before, 'bout ten years ago. Got a bad fall and was six months in the hospital. Now we're making it again and I've had six directors on it already, but something happened to every one but the sixth before I could get started shootin'. No, I'm not superstitious—much—but I'll yell if a black cat dares cross my path. But maybe we'll get out all right yet. Young jack-rabbit run between my horse's legs yesterday and that's supposed to be good luck."

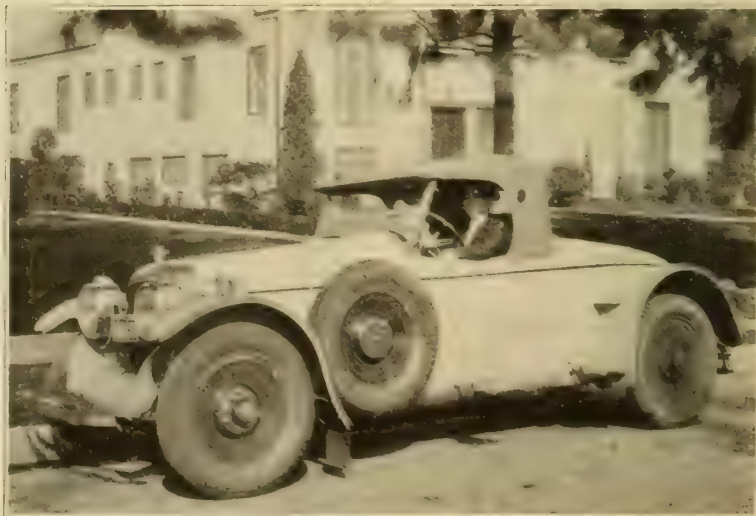
My meeting up again with Hoot Gibson came about like this.

The motion picture game is full of surprises. I have become somewhat hardened to them by now.

But when I discovered the other day how important Hoot Gibson had become in the movies,

I was actually astonished. Probably because he deserves it, and in Hollywood it is not always the people who deserve it that get success. Not always.

When I knew Hoot back in the old Triangle days, before the late war, he was just a cowboy, working most anywhere he could. When we had an afternoon off, Hoot and Monte Blue



Appearances are appearances, however, so Hoot has a car. He's as skillful with machinery as with a pinto pony



(who was a "hand" then himself) and Abe Farra and Cliff Smith and I used to go out to the old Triangle ranch at Inceville, and spend an afternoon with the horses. I saw more great trick riding and roping in that corral than I've ever seen in any staged rodeo.

But as a result of those old days I had Hoot pigeon holed in my mind as a good contest hand and a good-natured kid, but I certainly had not reckoned on his becoming ace high Universal star and topman at the Universal box office.

That, however, is what he is. Today, my old friend Hoot Gibson is now one of the two or three reigning Western stars. And interviewing him is like pulling teeth out of a tiger.

That's superstition again. He doesn't like to talk about his luck. It might decide to leave him.

**W**HEN you ask him to tell you about something, he says, "Why, that wasn't nothing. There wasn't nothing to that at all."

However, he didn't deny that he was born in a little town in Washington and grew up on horseback—like Tom Mix, a real cowboy.

"What year was it you won the all-round championship at Pendleton, Oregon?" I asked him.

"Oh—I don't know. Quite a while back."

"You did win it, didn't you?"

"Yeh, I guess so. They have them contests up there every year. You can see some pretty nice contest stunts if you go up there."

"Somebody told me that you had 58 points, and the man who was second only had thirty-three."

"My gosh, ain't some folks got queer



This is Mrs. Hoot, standing with her husband on the steps of their charming house. Oh yes, it's near the Fairbankses and such people



Hoot earning the pay envelope. Modest and unspoiled, he's the best box office star Universal's got

memories. Seems like that's mighty useless thing for a man to carry around remembering all these years."

"Not so long. It was in 1912 you were champion."

"Well, if you knowed that all the time," said Hoot, peevishly, "what were you asking me such fool questions for?"

"And then you went to Australia."

"Did I?"

"Sure. Some guy promoted you into a lot of hippodrome contests with all the crack busters and riders in Australia."

"Well, so he did," said Hoot, grinning pleasantly. "Say, that reminds me of one funny thing happened over there in Australia. I'd always wanted to take a look at that country, seeing I'd read in my geography about kangaroos and bushwackers and all that."

"I didn't see any of them, but I got acquainted with an Australian saddle. I went into some contests over there, and I had some luck—old woman give me a four-leaf clover on the boat and them Australians thought there was something funny about it. I was riding a regular American stock saddle, and pretty soon they about decided among themselves that was the reason I'd been winning."

"So they said right out that nobody could really very well fall off of a horse with a saddle like that, and no wonder I could stay on better, and why didn't I be a sport and ride like they done, with an Australian saddle. Well, I didn't see no call to deny them a little thing like that, so I said for them to bring it on and I'd ride that, and they could have my big stock saddle which they insulted by calling a upholstered chair."

"Well, when I seen their [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]





Donald Keith was engaged to a sweet young girl when he started East to film "Dancing Mothers"



The papers printed rumors of Donald's engagement to Clara Bow, playing in the same piece

# A Comedy of Errors

By Blake McVeigh

SEVERAL hundred years ago Bill Shakespeare wrote a play about the embarrassing circumstances that followed a mistake in identity among lovers. The play is "A Comedy of Errors," and always has been good for a flock of laughs.

Hollywood insiders have just got through chuckling over their own modern version of Shakespeare's famous farce, yet to pert and pretty Clara Bow, her fervent admirer, Gilbert Roland, and Donald Keith, a handsome young screen actor, and his loved one, the matter was far from funny.

The tale begins, of course, in Hollywood, where Miss Bow reigns as the prima donna of all the flappers. Well, Clara, it happens, was summoned to New York to take an active part in the making of "Dancing Mothers." And several days later, a wire was received by young Mr. Keith instructing him to hurry to New York to play in the same film. Both said farewell to their relatives and friends (this is important in the light of what is to follow) and left the movie colony content with its gossip and its art.

JUST about the time they reached New York, both bought newspapers and, *mirabile dictu*, there, on the very first page, were their names!

The newspaper yarn had them engaged to be married! And still more disconcerting to them was the fact that it came from Hollywood.

"Gee, what will Gilbert say?" ejaculated Miss Bow, and she slapped herself on the brow and staggered.

"Yes, and what will—(the name of the sweet young girl, not in pictures, that he hoped to wed) say?" demanded young Mr. Keith. And his brows were at the moment just as

corrugated as those of Mr. Conway Tearle ever were at any time during his troubled motion picture existence.

Miss Bow and young Mr. Keith were not long in doubt as to what their fiances thought about the report. "What is the meaning of this?" was the tenor of the telegrams that came to them from out of the West.

Both Mr. Roland, who, it must be explained, is one of these Spanish toreadors whose real name is Luis Alonzo, and Mr. Keith's sweetheart, read the startling report in the Los Angeles newspapers and believed the worst.

Didn't they have reason to believe that their lovers had been faithless? Wasn't Clara Bow the best little vamp in Hollywood and hadn't she and young Mr. Keith been the principals in some highly convincing love scenes in three or four pictures? And even now, as a matter of fact (thought Miss Bow's Latin lover and Mr. Keith's non-professional friend) weren't Donald and Clara probably close in each other's arms, before the camera and in all the bright lights of the studio, but still—

It was just too terrible for words. It really was.

Like sensible people, Miss Bow and Mr. Keith immediately wired back to Hollywood that their reported engagement was a falsehood, but you can imagine what the anxious folks out in Filmland thought when they again read the same story in the newspapers—only this time it came from New York City, where Clara and Donald were.

"Gee," exclaimed Clara, "if I read this account in a paper once more, I'll believe it myself."

And she sighed, reflecting, no

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



That was complicated by another fiancé, Clara's, whose screen name is Gilbert Roland, but whose ancestry is Latin. Read what followed





"Why don't you change your style and encourage him a little? If you did, he might begin wondering what it's all about"

# Wedding Knells

He thought himself love-proof—and then he found a girl who listened

THE capable secretary puckered her pretty brows a little as her pencil raced along. She had good reason to be slightly puzzled about it for this dictation she was taking seemed unusual and dampish, if not all wet:

By Karl Green

MR. BLITZ JENKINS,  
Medium Neck, Long Island

*My good Jenkins:*

This is to apprise you of *Frantic Films'* final offer of \$11,000 for the screen rights to your novel, "Goat Alley." Title to be changed from "Goat Alley" to "The Curse of Marriage." Action to be shifted from Waukomis, Oklahoma, to New York City, where more morons marry. Comedy relief by negro character, *Mose*, who whitewashes fences because he is married.

Opening Title—"Marriage, weighing down like a moldy blanket on the milling millions, has caused more misery in this old world of ours than war, pestilence and efficiency combined."

Flash—Galley slaves of ancient Rome, chained to their oars.

Title—"The Romans, mightiest of men, still had Marriage."

Out of this mythical and allegorical beginning the plot unfolds—

"My dear man," said the pretty secretary at that moment, with a gentle and reproachful drawl.

Mr. Tomlinson Bowman, the bright young subdirector of the

scenario department of *Frantic Films*, had been dictating with his elbows on his desk and his head in his hands. Now he looked up, with an expression of sorrowful reproof.

"Sweet, sweet Lonnie," he said plaintively. "Now let's go on with the letter."

"No," said Lonnie tranquilly, and put down her pencil and pad. She sat back in her chair, shifted her position a little so she could look out of the windows, and began studying the skyline of uptown Manhattan with airy serenity. Mr. Bowman regarded her with a baffled expression which deepened slowly into sour understanding.

"You would imply that I have been dictating tommyrot," he said bitterly. Lonnie favored him with a blue reflective stare. "Very well then, I have been dictating tommyrot," said Mr. Bowman wearily.

After another pause, he seemed to feel that explanations were in order. "Of late," he submitted with scowling nonchalance, "I have been grieved, deeply grieved and harassed and positively bothered, over the approaching fate of a fool friend. Hence, these few absent-minded reflections on the subject of wedlock. He thinks he wants to get married," said Mr. Bowman with a shudder.

"How sweet," said the dainty secretary over her shoulder. "Is it anybody I know?"

"The male party to the infamy is Dickie Lee," said Mr. Bowman in a tired voice.

In the placid gaze of Lonnie appeared a flicker of interest. "Oh, Mr. Lee—he assembles the *Frantic Films Fortnightly*, doesn't he?" she asked.



# Tom Bowman, the cynic, saved his friend from

"There is a tradition to that effect," said Mr. Bowman with reserve.

"But who is the pretty lady?" asked Lonnie.

"Needless mystery veils the amour," replied Mr. Bowman sourly. He refrained from adding that he himself shared an apartment with Mr. Lee not far from their place of labor, and still could not solve the problem. "The dim-wit hides her out from his best friends," he said.

"So none of you can get hold of her and poison her mind," said Lonnie demurely. "It is a shame."

"Yes, the worm has cunning," admitted Mr. Bowman. "I know her first name, though," he went on darkly. "It escaped at an early stage of the affair—Yo-landa," enunciated Mr. Bowman with a cynical and acrid sneer.

"YOLANDA," murmured the pleasant secretary, "such a lovely name. So romantic, don't you think?"

"Sweet Breakfast-food," muttered Mr. Bowman, hoarsely and wearily. After a moment he looked up with a light of resolve in his eyes. "My dear young lady," he said pitifully, "you are the pearl among secretaries; let me consult you professionally. Let us take up the case of my friend Mr. Lee. The wedding bells are baying at the very heels of the little wild thing, and gaining with every leap. But the threatened rabbit scorns the good offices of his friends. What can be done, what can be done to thwart the kill?"

"You mean, you don't think he ought to get married?" asked Lonnie dreamily.

"Ulp," answered Mr. Bowman, seemingly at a loss for words.

"Well," said Lonnie placidly, "I think you're just driving him into it if you keep on watching him and suppressing him. Don't you?"

"There is merit in that speculation," said Mr. Bowman with awakening interest. "Harassed and driven into a corner, the rabbit may ruin himself in his desperation."

"Something like that. Why don't you change your style and encourage him a little?" suggested the blue-eyed Fate. "He might begin wondering what it's all about."

The efficient young executive was able to recognize a scientist when he saw one. He devoted a full moment to regarding his secretary with respect.

"To arouse the doubts of the bunny," he said thoughtfully. "To stir him into scampering for freedom, through pretending to urge him into slavery. But there is one difficulty. Such a sudden change on my part will awake suspicion in what the rabbit is pleased to call his mind."

"But I didn't mean for you to go right up and give him a wedding present," drawled Lonnie. "Just offer to go apartment-hunting with him, or take him out for a picnic in Yonkers."

Mr. Bowman got to his feet and bowed, almost humbly. "I'll take him house-hunting in Chelsea. This discussion of my friend's peril has harrowed my feelings deeply, deeply," he murmured. "I fear that further dull toil today is out of the question. Please file the unfinished business, including the Blitz Jenkins correspondence, in the small batik wastebasket. We will take it up at some less distressful time," he directed, and fluttered out of the office.

The blue-eyed secretary turned to her filing cases, with a dainty and meditative smile. Outside, the sinking sun shone down on pitiless Broadway, the street of tarnish and tinsel, where women are silken wolves, and where the virginal soul of the village boy grows coarse, grows hard.



## II

UP Broadway strode a tall and striking figure, advancing with the swinging though purposeful lope of the true leader of men. Arriving at West 74th Street, our hero, for it was none other, turned, and shortly afterward inserted himself into the chaste yet elegant apartment occupied in common by himself and Mr. Richard Lee. Mr. Bowman was returning to begin easing the dagger of matrimonial doubt into the heart of his unwary friend, by urging him to Brodie into the abyss.

First, however, he took a look at the lure he had left out in plain sight that morning in the hope it might exert its uplift on the renegade. But the eyes of the reformer darkened with disappointment, for the flask of authentic gin still stood untouched on the reading table. The line of the liquid across the bottle neck was unlowered even by the fraction of an inch. There was no present hope of Mr. Lee's escaping from the water wagon.

With a stifled sigh, the thwarted Mr. Bowman turned to the fated Mr. Lee. That young man lay sprawling on the floor of the living room, in the midst of a library; all around him were



marriage—and then married the girl himself

Mr. Tom Bowman stood as if hypnotized, staring at the demure secretary. This, then, was the End of the Road



tumbled obscure and hideous tomes, and a large one lay open beneath his eye. He looked up, wearing his natural expression of amiability, tempered of late with a certain chill suspicion. "H'lo," said Mr. Lee doubtfully.

"Howsa world, old fellow?" said Mr. Bowman in classic Manhattanese. He had bethought him of his subtle strategy, and there was labored geniality in his tone. "What's the new fancy?" he asked, indicating the books on the floor.

"Oh, just reading up a little," answered Mr. Lee with the airy candor of a child stealing sugar.

MR. BOWMAN stooped over to inspect more closely the little prattler's game. The large book which lay open was printed in poetry, and captioned "Paradise Lost." Not a bad head, at that, thought Mr. Bowman. Near "Paradise Lost" lay the "Duchess' Daughter," by Bertha M. Clay, and from under an armchair Plutarch's "Life of Coriolanus" peeped out. Mr. Bowman had a sinking feeling.

He began cross-examining and learned his fears were justified. The avarice of the prospective benedict had begun to

fester in the soul of Mr. Lee. He must save up for a cottage in the suburbs. So he had conceived the bright idea of reading books in odd hours to search out scenario hunches.

Mr. Richard Lee now plucked up courage to unbosom himself of another of his schemes of greed. He spoke in a shamefaced way, as befits the miser fondling his ducats.

"Seems to me we're a pair of mackerel for yielding up the blood-money they call rent in this house," he muttered with pitiful jauntiness. "It isn't half worth it, you know."

"Pardon?" asked Mr. Bowman mechanically, turning from the window. Not yet did he realize the lengths a mad love will leap to, at one convulsive jerk.

"I mean, this place on West 74th is a bit ultra, for us," persisted the sordid Mr. Lee. "It's so far downtown, it looks ostentatious. More space than we need, too, three whole rooms and a bath." The avaricious peasant paused a moment, moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and plodded on. "I looked around a little this morning. Found just the place we want, it seems to me. Lovely furnished room, rents for less than half this place, in a fine quiet [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



# STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



Hold everything! Girls, may we present Mr. Raymond Keane of Universal City? Raymond was discovered by the director, Buchowetski, and plays his first big part in "The Midnight Sun." He's got the looks all right, and Universal thinks he's star material



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray are bravely facing the music since Ray's creditors forced him into bankruptcy. They were conspicuous among the stellar audience that attended in numbers the Los Angeles opening of "The Merry Widow"

**W**ELL, it looks as if Gloria meant it when she declared a year ago that it was her intention to have a large family. The stork may be making a call at the expensive apartment of the Marquise de la Falaise in a few months.

It was Henry who gave the secret away. His old friend, the Baron d'Aiguy, landed in New York last month and the Marquis came up from Pinehurst to meet the boat. The Baron had been one of the witnesses at the marriage of Gloria and Falaise, and naturally was much interested to hear how things were going. And then Henry hinted that an heir to the house of Falaise was anticipated.

Gloria already has two children, little Gloria, and Joseph Swanson, the boy Gloria adopted and named after her father.

**JACK PICKFORD** and Marilyn Miller continue to deny that there is any truth in the rumor of their estrangement. Jack says he is in California because he has to make his pictures there. And Marilyn is in New York for the good reason that she is starring in "Sunny," one of Broadway's biggest musical comedy hits.

But the rumor persists. Miss Miller's mother told Chicago newspapers that Marilyn and Jack Pickford had come to the parting of the ways. Marilyn was highly indignant when the story was shown her and declared her mother had no authority to speak for her.

The news does not come as a surprise to Broadway, however, for Jack and his charming wife have not lived together since the dramatic scene in the Biltmore Hotel last summer. Marilyn and Jack had been abroad. It was

said that Jack had not behaved to suit Marilyn while in Europe. Back in New York Marilyn started rehearsing her new show. Jack began stepping about Broadway. Marilyn pleaded. Then she wired for Jack's mother.

Mrs. Pickford came to New York and, mother-like, thought the trouble might be her daughter-in-law's. She is said to have hired detectives to trail Marilyn and report her routine from morning to night.

At any rate, detectives did trail Marilyn, and after ten days made a report. It was taken to the hotel and left for "Mrs. Pickford." Now it so happened that not only Jack's mother, but Marilyn, was registered at the Biltmore as "Mrs. Pickford." Anyway, Marilyn got the detective's report.

She read it from start to finish. Then she went for Jack and his mother and told them what she thought of them. Next day Jack and his mother left for California.

**A**NYWAY, she was honest. The casting director asked the pretty newcomer if she had ever had any experience.

"Two years on Broadway," she replied.

"In what?"

"In the window of Child's making pancakes."

P.S.—She got the job.

**T**HE lost has been found. At least Nita Naldi has been located geographically.

Nita sailed for Europe three months ago, promising Marion Fairfax to return to Holly-

wood in time to play a leading rôle in "The Desert Healer," which Miss Fairfax is producing for First National.

When "The Desert Healer" was ready to go into production, Nita was unable to be found. Cable after cable failed to reach the film vamp, and no word had been received from her.

Miss Fairfax began to worry, not so much about the delay in starting her production as about what had happened to Nita, for it was feared she may have suffered a physical breakdown as an aftermath of her recent feat of reducing twenty pounds by dieting and fasting.

The State Department at Washington was asked to aid in the search for the missing vampire. And Nita was found, though she had not been lost. Miss Naldi is in Munich, Germany, having a delightful time flitting on pleasure bent between Berlin, Paris and other capitals of European gaiety. For three months she has been abroad, during which time no direct word was received by the producer, her business representatives or friends.

So naughty Nita will not be in the cast of "The Desert Healer." Katherine MacDonald has been chosen to take her place.

**D**EFINITION of a lady:

"A woman who, when she speaks to a man, makes him feel like a gentleman."

The author of this received a prize of five guineas from a theater manager in Manchester, England, who offered prizes for the best definition of a lady in connection with his showing of Norma Talmadge's "The Lady."



# EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Patsy Ruth Miller was determined to remain the unbobbed beauty of Hollywood. She held out as long as it was femininely possible. Now Pat is turning a deaf and pretty ear to the gentle razzing of her friends—for it's all off, and laid away in tissue paper



"Phantom Dancing"—so-called because no music is audible to the spectators—is the rage in London at present. It's a great relief to the ears. Iris Gray and Ivy Harris, Paramount School students, adapt the idea to the Charleston

UPON her present visit, Peggy Hopkins Joyce has certainly seen and conquered Hollywood.

When Peggy came out a year or two ago, and was much attended by Charlie Chaplin, the women of the film colony showed some hesitation where the world-famous vampire was concerned. There was even a story that Mary Pickford had refused to receive her. Be that as it may, most of the wives and sweethearts took a firm hold on their husbands' coattails and said, "You stay away from Peggy Hopkins Joyce."

When Miss Joyce came out to make "The Skyrocket," her first starring picture, she worked hard, went to bed early, and was seen by nobody.

This time, when she returned from a triumphant trip to Paris ready to go to work on her new screen vehicle, she swept all before her. She has made a great personal hit and is seen everywhere, in the most exclusive homes and with the very best people.

Mrs. Earle Williams, who is without question the most popular non-professional woman in Hollywood and was a New York society girl, has entertained repeatedly for Peggy Joyce.

The Von Stroheims have given several delightful affairs in her honor. New Year's Eve she was quite the most beautiful woman at the Sixty Club, and on New Year's night she was the guest of honor at a party given by George Fitzmaurice. Mrs. Harold Lloyd used the occasion of her Christmas tea to make Peggy known to all her friends, and Bebe Daniels has given at least one grand party featuring pretty Peggy.

I MADE the trip up into the mountains back of Pasadena the other day, hoping to see Barbara La Marr and wish her a merry Christmas. But they wouldn't let me see her. Barbara hasn't seen anyone but her father for weeks.

The doctors tell me that there is hope of her recovery, that she is mending fast, but that she must have absolute quiet. But from other sources come disquieting rumors, and I didn't like the look in her father's eyes.

To be remembered by those who loved her on the screen, even though she can only be told about it, would cheer her greatly. Barbara loved the world dearly and it must be hard to be shut away from it.

THE grand opening of "Ben-Hur" at the George M. Cohan Theater in New York last month was a gala event. Ramon Novarro, Francis X. Bushman, May McAvoy and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo all came from Hollywood to attend the premiere. But Ramon had bad luck. He had contracted a slight cold on the train, and arriving in New York was ordered to bed at once, where he was obliged to stay throughout his entire visit East.

The others attended the opening and were greeted with tremendous applause. Fred Niblo was rushed at the finish of the picture and it looked as if he would never get out of the theater. A hundred friends wanted to congratulate him. He apologized for the dampness of his palm, which was plainly caused by the nervousness he felt waiting for the picture's reception.

The reception was all the director, stars and producers could have wished. For the first

time in picture history, the blasé Broadway audience forgot itself so far as to cheer madly during the chariot race. This was indeed a tribute to the picture's sponsors.

All the stars in New York attended the opening. Aileen Pringle was accompanied by Kenneth McKenna, who danced constant attendance upon the star during her visit East. May Allison wore a beautiful cloth of gold creation. Alma Rubens wore a wrap of ermine. Lois Moran's escort was one of New York's clever young journalists. She was daintily clad in a white georgette dress.

RONALD COLMAN, after spending many months as a recluse in Hollywood and making everybody think he was a dark and sinister and possibly dull person, has finally come out of his shell. He's selected a little group of friends and proved himself a charming young man with a real sense of humor, a broad education, and a great deal of kindly understanding. Whether or not the dissipation of the mystery and the crumbling of his inaccessibility will be to his advantage, it's hard to tell. But it's a great relief to his friends.

SOMETHING has happened to Adolphe Menjou. He has thrown off the somber dignity that has always characterized his off-stage moments, and is light-hearted and gay as a little boy. He is thoroughly enjoying his stay in New York and the picture he is making with Mal St. Clair at the Paramount Long Island Studio.

It may be the bracing Eastern climate, or it may be his new matrimonial freedom, for it is believed to be a certainty now that Mr. and





Folks, meet Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mauer of Omaha—the world's champion picture fans. They have gone to the movies every night for eight years. Pa is 74 and Ma 63. Their favorite stars are Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Milton Sills, Gloria Swanson and Mary Pickford



A clean start in life. That's what every guy needs. And it's just what Jack Hoxie got, as this picture of him at the tender age of one-half year reveals. Jack is today one of the wildest riders and one of the most popular Western stars in pictures

Mrs. Menjou have come to the parting of the ways.

Incompatibility is said to be the cause. There is the story that Mrs. Menjou felt her dapper husband spent too much money on his clothes. A thirty-five dollar pair of shoes once caused a row. A friend of Adolphe's burned a hole in the living room rug one night, which didn't help matters.

Kathryn Menjou was formerly a business and newspaper woman, and felt she was far more capable of managing her husband's career than he was. But producers are loath to do business with the wives and husbands of stars, and the affairs of Adolphe seemed always badly mixed up under Mrs. Menjou's management.

The truth of the situation is difficult to arrive at as Menjou refuses to discuss his personal affairs with reporters, and Mrs. Menjou declares that her husband will return to his Hollywood home upon the completion of his current film.

WE can breathe easier now. Jack Barrymore likes "The Big Parade." However, there is one small flaw that he detected. It's the dying scene where Jack Gilbert gives the poor shell-torn German lad his last cigarette, and then the Uhlan youngster expires . . . with his mouth closed.

Barrymore says it can't be done—dying with closed mouth. It's been tried often, but you just can't expire with your lips locked.

IN answering Mary Miles Minter's suit for an accounting of her money earned, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby declares that Mary received all the money due her. She denies that she had received amounts during her daughter's minority unaccounted for.

The mother claims that she is entitled to every cent Mary earned prior to her eighteenth birthday on the ground that up to that time the star was a minor and under her full control.

Mrs. Shelby admits receiving \$742,000 from Famous Players over a two-year period, but declares that it was all delivered to Mary. She denies getting \$52,000 from the old American Film Company, or \$218,000 from Famous prior to April 1st, 1920, Mary's eighteenth birthday.

The case will be finally settled sometime in March.

Mary is in New York trying to get a rôle on the speaking stage. She is still considerably overweight, but has promised several producers to get in trim if they will find her a suitable part in a good play.

**H**ALF of Vilma Banky's charm is in the quaint way she contorts our tongue into a language of delicious meaning.

The other day she wore a new frock to the studio and Ronald Colman complimented her on it.

"Your dress is very pretty, Vilma," said the erstwhile Sphinx.

"Ah! and do you know why eet iss so pretty?" queried Vilma.

"Why?"

"Because eet iss charge account!" triumphed Vilma.

**A**ND then there was the evening that Sam Goldwyn took the same lovely star to be presented at a large gathering. The master of ceremonies whispered to Sam:

"This is Miss Vilma Banky of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, isn't it?"

"No—the Samuel Goldwyn Productions," corrected Sam.

And then Vilma leaned over to the speaker and with her confiding, yet important, little way, volunteered:

"Ve are much bigger!"

**T**HE sensational newspapers simply won't let up on Natacha Rambova. They recently hailed with headlines an inconsequential happening in Bridgeport, Conn., where Miss Rambova opened in her new vaudeville sketch, "The Blue Vial."

The theater manager had the bright idea of booking Natacha's act on the same bill as Valentino in "Cobra," expecting to cash in on the recent divorce publicity. But the beautiful Rambova put her foot down flatly. She has no intention of selling herself to the public with the Valentino name, and declined to appear on the same program with his picture at the theater.

Her praiseworthy motive was ignored by the newspaper reporters, and a thrilling story made of the incident, full of such lines as "Mrs. Valentino proved her dislike for the nearness of Rudy very emphatically when she refused, etc.," and "he can't come messing around her, not even on the screen!"

**F**AMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY is making a nationwide search for an actor who resembles Theodore Roosevelt at the age of thirty-five.

The Roosevelt that is wanted must be the vigorous, hard-riding Teddy who led his Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War.

The man chosen will be the central figure in Paramount's new feature picture, "The Rough Riders." Only a trained actor will be given the rôle. Famous believes they will find such a man among the many stock companies throughout the country.

**W**HILE walking down Broadway, a few weeks ago, I was suddenly arrested by the blazoning electric lights in front of the Capitol Theater—Elinor Glyn's "Soulmates." Of course I realized what Elinor's name meant at the box office, but I couldn't help but recall the note the editor of PHOTOPLAY received from





This odd looking headdress was sent to Norma Shearer by a fan in Japan. It is a Japanese silk scarf colored tomato red and pink. Norma wears it with a canary yellow sports costume, and says it is ideal for keeping her long hair in place while driving to the studio



Whoever said that bobbed hair would cramp the style of individual hairdressing didn't know the movie girls. Aileen Pringle's is the most startling to date. The coiffed Glyn heroine has disappeared completely. Bangs are the most distinctive part of this cut

her sometime ago. It read: "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are now shooting a story called 'The Reason Why.' They bought the film rights of the book of that name by me from Selznick, who owned them, and Mr. Carey Wilson has written the story under that title. I feel that if it is good, which it very well may be, he should receive the credit of it and not I, as I had nothing to do with it. On the other hand I feel that I should not be blamed if the picture is bad."

This note was received about the time this production first started.

**ELINOR** usually supervises all her productions, but there was a mix-up and Elinor cancelled her contract with Metro and renounced all claim to her story which was changed to the above mentioned title. Why? No one knows. It's just one of the many peculiar incidents that happen on all studio lots.

Since the completion and release of this picture, Metro and Elinor have patched up their differences and Miss Glyn is now working on the scenario and will personally supervise the production of another of her novels, "Love's Blindness."

**O**F course it's utterly impossible to tell for two minutes on end whether either one of them is serious or not, so we give you this only for what it may be worth. But there are certainly signs of a budding romance between Bebe Daniels and that coming young director, Eddie Sutherland.

Of course it is nothing to see a whole flock of men in Bebe's train, but of late Eddie has had her here and there all to himself, and that begins to look suspicious.

They both declare that anything might happen, so don't be surprised if some day they get married.

On the other hand, don't be surprised if they don't.

**I**N addition to being a great showman, a wizard at the ultra in the theatrical presentation and the owner of the world's most unruly wavy hair, Sid Grauman has a sense of humor. Witness:

Warner Brothers are planning a huge picture palace in Hollywood, several blocks from where Grauman plies his trade. The other day all the Warner boys with the entire Warner force of stars, directors, scenarists, secretaries, clerks and office boys attended the upturning of the first shovelful of dirt which was ceremoniously performed by Motley Flint with a golden spade.

Just as the ceremony was at its height, along the street at funeral pace came a hearse bearing the signs: "Success to Warner Brothers. Sid Grauman." It was followed by two professional mourners in blackest crepe.

But the Warner Brothers are not lacking in humor and they soon had a dummy on display which was placarded thusly: "Here lies King Sid Grauman. Your hair will wave no more."

**P**OLA'S going to watch her clocks hereafter. The other evening as she went about her Beverly Hills home winding the clocks and putting out the cat, she discovered that one of her most treasured clocks had disappeared.

Pola was grieved. Pola wept. Pola stormed. Pola swore—revenge. The clock was from a "very dear friend." It had a sentimental value.

So the officers of the law galloped forth to

apprehend the thief, who proved to be a one-time guest at the Negri home and who was a handsome but hungry young Russian.

The young chap was haled into court and Pola was summoned to testify against him, but Pola, feeling compunctious and full of sorrow for the lad's misdemeanor, said she was "so sorry" and "wasn't there some away she could help him?" So the suit was dismissed, and the youth was forgiven, and Pola left the courtroom amid admiring gazes.

But Pola's going to watch her clocks hereafter.

**D**URING her cinematic career Virginia Valli has been mistaken for Alice Joyce, Florence Vidor and other feminine stars o note. Virginia said she did wince when she was mistaken for those people, but at the opening of "The Merry Widow" she threatened to throw her high-heeled pumps at a bimbo who said she had eyes like Strongheart.

**A**NNA Q. NILSSON has a most dreadful yen for mimicking the nobility. When Sam Rork made "Ponjola" and chose Anna Q. for the heroine who masquerades as a young lad, she dashed out and had her hair cut *a la* the Prince of Wales. The haircut, abetted by her tailored men's attire, made her look like a replica of the royal scion.

And then the other day at Lake Arrowhead she fell from her horse!

But it really was no laughing matter and poor Anna Q. was laid up for several weeks with a dislocated vertebra and some nasty bruises and abrasions.

**G**RETA NISSEN is touchy. She became hysterical the other day over nothing at all. Greta was playing the feminine lead with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]



# Fashion

*Star showings of frocks,  
jewels and underthings*

Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these lovely things for you. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No articles sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase return it immediately and your money will be refunded without question. Send articles direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.



DOROTHY MACKAILL'S interesting two-piece frock has the smart front-pleated skirt, and is made of peppermint green crepe de chine. Also in flesh, white, beige or gray. 14-20. \$29.75



The long, gold finished "antique" link necklace costs \$9.50. A choker of the same style is \$3.95 and a bracelet to match costs \$1.95. The slave bracelet set with a colored stone is also \$1.95. The vanity is decorated with a silhouette and contains space for loose powder, and compact rouge. Price \$4.50. The jewel case is lined with velvet and decorated with a petitpoint insert. \$5.00



This smart semi-made frock of silvertone jersey at the left is excellent value at \$5.95. Delit blue, jade green, coral and beaver, cut out, ready to be sewed together. Sizes 14-20 and 34-42. A charming version of the indispensable black satin frock is shown at the right. The collar, cuffs and pockets are of tan crepe embroidered in gold and black thread. Sizes 14-20. Priced at \$29.75



# Fancies for Film Fans



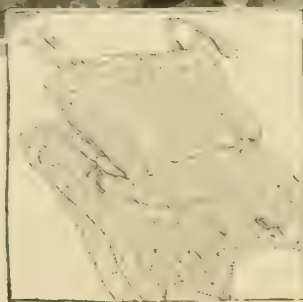
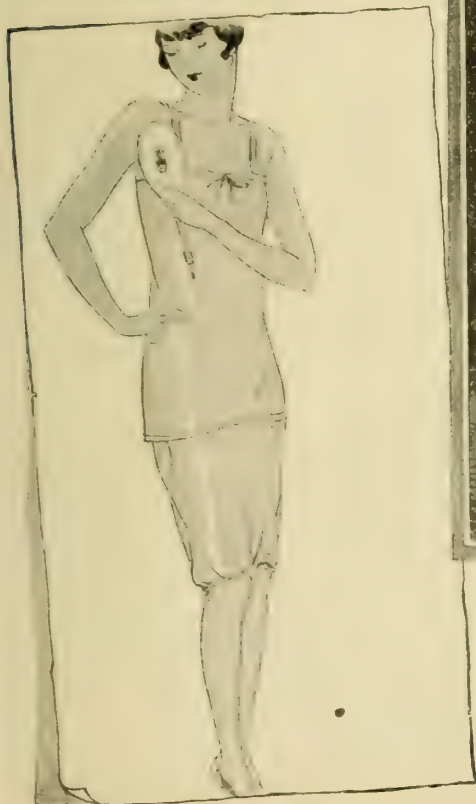
The attractive negligee illustrated here is made of heavy crepe de chine, trimmed with rows of dainty lace. It may be ordered in sizes from 34 to 44, in all the pastel shades. Price \$11.95

This very practical slip is made of excellent quality rayon silk, and has the deep shadowproof hem. Well made and nicely finished. It may be obtained in any of the pastel shades for \$2.95

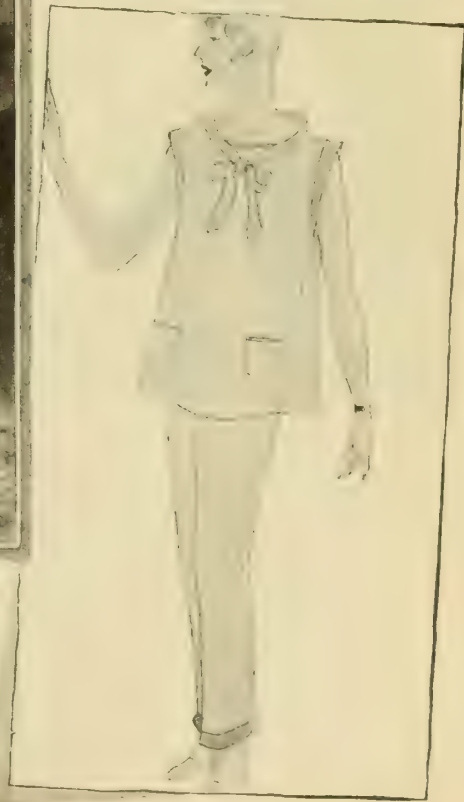
The step-in chemise is copied from that worn by Miss MACKAILL in "Joanna." Flesh, peach, maize or Nile crepe de chine, lavishly trimmed with fine lace. 34-40. \$7.95



The rayon silk vest shown here costs \$1.00. The bloomers cost \$2.00 and come in 25, 27 and 29 inch lengths. They may be ordered in pastel shades



Cotton crepe pajamas for smartness and easy laundering. These come in flesh, peach, blue and orchid, trimmed with contrasting shades. Sizes 34-44. \$2.95







**STELLA MARIS**—Universal

MARY PHILBIN, under the guidance of Charles Brabin, has brought to the screen one of the most difficult of characterizations. The version of this famous novel by William Locke, which Mary Pickford made several years ago, was acclaimed the highest degree of artistry. This picture, on a whole, cannot compare with its predecessor, but due praise is accredited Miss Philbin for daring to sacrifice her beauty in the rôle of *Unity*, a deformed slavey, whose beauty of soul is as evident as her ugliness. However, all Mary Philbin's beauty is not wasted, for she plays a dual rôle—*Unity* and *Stella Maris*, a beautiful cripple.

Gladys Brockwell's performance, as the wife, is notable; so also is Elliott Dexter's as the elder lover and Jason Robards as the chosen one.

Be sure to see this picture!



**THREE FACES EAST**—Producers Dist.

YES, it's about the war—but don't let that or anything else keep you away from this picture. It is not the conventional war play. There are no trenches or barbed wire or dead soldiers. The plot deals exclusively with the inside workings of the German and English Secret Service.

It is a thrilling, fast-moving and entirely logical mystery story, with Jetta Goudal giving a superb performance of a fascinating woman of intrigue. Not until the final scene do you find out for certain who she is.

Rupert Julian directed the picture and has done a splendid piece of work. He also appears in a scene as *William Hohenzollern*. Clive Brook, Henry Walthall and Robert Ames are the other actors who prove that a good story, well directed and capably acted, needs no star.

# The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

*A Review of the New Pictures*



**BEN-HUR**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

FOUR million dollars and several years' time and infinite patience went into making "Ben-Hur." The finished version justifies all of it. Elsewhere in this issue is related the story of its accomplishment.

"Ben-Hur" is not a flat picture upon a screen. It is a thing of beauty and a joy for ten years at least.

Reverence and emotion serve as background for the undying drama of Christ interwoven with the story of *Ben-Hur*, the young Jew who aimed to serve Him.

The screen has yet to reveal anything more exquisitely moving than the scenes at Bethlehem, the blazing of the star in the heavens, the shepherds and the Wise Men watching. The gentle, radiant Madonna of Betty Bronson's is a masterpiece.

Novarro is a perfect *Ben-Hur*. He gives an inspired performance. The story carries him from early boyhood, through the Roman occupation of his city, through his years as a galley slave, through shipwreck and temptation until the final great moment in the Circus Maximus when he drives his chariot to victory over *Messala* and wins the love of the gentle *Esther*. Francis X. Bushman, as *Messala*, is very fine, indeed, and screens magnificently.

The gore and glory of the galleys, the thrill and beauty of the racing horses, the mobs at the Joppa gate, the desolation of the lepers among whom are the mother and sister of *Hur*, the furious excitement of the Circus, all these pass before the tense stillness that precedes the death of Christ. The Last Supper, the judgment of Pontius Pilate, the shadow of Calvary—all are touched with imagination and reverence.

This is a truly great picture. No one, no matter what his age or religion, should miss it. And take the children.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Six Best Pictures of the Month

BEN-HUR THE SEA BEAST STELLA MARIS  
THREE FACES EAST  
THE AMERICAN VENUS THAT ROYLE GIRL

## The Six Best Performances of the Month

Ramon Novarro in "Ben-Hur"  
John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast"  
Claire MacDowell in "Ben-Hur"  
Dolores Costello in "The Sea Beast"  
Carol Dempster in "That Royle Girl"  
Mary Philbin in "Stella Maris"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 114



THE SEA BEAST—Warner Brothers

TO the thousands who have been thrilled by Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," the story of a white whale, this screen translation will be eminently satisfying. Those who have not read the book have in store for them a motion picture that the Warners can conscientiously call a classic.

The outstanding feature of the film play is the exquisite love story of *Ahab* and *Esther*, beautifully played by John Barrymore and Dolores Costello. The flowering of their romance, the sweet agony of their partings when *Ahab* goes to sea, the anguish caused by the misunderstanding that separates the lovers—are some of the most poignant moments ever pictured on the screen.

John Barrymore gives his usual finished performance. His agony is almost too realistic in the scene wherein the sailors cauterize the bloody stump of the leg torn off by the sea beast. It's too gruesome for sensitive souls. And later, too, when he burns the tattooed name of "Esther" off his arm,

Dolores Costello's beauty is a delight to behold, and her acting is unbelievably good for a comparative newcomer. The scene in which she first sees the havoc wrought upon her lover by the white whale reaches artistic heights that leave one trembling. And the scene is perfect pictorially.

Thrilling moments are provided in the sequences wherein *Ahab* drives his ship through the waterspout in his mad chase for vengeance on *Moby Dick*, the whale; and again where he fights to the death his villainous brother.

George O'Hara as the scheming brother performs very well and looks startlingly like John Barrymore in many scenes.

Director Millard Webb has put strength and beauty into the telling of his tale. A slight criticism might be offered, however, that the story does not get started soon enough.



THE AMERICAN VENUS—Paramount

THIS picture has all the elements of motion picture entertainment: an interesting story, excellent cast, good performances, able direction and pictorial beauty.

It is the much heralded picture of the Atlantic City beauty pageant of last year, in which Miss Fay Lamphier won the title of "Miss America."

Miss Lamphier plays a part in the film, but leaves much to be desired in photographic beauty. She won't go far, we fear.

Esther Ralston and Lawrence Gray are so good-looking and full of pep that the romance of the story romps along at a very gratifying rate.

The story is generously sprinkled with gags that are refreshingly simple and quite funny. Watch Louise Brooks, a new face. That gal's there.



THAT ROYLE GIRL—Paramount

D. W. GRIFFITH can't, apparently, make a poor picture. Even when he steps out of character for a moment to depict swift melodrama with jazz and younger generation, he does it pleasingly.

Carol Dempster gives a performance that skyrockets her into any ten best list of players named from now on.

"That Royle Girl" presents a fresh idea on the screen—that is, that a girl can mean different things to different men. *Daisy Royle* doesn't love the jazz orchestra leader, and she certainly is not a bad girl; but she makes the very feminine error of leading a man on and then trying to close the door in his face. What follows is highly dramatic and interesting, with the keen suspense that characterizes all Griffith's pictures.





**JUST SUPPOSE**—*First National*

**A**NOTHER story of a mythical kingdom—and a very light affair that won't tax one's brain very much. All about a prince who falls in love with an American girl. He is about to propose when he learns he has become heir to the throne. A rather surprising climax is introduced and the lovers are re-united. Dick Barthelmess and Lois Moran are the adorable couple.



**WOMANHANDLED**—*Paramount*

**G**REGORY LA CAVA has taken this story—a satire on the wild and woolly West—and developed it into a picture that has a subtle and captivating charm. One gets the idea that the director threw caution aside and made the picture just for fun. And if you accept this in the spirit in which it is offered, you'll get an evening of pure enjoyment. Richard Dix is most ingratiating as the would-be he-man.



**BRAVEHEART**—*Producers Dist. Co.*

**R**OD LA ROCQUE'S first starring vehicle—and an interesting one. Again Alan Hale has hit the mark with his excellent directorial abilities. This is a very romantic affair of an Indian who loves a white girl and shoulders a crime committed by her brother. He sacrifices her love because of racial difference. Lillian Rich makes a charming heroine and is ably assisted by Robert Edeson and Sally Rand.



**THE FIRST YEAR**—*Fox*

**T**AKEN from the stage play by John Golden, this delightful comedy of marital bliss is worthy of an evening's entertainment. It's all about the continual quarrelings of a newly-married couple, their separation and then the making-up. Many of the incidents depicted are bound to strike home. Matt Moore as a bashful, unassuming chap is amusing.



**TOO MUCH MONEY**—*First National*

**I**T is rather unusual to see Lewis Stone going in for the slapstick comedy. He does in this and he's a riot. Some of the gags are old, but what's the difference as long as they amuse one? Stone is a wealthy married man. His better-half, Anna Q. Nilsson, is always busy with social functions. He decides to become poor so that he can have her for himself. And that's where all the fun comes in.



**HANDS UP**—*Paramount*

**A** MILD and harmless comedy not up to the standard of the usual Raymond Griffith comedies. All about the adventures of a Confederate spy who tries to prevent the North from receiving gold. He almost completes his mission when peace is declared. Raymond Griffith's goings on and dainty Marion Nixon and Virginia Lee Corbin in the cast give the picture its chief claim to your attention.





**THE ENCHANTED HILL—Paramount**

**A** TRITE and shop-worn Western story made interesting by a capable cast consisting of Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Noah Beery and George Bancroft. Irvin Willat, the director, has handled this with a certain freshness that tends to rescue this from the usual run of Westerns. 'Tis the same old story of the heroine believing the stories the villain tells about the hero—and you know all heroes are spotless.



**INFATUATION—First National**

**C**ORINNE GRIFFITH dazzles as the ravishing heroine in this heavy, slow moving version of the stage play by Somerset Maugham. The only thing worth while about the picture is Corinne's loveliness as she begins to accept the attentions of her husband's secretary. After an uncertain romance, she realizes her love for her husband. Percy Marmont and Malcolm McGregor complete the triangle.



**MIKE—Metro-Goldwyn**

**W**RITTEN and directed by Marshall Neilan—if that means anything. The picture is amusing in spots and especially those spots diverted to Charlie Murray and Ford Sterling, who give excellent performances as the town inebriates. Outside these two favorites—it's dull. This production has been on the shelf for a number of months and it could have been left there as far as we're concerned.



**THE OUTSIDER—Fox**

**A**N intriguing story of a healer who has the physicians in London puzzled. A famous dancer, daughter of a physician, is hurt while dancing and a consultation reveals her to be a cripple for life. The famous healer begs audience with her and she places herself under his care. You know the rest. Jacqueline Logan is excellent. Lou Tellegen and Walter Pidgeon are in the cast. Good entertainment.



**SOULMATES—Metro-Goldwyn**

**T**HIS is the production that is supposed to have been written by Elinor Glyn, but according to the lady's story it was re-hashed by Carey Wilson. We don't know whom to blame, for this is the silliest and most uninteresting picture seen in some time. Edmund Lowe essays a giddy role that is irritating, and Aileen Pringle assumes a cold attitude unbecoming to her. Not worth while.



**THE SONG AND DANCE MAN—Paramount**

**T**HE film version of this famous George M. Cohan comedy is not about the Song and Dance Man. It's about Bessie Love and her talented Charleston legs. She tucks the picture in her vanity case and walks away with it. Tom Moore gives an uninspired performance. The motivation of the screen play is very weak and the continuity jerky

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 123 ]



# "It Isn't Sex—It's Good Pictures"

Says Elinor  
Glyn

To Ivan  
St. Johns



"First of all, to succeed, a picture must be a good picture, sex or no sex," is her judgment. "It all depends on the treatment"

"Chaplin and Lubitsch are the only artists in portraying man and woman problems on the screen," she says

I'VE been hearing on every side that the flappers were going to the dogs and the whole country was sex crazy, and what was going to be done about jazz and the Charleston, and look at the things people talk about that were never mentioned in public before, and now look what's happened. In the first twenty pictures that the most folks paid real money to see last year, there isn't one of the species that we usually term a sex picture.

Said I to myself, "How come?" When I couldn't answer it, I naturally sought out Elinor Glyn. Wouldn't you? Besides, being a great writer and one of the most interesting women in Hollywood, she is the final authority on celluloid sex—the inflammable kind.

The way I felt about it was this. Critics may come, critics may go, and the circle around the famous table at the Algonquin may shift its weight and change its complexion, but the box office goes on forever.

That's the real answer to what kind of pictures people want—the verdict of the box office, telling us what pictures the most people have paid to look at, is the one real, impersonal, unbiased, cross-section judgment we have.

"What's the matter with sex in the box office?" said I to Madame Glyn.

"Sex," said Madame Glyn, in that exquisite, well bred voice, "has nothing to do with it."

"I thought sex had something to do with everything—the one thing that is universal, and all that," ventured I.

Madame Glyn looked at me with a wise and humorous smile. I do not know whether you have ever been spoken to by an oracle. Personally, I must admit that I never have. But if I

ever am, I know it will be exactly the way Elinor Glyn does it. I don't know how she convinces you that every word that falls from her lips is the truth, but she does. Some people call it showmanship. But I think it is more than that. I think it is conviction.

"Pictures," said Elinor Glyn, "are either good or bad. If they are good sex pictures, they will succeed. If they are bad sex pictures, they will fail. What could be more simple? Because a play has sex in it, is perhaps crammed with vulgar and stupidly done love scenes, can it succeed? No. Always you must look to the merit of the picture itself. Just as there are good comedies and bad comedies and good Westerns, as you say, and bad Westerns, so it is with sex plays. If a picture which is called a comedy is not amusing, it will fail; if a picture about sex is not real and romantic and does not stir the pulses, it will fail, on exactly the same basis.

"Charlie Chaplin's 'A Woman of Paris,' and the Lubitsch school of pictures have brought about a great transformation. Up to the time of 'A Woman of Paris' sex pictures were in the same stage that the stage drama was when they used asides. Do you remember? The characters stopped the action of the play in the most crude and unrealistic fashion to explain to the poor, dear audience what their thoughts were. During a conversation, the leading man would suddenly turn to the audience and say, 'How I loathe this man. He is a villain of the deepest sort.' Doesn't it seem odd to think of, now? But then the Barrymores and artists of that kind came along who wanted to show life on the stage, to play real people as they are, and they inspired and led the way to make plays as nearly slices of life as they could.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 145]





Freulich

**S**URE, this Irish Colleen is married to another Irisher, John McCormick, and between the two of them, they're putting on some grand picture shows. Our Adela says flapper Miss Moore is the potential great among younger actresses. Colleen wears this pond lily costume in "Irene"





**A**N ACTRESS of steadily ascendant ability Blanche Sweet started at Biograph with Mary Pickford and the Gish girls. Her recent pictures show a maturity of art that may yet put her ahead of even that illustrious trio. Her next work depicts a very modern girl in "The Far Cry"





Clarence Sinclair Bull

ONE of the bright girls of the blonde brigade, Gwen Lee is fast making herself a permanent place on the screen. A M.G.M. contract player, Gwen scored originally as the leader of the chorus in "Pretty Ladies." Her latest big hit is in "His Secretary"





THE enigma of the cinema, Lillian Gish, started in the early Biograph days and now faces the severest test of her remarkable career in the forthcoming "La Boheme." Called by her admirers the screen's foremost actress, her claims to that title are discussed by Mr. Quirk on the opposite page



# The Enigma of the Screen

What does the future hold for Lillian Gish?

By James R. Quirk

**N**UMEROUS actresses of sirenic charm and inscrutable pasts have been paraded from time to time as "enigmas," but the real enigma of the motion picture constellation is Lillian Gish. And the most baffling question of the hour is, What of her future?

Miss Gish is a screen pioneer, commencing her career with Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand and the Talmadges, yet she has never become definitely established in a place of public favor.

We can estimate the popularity of Gloria Swanson, of Mary Pickford, of Norma Talmadge and Pola Negri almost to the decimal point. But Miss Gish's remains a problem.

She has given great performances in great pictures, and yet curiously we regard each new endeavor as a test of her. She appears a wraith hovering on the borderland between oblivion and reality, a mystical creation whose power hypnotizes us momentarily and then leaves us wondering if it is not an illusion.

**H**OW much of this fragile crystal figure has been created about Miss Gish by the Griffith tradition, so skillfully and deliberately worked?

I recently attended a dinner where a light wine was served. No one remarked its flavor until the hostess observed that it was forty years old and came from the cellars of a Russian palace. Immediately there were ecstatic exclamations as to its bouquet, its rare flavor and the mystic gold of its color.

Stars in motion pictures seldom succeed alone. Behind them you invariably find certain guiding geniuses who infuse them with the power of their own genius. Is Miss Gish a genius or is she but the worthy student of the magic Griffith?

An electrician watching her at work one day suddenly exclaimed "That girl ain't an actress—she's a mechanic."

He could give no explanation for his observation aside from a mumbled, "She knows her stuff."

Examining Miss Gish's characterizations you find that she achieves greatness of effect through a single phase of emotion—name-



Miss Gish in "Romola" was not as big as her reputation. But "La Boheme" may prove her a great actress in her own right



Is she a Genius or Mechanic?

ly, hysteria. And she knows precisely the method of it.

"It is expressed by the arm from the elbow to the fingers," she says scientifically, "and depends entirely on rhythm—the gradual quickening of movement up to the point desired."

In other words, it is a physical lashing into frenzy. Every actress of the Griffith school has employed it, Miss Gish more skillfully than the rest. And it has been for each of them the most effective gesture. But it could not have been without Griffith's skill in contriving a situation for it.

Mr. Griffith has said that the greatest screen climax is not attained through the actors but through the forces of nature. Miss Gish is always the helpless, tossed victim of a stormy fate, an overwhelming brutal destiny.

Her performances are not remembered for polished, symphonic continuity but for piercing moments of crescendo where emotion was expressed in physical terms of hysteria verging on madness.

**I**T has been said that great parts make great actors. Great situations have made Miss Gish. She depends more on material than any actress of the screen.

Gloria Swanson can toss colored trifles in the air, play with them as with balloons and entertain solely by the charm of her gestures as a literary stylist charms with his play of words. Charlie Chaplin extracts the most interesting moments from trivialities. Pola Negri is not remembered for any single moment but, on the contrary, for the infinite variety of her moods.

Lillian Gish has been termed the Duse of the screen, and yet she is utterly unlike Duse in method. The Italian genius was so quiet in her naturalness as to appear repressed, so highly sensitized that she responded poignantly to every mood and situation, as delicately and mysteriously attuned as a radio instrument.

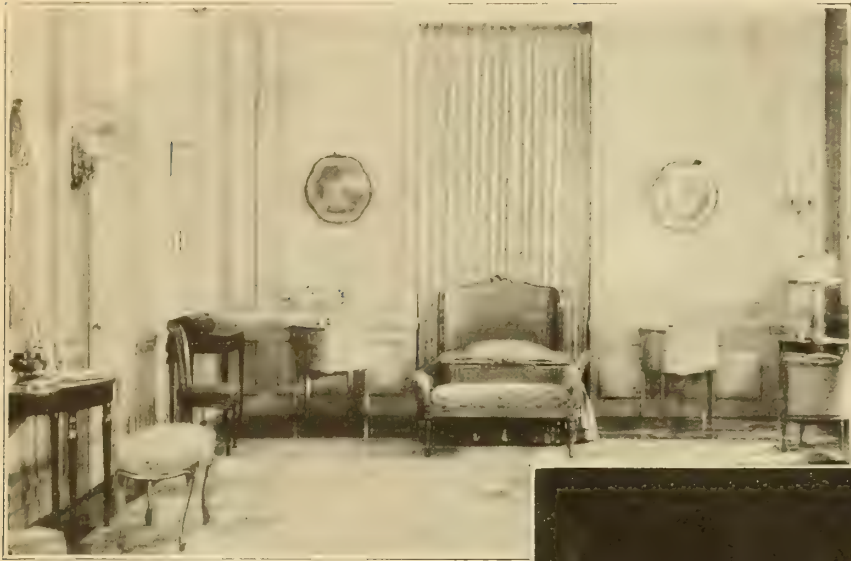
Miss Gish thus far has been

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]

A scene from "Broken Blossoms". Note how Miss Gish uses her hands in this picture to work up a scene depicting hysteria



# Providing Yourself with the



The fifth of a series  
on how to use the  
motion picture to  
suggest furnishings  
in your home

If you would be gay and feminine, look to the French for your inspiration. Furniture with curving lines, extreme daintiness and delicate colors are necessary in achieving the correct effect

**P**ROPERLY, a period room should be built into a house. If your house is already built, however, and you still desire period rooms, do not despair. You can have them if you will shop with sufficient care.

That is one of the fine things about "period" furniture. It can be shopped for as leisurely as your time and pocketbook demand. It isn't like modern furniture that comes in sets and demands being purchased in units of three or five pieces. Acquired in this careful way, it brings to such furnishings a charm almost impossible to possess otherwise.

Select the period that suits yourself. Any other course is disaster, or a home which looks like a dead philanthropist's gift to mankind.

Furthermore, choose a period that is in the present mode. With the furniture of four centuries and several countries to select from, there is such a thing as style to be considered. Don't just decide to go Spanish or early English or late Normandy without first considering the fashions involved.

Likewise consider your purse.

The older a piece of furniture, the higher its price. There are one or two dealers in this country who actually have furniture that has come down, more or less intact, from the Middle Ages. The prices on these pieces, however, are worth an automobile manufacturer's ransom. Most of the genuine antique pieces we have today are survivals of the Renaissance periods in Italy, Spain and England.

Yet antiques, that can be proven genuine, have this advantage—every year increases their value. New, modern furniture after a few seasons' knocking about is practically valueless no matter what the initial cost may have been. With antique furniture every knock is a boost.

At the moment the most popular "period styles" in American home furnishings are the Spanish and Italian modes of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the early American, dating back to the first settlers of this country. I am not here touching upon the early American furnishings, as



An Italian room, however, is more modish. The charm, intimacy and quaintness here created by Cedric Gibbons for "The White Sister" could be recreated easily in an American home

I wish to take them up as a separate article at some later date, the whole vogue being worthy of as much space as it can possibly be given.

Instead I am showing four rooms, one Italian, one Spanish, one English and one French, furnished in pieces of the same relative period in each country.

Now for the relationship between the architectural background, the personality, and the period chosen.

A decade ago the smart town house was furnished in some selection from the French cabinetmaker's stock. The furniture was light and frivolous, gilded generally, and set against a bright colored wall paper and pink taffeta hangings. If a few fat Cupids could be worked in somewhere, everybody liked that, too. During the same period women wore lots of hair and lots of dress goods, while their men went in for wide waistlines and heavy cigars.

Today when our minds, according to the people of that decade, are much more frivolous, we are going in for furniture much more substantial and simple. That in its turn is a reflection of our increasing architectural simplicity. The Amer-

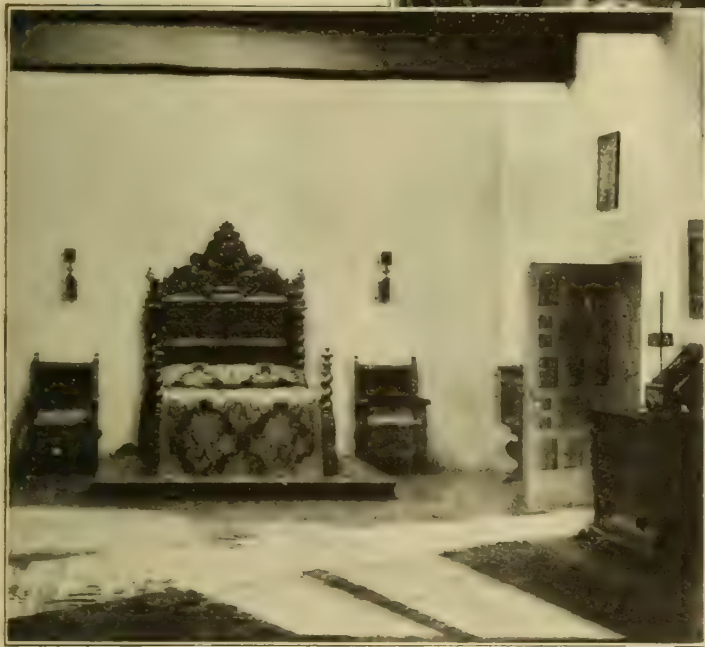


# Proper Period

By Charles D. Chapman  
Interior Decorator, Eastern Paramount Studios

This English Tudor room displays the simplicity of great wealth. The furniture is all of carved oak. Designed by Cedric Gibbons of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for "Six Days"

The Spanish periods are the smartest home furnishings today. Plain walls, plain floors, lavish color, sturdy furniture, these are Spanish. In atmosphere, they are the exact antithesis of the French. From "The Sainted Devil"



ican town house that had French drawing rooms was burdened down with cupolas, wide, roofed porches and pillars on the outside and trick archways, elaborate carving, cosy corners and whatnots on the inside. Today our homes, inside and out, are as beautifully plain as the architects can make them, relying entirely upon line, vista and materials employed for the richness of the effect they produce. Today when we don't stay in our homes half the time, they are more luxuriously comfortable than ever before.

Italian, English and Spanish furnishings of almost any period have the simplicity and quietness of line that the present day American woman is demanding in her clothes fashions and her hair cut. Hence the vogue for them and their "rightness" as a present day setting.

The Spanish vogue, particularly, is spreading rapidly among us. It started in California where so much of the early Spanish architecture endured. It is now dominating the Florida real estate

development, being so ideally suited to that locality and climate. These things being true, I must caution the woman who attempts to purchase Spanish antiques. The market is being flooded with them, and far more flooded with fakes. You do not have to furnish a period room in genuine old pieces, but it is always better so. Don't buy a modern reproduction at the price of the real thing, and unless you are very, very careful that is exactly what you will do. The reproductions that are being put out as antiques are very skillful. I would advise that either you decide to furnish entirely in reproductions of the original furniture, pieces made after old Spanish styles by modern craftsmen, or never buy a piece at any price unless accompanied by an expert or purchased of a dealer in whose integrity you have absolute faith.

A Spanish room correctly in period, as the bedroom at the left illustrates, should have plain plaster walls, a wide board or tiled floor, deep set windows and doorways, and where possible a beamed ceiling.

To be right, hangings should not be used at the windows, but color brought into the room by the use of fabrics as furniture coverings or hung against the walls. In this case the 16th century bed is covered with a piece of antique damask in red and gold. The chairs are upholstered in blue velvet with old gold galoon fringe and the rug combines red, blue and gold faded through centuries of sunlight into a beautiful color combination. The fixtures, modern, electric light sconces, are in wrought iron which is correct to the period. The carved chest of drawers and the small carved lectern, or reading stand on top, are two rare Spanish pieces. Incidentally, they are now owned by Natacha Rambova, who purchased them from our studio after seeing them in this setting.

Across the page, the Italian room illustrates the small but marked difference between that country's furnishings and the Spanish. The real Italian room always has a stone or tile floor.

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**THIS** series of articles on home furnishing is designed to enable American home managers to take advantage of the experience and ability of our greatest authorities on home decoration.

Next month Photoplay will tell just what the words "early American furnishings" mean



# Can Jack Gilbert By Ivan St. Johns Get Away With It?

## What Do You Think?

**D**ICK BARTHELMESS tried it—and failed. Wally Reid used to beg for a chance, but they would never give it to him.

Will Jack Gilbert be able to get away with it?

Can any screen star play every rôle that comes along, as long as it's a great acting part and makes a good picture, and retain the love of his public?

It has long been a tradition in the motion picture industry, and to some extent upon the stage, that the public likes its heroes to be heroes, and that the ladies like their matinee idols to be matinee idols, if you know what I mean.

Tradition has it that a man who has made a hit doing one sort of thing—as the almost-late Mr. Valentino did—must stick to that one thing. That if he be a suave and dashing villain, he must have a heart of gold, or a few real tears in his system, after Bill Hart's famous formula. But those whose conferences behind the screen determine the fate of all things, stars and stories alike, have agreed solidly that he cannot be just a human being.

Handsome young actors making a bid for fame and favor have always fought shy of any rôle that forced them to disguise their manly beauty. Established stars debate and ponder as to whether they dare play an unsympathetic rôle, or a rôle that has ugly and heavy moments, and always arrive at a negative decision.

**I**N "The Enchanted Cottage" Richard Barthelmess created a screen masterpiece, a delicate jewel of sentiment and romance. But in it he played a boy crippled by the war, and his public turned thumbs down at the box office, though critics labeled it the best Barthelmess picture.

I remember how Wally Reid—who read almost everything ever written—used to be always digging up some great screen story and dashing into the office with it under his arm, begging for a chance to make it. But usually the starring rôle was a character, or a heavy, or had a beard, since Wally's great ambition was to play some big rôle and succeed without relying on his looks. Inevitably, the powers that be gave him a pitying little smile.

Jack Barrymore has not to date become a real screen favorite. Not by any means in proportion to his achievement on the stage. And

**R**ISING stars usually talk of the great characterizations they are going to create—and then never do. Jack Gilbert believes he can be an artist doing varied roles and remain popular. Which Ivan St. Johns doubts, and here tells you why

in the industry they credit it largely to the fact that Barrymore has the say about his stories and insists on making such parts as *Beau Brummel* and *Jekyll and Hyde*. He loves to play with make-up.

Thus has grown up a pretty thoroughly established rule that a hero must be heroic and a matinee idol must be attractive and handsome at all times, if he is to be a really big star. (Comedians excepted, of course.)

Now comes one Jack Gilbert, at present setting a hot pace for all males on the screen, a riot in the box office, a favorite with the critics, a leading matinee idol of the day, and simply busts said traditions all to smithereens.

Jack is first, last, and all the time, an actor. He makes his bid with the public upon that one ground—that he can act.

Dire disaster has been predicted for him on occasion after occasion.

## The Judgment of Paris



Just like two women, Nita Naldi and Gertrude Olmsted insisted that Rudy choose which of them was the more beautiful and award her the golden apple after the style of Paris, Venus' boy friend. Business of pondering on Rudy's part



But any sheik worth his price never lets his right hand know what his left holds. And Rudy's other hand had an apple in it, too! So he gave one to each of the girls, thus not getting Gertie's goat or Nita's nan'y!

**I** REMEMBER perfectly well hearing no end of people who are supposed to know about these things state emphatically that Jack Gilbert would never survive "The Snob." They even pleaded with him not to play it. "You can't get away with it, Jack," they said. "They won't stand for it. The man's a cad. Listen to me, my boy. I'm older than you and I know."

"But it's a great acting part," said Jack, with that dark, puzzled gaze of his.

"Ah, acting, yes. But they'll never forgive you for playing such a man."

One other leading man on the lot absolutely refused to play it, though he was first choice. In fact, I think two of them refused.

But Jack Gilbert played it, and gave a marvelous performance, that glittered like a diamond.

And he did survive it. There can be no question about that.

Then there was "The Merry Widow."

Von Stroheim made Jack cut his hair—cut is really too mild a word—for the part of *Prince Danilo*. And the wise boys rushed Jack again. They implored him not to do it.

"But I have to," said Jack. "It would be out of character if I didn't."

"Then don't play it," cried the gang. "The public'll never stand for you with your head shaved like that."

But Jack only grinned.

After the picture was shown no

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]





MISS OELRICHS wears a smart Lanvin frock of black kasha with bands of silver and green

## MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS SPEAKS FOR NEW YORK'S BRILLIANT YOUNGER SET

### Her ideas on Clothes, Parties and Complexions

"Everything a girl does today—even the simple chic lines of her clothes and the way she wears her hair—demands a flawless complexion.

"Yet the hectic whirl of dances and the formal functions she attends, and the sports she sandwiches in between, conspire to ruin the most velvety skin!

"And they would—but for Pond's Two Creams, which come to the rescue keeping her complexion just as lovely as it was when she was in her early 'teens! So it isn't strange that Pond's is the method I follow to guard the freshness of my skin."

SO says Miss Marjorie Oelrichs now in her second season in the brilliant social life of New York's younger set. To dinners, dances and sports, at Palm Beach and Newport as well as in town, Miss Oelrichs adds a serious interest in art which takes her to a drawing class every morning during the New York season. And she and her beautiful

mother, Mrs. Marjorie Oelrichs, are always dashing across the water for a few weeks in Paris.

This life of parties, work and travel might tax the freshness of her skin, glowing with youth and loveliness and that golden tint of the honey-colored blond, were it not for the following wise care she gives it every day:

*Every single day she cleanses her skin with Pond's Cold Cream.* Always at night, and always, too on returning from an outing, she pats it over the skin of her face, throat, arms and hands—letting it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into the pores and

bring to the surface all the dust

and dirt which clog them. She wipes off all the cream and dirt, and repeats the process, finishing with a dash of cold water.

*Over her newly cleansed skin, before she powders, she smooths Pond's Vanishing Cream.* Light as thistledown it gives her skin a damask smoothness over which her powder goes beautifully and stays long. This thin veil of Vanishing Cream, moreover, guards her face from drying, chapping and burning from sun, cold and wind, and her hands from chapping. So she always uses it before going out.

When you buy Pond's Creams to give your own skin this perfect protection, this freshening and finish, ask for the big generous jar of the Cold Cream. Both Creams come in two smaller sizes of jars and in tubes.



The Two Creams the younger set is using

**Free Offer** Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these Two Creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. C.  
147 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





AS the first of the screen's matinee idols to become a granddaddy, Francis X. Bushman waggles a grandfatherly forefinger at Mr. and Mrs. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and their very new daughter, Betty Joyce Bushman. "Smile and show your famous Bushman dimples!" Grandpa Bushman coaxes



# Now Life's Different

*They banished constipation, corrected skin and stomach disorders, found wonderful new energy—through one simple food*

**N**OT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 15, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"DUE TO THE STRENUOUS DEMANDS that my life as a dancer makes on me, I found myself very run-down. I was so very tired that I could not assimilate food. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, so I decided to try it. In three weeks my digestion had improved remarkably. In six weeks I was as good as new."

CECILE D'ANDREA, Yonkers, N. Y.

"BEING A PROFESSIONAL PUGILIST I was forced to temporary retirement owing to stomach trouble. A friend of mine advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate two cakes a day. After one month I was able to start training for my coming fight. To date my stomach trouble is a thing of the past."

JOSEPH GOVERNALE, Brooklyn, N. Y.



**THIS FAMOUS FOOD** tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day.

"I AM A GRADUATE NURSE. Necessarily eating all sorts of food, I became very constipated. I would not take cathartics knowing the dangers of their continued use. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a very short time my constipation was gone. Now all my friends greet me with the remark, 'How well you look'."

Mrs. C. M. BULL, Columbus, Ohio.







"I yearn to do the more elemental parts. Out in the open spaces where I can wear flannel shirts and puttees. I am essentially, you know," confessed Ivanhoe, "one of the strong, silent men of the West."

# Confessions of a Movie Critic

By Rose Pelswick

## PART II

### Celebrities Who Have Met Me

**SYNOPSIS** of preceding chapter: Having taken my bow, I broke down and told ALL about the life, habits and duties, if any, of the movie critic. Daring details, assimilated through years of studious observation, were discussed, and I ended with the promise to continue keeping faith with my public. Now go on with these revelations.



Rose Pelswick

**I** ONCE heard that most actors are the same off-screen as they are on. And I have found, alas, that that is often too true.

I hesitate before making the following confessions. They may contradict certain ideas you may have accumulated on the subject. It may be, of course, that the fault lies with me. But I am willing to go on record as saying that when I come near the hotel sheltering some celluloid celebrity, I do not instantly become attacked with a sinking feeling and an inferiority complex. And, contrary to published paeons, when I approach the room clerk and tell him who I am, his look is one of bored indifference rather than one of wonder, envy and awe.

When I am ushered into the sometimes not so luxurious suite, I do not tremble or otherwise show painful perturbation. When Carlotta Russe sweeps into the room, I do not gasp in

astonishment, and become conscious of the fact that my hair is blowing, my hat is on crooked, or my nose is shiny. And when I sit and watch her remarkable poise, I do not have the feeling of gazing upon the Mona Lisa in the Louvre. Possibly, of course, because I never was in the Louvre.

When Rudolph Fricasse helps me into my chair at the Ritz, and asks me what I will have—do I lower my eyes in rapt confusion, mumble a few innocuous words, and sigh content, merely to have him gaze at me with those liquid eyes and that maddening marcel? I do not. I start in with a blue-point cocktail, and play the left hand side of the menu straight through the tomato bouillon, sirloin steak with mushrooms, braised sweet potatoes, lettuce salad with Roquefort dressing, pastry and coffee.

Interviews are always associated with lunch. The other day I was talking to Camille Delight in a famous restaurant, overlooking whatever it is that one has to overlook in that kind of a restaurant.

Camille has devastating dimples, eyelashes and ankles. A famous painter once said about her what famous painters always say about a beautiful woman.

Suddenly her face grew serious.

"Do you know," she asked wistfully, "what I would really like to do?"

I bit. Whenever someone takes you to lunch, you always bite. I mean—well, let it go.

"I would like," said Cam—all her friends call her Cam—"to play *Juliet*. Perhaps *Lady Macbeth*. I want to do something

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



## What was it?

AND yet she liked him. Saw a lot of him. People thought they were engaged, or about to be.

Still something always repelled her when he tried to express his affection. An invisible barrier that really made their love platonic.

Reasonably enough, too, because if you had known him as she did, you would have felt the same way.

Every sensitive girl is that way.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor, but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

### A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE  
25 CENTS





# The Steel Mills Reach the Screen



"Men of Steel's" impressiveness is shown in this burial, true to mill custom, of one who has died in a crucible of molten metal

The mills with their heat, grime and gigantic force are revealed with startling fidelity, the entire production having been taken at the Ensley Mills, Birmingham, Alabama

The actors, except for the principals, were genuine steel workers. When they learned May Allison would help them with their make-up, the rush was worse than the subway

The performances of Sills and Doris Kenyon in this Earl Hudson-First National feature are considered the finest they have done





A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK



## Eveready—the *most* flashlight that money can buy!

*Eveready has features found nowhere else*

THE *first* practical flashlight ever made was an Eveready. Eveready Flashlight Batteries were the first perfected. The miniature Mazda lamp for flashlights was developed by Eveready. All the tried-and-true flashlight features that insure long and trouble-proof service were pioneered by Eveready. Here are some of the

reasons why Eveready is your best buy in flashlights:

1. Safety-lock switch, which prevents accidental lighting and wasting of current.
2. Hinged metal ring in end-cap for hanging up flashlight when not in use.
3. Focusing device, which gives wide, spreading beam or narrow, long-range beam at the twist of a wrist.
4. Ribbed grip, in either nickel or ribbon-black finish.
5. Octagonal lens-ring, which prevents rolling when you lay flashlight down.
6. Handsome, beveled, crystal-clear lens.

7. Guarantee of materials and workmanship.

Eveready Flashlights meet every need for light—indoors and out. Portable light in its most convenient form. There's a type for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by  
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.  
New York . . . . . San Francisco  
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



**EVEREADY  
FLASHLIGHTS  
& BATTERIES**  
—they last longer



# The Movie Outline of History



The movie outline of history, or he and she down the ages, starts in days of old when sheiks were bold

Its second scene is that which started all the trouble—the original parlor snake meeting the original flapper in Eden, Hollywood



Then comes Henry VIII, who made sheiking moral by creating divorce. Hank thereby got nine wives



Time passes and sheiks evolve to one like Ali Bull Bull (above) carrying on till the sands of the desert grow hot

Finally—The current sheik of sheiks, Rudy, thrilling flappers by the tempo of his tango temperament





# Visit *Free!* the land of ROMANCE



*Identify this scene and  
you have started toward  
your *Free!* trip to Hollywood*

## Conditions of Contest

1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
2. Send each solution under separate cover, addressed to "Romance-Hollywood Contest," care of Cox Confectionery Company, No. 157 Orleans Street, Boston 28, Mass.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of "Photoplay;" the Motion Picture Editor of "Liberty;" and Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of "Motion Picture Magazine."
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner—and a friend—receive a free Round Trip to, and a week's stay in Hollywood. There are 200 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today—it gives all the details.

MEET the famous *Movie Stars!*  
SEE the big pictures filmed!  
LIVE the life of *Movie land!*  
VISIT Hollywood *Free!*

LIVE the life of Movieland! Who that has ever thrilled at the panorama of adventure, of mystery, of love, as it unrolled across the Silver Screen has not wished to be part of it? Who, in fact, during those vivid minutes, has not mentally been one with it?

And here *now* is your great Free opportunity to live the life of movieland—to meet the stars, to watch the great directors as they create their masterpieces of the Movies. Your opportunity, possibly, to actually take part in these Epics of the Silent Drama. And all Free!

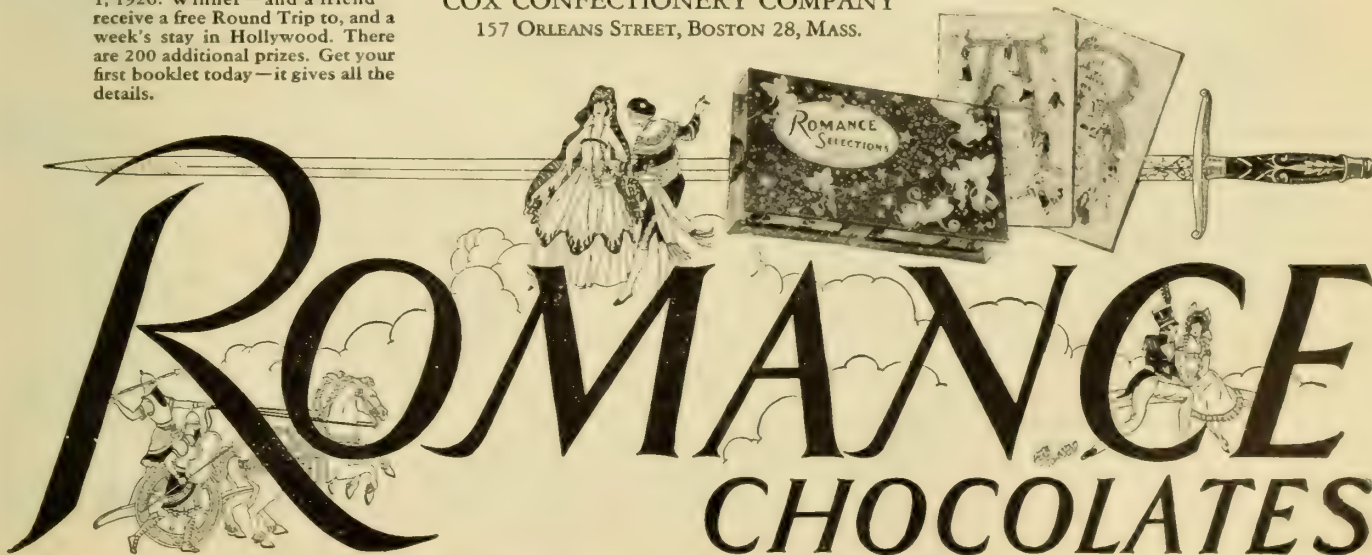
How? By winning the grand prize of a free trip to Hollywood for yourself and a companion of your choosing.

The conditions are easy. The makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES have selected twelve romantic scenes from twelve great photoplays. These scenes are reproduced in two booklets, A and B, one of which is packed with every pound box of ROMANCE "Selections." You have simply to name correctly the leading actor and actress appearing in each of the twelve scenes, giving also the correct title of each photoplay. Then, arrange the scenes in a novel and attractive manner.

This contest is open to all. You do not have to buy anything to enter. You may have both booklets, free, by writing directly to us. Get *your* copy now!

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY

157 ORLEANS STREET, BOSTON 28, MASS.







...there's my Secret,  
little book, don't breathe  
it to a soul!"

[ FROM THE DIARY OF CYNTHIA MANNERS ]

"**H**HE LOVES ME. He loves me not. Ah, we shall see, Little Book, we shall see! What if he did take Marjorie to the dance last night—weren't his eyes all for me? And when he told me, right in front of Marge, how lovely and natural my complexion was—my, but wasn't she jealous!

"Poor Marge! If she only knew how to apply her rouge, how lovely she would be! Why doesn't she learn that greatest beauty secret—how to harmonize make-up with costume—how to make her color bring out the glory of her eyes and hair!

"It all seems so easy since I started using Princess Pat Rouge. Last night, in my colorful new gown, it was VIVID that took his eye. Tomorrow, when he calls, how quiet and demure I shall seem in my simple, pastel frock and Medium Rouge! And Thursday night at Maydee's bridge, won't I be gay and dashing in that glorious orange shade, English Tint!

"No wonder he says I'm different every time he sees me! Dear Boy! What fun it is to keep him guessing—and what fun to hear his eyes say what his lips have never dared! Wait, Little Book—just give me time. With my finesse and judgment—and this wonder rouge to help me—before you know it, I'll have him at my feet!"

You'll find Princess Pat Rouge at your favorite toilet goods counter, in a dainty compact. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample free. We want you to try this delightful rouge for yourself—see how it brings out your true loveliness as no rouge ever did before; see how it seems to lie *below* the skin, instead of *on* it; see how one application lasts all evening and gives you the confidence and poise that mean so much. Princess Pat is perspiration- and moisture-proof, does not streak or run and, because of its fine quality and *almond* base, actually improves the texture of your skin with every application.

**Princess Pat**

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

**Free** PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Dept. 1253  
2709 So. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free of cost, a sample of Princess Pat Rouge, as checked.

☐ Vivid ☐ Medium ☐ English Tint

(Print) Name.....

Address.....



Hoot Gibson and his director, Cliff Smith, testing the strength of the pit cover, for their new picture

## How They Make the Horses Jump Out of the Screen

**Y**OU see, it's like this. A pit is dug in the ground large enough to contain the cameras and cameramen. This is boarded over and covered with whatever kind of earth suits the locale of the moment.

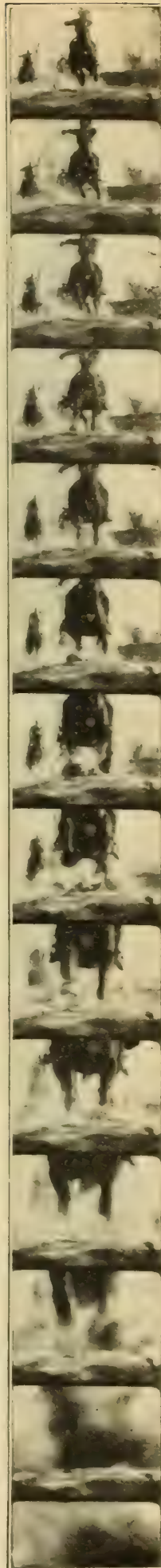
The camera lenses are trained through the apertures prepared for that purpose, and photograph the horses *approaching* the spot. As the horsemen reach and leap over the buried cameras, their images are recorded on the film as shown in the strip to the right. When this is projected on the screen, it gives the impression of the horses, or train, or automobile, as the case might be, tearing right out of the picture at you.

D. W. Griffith was the first director to try this camera trick—in "Hearts of the World."

It was later very effectively used in "The Virgin of Stamboul," and has since been seen frequently.

An improvement on the old method helped to secure many of the most thrilling "shots" of the chariot race in "Ben Hur." Ten cameras were buried at various points along the course of the Circus Maximus. These were operated electrically. Being completely out of the danger zone, they were able to capture every exciting and beautiful movement made by the oncoming horses.

This is essentially a trick, however, that can be overworked. A too frequent use would soon destroy its thrill.





# A Great Hygienic Handicap that Your Daughter will be Spared

This remarkable NEW way by banishing the insecurity and uncertainty of old ways, and by providing an all-important easy-disposal feature, solves woman's oldest hygienic problem, exquisitely, thoroughly, amazingly

Easy Disposal  
and 2 other important  
factors



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Graduate Nurse

LIKE most other things, woman's greatest hygienic handicap has yielded to modern scientific attainment.

There is a new way in personal hygiene. A way scientific, immaculate and positive that ends the doubts and uncertainties of the now discarded sanitary pad. Under former conditions, the average woman spent almost one-sixth of her time in embarrassment . . . often in fear. Today the gayest of sheer frocks, the most exacting of social urgencies hold no terror for the modern woman.

Almost 80% of all women in the better walks of life have adopted this scientific way. The women of tomorrow will never know that the most trying of hygienic conditions is other than an incident in their lives.

## Factors that changed the hygienic habits of the world

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton, covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

## Easy disposal—simply discard

[There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.]

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind, and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

## You can get it anywhere, today

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy. Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed free on request.



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by  
West Disinfecting Co.

**KOTEX**  
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:  
65c per dozen

Kotex-Super:  
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





Lonnie, the blue-eyed cause of it all

neighborhood just around the corner on 134th Street—

"134th Street," said Mr. Bowman with a little moan. Bitter realization was trickling into his soul and beginning to sear it.

"—and there's a nice, semi-private bath only a few doors down the hall," said Mr. Lee.

Mr. Tomlinson Bowman set the teeth, and clenched the fists, and swallowed the scorching retort. This, this too, was a part of the price he must pay for the rescue of his friend. Into his face came the earnest expression of the father cougar fighting for his young.

"There, there, Dickie," he said in a trembling voice, "I'm sure it will be very nice. We don't want to move before our month is up, you know, but that will be just a few days." He drew a deep breath. "I could just die in a semi-private bath," sighed Mr. Bowman somewhat faintly.

### III

THAT night, however, his dreams were troubled and he spent uneasy and ominous hours, tumbling about in the shadows. Anon he would fall in a doze and then come awake

quivering, with hammering heart, fancying himself pent in a semi-private bath. Anon would come flitting by a shadow like an angel, with bright hair, proclaiming itself The Duchess' Daughter. The fleeting visions came and went to the accompaniment of a great crying of condors and vultures in the arroyo of 134th Street.

Came a new day, and, on awakening, the deplorable Mr. Lee began poisoning the fresh morning air with chatter about opening a bank account. "It only takes a hundred dollars to open an account," he prattled, "and then you pay everything by check and save all sorts of money. If I only had a hundred all in one basket, now—"

"If you only did," agreed the plagued Mr. Bowman with strained politeness, and raised up on one elbow. The morn was fresh and fair, but Mr. Bowman surveyed it with a jaundiced eye. "Yo-landa."

"I'll borrow fifty on next week's pay," piped Mr. Lee from the bathroom, "and then I'll get fifty from you and start my bank account."

Mr. Bowman slumped down in his bed.

The ambitious Mr. Lee splashed, shaved and departed in the course of time, and silence and

peace enveloped the soul of Tomlinson Bowman. But not for long. His anxieties and tribulations came and stood by his bedside and chattered at him, leering. Finally an idea struck him. It might be well, he thought, to take a look at the forthcoming release of the *Frantic Fortnightly*, the news reel which was Mr. Lee's particular charge. If Mr. Lee's work were still up to its usual lively standard, hope remained. It would indicate the illness had not yet bitten to the bone.

Mr. Bowman arose and departed officeward and made private arrangements for a look at the *Frantic Fortnightly* in a remote location in the building. There he sat in dull silence while the flashes and titles reversed in the negative came rushing out and stinging him in the eyes.

The first flash showed a village street, three business men and a loafing rooster, twelve on-lookers and a small Ionic temple in concrete, with cornices in the late Victorian livery-stable manner. All this purported to be the official opening of the Hicksmore Savings Bank at Perkins' Crossroads, Pa. "When a Penny is put away against the Rainy Day, an Angel Smiles," Mr. Lee had titled.

Next came flashes of the community observation of Breadcrumbs for Birdies Week in Venice, Ala. "Tidbits for the little Nest-builders," was Mr. Lee's captional comment, "and What is Holier than the Building of a Nest?"

FOLLOWED a flash of the Princess Yolanda of Italy in her gardens in Piedmont, evidently shot from the highest Alp in Savoy by some unbalanced camera man on space. It showed trees and lawns in the dim distance, and something that might possibly be taken for the flutter of a frock. "The lady with the Lovely Name, in whose honor the Sturdy Peasantry of Tuscany cries 'Hoch der Princess'."

Then came the Home Life of the Eskimo, exterior and interior shots of a snow igloo. "Under the Northern Lights Life Wiggles on in its Quaintly Fashion," Mr. Lee had titled, "and the Igloo soothes the Eskimo, for Igloo stands for Home."

Mr. Bowman arose and departed, talking confidentially in an undertone with God. He came into his own office with a weird glitter in his eyes. The capable secretary was busy answering his letters for him. She looked up at him with her sleepy blue stare, and for a moment Mr. Bowman was conscious of a flicker of warmth in his soul; he realized there was at least one other person in the world who remained sane and efficient.

"I've taken care of the mail," said Lonnie placidly. "But here's an office memo marked 'Must'."

Mr. Bowman's chief had once been one of those coarse and forceful city desk men on a newspaper, and his scrawl "Must" was a sign calling for immediate attention. Mr. Bowman took up the memo delicately, detaching it from the large and unpleasant-looking book it had been clipped with.

"Bowman: Time for fresh highbrow release to clinch culture attendance," he read. "Pan-Planetary has already put over a wow in 'Why Rome Fell,' adapted from Chicago Social Service Annual. Attached book just brought to my attention. Chance for good hell scenes and snappy sin stuff. Work out experimental continuity and don't forget happy ending."

Mr. Bowman picked up the book. It was printed in poetry, and captioned "Paradise Lost."—Mr. Richard Lee was an ambitious young man.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 139]



*When it's evening—  
and your little home resounds with the  
joys of hospitality—when it suddenly  
seems that no other happiness compares  
with receiving and welcoming friends  
—have a Camel!*



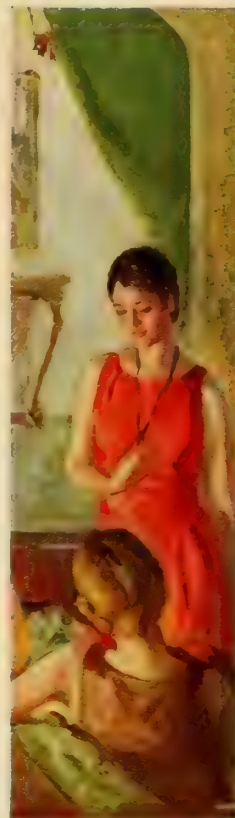
*No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest, made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes go all of the experience, all of the skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.*

**WHEN** friends come in. And you are busy making them know their welcome. When friendship and hospitality are the brightest joys in all the world—*have a Camel!*

For no other good thing is so widely shared. Camels make every true friendship truer. There never was a cigarette made that put as much pleasure into smoking and giving smoking pleasure to others as Camels. Camels never tire the taste or leave a cigarette after-taste. Millions of experienced smokers just wouldn't buy or offer to others any other cigarette but Camels.

So, this night when friends come in to share the warmth of your fire and your friendship—taste then the smoke that is friendly to millions. You may know you are smoking and serving the world's finest cigarette.

*Have a Camel!*



*Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.*

**R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.**







## Natural Loveliness

Is ever the reward of sensible skin care—to safeguard your children's complexion and your own, just follow this simple daily rule

Palmolive is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

**N**ATURAL beauty, simple and alluring, is the beauty standard of today. The modern mother starts early with protective skin care for her children . . . and preserves her own youthful freshness in precisely the same way. That is, by the exclusion of artificial methods, often so hazardous to the skin.

Skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness; pores kept healthfully clean with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive. World's leading specialists on skin care agree to this.

*Nature's simple rule to keep that schoolgirl complexion*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse

thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

### *Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Retail Price **10c**

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

**PALMOLIVE**



# War is Declared—in Hollywood



Now that "The Big Parade" has shown what war can do to a perfectly good box-office, every lot in Hollywood is bristling with bayonets. Paramount's contribution is "Behind the Front," a hilarious comedy of the A. E. F.

Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton team up again as a pair of doughboys on whom the war works its will. Hatton as a crook, and Beery as the detective who is trailing him, enlist the same day through the wiles of the same girl, get billeted together, fight side by side, and both fall in love with the small temptress, played by Mary Brian. Here they are, all set for praise. Instead they get court martialed. Eddie Sutherland, Paramount's clever boy director, used his old Keystone training to good effect in making this picture



In the rising tide of comedians comes this dash of Scotch, Chester Conklin. Chet, just like a bathing beauty, started at Sennett's and went on to drama and Lasky's



One of our best bad men, Beery gives such a fine comedy performance that it may change his future. Maybe he's been observing ex-wife Gloria's comedies and salary check





## Cultivate Your Beauty

*"A skin as soft and entrancing as fresh-cut roses may be yours"—*

says HELENA RUBINSTEIN

**Y**OU desire beauty—ravishing, all-enchanting! Remember, then, that the very first requisite of beauty is a glorious, satin-smooth complexion—flawless!

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, the leading beauty specialist, points the way to the attainment of striking skin beauty—by proper attention to the needs of your individual skin. For every type of skin, for every skin condition, Mme. Rubinstein has created exquisite Valaze beauty preparations. Scientifically correct, they open for you the door to greater loveliness.

### *Cleanse and Protect your Skin with*

**Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream**—blends smoothly into the skin, coaxing out all dust and impurities that impede the action of the pores. Leaves the skin immaculately clean, soothed, protected—molds out tired, drawn lines. Freshens, revitalizes, protects the skin. **1.00**

### *Sallowness, Darkened Complexion*

**Valaze Beautifying Skinfood**—whitens, purifies, refines. Clears away muddy, faded appearance—faint freckles and darkened skin pigment (which so frequently mars the beauty of neck and throat). **1.00**

### *Blackheads, Enlarged Pores*

**Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special**—washes away blackheads and all impurities. Restores the natural elasticity of open, coarsened pores, refining them and creating a delicate, petal-like texture. **1.00**

### *Lines, Wrinkles, Hollows*

**Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream** (Anthosorol)—marvelous for nourishing and filling out wrinkles, crow's-feet, hollows. **1.75**

Emphasize your charms with the dazzling Valaze cosmetics, originated by Madame Rubinstein. In perfect harmony with the subtle nature of the skin. Flattering. Delightfully adherent. Valaze Rouges (1.00) and Lipsticks (50c, 1.00) in the new Red Geranium shade, a sparkling, youthful tone, or the richly colorful Red Raspberry, will fascinate you!

HELENA RUBINSTEIN BEAUTY PREPARATIONS MAY BE PROCURED

- at Salons de Beaute Valaze
- at leading department and drug stores
- or order direct from Madame Rubinstein

Dept. 8, 46 West 57th Street, New York.

TODAY, write for "SECRETS OF BEAUTY," Edition 5, Mme. Rubinstein's FREE 40-page booklet, giving her famous home treatments for Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Pimples, Acne, Freckles, Ultra-Dry or Oily Skins, Shiny Nose, Wrinkles, Hollows, Double Chin, Puffy Eyes and all skin imperfections. Write to the New York address below.



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Salons de Beaute Valaze

**Helena Rubinstein**

46 West 57th Street, New York

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PHILADELPHIA—1719 Chestnut Street



Gilda Gray, whose dancing feet turned everything she touched to gold

## The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

**GILDA GRAY'S** first starring picture is yet to be shown. Nevertheless, PHOTOPLAY picks her for its girl on the cover because Gilda is looming up as one of the greatest personalities in years.

Gilda literally shook herself into fame. She snapped her fingers at poverty, shrugged her shoulders at care, smiled her half-tragic smile at life and came from the barrooms of the Middle West to sophisticated Broadway, a primitive, startling individual. After that it was all over but the signing of the movie contracts and the making of "Aloma of the South Seas," which is generally regarded as one of the biggest pictures of the coming season.

Gilda was born Mary Michalski somewhere in Poland. She grew up with her parents in Milwaukee, and being dirt poor and not daring to hope very much, she married John Gorecki, a bartender. Those were the days when bartenders were not bootleggers and their social standing was not higher than a whiskey glass. The young wife had one child, a boy, and very little else. Their poverty drove her to dancing in the local cabarets. Those were not places of

refinement and she did not bring refinement to them but something more important—a breath of sudden, untamed beauty.

Chicago heard of her and she danced there. Then came the Follies and Broadway's most exclusive night club. In the latter she found romance in the figure of Gil Boag, the owner.

Gil was a personage, too. He owned nearly every exclusive dinner and supper place on the Great White Way. He talked to Gilda of the dancing feet and learned her story, her past, her sorrows, her lack of time to learn the three R's. He changed it all for her. Through him, books, pictures, money and tutors came into her life. He came, too, as her husband just after the day when Gilda went back to Milwaukee, divorced John and got her child.

That was a couple of years ago. Gil gave up his cabarets to manage Gilda. She thought she'd make good in pictures, so she did a bit in "Lawful Larceny" to prove she'd screen. Gil liked the sight of her stills and routed her over the country to prove her box-office value to the picture people. The result was her present contract with Paramount.





### *Returning from the Dance*

Conrad Nagel, weary and foot-sore, and Claire Windsor, sprightly and fresh in her dancing slippers of Skinner's Shoe Satin.

The scene is from "Dance Madness"—a Metro Goldwyn Mayer Production



## *Distinction and Durability*

WITH gowns as lovely as those worn by Claire Windsor, nothing is so effective as satin slippers, shapely and trim. And Miss Windsor, like so many thousands of her sisters off the screen, has found that Skinner's Shoe Satin possesses a beauty and strength for footwear beyond all other satins.

# *Skinner's Shoe Satin*

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS  
Established 1848

New York Chicago Boston Phila.  
Mills — Holyoke, Mass.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

LININGS FOR MEN'S SUITS AND TOP-COATS. LININGS FOR WOMEN'S COATS, SUITS AND FURS. DRESS SATINS, MILLINERY SATINS, SHOE SATINS.





## DELIGHTFUL to be SURE..

and so easy to  
use Deodo every day!

By Letitia Hadley

IT'S just the easiest, simplest matter, now, to make sure of immaculate freshness under *all* conditions! Even when rooms are overheated and you're wearing heavy clothing!

Deodo is a wonderful new deodorant in powder form—delightful to use! Just rub it under the arms and dust it over the body when you dress. It *immediately* absorbs and neutralizes the odors of the body—and this one application will keep you daintily fresh all day!

Deodo does not seal the pores nor interfere with their important functions. It is soothing and healing to the skin. And it will not stain or otherwise harm clothing.

Try Deodo on sanitary napkins. You will be amazed to find how easily—and *safely*—it solves this distressing problem.

Deodo is sold at most druggists' and toilet goods counters. Or I will gladly send you a miniature container holding a generous supply, free! Mail the coupon today!



# Deodo

A MULFORD PRODUCT

*prevents and destroys body odors*

**FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!**

Pho. 3-26

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY  
Mulford Building, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

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Maybe it's the Southern California Blue Book that Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno are reading. Anyway, the Morenos are one of the five families representing the motion picture business in California's social register. Mrs. Moreno was Daisy Canfield, daughter of one of Los Angeles' oldest families, and one of the wealthiest women on the coast. Even the gossips cannot find any excuse for questioning their happiness

## Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Adolphe Menjou in "I'll See You Tonight" at the Paramount Long Island Studio. Mal St. Clair, that likable young director, was handling the megaphone.

That morning Greta came in a couple of hours late. She didn't bother about an excuse or apology. She was just late, that's all. The company had sat around twiddling its fingers waiting for Miss Nissen, while the well-known overhead mounted minute by minute.

Now, Mr. Menjou felt this was a mean trick for Greta to play on their nice director, for know you that if the picture costs too much, the director gets the blame. So like a Dutch uncle, Adolphe took Greta aside and asked her if she thought this was a fair way for her to act. Mr. Menjou, had been on the set right on the dot.

And then Greta became hysterical and rushed off the set to her dressing room. This was the second time she had seriously delayed the company, so Miss Nissen was removed from the cast of "I'll See You Tonight," and a newcomer, Elsie Lawson, was given the rôle.

Mr. St. Clair's first experience with the elusive Greta was when she arrived in New York from the Coast. She had been sent for to play the lead with Menjou in this picture. They needed her immediately. But Miss Nissen had some Christmas shopping to do and didn't bother reporting at the studio until after the holidays. She had picked out a nice quiet hotel that nobody ever heard of, apparently, for the studio scouts were unable to locate the Swedish beauty.

**H**EARDED on the set at the Paramount Studio:

Wally Beery: "Ray, where's the wig I had on a minute ago?"

Ray Hatton: "In your hat, big boy, in your hat!"

IT would be just a scrap of paper to anyone but Mrs. Douglas MacLean.

But to her it's worth just exactly \$250,000.

It was Douglas MacLean's Christmas gift to his wife—an insurance policy that protects him to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars against any illness or accident that may terminate his screen career. Special stress is laid on MacLean's famous toothy smile.

**F**LORENCE VIDOR is wearing on her engagement finger a most magnificent square-cut emerald, and we understand that the date of her wedding to George Fitzmaurice is set for some time in July.

**R**ICHARD BARTHELMESS is back in New York after a brief vacation in Florida. He denied emphatically that he had bought any Florida real estate.

"But I never saw so many real estate men in my life," he said. "I imagine I was approached by at least four thousand of them with offers of sure-thing propositions. If I had taken any of them up and they had turned out as represented, a million dollars almost overnight would have been my profits."

"To tell the truth," Dick added, "when you see what is actually happening down there you are almost inclined to believe all of them."

"It's deeds, not words, in Florida!"

**D**OROTHY MACKAILL gets a nice green hat for being the first Michael Arlen heroine.

She is playing the name part in "The Dancer of Paris," one of Arlen's stories, which Robert Kane is making for First National at the Cosmopolitan Studio in New York.

Dorothy's selection ended a search of four





## Youth's bright hour —and its fragrance

YOUTH lives in beauty, in a fragrant, colorful world of its very own imagining . . . buoyant, happy days—and glorious nights triumphant with the power of its piquant charm...

But youth's loveliness is more than a pretty face, a smile, and a sparkling mood; it is due, as well, to the thoughtful choosing of so many

important things—clothes, accessories, coiffure—and perfume.

Youth turns to Cheramy perfumes—April Showers and Cappi. For these two delightful perfumes express the spirit of youth—they speak the adventurous, whimsical soul of youth itself.

One cannot say "April Showers is yours, and Cappi your perfume"; you must try them both and see. You will recognize it instantly—the fragrance that to you *is* youth. Then ask for your favorite, April Showers or Cappi, also in refreshing toilet water, bath salts and dusting powder; in talc, face powder, and dainty compact.

# CHERAMY

NEW YORK

Cappi and April Showers

*April Showers Toilet Water, stimulating, revivifying, \$2.00. Perfume, youth's own message, \$4.00, \$2.50, and \$1.00. Sachet, breathing the freshness of Youth, \$1.00.*

*Face Powder, in five natural tones, 75¢. Crème Rouge, in light or dark shades, with the April Showers Fragrance, 50¢. Double Compact, silvery, light in weight, \$2.00.*

P E R F U M E S O F Y O U T H

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





## Ignorance of physical facts never brought happiness

UNLESS there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment on a subject such as feminine hygiene. The recent advances in this branch of hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the *evil of poisonous antiseptics*. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient and true surgical cleanliness.

### Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But no longer need a woman risk the effects of dangerous poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home. For now she has *Zonite*. This powerful antiseptic-germicide is a remarkable achievement to contemplate. *Though absolutely non-poisonous*, Zonite is more than forty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen and far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic which, in its many uses, is harmless to human tissue! Dentists are using it widely for preventive oral hygiene. Suggestion: ask your physician's opinion of Zonite. Send for dainty booklet on feminine hygiene, frankly written. Zonite Products Co. Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

In bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1  
at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c direct to the Zonite Products Co.



Zonite Products Co., Woman's Div.  
Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

I should like to have a free copy of  
the illustrated booklet you have prepared.

W-11

Name.....

Address.....



Anna Q. Nilsson is becoming the champion trans-continental commuter of the movies. Most of her between-picture moments are spent aboard the Golden State Limited. Having finished "Too Much Money" in First National's eastern studio, Anna Q. is hurrying to their west coast studio to work in "The Second Chance"

weeks to find an actress best suited to interpret the heroine of whom Arlen wrote:

"... who in this world was ever more vividly, more magnificently alive than that golden lady, she who was called the dancer of Paris?"

"... she wore clothes so that Frenchwomen looked like Englishwomen."

"... as hard as a diamond."

OF course, this is absolutely *sub rosa*. I wouldn't have it get any farther than you for anything! BUT... I have it from a reliable source that Jack Gilbert is again most attentive to Leatrice Joy, who not so long ago was Mrs. Jack Gilbert. My reliable informant goes so far as to recount a tender little scene that occurred at the gate of the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio when Jack gave Letty a generous welcoming kiss when they met at the portal.

And they do say that the person who applauded the loudest and the longest at the New York premiere of "The Big Parade" was Letty Joy—all in shell pink for the occasion. And that much of her time in New York was spent sight-seeing with ex-hubby Jack.

So what do you make of it?

GLORIA SWANSON sprung a surprise on her friends recently when she won the weekly rifle shooting honors for women at

Pinehurst, North Carolina. Now, who would think that Gloria had an accomplishment like this tucked up her sleeve?

It happened when the "Untamed" company was traveling south on location. While the director was picking a spot to set up his cameras, the Marquise and her husband slipped into their puttees and stepped over to Pinehurst just long enough for Gloria to take the honors away from two society women in the regular weekly trapshoot for women. Gloria broke 133 out of a possible 150 birds at the usual 16-yard distance.

Gloria needed only six shots to make her titled husband admit defeat in the 150-target event which she entered next, even after he had spent his time in practice to defeat her while she was busy working before the camera.

"HERE, mother, is a check. Take a trip around the world," or words to that effect, is what Alma Rubens told her maternal parent the other day.

And so Mrs. Teresa Rubens hurriedly packed a few what-nots into her vanity case and sailed in a few days from San Pedro. Her first stop will be in Hawaii, where she has promised to pluck Alma a few ripe ukuleles, and then she will go to Japan and through the Orient. Late spring will probably find her on the continent, and Hollywood will again see Mrs. Rubens in the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez



## By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

I RECENTLY overheard one of my friends say to another: "You, for one, need no rouge, my dear! What lovely natural coloring!" But the truth was this—like thousands of other women, she had found a rouge that gave her cheeks the exquisite natural coloring of a girl in her 'teens. That rouge is Pompeian Bloom.

Today women everywhere realize the necessity of using rouge that matches perfectly their natural skin-tones. They know that the effect of obvious rouge is just as unattractive as lack of coloring. They want rouge that appears to be part of their own complexions. And when they use the right shade of Pompeian Bloom they achieve the wholly natural effect they desire.

From the shade chart below you can easily select your particular shade of Pompeian Bloom for your type of complexion.

### SHADE CHART for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom

**Medium Skin:** The average American woman has the medium skin-tone—pleasantly warm in tone with a faint suggestion of old ivory or sun-kissed russet. The *Medium* tone of Pompeian Bloom suits this skin. If with a medium skin you are slightly tanned, you may find the *Orange* tint more becoming. And sometimes women with medium skin who have very dark hair get a brilliant result with the *Oriental* tint.

**Olive Skin:** Women with the true olive

skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the *Dark* tone of Pompeian Bloom. If you wish to accent the brilliancy of your complexion the *Oriental* tint will accomplish it.

**Pink Skin:** This is the youthful skin, most often found in blondes or red-haired women, and should use the *Oriental* shade.

**White Skin:** The pure white skin is rare, but if you have this rare skin you must use the *Light* tone of Bloom.

**Special Note:** Remember that an unusual coloring of hair and eyes sometimes demands a different selection of Bloom-tone than that given above. If in doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Bloom, 60c at all toilette counters (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette  
Specialiste en Beauté



MOST women can use rouge with greater during in the evening, and while the same tone of Bloom used in daytime is always wise—the use of a lighter or more brilliant tone is very effective in artificial light.

# "Her color is her own"

*is what the world declares  
when a woman uses Pompeian Bloom,  
the natural-looking rouge*

## SPECIAL OFFER

1/3 of a 60c box of Bloom

The 1926 Panel, with three valuable Pompeian samples—all for 20c.

This generous offer of Bloom gives you an opportunity to really know how good is this popular Pompeian product. For 20c you get 1/3 of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom, valuable samples of Pompeian Day Cream (protecting), Night Cream (cleansing), Beauty Powder, Madame Jeannette's beauty booklet, and the famous 1926 Pompeian Panel entitled "Moments That Will Treasured Be, in the Mint of Memory." This panel was executed by a famous artist, and is reproduced in full color. Art store value 75c to \$1.00. Tear off, sign and send coupon below.

### Mail Coupon Today

Madame Jeannette, THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES  
2910 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, 1/3 of 60c box of Bloom, Beauty Booklet and samples.

Name.....

Street.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Shade of rouge wanted.....

This coupon valid after July 15, 1926







## What is the Lure of PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE

Is it her beauty? It is her naivete?  
Is it her natural charm? Fascination?  
Or is it an indefinable something as  
yet unnamed that has made her the  
magnet that attracts thousands to  
see her? Here is your chance to  
see for yourself. Here she is in a  
picture that fairly vibrates with  
her beauty and personality—a  
throbbing drama adapted from  
Adela Rogers St. Johns' Cosmo-  
politan Magazine story of a poor  
girl's skyrocket career in the  
movies—the twice-thrilling tale  
of her rise to the dizzy heights  
of stardom and the splendid  
crash of her fall to earth—and  
love. At last your chance to  
see Peggy Hopkins Joyce—

See Her in

## The "SKYROCKET" at Leading Theatres Soon

A Marshall Neilan  
Production

Produced by Celebrity Pictures, Inc.  
Presented by Associated Exhibitors, Inc.  
OSCAR A. PRICE, Pres.



Reginald Denny was recently made the thirteenth member of the Black Cats, stunt men and aviators. The white claws on his insignia indicate he was felled twice in the war, where he served in the Royal Flying Corps. Under Black Cat rulings Denny is allowed only six more falls and he can fly no more, for Black Cats have but nine lives, you know

will meet the traveler upon her return, for Alma and Ricardo are to marry in February.

BEN LYON is nursing a sore jaw. Helen Ferguson is nursing a strained wrist. And it didn't happen in a picture, but right on Broadway, New York.

The one-sided battle occurred at the entrance to the Mark Strand Theater, where Helen and Lois Wilson had gone to see "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," in which Lois plays a part.

As Helen and Lois walked through the foyer, Ben Lyon in a three weeks' growth of beard rushed up and grasped Helen by the arm, saying:

"Hello, Helen, old dear. How are you?"

"Let go my arm," she replied haughtily to the bewhiskered stranger. But Ben only held on tighter, thinking she was kidding him.

Sock! Right in the jaw. Then he knew she wasn't kidding.

"Hey, what's the idea, Helen?" he cried, and Lois, divining that Helen really didn't recognize Ben, hastily explained. Lois had worked with Ben in his beard, but Helen had not seen it before.

Helen apologized abjectly. She told them how her husband, Bill Russell—one time amateur heavyweight boxing champion of America—had taught her every trick of self-defense, and she never wasted time arguing.

IT was over at the United Studios. I was talking to a couple of charming actresses, one of whom was new to that lot.

Just then the whistle, which blows every hour, went off with a piercing scream. It wasn't noon. It was ten o'clock.

"What's that?" cried the newcomer, jumping sideways and ducking.

"Don't worry," explained the old-timer. "It just means Colleen Moore wants another glass of milk."

HOLLYWOOD has a new little eating house, where the savory odors of fowl roasting on the open spit mingle with the tones of the film folk talking about Jack's great performance in "The Big Parade" and whether Laskys are going to use a mob scene on Friday.

"Henry's," it is called, and "Henry" is the Henry Bergman who has been seen in every Chaplin picture for the last ten years—fat and jovial, a typical innkeeper of Dickens' days. He played in "The Gold Rush"—was the obese prospector in whose cabin Charlie performed the Dance of the Rolls—and they do say that Henry started his little restaurant with the proceeds of his work in that picture. Small wonder when you consider it took Charlie nearly two years to make it!

Just now Henry's snug little two-by-four establishment is the informal meeting place of Hollywood—with Charlie dropping in for a liverwurst sandwich on Russian rye, with a side order of apple strudel.

RUDY VALENTINO seems to have had the time of his life on his recent trip abroad. While waiting for the divorce action to be settled he amused himself winning dancing contests in Paris with Laura Gould, former wife of George Gould, Jr., and playing baccarat at Monte Carlo. His winnings for one night were reported to be \$31,000. "Lucky at cards; unlucky at love," seems to be true in the sheik's case.

RICHARD DIX told it to me. He said Bill Powell was the one who perpetrated it. But when I asked Bill he denied the responsibility and hung it on Ronald Colman. Ronald disclaimed credit and tried to say it was Jack Gilbert, who wished it on Lew Cody. It wasn't he either.

Anyway, here's the story:

It seems that Lew—or whoever it was—was very much inebriated the other day and felt the need of feminine society to share his enjoyment. But the little red book failed to reveal any promising numbers. Now there dwells in Los Angeles a celebrated female revivalist. Lew—or whoever it was—picked up the 'phone and dialed her number.

"Hello. Ish thish Miss So-and-so?"

"Yes."

"I undershtand you save wild women."

"Yes, praise be, I do!"



# The WOMAN who works Youth Miracles on society's most famous faces

BY discovering the 3 telltale places where age first shows on a woman's face, and then correcting them by scientific treatments and exclusive preparations, Dorothy Gray became one of the world's most famous beauty specialists. *What she does and how.*



DOROTHY GRAY

67% of all women past 25 and 90% past 35 reveal one or more of these conditions

THERE are three places—weak places—on a woman's face which unerringly reveal one's years. Correcting them makes a difference that is almost unbelievable.

By developing a unique treatment and scientific preparations erasing them, Dorothy Gray became beauty mentor to scores of the most important women, socially and financially, both in Europe and America. Scarcely an important name in the international social register but has yielded to her amazing ministrations.

67% of all women past 25, according to experts, show one or more of these three facial conditions. Almost 90% of women past 35 reveal them. Ordinary beauty methods have failed in correcting them. That is why the battle against age, regardless of precautions taken, has largely been a losing one.

Now by the perfection of new and radically different treatments and preparations, it's been proved, *virtually beyond question*, that those conditions are responsive to correction.

In proof of it experts now point out that those percentages *do not apply to the wealthier women except in a small degree*. It is shown that while almost 95% of the ultra-wealthy women of America look years younger than they are, the average woman past 25, in

Coming to New York ten years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Dorothy Gray by the application of a new method of scientific strengthening of the facial muscles, resulting in the *lifting* or bringing back of youth, soon became one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, numbering among her clients scores of the greatest names in the international social register. Known as "The Beauty Sculptor," her hands were recently insured for \$100,000.

white—the actual color of youth can be restored—lines and crow's-feet around the eyes can be erased—double chins can be reduced . . . *absolutely*—drooping throat muscles can be overcome.

The Dorothy Gray methods banish them, results in most cases being almost beyond belief. Today, looking one's age is a folly; looking older than one's years, a crime against one's self.

Send Coupon for Personal Advice—FREE

Dorothy Gray preparations are now on sale at the toilet goods counters of the better department stores and at quality drug stores, under very definite and easily followed instructions.

Note the coupon below. Check and fill it out carefully. Then mail it.

Exact and detailed instructions for individual treatment will be sent you without charge.

Each skin requires a certain treatment. That is why no general directions are given here. Once your condition is understood and the method of correction suggested by Miss Gray, you can follow it at home as satisfactorily as in Miss Gray's own establishment.

## The 3 Telltale Places Which Reveal A Woman's Age. Correct Them And You Take Years Away

### A Double Chin

The chief agent in treatment is Dorothy Gray's Tissue Cream. For best results use a Dorothy Gray Patter.

### Lines at Eyes and Mouth

In this treatment Dorothy Gray's Muscle Oil smooths out lines and wrinkles.

### Thin face with flabby muscles under the chin

Dorothy Gray's Special Skin Food nourishes and rounds out thin faces.

Dorothy Gray's preparations with complete directions for treatments can be obtained at the leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country.

ordinary walks of life, looks from 5 to 10 years older than she is.

Why? It isn't worry, household cares, motherhood, but lack of scientific youth protection. Correct means have mostly been denied them.

### What the Dorothy Gray Treatments Are

Their objective is strengthening certain facial muscles which, by

weakening, result in flabbiness, in lines and wrinkles. Thin and withered faces can be made plump—sallow skins can be made

DOROTHY GRAY

753 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how

☐ to treat a double chin and flabby throat.

☐ to round out a thin face and strengthen muscles under chin.

☐ to erase wrinkles and crow's-feet.

19

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....





### Women Marvel at Tangee Crème Rouge



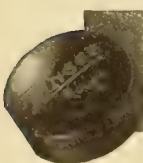
There's a new kind of make-up magic called Tangee Crème Rouge. Women everywhere say it is the most wonderful they've ever tried. For it is entirely different from any other—a greaseless cream, changing color as you put it on, to blend with your complexion, whether you are blonde or brunette.

### Tangee Lipstick is the same kind of magic

Like the rouge, Tangee Lipstick changes from orange to just that shade of *blush-rose* that is warm, young, lovely, and alluring. Its amazing color magic makes it superior to any other lipstick, and makes it last about five times as long. It's waterproof—frictionproof—kissproof—permanent—and absolutely harmless. You put it on in the morning and the lovely glow stays on all day without fading or rubbing off.



### Tangee Rouge Compact for the purse . . .



You'll want also the trim little gunmetal compact—with puff and mirror—for your purse. Tangee Rouge in caked powder form—to carry with you and use when you need more color.

Get Tangee today . . . and be more beautiful tomorrow!

Caution: Do not let anyone offer you "something just as good." All substitutes are inferior. Look for TANGEE in orange letters on each container. Tangee Crème Rouge, Sr. Tangee Lipstick, Sr. Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c.

Mons. Doriot  
**TANGEE**  
Be Beautiful with Tangee

#### Special Introductory Offer

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full-size Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous free sample of Tangee Crème Rouge, and (3) "The Art of Make-up" written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer's name will be appreciated.)

Dept. 81, THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO.,  
417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Most of the girls had a fling at it—now the sheiks of the screen are going in for old age. Look at Ricardo Cortez with a sponge in each cheek. But don't stay away from "The Torrent" because you don't like him with jowls. He's himself in most of the picture

"I also undershtand you save wayward girls."

"Yes, glory be, I do!"

"Well, will you pleash save two blondes for me tonight?"

**A**HA! A brand new rumor. Somebody says that Richard Dix has a secret bride out in Hollywood. Remember when he told a lot of reporters that he would be married before the end of 1925?

It can't be Lois Wilson, for Lois is not in Hollywood. She is right here in New York playing the lead opposite Dix in a picture entitled, appropriately enough, "Let's Get Married."

Richard neither affirms nor denies the rumor. Who knows but that he may have started it himself to escape the friendly machinations of everybody in the film colony who thinks he ought to get married?

**D**ID you know that "Ben-Hur" was first made by the Kalem Company in 1905—in one reel?

**J**ETTA GOUDAL says she is not temperamental, and showed me her thumb to prove it. It was a nice thumb, but it didn't prove anything to me. Palmists would say that Jetta has a sweet, even temper and can get along with anybody, because the shape of her thumb indicates this.

Whatever Jetta's thumb indicates, it is a fact that several directorial thumbs are down on the young lady for her exhibitions of temperament on the studio sets. The Famous Players-Lasky Company has made a law issue on the contention that Miss Goudal has a regular spittfire temper, and that directors are unable to control her. And Jetta must appear in court in a couple of weeks to tell her side of the story and submit to temper tests. All in connection with her suit against the Lasky Company for canceling her contract by reason of which she claims to lose \$23,350.

Now she is very, very angry with Cecil De Mille. After a temperamental outburst on the set recently, Mr. De Mille promptly and



decisively took her out of the cast of "The Volga Boatman," in which she was playing a leading rôle.

This time, Hollywood believes, it will be hard for Miss Goudal to find work. Directors no longer look upon temperament as a necessity and find that it is something they can do without.

**H**ERE'S one that Richard Dix tells:

A certain Latin sheik of Hollywood hurried by a friend of his.

He was carrying a traveling bag, and he seemed to be in a terrible rush.

"What's the matter and where are you rushing to?" his friend asked.

"I'm leaving this town flat," was the answer.

"Why?" he was asked.

"I just got a letter from a man saying that if I didn't let his wife alone he'd shoot me."

"Well, why don't you let her alone?"

"The darn fool forgot to sign his name," he shouted as he beat it for the station.

**T**HE scene: The Hollywood Country Club. The actors: Alan Hale, giant blond heavy of "The Covered Wagon," who is now a director, and Hector Turnbull of the Paramount studios.

Alan and Hector meet on the green. They are about to indulge in a game of golf.

Hector takes one look at Alan's Plus Fours, probably the biggest and loudest pair in captivity.

Hector: "Who made 'em?"

Alan: "Bigger & Wyatt" (a firm of Hollywood tailors Hector had evidently never heard of).

Hector: "Bigger & Riot?"

Alan: "BIGGER & WYATT!"

Hector: "Should change their name to Bigger & Louder. Let's play."



# 3 Big Dramas

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CECIL B. DeMILLE

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Henry Walthall and Clive Brook  
*Adapted by C. Gardner Sullivan*  
and Monte Katterjohn from the  
play by Anthony Paul Kelly

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The outstanding dramatic success of New York's last theatrical season. Now being produced as a great photoplay with an imposing cast. You will find romance—mystery—thrills in

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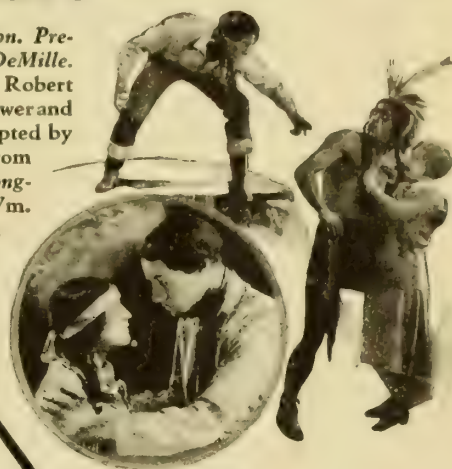
*A Rupert Julian Production*  
*Presented by Cecil B. DeMille*

Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix from the Broadway hit by Max Marcin, with H. B. Warner.



## Rod LaRocque in "Braveheart"

*An Alan Hale Production. Presented by Cecil B. DeMille.*  
With Lillian Rich, Robert Edeson, Tyrone Power and Jean Acker. Adapted by Mary O'Hara from the play "Strongheart" by Wm. C. Demille.



A graphic picture of the conflict between Indian and white man, a strong story, teeming with elemental emotion—ambition, rivalry, passion and heroism of the noblest sort. ROD LAROCQUE in his greatest role. Don't miss it!

If you haven't seen it yet, ask your theatre man for that tremendous spectacle:

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production

## "THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY"

*Adapted by Jeannie Macpherson and Beulah Marie Dix*

From the play by Beulah Marie Dix & E. G. Sutherland, with Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, William Boyd and Julia Faye.



Coming—CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production  
"THE VOLGA BOATMAN"

Adapted by Leonore Coffee from the story by Konrad Bercovici. With William Boyd, Elinor Fair, Victor Varconi, Julia Faye, Theo. Kosloff and Robert Edeson  
Personally directed by Cecil B. DeMille

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Typical, the records of these men, of what the LaSalle salary-doubling plan is doing for the average man ambitious to get ahead. Read these excerpts from LaSalle's "Geography of Success"—a book sent free for the asking:

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Name .....

Present Position .....

Address .....

HOLLYWOOD beauties, smarting a little under Erté's accusation of square shoulders, lack of soul in their eyes and other things, are now listening eagerly to Benjamin Christianson, the Danish director at the Metro-Goldwyn Culver City studio.

Mr. Christianson says American women have smaller bodies than European women, slenderer and more graceful arms and legs, more interesting faces and more diversity of appearance. European women so often run to type, he says, but Americans with the heritage of mixed blood produce more pleasingly different kinds of beauty.

HERE is Alexander Carr's latest.

A Jewish family lived next door to an Irish bird dealer. On Christmas the Irishman gave his Jewish neighbors a gift of an expensive parrot.

"Merry Christmas! And here's a fine and valuable bird for you," said the Irishman.

Some days later they met, and the bird dealer inquired for the welfare of the bird.

"Oy, Mr. Dennis!" enthusiastically replied the recipient, "the bird was fine—the children had such a nice Christmas dinner."

"What!" exclaimed Dennis. "Do you mean to say you ate the bird?"

"Yes—the children enjoyed him lots."

"Why, man! that was a parrot. . . a valuable bird! Why! that bird could talk!"

"Vell, why didn't he say something to the Rabbi, then?"

POLA NEGRI has just published a book called "*La Vie et le Rêve au Cinéma*," which translated is "The Life and Dreams of the Cinema." It is written in French and is being sold only in France.

In this volume Pola tells what she believes the moving picture can accomplish for humanity. A few lines:

"The cinema will become the great regulator of human harmony."

"If the people of earth are transformed one day into a universal and pacific republic, they will owe it to the generous shadows which flicker across the outstretched screen."

"Liberty, the Anglo-Saxon ideal, has been accomplished by revolution. Equality, the Latin dream, is a daughter of evolution. Fraternity, a universal sentiment, will be realized by the cinema."

IT was Pola Negri who introduced the clown make-up which has become so popular with the women of this country. Pale face, sans rouge, and scarlet lips. Of course it is most becoming to girls with dark hair. Blondes need color in their cheeks, else they look anaemic.

Now Miss Vilma Banky has introduced something just as startling for the blonde sisterhood. No make-up at all—off-stage. She appeared at a dinner party in Beverly Hills the other night without any vestige of lipstick, rouge, mascara, and only a light dusting of powder to prevent shine. She was still beautiful.

JUST a word of warning in which I think the fans will bear me out.

Those two dark and talented beauties, Leatrice Joy and Virginia Valli, want to keep an eye on the good old bathroom scales. Saw them both at lunch at the Montmartre the other day, and though I didn't watch their menu, I hoped it was pineapple and lamb chop. It should have been.

I WAS astounded the first day I visited Marion Davies' set, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where she is making "Beverly of Graustark," at the remarkable resemblance between the beautiful Cosmopolitan star and the Prince of Wales.

Marion has a regular boy's haircut, has what's left of her blonde tresses slicked back against her finely moulded head, and wears stunning uniforms. It was the haircut and uniform which made the resemblance so marked.

And speaking of the Prince reminds me of a story which has just leaked out.

The occasion was his first visit to the Pacific coast. Now the Prince has never posed with motion picture people for publicity pictures. Many have tried to induce him to do so, but all have failed.

The Prince and his party were at San Diego and were being elaborately entertained by the mayor. Mildred Harris, who is a warm friend of the mayor and his wife, was also there and was introduced to Edward as the mayor's niece.

A group picture, Mr. and Mrs. Mayor, the Prince and Mildred, was suggested by Miss Harris and taken before one of Edward's party found out that Miss Harris was in pictures. The negative was recovered and destroyed.

And that's how close Mildred Harris came to getting her picture in the paper with the Prince of Wales.

HERE'S one which recently leaked out on a more or less prominent actor.

Seems that after a hard struggle breaking into pictures, the actor finally got a contract with William Fox and was being featured. Soon prosperity went to his head. The actor forgot the days of his struggles and wrote a most unusual letter to his producer.

In part it said, "Please do not consider this as a communication from an employee to employer but as man to man" and then went on to tell Fox just how good he was and how crazy other producers were to have his services and ended by asking if he didn't think he, the actor, should have more money.

William Fox's answer was short and to the point:

"This letter is not from man to man. It is from a man to a damn fool. If there is anyone in the business who will pay you more than I do, take it quick." And there was an inference that the producer would be glad to get rid of the actor.

BOB AMES is a newcomer to the camera coast where flowers and fruit flaunt their perpetual beauty. He was enthusing over the climate and the beauties of California to an old resident:

"It's marvelous out here . . . with the roses always blooming!" chirruped Bob.

"Yeh!" said the perennial pessimist, "and you have no idea how insulating a rose can be on a cold morning!"

GEORGE O'BRIEN, the Sir Galahad, the unattainable, the handsome young Irish lad who has given many a heart thrill to the queens of the silver sheet without even knowing it and has seemed to shun the fair sex like a plague, has at last fallen under the spell of a charmer. And the girl is Olive Borden, the new Fox discovery who is to be starred.

Olive is young, beautiful and unspoiled, and their little romance is as pretty and charming a thing as one could wish to see. Reminds me of a young love story out of one of those good, old-fashioned romantic novels.

IT'S a sad and strange thing that nobody seems able to get any decent still pictures of George O'Brien. The young Fox star is as

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



## Guide to good things

GRANDMOTHER could tell, by rubbing it in her hand, whether the goods in a suit or overcoat was all-wool. Grandfather could tell good leather by the feel of it. Both had ways, or thought they had, of knowing good silver, brass or copper.

But you buy so many more things than our grandparents did, that it is almost impossible to be a judge of quality in everything you buy. In this age, only a specialist could really know even a small part of the many things used in your home, if the trade-marks and trade-names were left off them.

Advertising has taken the place of grandfather's and grandmother's knowledge. You may be sure a thing advertised is as represented. If it is not, the person making it and the one selling it will quickly lose your confidence and your patronage. People do not dare misrepresent in their advertising—to do so is to invite closed factories and stores.

The advertisements are your guide to good things. Whatever you need, there is an advertisement in these pages that will take you to it—just the kind you want.



*Read the advertisements to know  
what is best and where to buy it*





# Girls' Problems

*Friendly Advice  
from Carolyn Van Wyck*



## Her Letter

**D**EAR MISS VAN WYCK: Petting is my biggest problem. The boys all seem to do it and don't seem to come back if you don't do it also. We girls are all at our wits' end to know what to do.

All the boys want to pet. I've been out with nearly fifty different ones and every one does it. I thought sometimes it was my fault but when I tried hardest to keep from it they were all the worse. As yet I've never been out with anyone that got beyond my control. It may sound simple, but the minute I say that it is mean to take advantage because they are stronger they all seem to respect my wishes. I've tried getting mad but it doesn't do any good.

I don't seem to know what I want out of life. I want the thrills. I get a kick out of petting and I think all girls do no matter how much they deny it. What's to be done? The boys all like it and I can't seem to make myself dislike it and am not afraid of any of the men I know. Yet older people say, "Don't do it." Is it just because they are older and forget how they felt? I don't want it if it really is wrong.

It makes me wonder how on earth you are to get a husband who respects you because you don't pet if you get turned down everytime because you won't, before they have time to appreciate your sterling qualities. I'm quite sure that I don't want to marry anyone who is too slow to want to pet. But I want to discover what is right.

Please help me.

## My Reply

To pet or not to pet.

That is the question that comes more and more often in my mail. To pet or not to pet. Poor, puzzled girls like the very nice girl who has written me above. You are only one of hundreds, my dear, though you are franker than most and face your problem more squarely.

"Petting" is the modern term that has replaced mother's "spooning" and grandmother's "sparking" and great-grandmother's "courting." Each term, it seems to me, is in itself indicative of the change in mood, the loss of romance in the approach between girl and boy to the reality of love.

In the last analysis, petting or spooning, or what you will, is the attempt to bridge the sex barrier. It should lead to marriage and life long happiness between husband and wife. But it doesn't always. That's the trouble.

Actually considering whether to pet or not is like realizing that one's home would make a lovely bonfire and then considering whether to turn off the blinds for a neat little blaze, or to have a bigger blaze by burning the blinds and the porches or to have one marvelous fire by burning down the whole place. True, the house will be gone and there will be nothing but scorched fingers to remember the color of the flames and the heat. But one will have had the thrill of destruction and made a hit with the neighbors by lighting up the horizon.

I think petting is like that. At the risk of

shocking the older generation, I must say that I see this not so much as a struggle between right and wrong as a judgment between good and bad values. Petting is of the moment. It is feverish and hectic and in more cases than any of us are willing to admit, disastrous to a girl's whole life.

It depends, then, on what one wants from life and the part one wants men to take in that life. If a girl is husband hunting, she must proceed very carefully and seriously, "as wise as a serpent and as soft as a dove." If she is after a career and only wants men sandwiched into that career from time to time, she can be much more casual in her contacts with the opposite sex. If she wants only the thrill, the petting and necking parties, the hip flasks and the parked car in the dark, that's up to her. But oh, what a shame to cheapen love so greatly, to pull it down on the level of choco-

for everyone likes to talk about himself. Be sweet and generous in your judgments; but if you simply can't learn to talk in social encounters comfort yourself with the knowledge that quietness has a charm all its own, particularly if you use it to make other people chatter.

ANNABELL LEE.

I think it would be nice of you to ask your friend to come and visit you some evening at your own home. Be sincere and natural with him. Your height is a fine height. You're not a bit too tall.

LA VETTA J.

By "golden-brown" I suppose you mean you are a pronounced blonde. You can wear black of high lustre, oyster white, dark brown and bronze, pale and dark green, navy blue, gray, violet and wistaria, yellow and the delicate shades of pink. With your height and slenderness, you can wear any styles you desire. The best rule for smartness is simplicity. "Harper's Bazaar" and "Vogue" will give you the latest style information. For clearing the skin, simplify your diet, leaving out greasy food, candy, pastry, and substituting green vegetables and a certain amount of roughage like uncooked fruit, nuts and salads. Get plenty of fresh air. Take a daily bath—this is an absolute necessity—drink at least 8 glasses of water daily, and get a reasonable amount of exercise. Don't worry about your arms. You're still growing. Madame Rubenstein's cold creams, vanishing creams and similar beauty materials are excellent.

GREEN EYES.

You should lose anywhere from twenty to thirty pounds. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I'll send you printed instructions for dieting and exercise.

CONSTANCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

If a girl cannot be beautiful, there are scores of more lasting ways in which she can win affection. She can improve her mind, and win friends by her intelligence. Or she can make friendships because of her charm and sympathy, her ability to listen, her kindness—any one of a dozen things.

Don't feel so sensitive, my dear, that you are the least pretty member of a beautiful family.

Of course, you can get over being round shouldered, and you must learn to dress your lovely hair in a becoming manner.

Don't be shy about your glasses. No nice boy will think any the less of you because you are near sighted, and your friend wouldn't have asked you to go to the theater with him except that he wanted your company—not the company of your eyes. The preparation you mention is highly recommended for the removal of superfluous hair. I have every reason to believe it is perfectly harmless. Stop being a scared little girl, Connie. Go swimming whenever you want to and get every bit of joy out of life you can.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]

## To Pet or Not to Pet Is This Month's Problem

Write me your problems. If you desire a personal reply in matters that need understanding rather than rules, I will be glad to send it. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

I have had printed for you directions for obtaining any desired improvement in your appearance—advice on diet, reducing, increasing weight, care of skin, general health. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for them.

late sodas, and French pastry and chiffon hose, things from which one gets a momentary thrill of nonsensical indulgence and nothing more.

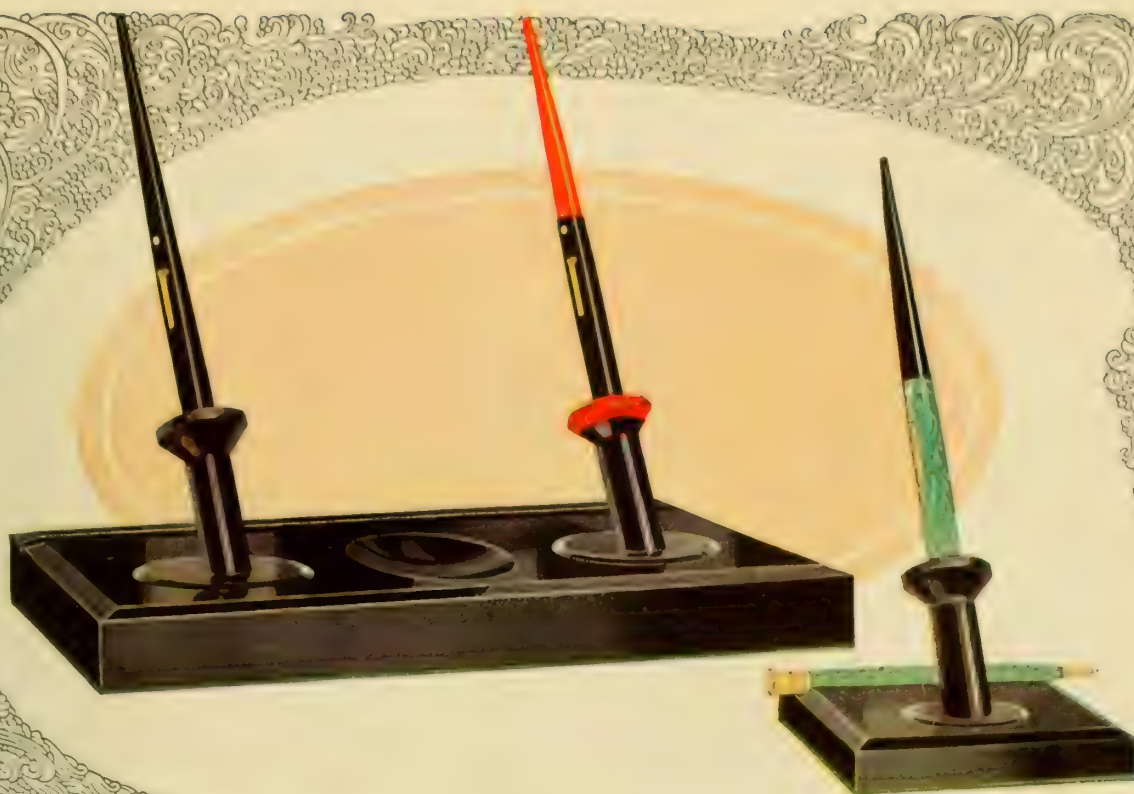
There is so much more than that in love and life. It seems to me much better to be known as a flat tire and keep romance in one's mind than to be called a hot date and have fear in one's heart.

To pet or not to pet. The choice is up to every girl. Choose wisely, then. Try not to let the glitter of the moment keep you from the gold of life.

MAE LAY, INDIANA.

Daintiness is yours for the working. It demands absolute cleanliness, of body and costume, perfect grooming of hair, manicured nails, a clear skin kept free from shininess, and all of that means work. It will repay you, however, no matter how much time you expend. As for self-consciousness and not knowing what to say, remember this. Almost everyone is shy and equally nearly everyone is at loss for exactly the right speech at the right moment. Therefore, your speech will probably be as good as the next person's. Trust your own unspoken thought. Trust yourself and be yourself. Improve your mind so that you are conversant with several topics. Ask questions. It is one of the simplest ways of opening a conversation and of interesting the other person,





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"ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"



# When the Movies Were Young



Linda Griffith in "Charity," which she wrote herself

**W**HEN the Movies Were Young."

That is the perfect title for this book that every fan will want to read. It was written by Mrs. D. W. Griffith and published, illustrated with marvelous old stills from early Biograph one-reelers, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

What a fine job Mrs. Griffith has made of it! She knows the whole story, of course, as few people do. She probably knows it better than D. W., himself, since he was so busy creating it he could scarcely have had time to notice the sweep of it all.

It covers only a scrap of time, the years between 1905 and the production of "The Birth of a Nation." But millions of miles of film have flowed out of the camera since then and Hollywood has been created and many, many millions of dollars.

The Griffiths went into the movies because they either had to do that or starve. They had met, Linda Arvidson and "Lawrence" Griffith, when they were both playing stock in San Francisco. They were romantic and young and inexperienced. They had nothing in the world to depend upon. So they got married.

The greatest director's wife has written her own story of the magic early days of the most romantic industry

They had hope, of course, much hope. And a typewriter. The two things in combination saved their lives.

Broadway would have none of them. They did the casting agencies faithfully. All they got was worn-out shoes. But at night they both worked hard. "Lawrence"—he would call himself that, though Linda protested in favor of his baptismal David Wark—wrote plays and poems and Linda typed them for him. Once in a green moon some of this literary output sold.

Then one day David heard of the Biograph company down in Fourteenth Street. He told Linda and thereafter, ever so often, they had a wonderful day in which they both earned three dollars and caught up, temporarily, with their appetites.

They didn't mention this movie work. Not on your life. Every actor and actress who ever played before the camera in those dark ages of 1906 kept quiet about it. The very movie studios were ashamed of themselves and let their actors off periodically to hunt the casting agencies uptown, hoping that the poor things could get a respectable engagement.

Here is where the quality for greatness in Griffith showed.

He didn't like the work. He was humiliated about it. Yet he took interest in it, tried to improve it and to work faithfully. For one thing he sold the company scenarios, for \$15 apiece. A one-reel version of "When Knighthood Was In Flower" was done with a cast of five. He and Linda were two of them. The result was that when Wally McCutcheon, son of "Old Man McCutcheon," the same Wally who later married Pearl White, wanted to shift the responsibility of the studio from his own shoulders he slipped it on D. W.'s.

"Lawrence" Griffith had his chance. Not that he wanted that chance particularly. He wanted to be a writer. Instead, he was forced to be a director. He and Linda went on, because they had to, little dreaming that they had stubbed



Those days of 1908. The offended young thing is our Mary. Mack Sennett is her avenger. The other girl is Marion Sunshine

their toes on a veritable pot of gold.

Hunting up and down Broadway, Griffith would say to an actor, "Well, how about it? If you're hanging about, how would you like to work with me a bit?"

Polite and evasive would be the reply. "Well, you see, I'm awfully busy now, have several offers and—well, when I'm signed up, I'll drop around again."

Can you imagine what an actor would say to Griffith today?

Yet, somehow, a little company grew up in the studio. A slim little girl with a pretty white dress was put to work one day—because of the white dress. She was Jeanie Macpherson. On the regular list were Eddie

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]





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## Answers to Movie Intelligence Test

**H**OW did you get on with your answer to the Movie Intelligence Test, No. II, by E. Lyle Mc Mullen, in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY? It isn't easy for even the most enthusiastic follower of the screen to put down the correct solutions, offhand, to all of the queries. Below is what you should have written, if your paper comes in the one hundred per cent class.

**GROUP ONE**—Numbers 2, 4 and 5 in Question 1; Numbers 1 and 2 in Question 2; Numbers 3 and 5 in Question 3; Numbers 2, 3 and 4 in Question 4; Numbers 1, 3, 4 and 5 in Question 5, should all be circled.

**GROUP TWO**—Numbers 8, 10, 13, 18 and 20 should be crossed out as being untrue.

**GROUP THREE**—Number 3 in Question 21; Number 2 in Question 22; Number 1 in Question 23; Number 4 in Question 24; Number 3 in Question 25, should be circled to indicate a mis-placed name or title.

**GROUP FOUR**—Question 26. The star of "Soul-Fire" was Richard Barthelmess. Question 27. Fred Niblo is a prominent director of Metro-Goldwyn. Question 28. "Sally of the Sawdust" was produced by D. W. Griffith. Question 29. "The Devil's Cargo" had a featured cast of good players. Question 30. Sam De Grasse is a character actor. Question 31. Lillian Gish's leading man in "The White Sister" and "Romola" was Ronald Colman. Question 32. "The Iron Horse" was an epic railroad picture. Question 33. Bessie Love and Glenn Hunter were featured in "The Silent Watcher." Question 34. Mack Sennett is a comedy producer. Question 35. Marie Prevost is married to Kenneth Harlan.

**GROUP FIVE**—Question 36. Prehistoric animals of great size played an important part

in "The Lost World." Question 37. Douglas Fairbanks' latest released picture is "Don Q." Question 38. A noted producer-director who recently severed his connection with Famous Players-Lasky is Cecil B. De Mille. Question 39. Syd Chaplin made one of the big comedy hits of the year in "Charley's Aunt." Question 40. Lila Lee is married to James Kirkwood. Question 41. She has very often appeared as leading lady to Thomas Meighan. Question 42. A famous biblical story recently filmed is "The Wanderer." Question 43. The leading rôle is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 44. A Ziegfeld Follies' comedian who recently left the stage to play an important part in a picture is W. C. Fields. Question 45. The picture was "Sally of the Sawdust." Question 46. Jackie Coogan was "discovered" by Charles Chaplin. Question 47. The first picture in which he appeared was "The Kid." Question 48. Nita Naldi supported Rudolph Valentino in "The Sainted Devil." Question 49. Wallace Beery was one of the featured players in "The Lost World." Question 50. Noah Beery was one of the featured players in "The Thundering Herd."

**GROUP SIX**—Numbers 2 and 3 in Question 51; Numbers 1, 2 and 3 in Question 52; Numbers 2, 3 and 4 in Question 53; Numbers 1, 4 and 5 in Question 54, should all be circled. Question 55. Pickford, Philbin, Astor, Alden, Carr.

**GROUP SEVEN**—Number 5 in Question 56; Number 1 in Question 57; Number 2 in Question 58; Numbers 4 and 5 in Question 59; Number 3 in Question 60, should all be circled.

**GROUP EIGHT**—Numbers 61, 64, 65, 66, 68, 71, 72 and 73 should be crossed out as being untrue.

## Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

That Dorothy Mackaill was the most attractive girl in Hollywood.

That Hollywood people went to bed earlier than any group he'd ever met, because every dinner party he attended broke up about ten, in view of the united yawns of the guests and hostess.

That Colleen Moore was the most charming and intelligent woman he had ever met.

That Harold Lloyd knew more about motion pictures than everybody else put together, and off the screen was a typical young American business man, husband and father.

That the making of the chariot race scenes from "Ben-Hur" was the most exciting event he had ever witnessed, or was ever likely to witness.

That most of the people he met were amazingly simple and natural in view of the immense salaries and endless flattery they received.

That Jack Gilbert would be the greatest man star the screen had ever had.

And that Mrs. St. Johns' book was an absolutely true and graphic picture

of the most amazing city in the world—Hollywood.

**N**OVARRO comes to New York to attend the opening of "Ben-Hur," a great personal triumph, gets stagefright and hides in his hotel. No press agent informed the newspapers of the important fact that he bought a diamond ring for his sister, two pairs of pajamas and a new black necktie.

But then if Novarro won't rave about Novarro, Herb Howe will. There's a Boswell for you.

**"W**HY doesn't Howe write about somebody besides Novarro, Alice Terry, Beryl Montana, Farina, Rex Ingram, Malcolm McGregor, Pola Negri, Corinne Griffith and Tony Moreno?" queries a querulous reader.

I answer that the only reason I know is that Howe wears a high hat in Hollywood and is too lazy to meet anybody else.

But somehow or other the lad seems to get by.



# NORMA SHEARER

WITH

LEW CODY



*Norma Shearer  
as  
Ruth Lawrence  
the typist*

## HIS SECRETARY

**If** you are a Norma Shearer fan—

**And** who isn't?

**You** have a new thrill coming to you

**When** you see "His Secretary."

**For**, with their usual discrimination,

**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer**

**Chose** a story that gave Norma

**Real** opportunity to display her genius

**And** she did!

**From** start to finish

**Her** superb acting in this picture establishes her

**As** a star of planetary proportions.

**You** must see her!

**And** then there's Lew Cody

**And** Willard Louis,

**HOBERT** Henley's super direction

**And** a whale of a story by Carey Wilson.

**In** short

**It's** a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

**In** every respect—

**And** you know what *that* means!



*First aid  
to the injured*

*The boss  
(Lew Cody)  
neglects business*



# Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"

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# What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

## WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

### BUSTER KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way.

Buster Keaton directing "Mr. Battling Butler" with Buster Keaton and Sally O'Neil.

### CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Charles Chaplin directing "The Circus" with Charles Chaplin and Myrna Kennedy.

### CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 6101 Sunset Blvd.

Bobby Vernon, Walter Hiers, Jimmie Adams and Neal Burns—all working on two-reel comedies.

### CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Paul Sloane directing "Eve's Leaves" with Leatrice Joy.

Cecil B. De Mille has completed "The Volga Boatman" with Victor Varconi and Elinor Fair.

### FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 780 Gower St.

Ralph Cedar directing "Fighting Hearts" series with Alberta Vaughn, Larry Kent, Al Cooke and Kit Guard.

Harry Garson directing "The Traffic Cop" with Lefty Flynn and Kathleen Myers.

Cet Withey directing "Bright Lights" with Evelyn Brent and Theodore Von Eltz.

Bob De Lacy directing "Born to Battle" with Tom Tyler.

Bob Custer is working on "The Half-Breed Hostler."

Richard Talmadge is working on "The Badge of Honor" with Mary Carr, Rose Blossom, Grace Darmond and Gardner James.

### FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

R. William Nell directing "The Fighting Buckaroo" with Buck Jones and Sally Long.

Raoul Walsh will soon start production on "What Price Glory?" Cast not named.

Frank Borzage has completed "The Dixie Merchant" with Jack Mulhall and Madge Bellamy.

Victor Schertzinger directing "Siberia" with Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Lilyan Tashman and Lou Tellegen.

J. G. Blystone directing "Tony Runs Wild" with Tom Mix.

Chester Bennett directing "The Dangers of a Great City" with Pauline Starke, Rockcliffe Fellowes and Grace Darmond.

John Griffith Wray directing "Hell's Four Hundred" with Margaret Livingston.

Harry Beaumont directing "Sandy" with Madge Bellamy, Leslie Fenton, Bardson Bard and Harrison Ford.

Emmett Flynn directing "Yellow Fingers" with Olive Borden.

### LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine Street.

Allen Dwan directing "The Rainmaker" with Bessie Love.

George B. Seltz directing "Desert Gold" with Neil Hamilton, Shirley Mason, Robert Frazer and William Powell.

Victor Fleming directing "The Blind Goddess" with Jack Holt, Esther Ralston, Louise Dresser and Ernest Torrence.

Arthur Rosson directing "Fresh Paint" with Raymond Griffith and Mary Brian.

William de Mille directing "The Flight to the Hills." Cast not named.

William Wellman directing an untitled production with Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez and Arlette Marchal.

Production will soon commence on:

"Old Ironsides." James Cruze directing. Cast not named.

"The Rough Riders." Director and cast not named.

"The Ship That Sailed to Mars." Clarence Badger directing Raymond Griffith.

### METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Jack Conway directing "Brown from Harvard" with William Haines.

Christy Cabanne directing "Monte Carlo" with Lew Cody and Gertrude Olmstead.

Marshall Nolan has completed "The Great Love" with Bobby Achen and Viola Dana.

Archie Mayo directing "Money Talks" with Owen Moore and Claire Windsor.

Mareel De Sano directing "In Praise of James Carabine." Cast not named.

### METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

Harold Lloyd Prod. Production has been completed on "For Heaven's Sakes" with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.

Corinne Griffith Prod. Robert Z. Leonard directing "Mile Modiste" with Corinne Griffith, Norman Kerry and Willard Louis.

A. H. Sebastian Prod. Paul Bern directing "The Prince of Pilsen" with Anita Stewart and Allan Forrest.

Metropolitan Prod. E. Mason Hopper directing "Paris At Midnight" with Jetta Goudal, Lionel Barrymore, Mary Brian and Edmund Burns.

George Melford directing "Shipwrecked" with Scena Owen.

Alan Hale directing "Forbidden Waters" with Priscilla Dean, Walter McGrath and Casson Ferguson.

Rupert Julian directing "Whispering Smith" with H. B. Warner, Lillian Rich, John Bowers and Lilyan Tashman.

### PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Inactive.

### PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORP., 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Charles Brabin directing "The Winning of Barbara Worth" with Marceline Day.

### SELIG STUDIO, 3800 Mission Road.

Horace B. Carpenter directing "The Assignment" with T. Roy Barnes and Ethel Shannon.

### MACK SENNETT STUDIO, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Alice Day, Ben Turpin, Ralph Graves, Billy Bevan, Madeline Hurlock, Raymond McKee and Ruth Hiatt—all working on untitled two-reel comedies.

### UNITED STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave.

#### First National Prod.

Edwin Carewe directing "Twentieth Century Unlimited" with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes.

Lambert Hillyer has completed "The Second Chance" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Robert Frazer.

Alfred E. Green directing "Miss Nobody" with Colleen Moore.

Clarence Brown has completed "Kiki" with Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman.

#### United Artists Prod.

George Fitzmaurice will direct "Sons of the Sheik" with Rudolph Valentino.

#### Marion Fairfax Prod.

Maurice Tourneur directing "The Desert Healer" with Katherine Macdonald, Tully Marshall and Lewis Stone.

### UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.

Arthur Rosson directing "The Tuneful Tornado" with Art Acord and Olive Hasbrouck.

Joseph Franz directing "The Hidden Cabin" with Pete Morrison and Barbara Starr.

Lynn Reynolds directing "Chip of Flying U" with Hoot Gibson and Virginia Fairle.

William Selter directing "Too Many Crooks" with Reginald Denny.

Edward Sloman directing "The Old Soak" with Jean Hersholt.

Harry Pollard directing "Poker Faces" with Edward Everett Horton and Laura La Plante.

Tois Weber directing "Little Dorrit" with Mary Philbin.

Lynn Reynolds directing "Combat" with House Peters and Wanda Wiley.

Herbert Blache directing "The Mystery Club" with Matt Moore, Warner Oland and Mildred Harris.

Edward Sedgwick directing "The Flaming Frontier" with Hoot Gibson, Dustin Farnum and Anne Cornwall.

King Baggott directing "Percy of the Devil" with Mae Busch.

Mrs. Wallace Reid Prod. Walter Lang directing "The Earth Woman" with Priscilla Remick, Russell Simpson, Johnny Walker and Carroll Nye.

### WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Erle Kenton directing "The Sap" with Kenneth Harlan.

Roy Del Ruth directing "The Grafters" with Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Johnny Harrison, Matthew Betz and Gertrude Claire.

William Beaudine directing "Leave It To Me" with Patsy Ruth Miller, John Patrick and Montagu Love.

James Flood directing "Why Girls Go Back Home" with Marie Prevost.

## EAST COAST

### BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 897 East 175th St., New York City

George Archambaud directing "The Savage" with Ben Lyon and May McAvoy.

### COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Robert Kane Prod. Al Santell directing "The Dancer of Paris" with Dorothy Mackaill, Conway Tearle, Robert Cain.

MacFadden Prod. Hugh Dierker directing "Hearts" with Niles Welch.

### JACKSON STUDIO, Jackson and Westchester Aves, Bronx, New York

Charles Fines directing "The Brown Derby" with Johnnie Hines.

### PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Edward Sutherland directing "The Old Army Game" with Clara Bow and W. C. Fields.

Gregory La Cava directing "Bachelor Troubles" with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson.

Lewis Milestone has completed "The New Klondike" with Thomas Meighan, Lila Lee and Gladys Valerie.

Mal St. Clair directing "A Social Celebrity" with Adolphe Menjou and Elsie Lawson.

Frank Tuttle directing "Fine Manners" with Gloria Swanson.

D. W. Griffith directing "The Sorrows of Satan" with Carol Dempster and Greta Nissen.

### TEC-ART STUDIO, West 44th St., New York City.

Sidney Oleort directing "The Kid From Montana" with Richard Barthelmess and Lois Moran.

## IN ENGLAND

### FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.

Herbert Brenon directing "Beau Geste" with Norman Trevor.

## CHANGES IN TITLES

### FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.

"The Golden Journey" will be released as "The Lady of the Harem."

"I'll See You Tonight" will be released as "A Social Celebrity."

### FOX FILM CORP.

"Three Bad Men" will be released as "The World of Promise."

## BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 585 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount) 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of Amer. Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Av New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. D. W. Griffith Prod., 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.



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## The HAND He Loves to Hold

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No Buffing Necessary

Try GLAZO Cuticle  
Massage Cream

It shapes the cuticle and  
keeps it even and healthy



## Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 ]

handsome a man as ever walked the streets of Hollywood—which is saying a good deal—but I have never seen a photograph of him that anywhere near did him justice.

The sad part of it is that this isn't because George doesn't photograph well. He's a great camera subject. The reason is that he's so shy, so painfully shy, that he can't pose before a still camera without doing all the tricks that you and I and Cousin Jane and Uncle John do. When he gets in action, he forgets about it. But before a still camera he becomes as self-conscious and bashful as a country bridegroom or a high school valedictorian.

**S**HE was very young and very inexperienced. She had just been signed to a lucrative contract and was suffering her first interview.

Said the reporter: "I understand you have a new home. In what period is it furnished? Elizabethan? Byzantine? Renaissance?"

A deep wrinkle puzzled the fair brow of the newest star—and then she smiled sweetly and replied:

"Metro-Goldwyn!"

**"H**IS a regular boy . . . that man-child of mine."

It was Bill Hart talking about his little son, Bill, Jr. Not the Bill we see on the screen, flourishing two guns and with grim face, but the Bill who is the father . . . a lonely father.

"Not a bit like a baby—and he's only three. Why, the other day his nurse brought him in to pay me a visit. I don't see him very often, you know, and I guess I was pretty well shaken. When he was ready to leave, I said: 'Bill, aren't you going to kiss your daddy good-bye?'"

"Bill looked at me . . . a real little man, and said: 'I will if you promise not to cry again.'"

**J**UST everybody was at Mrs. Clarence Brown's luncheon—the one she gave for Norma Talmadge before Norma commenced her new picture "Kiki" which Mr. Brown is to direct. Norma was in an oakwood colored duvetyn frock with fitch fur cuffs and collar; Connie wore black satin with monkey fur; Delores del Rio was clad in a deep wine-colored flat crepe that made her creamy skin absolutely luscious; Vilma Banky, in softest pink, talked of her brother Julius who is to join her in Hollywood.

Leatrice Joy wore a stunning yellow frock—a trophy of her recent New York trip; Mildred Davis Lloyd, Pauline Frederick, Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Miss Hope Loring, Mrs. Earle Williams, Miss Ruth Collier, Mrs. John Ford, Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Mrs. Carey Wilson, all in mid-winter fashions and hues ranging from our own somber Hollywood hills to brightest sea blue.

Norma's favor was a fuzzy carrot-topped French doll with a wide skirt that flirted disgracefully about her eel-like black legs. And Norma, of course, immediately dubbed the doll "Kiki."

Connie received a candy-box-doll with a flippantly frilled skirt . . . "because," said Mrs. Brown, "Connie can indulge in all the candy she wants and never gain a pound." Pretty Dresden ladies with powdered wigs hid fleecy powder puffs and pin cushions beneath their voluminous skirts as favors to other luncheon guests.

And there was a fortune teller who predicted everything from fat contracts to new husbands as the occasion demanded, a Hawaiian orchestra and a devastating Charleston dancer.

**S**AT next to Ernst Lubitsch, the famous director, at supper the other night and was tremendously impressed by some of the things he had to say about pictures.

There is no man in motion pictures today who spends more time thinking about them as a whole, than Lubitsch.

He was overcome with admiration for "The Big Parade" for one thing.

"A picture like that," he said, "does us all good. It raises the whole standard of the art. It renews and reawakens people's faith in pictures."

"It is a universal picture, an international picture."

But he wept anew over Pola Negri and what is happening to her in her American made pictures. Lubitsch, of course, directed her in "Passion," which first won her great fame in this country.

"But they can never make Pola popular in Pollyanna pictures," he said. "They can never win for her an audience or a following except the one that loved her in 'Passion.' But now they try to make her popular with all kinds and so she falls between and pleases nobody."

"Let them put her in the right stories, and she will always hold her own, for she is a great artist."

"But she is not for everybody's tastes, and they cannot make her so."

**B**IRMINGHAM, Ala., went mad over May Allison when she went there on location to make "Men of Steel," with Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. She was feted by the society leaders of the city, covered herself with glory when she addressed the Rotary Club which made her their guest of honor during her stay, judged a Charleston contest in Birmingham's largest auditorium, was proposed to by one of the city's multi-millionaires, and lived in a suite at the Tutwiler Hotel which was turned into a conservatory by the many floral offerings to her charm and beauty. Birmingham was proud of its native daughter and wanted the world to know it.

**I**NCIDENTALLY May shakes a mean Charleston herself in the picture. In her rôle, as the daughter of the steel magnate, she travels in a private car and puts on a party at which she demonstrates the dance to her guests. She claims the Charleston is the best reducer she ever heard of, although she didn't happen to need it at the time.

In the picture there was written in a scene showing Milton Sills carrying her across runways of molten metal. One slip meant death. The light was bad on the first attempt, but the superintendent of the steel mills refused to permit a second. Too dangerous, he said. More than one workman had been killed trying it.

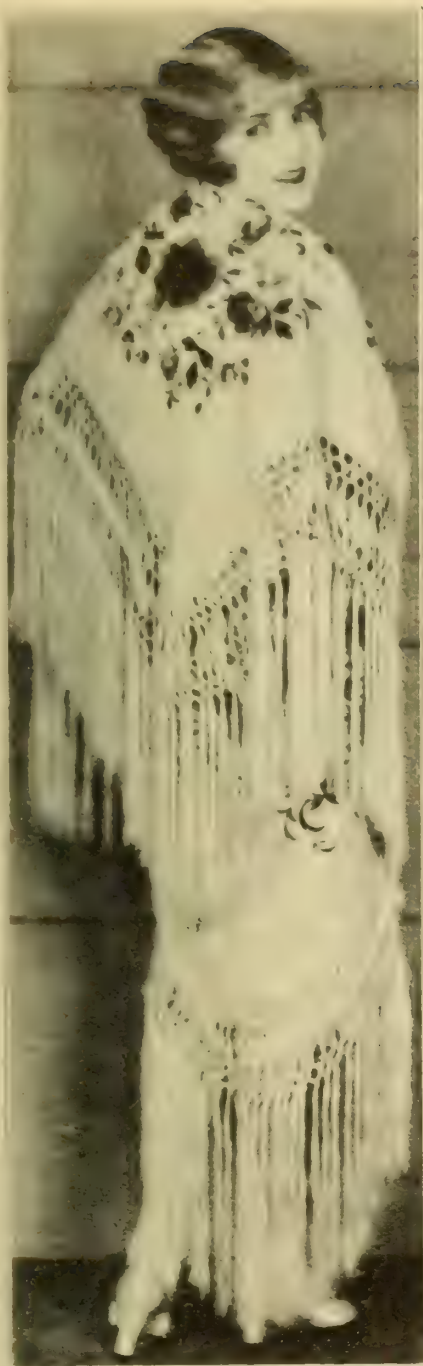
**J**UST a sister to him, that's all. Thus Mae Murray replied to questions concerning her and Rudolph Valentino when she tripped down the Majestic gangplank on her return from Germany.

Yes, they had seen a good deal of each other abroad—in fact, they had made a ten-day trip together from Paris to Berlin. But as for romance between them—"Aren't you funny!" smiled Mae to the reporters.

But the romantic possibilities of the merry widow are too good to be disregarded. Mae's comments on the rumor of a reunion between her and Bob Leonard are delightfully vague. "He was a wonderful husband, but we just couldn't get along—then," she said.

She has nothing at all to say regarding the rumored engagement of Leonard and Gertrude Olmsted.





Shawls are still popular with the flappers in Hollywood. It's only the way to wear them that changes, says Ruth Taylor of Mack Sennett's beauty brigade. This, explains Ruth, is the smart way at present

**G**EORGIA HALE, who was discovered by Chaplin and given the lead in his picture, "The Gold Rush," has just been signed to a contract by Famous Players-Lasky Company.

So Charlie has a new leading lady, named Myrna Kennedy, who will be seen in his next comedy, "The Circus." Miss Kennedy has never appeared in pictures before, having been discovered by Chaplin in a Los Angeles stage play.

**S**HE'S to be Short no longer. It's Mrs. Scott Pembroke now.

Gertrude Short, who will be recalled as the rotund merrymaker of many a serious picture and as the pretty plump gum-chewer who merrily served wrong numbers in "The Tele-



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**H**ERE'S a little test that you'll enjoy making. It makes teeth white and gleaming.

If your teeth are "off-color" and dull, it doesn't mean they are naturally that way. They are simply film coated. And what you find when that film goes will surprise you.

Note the difference in the color of your teeth. Mark, too, how much firmer your gums become.

### FILM... the great enemy of healthy teeth and gums

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy "off-color" look. Germs by

the millions breed in it and lay your teeth open to decay. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.

### New methods remove it.

### And Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

What you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

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Josephine Norman is one of the reasons why magazines are bought on face value. Before getting a job in the galloping gelatins, Josephine was a model for Neysa McMein and has been on magazine covers galore. She is in "The Road to Yesterday" and a new P. D. C. picture called "Fifth Avenue"

phone Girl Series," was married to the handsome young director of the switchboard series.

The wedding is the result of a romance that is rivaled only by some of our best sellers.

The scene was a dusty country road with a careening motor car going at top-notch speed and little Gertrude bouncing about in the back seat like a pea in a skillet. The camera ground, Director Pembroke watched and suddenly the car struck a rock in the road and rolled over with poor Gertie pinioned beneath it.

Pembroke carried Gertrude's limp body to his car and held her in his arms all the long ride home—in quite the approved romantic fashion—and Mrs. Short told me he never left the house during the long night while the doctors battled for Gertrude's life.

After that there were those days of convalescence—and gentle ministrations to the sick, you know—followed by the wedding.

"THERE'S one advantage about one's husband owning a hotel," said Estelle Taylor as she daintily nibbled a toasted sandwich in her dressing room at Warner Brothers studio, where she is appearing in "Don Juan." "You can have your luncheon sent to you and be assured of the best of everything!"

Jack Dempsey, Estelle's spouse, owns the Santa Barbara Hotel, you know, one of Los Angeles' finest. Pity the poor working gal who has her lunch sent from home!

ONE of the most interesting motion picture gatherings of all times was the stag testimonial dinner given for Sid Grauman by the Wampas, at the Biltmore. All of the producers, directors and stars of filmdom, not to mention city, county and state officials, turned out en masse to honor the little impresario of the

### KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY



**Fischer** PROTECTOR

Hides irregularities of foot form, affords instant relief for bunions and large joints. Can be worn in any style of shoe—outside or under stocking. No larger size shoe required. Sold by shoe dealers, druggists and department stores for over 15 years. Over one-half million in use. Write for free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left.

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**BEAUTYPEEL** "unmasks your hidden freckles, tan, pimples, acne, blackheads, liver spots, wrinkles, and sallow, muddy or oily skin. NON-ACID stainless lotion. Painless, harmless home treatment. Used by famous movie stars. Effects astounding. Guaranteed. Write today for proofs and FREE BOOK "Face Peeling at Home."

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**Almost Over Night**

Now more freckles, blackheads, or pimples! Now more redness, roughness, sallowness, or "muddy" complexion! Science has made a new discovery which clears and whitens your skin with amazing quickness. As if by magic, all blemishes vanish. Ask your dealer for a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. If he cannot supply you, just send us your name and address. Send no money. When package arrives pay postman \$1. If not delighted, your money will be refunded.

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silent drama—the greatest showman the west has ever known.

More than 500 men, all outstanding figures in Los Angeles' art, creative and political life, were present. And however high their position, none bore any magic charm to withstand the darting shafts of humor and irony incessantly showered upon them.

Through the medium of speech, pantomime and burlesque, the foibles of the great and near great were held up to pitiless scrutiny. The opening laugh of the evening came when all the members of the Wampas made their appearance adorned with wigs, in imitation of Grauman's flowing locks.

From the devastating fire of lampoonery launched by Rupert Hughes, Donald Ogden Stewart and other speakers, came the sudden dramatic appearance of Mrs. D. J. Grauman, mother of the guest of honor, on a balcony above the main ballroom of the hotel. Her appearance followed the presentation of a life pass to all Los Angeles theaters by Joe Jackson, in behalf of the Wampas.

Rupert Hughes was toastmaster and was introduced by Harry Brand, president of the Wampas. Donald Ogden Stewart was the first speaker introduced, and other speakers were, Edgar Rice Burroughs; Wedgewood Nowell, representative of Actors' Equity; Lew Cody, representing the actors; William Beaudine, of the Directors Association; Fred Beetsen, representing the Hayes organization; G. G. Young, on behalf of the Los Angeles Publishers Association. All paid high tribute to Grauman as a man and as an artist.

Among those introduced to the audience by Mr. Hughes were: Jack Dempsey, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Tom Mix, Ronald Colman, Alfred Green, Clarence Brown, Buster Keaton, Lefty Flynn, Harry M. Bowles, John McCormick, Mike Levee, Dr. Frank Barham, Dr. Neil Dodd, Chief of Police Lee Heath, Sheriff W. I. Traeger, District Attorney Asa Keyes, Marco Hellman, Irving Hellman, Hobart Bosworth, Hobart Henley, Councilman Boyle Workman, Edwin Carewe, Larry Semon, Deputy District Attorney Harold L. Davis, Robert Edeson, George Fitzmaurice, Earle Williams, King Vidor, Lionel Barrymore, Henry King, Abe Lehr, Milton Gross, Montague Glass.

MRS. ALBERT WYLIE MATHER of San Francisco and Honolulu is going to have a home and babies.

Interesting, but casual, says the picture fan. Who is Mrs. Albert Wylie Mather? Ah! there's the news.

The other morning in San Francisco Dorothy Devore, pretty piquant funster of the films, became the bride of a well-known theatrical owner of San Francisco and Honolulu, and after the ceremony Dorothy firmly announced that she was going to retire from the films.

RUDY seems to be going in for bargain sales now.

One hundred and sixty dollars is all his Parisian divorce cost him. And they usually cost about \$5,000.

But the lawyer who got the Valentino divorce was not aware that his client was the Sheik of Oxnard and points south, and mistaking the lengthy sideburns and long locks of artistry for signs of a slim purse, we presume, he sliced the legal bill with a generous knife.

ALL motion picture stars have hobbies. And Bob Frazer has a yen for collecting old swords, sabers and guns.

He has short-barreled derringers, dirty-looking dirks, death-dealing poniards and sinister stilettos; but his pet is a large French cavalry saber which is engraved with the coat of arms of France and bears the initials "R.F."—Republic of France.

The other night Bob was displaying it with his usual pride, when one little miss, who had apparently slept through many history classes, exclaimed:

THESE two photographs are of the same model, though not of the same stockings. See for yourself the added gracefulness that "Pointex" suggests.



The tapering lines of "Pointex" suggest tapering lines in the ankle.



## The Ankles are the Same— The Stockings are Different!

THE searching glance of Fashion would center unerringly upon the trim slenderness of the ankles at the left. And just as unerringly would it skip the rather ordinary lines of the ankles at the right. Yet the ankles in both pictures are the same.

The answer, so obvious to the woman who appreciates the importance of the little things in dress, is that the tapering lines of the reinforced "Pointex" heel, like the vertical stripes of a dress fabric, SUGGEST slenderness. "Onyx Pointex" stockings are skillfully fashioned to emphasize trim smartness of ankle where that quality is a natural virtue—to simulate it where it is lacking.

All the subtle shades of spring in little "Onyx"-red boxes, behind counters everywhere, are waiting to help you look your very best between shoe buckle and skirt hem.

Leading stores everywhere sell the "Pointex" styles listed below:

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight . . . \$1.65  
Style 255, Service weight . . . \$1.95  
Style 355, "Sheresilk" . . . \$1.95

Pure Thread Silk

Style 350, Service weight . . . \$2.75  
Style 450, "Sheresilk", the finest web of silken strands

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc.

Manufacturers

New York

"Onyx"  Hosiery  
"Pointex"

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# Avoid Gray Hair

as these women do



No need now to grow old before your time—to allow gray, faded or unbecomingly bleached hair to age you. For Brownatone, used so successfully for years by thousands of women throughout the United States and Canada, brightens and beautifies—tints any shade. Mrs. A. B. Jordan of Woodland, W. Va., who has used Brownatone satisfactorily for several years, remarks that "No gray haired woman can afford to let such a golden opportunity go by as Brownatone offers. I recommend it to any one."



The antiseptic qualities of Brownatone are assurance of its perfect safety. So there's no need to fear results. Brownatone is guaranteed to be absolutely harmless to hair growth or skin. Mrs. Marie James of 339 Nixon Street, Biloxi, Miss., even remarks that "When I started using Brownatone, six years ago, my hair was thin and short. But now it is beautifully long and heavy. I like my hair a chestnut brown, and have had no difficulty in getting it the right shade, since using Brownatone. I must say it is a wonderful tint for gray and faded hair."



As Brownatone permeates each entire hair itself, it cannot rub off or wash out. There's no interference whatsoever with shampooing—or even with permanent waving, marcelling or scalp treatments. For the color is lasting. You need apply it again only as the hair grows. And it is so simple to use that you can apply it yourself at home. Merely brush the color through. Which is, of course, one reason why Dora Paserk of 8811 St. Catherine Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, says, "I prefer Brownatone to any other hair tint I have ever used."



There are two colors in Brownatone from which any shade may be obtained—one from Blonde to Medium Brown; the other Dark Brown to Black. Sold at drug and toilet counters everywhere, 50 cents and \$1.50. Use Brownatone and you will say as does Mrs. R. H. Staebli, 836 North Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles, Cal., "It is the best hair tint I ever used."

Test the merits of Brownatone. Mail the coupon with 10c for a trial bottle.

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Dept. F-1, Covington, Ky., U. S. A.  
(Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.)  
Enclosed is 10c for test bottle of Brownatone. ( ) Blonde to Med. Brown. ( ) Dk. Brown to Jet Black.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

## BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

"Isn't that perfectly adorable! See! It says 'R. F.' on the blade. . . . Why, Bob! they've engraved your initials on it!"

ON a crisp sunshiny day of last month I drove over to Monrovia to see one of the bravest girls of pictures. I can't say "in pictures," because now she is far from that glamorous world, in a sphere of little white beds, ever-watchful attendance and the cool, clear air from the mountains blowing perpetually through her sunlit room.

The girl is Dorothy Seastrom and she is a patient at Dr. Potinger's Sanatorium. Dorothy—a beautiful tawny-haired blonde with decided acting ability—worked for several years as an extra. Worked—and went hungry when she didn't work—in an effort to reach stardom. Then just as the warmth and protection of a five-year First National contract was proffered her, a heavy cold sent her to Monrovia.

Unlike the Cinderella tale, the contract did not evaporate into thin air when her zero hour struck, and John McCormick of First National is holding it for her in his safe. And I really think she will be working under it shortly, so rapid is her improvement.

TOM MIX, who is by way of being something of a philosopher and who has seen a lot of life, tells this little tale as a commentary on human nature in general. You can laugh or cry over it just as you like.

Tom has a reputation for being big-hearted, and for a long time he had to face quite a problem in the gang that gathered outside the studio gates every day to "touch him" for eating money. He found he was making quite a sizable donation daily, without having any real idea as to whether it was doing any good. So Tom decided to make a little different arrangement. He told the woman who ran the Fox cafeteria that he'd send the boys in there for a square meal, instead of giving them the money, and she could send the check to him.

The next day a big, husky youngster approached Tom and gave him a typical hard luck story, and said he hadn't had a square meal for a couple of days and would Tom stake him to a dollar? So Tom put the new rule into operation. He sent him over to the cafeteria. That evening his secretary brought him the check to sign and he discovered that his guest had eaten a dollar and eighty-five cents' worth of asparagus tips!

HOLLYWOOD in its heedless haste left him by the wayside, forlorn, save for his small coterie of friends, his good son George Archinbaud and his books. Hollywood—even New York—had once lavished their sycophantic praise on him. They feted—and forgot—him. But now he is to be again in the arena . . . a subject of attraction.

Emile Chautard is to play *Papa Goriot* in "Paris at Midnight," which Frances Marion is to produce for Metropolitan release. The great Balzac role will offer an opportunity for dear snowy-haired Emile Chautard to regain his place in the spotlight where he rightly belongs.

HE was one of the first of the imported directors—coming from France—where he had been for twenty years Madame Rejane's leading man. In an almost forgotten French production of "Madame Sans Gene," he gave a memorable interpretation of Napoleon, and he created the title role in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Then he became interested in the cinema and produced, almost thirteen years ago, the first version of "The Merry Widow" in which Maurice Tourneur, now a celebrated director, played a leading role.

Chautard came to America and was heralded with a fanfare of publicity . . . an all-important personage, Emile Chautard! Not so long ago when he lived in quiet obscurity, he and I used to talk over those glory-bedecked days. He directed Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady. "I could not speak the lan-

guage," he would gesticulate, words still French-flavored, "and everyone was so anxious to learn my speech. But now . . . pouf!"

That was a year ago. Today Emile Chautard is again in Hollywood's fond fancy.

"YOU are a low hound."

"You're another!" retorted Rudolph Valentino, according to a Paris correspondent, as he deftly dodged a straight left and dropped the distinguished-looking stranger with a powerful right hook.

The unexpected encounter took place at the Mogador Theater, in the lobby, just after Valentino had left his box at a showing of "The Eagle." Curious onlookers were deprived of seeing a sensational fight by the prompt intervention of Beltram Masses, the Spanish painter, who sharply reminded the combatants that gentlemen in Paris fight only with swords or pistols on the field of honor.

The immediate exchange of cards revealed that the man who had attacked Valentino was the Baron Imre Lukatz, Budapest millionaire, who has told people he is the fiance of Vilma Banky. Exasperated by Rudy's love-making with Vilma, the Baron had waited for Valentino behind a pillar in the lobby.

Later, while Rudy was entertaining a party at a supper club, the Polish Count Kourtzkowski and Baron Kartisza of Budapest—seconds of the Baron Imre Lukatz—met Valentino's representatives, Count Sainte Juste and the painter, Beltram Masses, and decided on swords for an encounter at dawn the following morning in the park of a private chateau near St. Cloud.

Straight from the supper party, our correspondent relates, went Rudy, stopping only a moment at his hotel to take a pair of eighteenth century duelling swords. In the cold gray morning, in shirt sleeves, evening trousers and dancing pumps, the sheik paced the frosty garden, awaiting his opponent.

But no clash of steel occurred, dear readers.

A very subdued Baron Imre alighted with his seconds from a very prosaic taxicab around 8 o'clock. With outstretched hand he advanced toward Rudy:

"I realize I was in the wrong," he said. "Your love scene with my beloved fiancee drove me insane. If you have ever loved as intensely as I have, you will understand. Shall we be friends?"

And Rudy understood. They shook hands and returned to Paris and ate breakfast together.

IT was hoped that Mary Hay might go to see Dick Barthelmess in his recent illness, and thus begin steps toward a reconciliation between them. But young Mrs. Barthelmess and their daughter remain at one hotel, while Dick is attended by his mother at another hotel. His illness is not critical, only serious enough to postpone indefinitely the beginning of his next picture.

THE musical motion picture that was tried out in Germany recently was not the success that its sponsors hoped for.

A film version of Richard Strauss' "Der Rosenkavalier" had been produced, and it was presented at the Dresden Opera House last month with Strauss himself conducting the orchestra.

But it did not make the sensation the producers expected. The Berlin critics say that the attempt to combine the Strauss score and the film into something approaching a new form of art was unsuccessful. In fact, the film had to be stopped in one or two places to permit the music of the score to catch up with the action of the story.

THE gala opening of "The Merry Widow" in Los Angeles! . . . Jack Gilbert with Donald Ogden Stewart and the humorist's mother . . . Patsy Ruth Miller in riotous red with crisp petalled skirt . . . Lew Cody as master of ceremonies . . . Alma Rubens in boyish



bob and golden wrap with Ricardo Cortez in girlish long locks for his new picture. Ric's tresses vied with Edmund Lowe's, who is also shunning tonsorial chambers for the same reason.

Oh! it was a lovely, lovely affair with all of Hollywood's most sparkling lights attendant. There was Lillian Rich in palest yellow, Bebe Daniels in white crepe meteor all embroidered in shimmering crystal beads, Colleen Moore in sprightly green with her handsome husband, John McCormick; Connie and Norma Talmadge with "Buster" Collier and Joseph Schenck in a party with Sid Grauman and Sam Goldwyn with his lovely wife Frances Howard, the Harold Lloyds—Mildred in palest blue with flat French flowers in pastel colors chasing each other about the scallops of her bouffant frock.

And beautiful Norma Shearer was the only celebrity who wasn't present. The reason for her absence, Lew Cody explained, was that her mother would not allow her to stay up so late. Which we doubt.

Marcus Loew, the man of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer purse, refused to make a speech at this opening lest the premiere of "Ben-Hur" call for a lengthy eulogy.

And so home and to bed, with apologies to Samuel Pepys and Adam Scofflaw.

THE old Lasky barn—ten years ago the cradle of the great Paramount organization—was the scene of an anniversary celebration when all of the stars and players of that company gathered to greet the press fraternity over the flowing bowl of soup. By the wizardry of a well-furnished prop room one would never suspect the sumptuous banquet hall of ever being a barn. Rather an illustration from Aladdin's story, hung with tapestries and silks and long tapers aglow.

And to add to the Far Eastern atmosphere there was Greta Nissen in the oriental costume for her newest rôle. Betty Bronson was present, and Mary Brian; Charles Emmett Mack and Neil Hamilton; Wally Beery and Ray

MAY McAVOY, starting in the new M-G-M feature, *Ben Hur*, says, "In all my travels, I find the Wheary Wardrola is truly 'America's Finest.'"

America's Finest

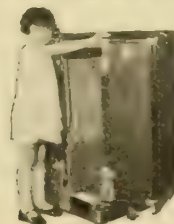


The popularity of the Wheary Wardrola is not limited to those who are famous on the screen. It rolls open so easily; it gives garments such complete protection—that thousands are using it every day, even though they seldom travel. Business men and women use it in their apartments and homes. The Wheary Wardrola is the only trunk with cushioned top and solid base, built to roll open; it is the only trunk which gives you all the improvements originated by George H. Wheary.

WHEARY TRUNK COMPANY, Racine, Wisconsin

The only Trunk Manufacturer honored by membership, Rice Leaders of the World.

WHEARY  
Cushioned Top  
WARDROLA  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



THE TRUNK  
THAT *Rolls*  
OPEN



The five-button vest is the latest import from Hollywood. May McAvoy brought it to New York when she came east to play with Ben Lyon in "The Savage" for First National



# Saves Hose

Prevents them from wearing out and staining at the heel, and prevents shoes from rubbing or slipping at the heel!

The patented cup-shaped center, indicated by arrow, does it!



If your shoes slip or rub at the heel; if your hose wear out at the heel, and if their delicate color is always marred by stains at the heel—you need Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner.

Think of the greater comfort, economy and satisfaction that this means to you! Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner is made of soft, velvet-like rubber. Invisible worn in the shoe, being made in colors to match shoe linings. Sold in shoe and department stores everywhere—30¢ per pair. Insist on getting the genuine with the cup-shaped center, and bearing Dr. Scholl's name. Buy a pair for each pair of your shoes.

## Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances



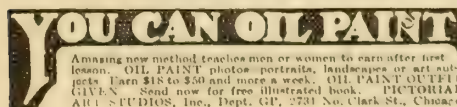
## Buoyant, steady and graceful

THERE'S a joyousness—a sense of absolute freedom about canoeing that comes with no other sport. "What shall we do this summer?" is uppermost in the minds of thousands. Why not let an "Old Town Canoe" help answer the question for you?

You'll be mighty proud of your "Old Town." These canoes are patterned after actual Indian models. Graceful, sleek and fast, "Old Town Canoes" win the admiration of all who see them. Remarkably low in price too. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1926 catalog is beautifully illustrated with all models in full colors. Write for your free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 623 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

## "Old Town Canoes"



Amazing new method teaches men or women to earn after first lesson. OIL PAINT photos, portraits, landscapes or art subjects. Earn \$18 to \$50 and more a week. OIL PAINT OUTFIT GIVEN. Send now for free illustrated book. PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, Inc., Dept. GP, 2731 No. Clark St., Chicago

Hatton clad in tattered and torn khaki costumes for "Behind the Front," each with a paper box of lunch and a pint of milk lest there not be enough food to go around!

Pola Negri with furs and her fathomless eyes; Ernest Torrence who presented Jesse Lasky, "chief" of Paramount, with a beautiful painting of "Old Ironsides" which James Cruze is to immortalize in the gelatins; and Clarence Badger, Raoul Walsh, Alan Dwan, Alyce Mills, Charlot Bird . . . Bebe Daniels with the very black imprint of a rubber heel on her pretty cheek—a souvenir of the morning's cinema scramble, and William Powell, immaculately attired as usual, the latest debonair addition to the Lasky fold of players.

And, sitting at the head of the table was Florence Vidor looking so distinguished and beautiful and charming, as ever.

Theodore Roberts on one of his infrequent public appearances, although he is increasing his visits to the Lasky lot, received the warm felicitations of his friends. Dear old Theodore, with his inevitable cigar, beamed happily from his wheelchair like a benign saint.

MILTON SILLS was telling about some of the interesting occurrences that take place in the operation of a steel mill, many of which were photographed in "Men of Steel," First National's new feature picture that was made at the Ensley Mills in Birmingham, Alabama.

One of the most interesting is the "steel funeral." There is a custom in the steel mills that when a man loses his life by falling into a ladle of molten metal—a not uncommon occurrence—the ladle with its tragic contents is buried with elaborate ceremony. All the steel workers and friends of the unfortunate victim take part in the funeral.

In the story, "Men of Steel," one of the characters is supposed to meet this untimely end, and the steel funeral in every detail was staged for the film. A hole twenty feet in diameter was dug and the ladle lowered into it.

THE building fever is certainly at its height in Hollywood.

Everybody is wrapt up in house building and furnishing.

"A great way for this company to save money," Irving Thalberg, who is one of the presiding geniuses of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, said the other day, "is to start a contracting business on the side. Everybody that comes in here wants top salary, or top price, all because they're building a house. I think the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contracting company, operated on a cost basis, would save the picture company a lot of money."

HER fans will be happy to hear that Jewel Carmen, after a retirement of six years, is to come back on the screen as the lead in Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous play, which is being made into a picture by Joe Schenck. Roland West is directing his wife, Miss Carmen, in her screen return.

IT was when Jimmy Cruze was making "The Pony Express." A friend, on being told the title of the latest Cruze effort, was somewhat surprised and told the great director so.

"Why, they started that same picture out at the U several weeks ago!" exclaimed the friend. "That's all right. Don't worry," says Jim. "I'll spot them three months and still beat them to the screen."

And he did. By weeks.

Cruze's picture was released some time ago as "The Pony Express" and the U christened their picture, in which Hoot Gibson stars, "The Flaming Frontier."

The two pictures are in no way alike, the only similarity ever being in the title and now that's changed.

HOOT GIBSON isn't really superstitious. But—

Some eleven years ago he was hurt while making "Chip of the Flying U," and was laid up in the hospital for nearly six months.

Now he is working in the same picture, only this time as the star. And the jinx seems to be still pursuing him.

Six different directors were engaged before the right one was finally secured and the story ready to make. Then they tried for a location at Lone Pine but found that another company was "shooting" there and that all hotel accommodations were taken. So they had to wait.

The picture is now being filmed and at Lone Pine, but Hoot admits he won't feel happy until it is all done and in the cutting room. He's just a trifle afraid "Chip of the Flying U" is hoodooed.

A GREAT change has occurred in the surroundings of Harry Langdon, that great little comedian who is now making pictures over at the United Lot for First National.

In the old days at Sennett's the Langdon company was the only one which kept musicians on the set at all times—this was the only thing which distinguished him.

Today he is surrounded by henchmen. An ex-pugilist sits at the door to the set and refuses any and all comers admission unless they have an order from the business manager. I sent in my own card (can you imagine me having a card?) the other day and in a few minutes was told by the ex-pug that Mr. Langdon couldn't see me until after five in his bungalow.

"After five in his dressing-room," I repeated. I'll admit it was a bit of a shock.

"In his BUNGALOW"—corrected the ex-pug, and he meant it. So "in his bungalow" I meekly repeated. I'd even have said "in his hat" if the hard-visaged lad had insisted.

And now I come to the point of my yarn. Harry really has a bungalow with a capital B. It's right next to Valentino's and across from Norma Talmadge's and just as grand, if not more so.

This bungalow ought to help Harry make better pictures—perhaps better than Harold Lloyd—for Harold has no bungalow—just a nice little suite of dressing rooms in a building where mere mortals also dress. And I'll have to tell Harold about the ex-pugilist guarding the sacred portal. For Harold hasn't got one of them either. Not even Doug Fairbanks, who seems quite over-run with scrappers and wrestlers, uses one at the door to his stage.

Nor is that all. When I got over to the dressing room—pardon, the bungalow, at a little after five (sure, I waited. I had to because I wanted to see Langdon) I found it almost filled with hangers-on.

"My gag men," explained Harry, with a wave of the hand.

"All of 'em?"

"Sure—all six of 'em," explained Harry, as we took a seat outside on the running board of a machine and proceeded to business. We had to. There wasn't room in the Bungalow—too many gag men.

Then I found Harry Langdon himself really hadn't changed—just his surroundings—and I was glad, for I like Harry and think he is a regular fellow.

BOB LEONARD seems to be bravely recovering from the shock of having been divorced by Mae Murray. Now that the charming Mae is flitting around Europe, ex-husband Bob is spending much of his leisure time with pretty Gertrude Olmsted. Gertrude was guest of honor at Leonard's New Year's Eve party at the Sixty Club and was seen with him the next day at the East-West football game at Pasadena, which is rushing 'em pretty hard, even for Hollywood.

FOR the first time since Hollywood became the film capital of the world, the picture people found a place where they could all get together and celebrate the arrival of the New Year. And more than five hundred screen stars took advantage of the opportunity at the meeting of the Sixty Club at the Biltmore hotel New Year's Eve.

About half the film colony gave a party for





Jerome Beatty is the new assistant to Will Hays in the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. Mr. Beatty is a former newspaper man with ten years motion picture experience in advertising, publicity, exploitation and distribution

the other half and almost everyone was "among those present." There were beautiful ladies in handsome gowns, and dashing swains too numerous to mention. An attempt would read much like "Who's Who" in pictures and it would be much easier and require far less space to tell who wasn't there.

Anyway a few of those who gave parties were Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, Bob Leonard, at whose party Gertrude Olmsted was guest of honor. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, quite the latest and one of the most popular of screen stars, Blanche Sweet and her famous husband, Mickey Neilan, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman—and, oh well, we might as well stop here.

It was a great party—everyone had a great time.

And this might be the proper time to say that Charles Furthman, the real organizer of the Sixty Club and its leading spirit, the man who made this gathering possible, denies that he is in anyway connected with the new "400 Club" of Hollywood. He says all of his spare time will go to the perpetuating of the Sixty Club.

GLORIA SWANSON is not the only film star who has a Marquis.

Alice Calhoun has one, too. Only Alice's is not flesh and blood, with a neat mustache and monocle.

Alice's Marquis is an ornate little motion picture show-house in Hollywood and she is its one-woman potentate.

Alice with her "Marquis Theatre" takes her place in the financial hall of fame that has been established by her cinema sisters. Ruth Roland, Agnes Ayres, Helene Chadwick, Kathleen Clifford, Phyllis Haver are but a few of the girls who own everything from an apartment house to a laundry or florist shop.

HE had spent the forenoon sliding down the drainpipe of a fourteen story building, the noon hour was dissipated by a saunter around the cornice stone and in the afternoon, he ambled across a yawning chasm that was pathed by a slender swaying rope.

# HINDS

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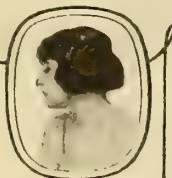


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And, of course, the camera recorded his breathtaking stunts, for it was Reed Howes.

"Let's make tomorrow a holiday, Joe," Reed said to Joe Brown, his producer. "I want to take a spin in a friend's new 'plane.'"

"What! Risk your life in a 'plane? Nothing doing—that's too hazardous!"

So the next day was sanely spent by Reed in scaling the flagpole of the City Hall.

I MET Renee Adoree's sister the other day.

She is a beautiful girl—not the adorably cuddly type of the more famous Renee, but a pretty girl, nevertheless. Her hair is that dark auburn shade, her eyes are large and blue, and her name is Mira.

Both of the Adoree sisters were born in France where they were trained to be acrobatic dancers and later traveled with a circus troupe. Renee came to Hollywood and pictures, but Mira went to Mexico City where she was a celebrated toe twinkler. Then, about three months ago, she decided to visit *sœur* Renee in Hollywood.

Now she's in pictures, too.

FAST on the melodious heels of "The Merry Widow" comes the announcement that Paul Powell has been chosen to direct that musical success "The Prince of Pilsen" for A. H. Sebastian.

If you will recall your cinema history of not so very long past, you will remember that Powell was the man who made Mary Pickford's "Pollyanna" and under whose skilled guidance many a picture has been launched to a successful life.

Coming from newspaper and editorial work, in which he had an enviable career, Powell was one of the first of a long line of writers to see the possibilities of the screen, and he learned his craftsmanship under the tutelage of Griffith. He was also one of the first American directors to lead a caravan of players to Europe to make pictures.

Powell has surrounded himself with an excellent cast which includes George Sidney, Myrtle Stedman, Anita Stewart and Alan Forrest, so there is no reason why "The Prince of Pilsen" should not be as enjoyable as the famous brew of that name—and with a goodly share of comedy froth.

GEORGE SIDNEY, the amiable Hebraic gentleman of the celebrated Potash and Perlmutter twosome, is not easily incited to wrath, but the other day found him ready to wave a final farewell to the motion picture business.

In "Partners Again" George has a dream . . . more like a nightmare . . . in which he sees himself, in flannellette nightie, tripping birdlike along the wing of a soaring 'plane. Although the scene was taken on a studio stage, George was in a precarious position—and a very exhausting one.

"Whew! This thing of being a movie actor isn't all it's cracked up to be," thought George, as he watched the swaying ground forty feet below him. Then he heard the uplifted voice of Henry King, the director, wafted to him:

"Bring the smoke pots! We'll take that cloud sequence now, while we're at it!"

Giant wind machines were rolled into position, the smoke pots were placed and lighted, and George was soon sputtering in a bank of smoky fumes.

But the crowning woe came when the flames came too near and licked his naked limbs.

George is thinking of returning to the stage.

THERE was deep consternation on the "Kiki" set.

Norma Talmadge, in the plaids and frizzes of her tawdry costume, powdered her face for the sixteenth time in desperate attempt to while away the time; Ronald Colman paced the floor and pulled at his tantalizing mustache; Clarence Brown, the director, glummed beside the camera.

All because of one lone goose egg.

Not the goose that laid the golden egg—that

might be worth waiting for—but one ordinary goose egg that the French technical director of the picture said was necessary to make the scene correctly Gaulish. Ronald, as the French theatrical producer in the story, must have a goose egg for breakfast.

Not until noon did the egg make its appearance . . . and by that time with the mounting production costs it was worth its weight in gold.

A NOTHER motion picture school has been founded. The graduation of Paramount's first class of pupils comes simultaneously with the opening of the Laemmle Photoplay University at Universal City, California.

EMIL JANNINGS is coming to America. He has signed a long term contract with Famous Players-Lasky and will make his first American picture early in the summer.

His director has not been decided upon yet, but one hears that D. W. Griffith will make the first picture with the German actor. Jannings will not remain in this country exclusively, but will make one picture a year for UFA, and will also appear on the stage in Germany.

THE best dressed woman in the movies—need we say who—was in the terrible predicament of having nothing to wear the other day.

Gloria was notified to get ready for a Southern location on her present picture, "Tamed." Nobody mentioned Florida, but that's where the company ended up. And there was Miss Swanson at Miami Beach without a flimsy due to her name. So for two days she was practically a hermit in her hotel because she would not appear at the open air teas and things in winter clothes.

TO counteract the chill winds of February, read this.

Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman are going to Africa to make the "Garden of Allah" together under the direction of Henry King. This should, by all the laws of art and man, be hot stuff. Norma and Ronald under a tropic moon—use your own imagination.

This will happen, of course, after Norma has finished filming "Kiki," the story on which she is now working with Ronald playing across from her, and likewise after screening "His Woman," the film she is to do with Tommy Meighan.

"The Garden of Allah" will be produced by a union of forces of Joseph Schenck, Norma's husband and business manager, and Samuel Goldwyn, Ronald's manager. Schenck is contributing the rights to the story and Norma, while Goldwyn is contributing Henry King, the director, Frances Marion, the scenarist, and Ronald Colman. Puzzle: Do you or don't you regard that as a fair exchange?

BY the time this appears in print, Ouida Bergere, the scenarist, will have become the wife of Basil Rathbone, stage and screen actor. Miss Bergere recently secured a divorce from George Fitzmaurice, the director who made "The Dark Angel," and who is now engaged to Florence Vidor.

AILEEN PRINGLE was the house guest of Miss Bergere when she first came to New York last month. But the two had a fuss one night and Aileen left in a huff. It seems the popular star was getting too many telephone calls to please her hostess—most of them were from Kenneth McKenna.

THE persistent whispers that all was not rosy in the Rex Ingram-Alice Terry family were put to flight last week when Dorothy Sebastian returned from Nice, where she had been the guest of the Ingrams.

"There isn't an iota of truth in the story," Dorothy declared. "I never saw such a happy couple as Rex and Alice. He adores her. He used to cable Alice every other day while she was here working in a picture. And when we





Gwen's jungle jewelry jangles jauntily. Miss Lee of the Metro-Goldwyn arena displays the latest in barbaric adornment—the fruit of the vine suspended from her ears, a mock-grass skirt and a golden arrow bracelet that seems to pierce her tender forearm. Now for a nose ring!

reached Paris, he had a new Rolls-Royce waiting as a present for Alice."

Dorothy Sebastian is a newcomer on the screen, and a protegee of Alice Terry. She cut short her visit with the Ingrams to take a part in "The Dancer of Paris" at First National's New York studio.

**KINGS** and presidents and bank messengers have their armed guards, and now a movie star has provided herself with one. It is Mary Pickford who claims the distinction.

Doug says there have been no new threats or plots since the recent kidnapping scare, but he is taking no chances. Two husky armed men will accompany Mary Pickford everywhere she goes.

America's Sweetheart recently incorporated herself for a million dollars, her mother and two attorneys being the other members of the corporation. The purpose of the new company is merely to put Mary's business affairs on a solid foundation.

**WALLACE BEERY**, and not **W. C. Fields**, is to play the role of *P. T. Barnum* in Famous Players' coming production, "The Greatest Show on Earth," which will be a biographical account of the great circus man's adventures.

A **FUR-LINED** bathrobe was the *piece de resistance* of the Parisian wardrobe that Rudy Valentino brought home with him, along with his divorce from Natacha Rambova.

The bathrobe—or should I say dressing gown—is of paisley, lined with white fur. Henri Letellier, the richest man in France, and Frederick Lonsdale, the playwright, were so keen about Rudy's dressing gown that they ordered copies for themselves.

Rudy also has a wasp-waisted evening dress, with which he is dazzling New York and Hollywood, and his new sable evening overcoat leaves the coat checkers at the night clubs simply gasping.

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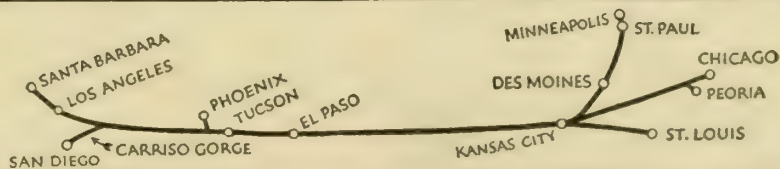
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

## "BEN-HUR"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.

—From the novel by General Lew Wallace. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Fred Niblo. Photography by Rene Guissart, Karl Struss, Percy Hilburn and Clyde De Vinna. The cast: *Ben-Hur*, Ramon Novarro; *Messala*, Francis X. Bushman; *Esther*, May McAvoy; *Mary*, Betty Bronson; *Princess of Hur*, Claire McDowell; *Tirzah*, Kathleen Key; *Iras*, Carmel Myers; *Simonides*, Nigel De Brulier; *Sheik Ilderim*, Mitchell Lewis; *Sanballat*, Leo White; *Arrius*, Frank Currier; *Balthasar*, Charles Belcher; *Amrah*, Dale Fuller; *Joseph*, Winter Hall.

## "THE SEA BEAST"—WARNER BROTHERS.

—From the story by Herman Melville. Adapted by Bess Meredyth. Directed by Milard Webb. Photography by Byron Haskins. The cast: *Ahab Ceeley*, John Barrymore; *Esther Wiscasset*, Dolores Costello; *Derek Ceeley*, George O'Hara; *Flask*, Mike Donlin; *Queequeg*, Sam Baker; *Perth*, George Burrell; *Sea Captain*, Sam Allen; *Stubbs*, Frank Nelson; *Mula*, Mathilde Comont; *Rev. Wiscasset*, James Barrows; *Pip*, Vadim Uranoff; *Fedallah*, Sojin; *Daggoo*, Frank Hagney.

## "STELLA MARIS"—UNIVERSAL.—From

the story by William J. Locke. Scenario by Charles Brabin and Mary Alice Scully. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Stella Maris*, Mary Philbin; *Unity Blake*, Mary Philbin; *John Risca*, Elliott Dexter; *Louisa Risca*, Gladys Brockwell; *Sir Oliver Blount*, Phillips Smalley; *Lady Blount*, Lillian Lawrence; *Walter Herold*, Jason Robards; *Dr. Haynes*, Robert Bolder; *Mary Heaton*, Eileen Manning.

## "THREE FACES EAST"—PRODUCERS

DIST. CORP.—From the play by Anthony Paul Kelly. Adapted by C. Gardner Sullivan and Monte Katterjohn. Directed by Rupert Julian. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: *Miss Hawtree*, Fraulien Marks; *Jetta Goudal*, Frank Bennett; *Robert Ames*, George Bennett; *Henry Walthall*, Valdar; *Clive Brook*, Mrs. Bennett; *Edythe Chapman*, John Ames; *Clarence Burton*, *Firking*, Ed Brady.

## "THE AMERICAN VENUS"—PARA-

MOUNT.—Story by Townsend Martin. Scenario by Frederick Stowers. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: *Mary Gray*, Esther Ralston; *Chip Armstrong*, Lawrence Gray; *Hugo Niles*, Ford Sterling; *Miss Alabama*, Fay Lanphier ("Miss America"); *Miss Bayport*, Louise Brooks; *Mrs. Niles*, Edna May Oliver; *Horace Niles*, Kenneth MacKenna; *John Gray*, William B. Mack; *Sam Lorber*, George De Carlton; *Artist*, W. T. Benda; *King Neptune*, Ernest Torrence; *Neptune's Son*, Trilon; *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.* Also seven of the leading contestants in the 1925 Atlantic City beauty pageant: *Misses Bronx*, *Newark*, *San Francisco*, *Bay Ridge*, *Birmingham* and *Seattle*.

## "THAT ROYLE GIRL"—PARAMOUNT.—

Story by Edwin Balmer. Adapted by Paul Schofield. Directed by D. W. Griffith. Photography by Harry Fischbeck. The cast: *Joan Daisy Royle*, Carol Dempster; *Her Father*, W. C. Fields; *Calvin Clarke*, James Kirkwood; *Fred Kellar*, Harrison Ford; *Adelle Kellar*, Marie Chambers; *George Baretta*, Paul Everton; *His Henchman*, George Rigas; *Baretta's "Girl"*, Florence Aufer; *Mrs. Clarke*, Ida Waterman; *Clark's Fiancee*, Alice Laidley; *Lola Neeson*, Dorothea Love; *Elman*, Dore Davidson; *Oliver*, Frank Allworth; *Hofer*, "Bobby" Watson.

## "JUST SUPPOSE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—

From the play by A. E. Thomas. Directed by Kenneth Webb. The cast: *Prince Rupert*,

Richard Barthelmess; *Linda Lee Stafford*, Lois Moran; *Count Anton Pechy (Toni)*, Geoffrey Kerr; *General Baron Karnaby*, Henry Vibart; *The King*, George Spelvin; *The Crown Prince*, Harry Short; *Mrs. Stafford*, Bijou Fernandez; *King's Private Secretary*, Prince Rokneddine.

## "WOMANHANDLED"—PARAMOUNT.—

Story by Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Luther Reed. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Bill Dana*, Richard Dix; *Mollie*, Esther Ralston; *Aunt Abby*, Cora Williams; *Gwen*, Olive Tell; *The Kid*, Eli Nadel; *Uncle Les*, Edmund Breese; *Lucille*, Margaret Morris; *The Butler*, Ivan Simpson; *Pinky*, Edgar Nelson.

## "BRAVEHEART"—PRODUCERS DIS-

TRIBUTING CORP.—From the play by William C. De Mille. Adapted by Mary O'Hara. Directed by Alan Hale. Photography by Faxon Dean. The cast: *Braveheart*, Rod La Rocque; *Dorothy Nelson*, Lillian Rich; *Hobart Nelson*, Robert Edeson; *Frank Nelson*, Arthur Housman; *Standing Rock*, Tyrone Power; *Sky-Arrow*, Jean Acker; *Sally Vernon*, Sally Rand; *Sam Harris*, Henry Victor; *Ki-Yole*, Frank Hagney.

## "THE FIRST YEAR"—WILLIAM FOX.—

From the stage play by Frank Craven. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Tom Tucker*, Matt Moore; *Grace Livingston*, Kathryn Perry; *Dick Loring*, John Patrick; *Dr. Myron Livingston*, Frank Currier; *Mr. Livingston*, Frank Cooley; *Mrs. Livingston*, Virginia Madison; *Mrs. Barstow*, Margaret Livingston; *Hattie*, Carolynne Snowden; *Mr. Barstow*, J. Farrell MacDonald.

## "TOO MUCH MONEY"—FIRST NATION-

AL.—From the play by Israel Zangwill. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Robert Broadley*, Lewis Stone; *Annabel Broadley*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Dana Stuart*, Robert Cain; *Duke Masters*, Derek Glynne; *Rabinowitz*, Edward Elkas; *Mrs. Rabinowitz*, Ann Brody.

## "HANDS UP"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by

Reginald Morris. Scenario by Monty Brice and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Clarence Badger. Photography by H. Kinley Martin. The cast: *Confederate Spy*, Raymond Griffith; *The Girl He Loves*, Marion Nixon; *Other Girl He Loves*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Mine Owner*, Mack Swain; *Union General*, Montagu Love; *Abraham Lincoln*, George Billings; *Sitting Bull*, Noble Johnson; *Brigham Young*, Charles K. French.

## "THE ENCHANTED HILL"—PARA-

MOUNT.—From the novel by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by James S. Hamilton. Directed by Irvin Willat. Photography by Al Gilks. The cast: *Lee Purdy*, Jack Holt; *Gail Ormsby*, Florence Vidor; *Jake Dort*, Noah Beery; *Hallie Purdy*, Mary Brian; *Link Halliwell*, Richard Arlen; *Ira Todd*, George Bancroft; *Tommy Seafie*, Ray Thomson; *Jasper Doak*, Brandon Hurst; *Bud Shannon*, Henry Hebert; *Chan*, George Kuwa; *Conchita*, Matilde Comont; *Curley MacMahon*, Willard Cooley; *First Killer*, George Magrill.

## "INFATUATION"—FIRST NATIONAL.—

From the stage play by Somerset Maugham. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Violet Morgan*, Corinne Griffith; *Sir Arthur Little*, Percy Marmont; *Ronald Perry*, Malcolm MacGregor; *Osman Pasha*, Warner Oland; *Lady Etheridge*, Clarissa Selwyn; *Ronny's Sister*, Leota Lorraine; *Pasha's Wife*, Claire du Bray; *Mrs. Pritchard*, Martha Mattox.



"MIKE" — METRO GOLDWYN MAYER  
Story by Marshall Neilan. Scenario by  
Marian Jackson. Directed by Marshall  
Neilan. The cast: *Mike*, Sally O'Neill; *Moore*,  
William Haines; *Mike's Father*, Charles Mur-  
ray; *Schultz*, Ford Sterling; *Shamus*, Frankie  
Darro; *Terrence*, Junior Coghlan; *Sheila*,  
Muriel Frances Dana; *Brush*, Sam De Grasse;  
*Slinky*, Ned Sparks.

"THE OUTSIDER" — WILLIAM FOX  
From the stage play by Dorothy Brandon.  
Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast:  
*Leontine Sturdee*, Jacqueline Logan; *Amos*  
*Regatay*, Lou Tellegen; *Basil Owen*, Walter  
Pidgion; *Jerry Sidon*, Roy Atwill; *Sir Jasper*  
*Sturdee*, Charles Lane; *Pritchard*, Joan Stand-  
ing; *Shadow*, Gibson Gowland; *Doctor Folley*,  
Bertram Marburgh; *Doctor Ladd*, Crauford  
Kent; *Doctor Helmore*, Louis Payne.

"SOUL MATES" — METRO - GOLDWYN -  
MAYER.—Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed  
by Jack Conway. Photography by Oliver  
Marsh. The cast: *Velma*, Aileen Pringle; *Lord*  
*Tancred*, Edmund Lowe; *Markrute*, Phillips  
Smalley; *Velma's Brother*, Antonio D'Algy;  
*Tancred's Mother*, Edythe Chapman; *Velma's*  
*Maid*, Mary Hawes; *Dolly*, Katherine Bennett;  
*Stevens*, Lucien Littlefield; *Tancred's Chauffeur*,  
Ned Sparks.

"THE SONG AND DANCE MAN"—  
PARAMOUNT.—From the play by George M.  
Cohan. Scenario by Paul Schofield. Directed  
by Herbert Brenon. Photography by James  
Howe. The cast: "*Happy*" Farrell, Tom  
Moore; *Leola Lane*, Bessie Love; *Joseph Mur-*  
*dock*, Harrison Ford; *Charles Nelson*, Norman  
Trevor; *Fred Carroll*, "Bobby" Watson; *Jane*  
*Rosemond*, Josephine Drake; *Inspector Craig*,  
George Nash; *Tom Crosby*, William B. Mack;  
*Mrs. Lane*, Helen Linroth; *Ma Carroll*, Jane  
Jennings.

"SWEET ADELINE"—CHADWICK PIC-  
TURES CORP.—Story by Charles E. Banks.  
Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast: *Ben*  
*Wilson*, Charles Ray; *Adeline*, Gertrude  
Olmsted; *Bill Wilson*, Jack Clifford; *Pa*  
*Wilson*, John P. Lockney; *Ma Wilson*, Ida  
Lewis; *The Fat Lady*, Sibyl Johnston; *Cabaret*  
*Dancer*, Gertrude Short.

"THE PRINCE OF BROADWAY"—  
CHADWICK.—Directed by John Gorman.  
Supervised by Hampton Del Ruth. The cast:  
*George Burke*, George Walsh; *Nancy Lee*, Alyce  
Mills; *Wade Turner*, Freeman Wood; *Buck*  
*Marshall*, Frank Campeau; *Juanita*, Alma  
Bennett; *James J. Jeffries*, Himself; *The Cham-*  
*pion*, Capt. Robert Roper; *Jack Root*, Match-  
maker, Tommy Ryan; *Tim McCane*, Charles  
McHugh; "*Snowball*," G. Howe Black.

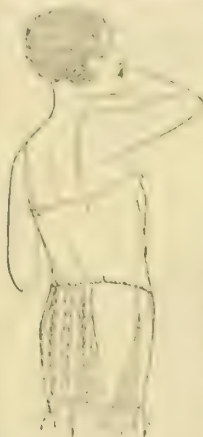
"THE GILDED BUTTERFLY"—WIL-  
LIAM FOX.—Story by Evelyn Campbell.  
Scenario by Bradley King. Directed by John  
Griffith Wray. The cast: *Linda Haverhill*,  
Alma Rubens; *Brian Ancestry*, Bert Lytell; *John*  
*Converse*, Huntley Gordon; *Jim Haverhill*,  
Frank Keenan; *Courtney Roth*, Herbert Raw-  
linson; *Mrs. Ralston*, Vera Lewis; *Maid*, Caro-  
lynn Snowden; *Mr. Ralston*, Arthur Hoyt.

"THE RED KIMONO"—VITAL-DAVIS.—  
Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Directed by  
Walter Lang. The cast: *Mrs. Wallace Reid*,  
Mrs. Wallace Reid; *Freddy*, Theodore Von  
Eltz; *Police Matron*, Mary Carr; *Howard*, Carl  
Miller; *Mrs. Fontaine*, Virginia Pearson;  
*Gabriel's Father*, Tyrone Power; *Crib Keeper*,  
George Seigmann; *District Attorney*, Sheldon  
Lewis; *Clara*, Nellie Bly Baker; *Jeweler*, Max  
Asher; *Housekeeper*, Emily Fitzroy.

"MY LADY OF WHIMS"—ARROW PIC-  
TURES.—Directed by Dallas Fitzgerald. The  
cast: *Prudence Scorn*, Clara Bow; *Bartley*  
*Greer*, Donald Keith; *Wayne Leigh*, Carmelita  
Geraghty; *Dick Flynn*, Lee Moran; *Rolf*,  
Francis MacDonald.

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**"COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE"**—Associated Exhibitors.—From the novel by Leroy Scott. Directed by Burton King. The cast: Doc West, Jay Hunt; Katherine West, Betty Compton; Arnold Bruce, House Peters; Harrison Blake, Rockcliffe Fellowes; Harvey Sherman, Emmett King; Steven Marcy, Bernard Randall; Hosca Hollingsworth, George MacDonald; Thomas Burke, William Conklin.

**"BROADWAY LADY"**—F. B. O.—Story and continuity by Fred Myton. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Rosalie Ryan, Evelyn Brent; Mary Andrews, Marjorie Bonner; Bob Westbrook, Theodore Von Eltz; Phyllis Westbrook, Joyce Compton; Mrs. Westbrook, Clarissa Selwyn; Martyn Edwards, Ernest Hilliard; Johnny, Johnny Gough.

**"THE PALACE OF PLEASURE"**—William Fox.—From the stage play adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Scenario by Bradley King. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: Ricardo Madons, Edmund Lowe; Lola Montez, Betty Compton; Premier Esportero, Henry Kolker; Jose, Harvey Clark; Anita, Nina Romano; Capt. Fernandez, Francis McDonald; Premier's Valet, Sammy Blum; Caesar, George Seigmann; Don Jose, Jacques Rollins.

**"A SIX SHOOTIN' ROMANCE"**—Universal.—Story by Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Continuity by A. J. Neitz. Directed by Cliff Smith. Photography by William Nobles. The cast: "Lightning" Jack, Jack Hoxie; Donaldson Travis, Olive Hasbrouck; Currier King, William A. Steele; Concho Cortez, Carmen Phillips; "Pop" Ricketts, Bob McKenzie; "Manmy," Mattie Peters; Muriel Travers, Virginia Bradford.

**"SHIP OF SOULS"**—Associated Exhibitors.—From the novel by Emerson Hough. Directed by Charles Miller. The cast: Langley Barnes, Bert Lytell; Christine Garth, Lillian Rich; Doris Barnes, Gertrude Astor; Stikeen Harry, Earl Metcalf; Angus Garth, Russell Simpson; Annette Garth, Inez Seabury; Churchill, Cyril Chadwick; Hensley, Jean Perry; Durgin, Pete Maurer; Altin, W. J. Miller; Radio Operator, Capt. Jack Irwin, U. S. A.

**"THE GREEN ARCHER"**—Pathe.—From the novel by Edgar Wallace. Scenario by Frank Leon Smith. Directed by Spencer Bennett. The cast: Valerie Howett, Allene Ray; Jim Featherstone, Walter Miller; Abel Bellamy, Burr McIntosh; Julius Sabini, Frank Lackteen; Fay Sabini, Dorothy King; Walter Howett, Steven Grattan; John Wood, William R. Randall; "Cold Harbor" Smith, Walter Lewis; "Spike" Howland, Wally Oettell; Butler, Tom Cameron; Elaine Holding, Ray Allan; Creager, Jack Tanner.

**"EAST LYNNE"**—William Fox.—From the play by Mrs. Henry Wood. Adapted by Leonore J. Coffee. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: Lady Isabel, Alma Rubens; Archibald Carlyle, Edmund Lowe; Sir Francis Lexicon, Lou Tellegen; Chief Justice Hare, Frank Keenan; Barbara Hare, Marjorie Daw; Richard Hare, Leslie Fenton; Afy Hallijohn, Belle Bennett; Miss Cornelia, Martha Mattox.

**"VOLCANO"**—Paramount.—From the play by Laurence Eyre. Adapted by Bernard McConville. Directed by William K. Howard. Photography by Lucien Andriot. The cast: Zabelle de Chauvelons, Bebe Daniels; Stephane Sequineau, Ricardo Cortez; Quembo, Wallace Beery; Maurice Sequineau, Arthur Edmund Carew; Cedriene, Dale Fuller; Mme. de Chauvelons, Eulalie Jensen; Monsieur Andre de Chauvelons, Brandon Hurst; Marie-Clementine de Chauvelons, Margery Whities; Pere Benedict, Robert Parry; Auctioneer, Snitz Edwards; Azaline, Emily Barrye; Cab Driver, Billy Franey; Mother Superior, Edith Yorke; Nun, Evelyn Sherman; Cashier, Smoke Turner; Madame Timbuctoo, Madame Comont.



## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83 ]

**Bob G.**—Welcome to the family, Bob. Yep, I've been to your town, saw the Liberty Bell and Independence Hall and all that. A good town, I'd say. John Gilbert's an American, born in Logan, Utah. Renee Adoree is about twenty-five. Yes, "The Big Parade" sure is a two time picture.

**H. M. B.**—No, no, Strongheart is not dead. He's working now on "North Star." Mary Pickford and Mae Murray are the same age, thirty-three, but Mary was born a month sooner than May. Dorothy Devore will be twenty-five in June. She's married, alas. She's an American. Percy Marmont is about thirty-five. Could Percy be other than English? Anyway, he isn't other. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. I agree about his work in "Lord Jim" but Percy's always fine.

**AN ALBERTA VAUGHAN FAN.**—I'm getting lots of letters from you folks this month. That flapper certainly has captured a mob of you. She was born in Ashland, Ky., not quite twenty years ago. She has dark brown hair and eyes, is five feet two, weighs 106 pounds and started in pictures in 1921. I'm sure she'll send you her picture and I don't believe she's got a secretary so she'll get your letter personally.

**Miss M. H.**—You shouldn't be so backward in coming forward. Your questions are just as querulous as anybody's. No, no, Ramon is not married. And he's twenty-seven, too. Tommy Meighan uses his own name. Yes, he's married to Frances Ring. Richard Dix is the dimpled darling. He was born in 1895. His hair isn't black—it's brown like Tom's. He weighs, Richard I mean, 180 pounds. From all I hear—and I hear a lot, believe me,—Pearl White likes Paris and the musical comedy stage so much she'll stay there. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine. You and your father want to be stars, do you? It's a long, long lane to Hollywood.

**JOHN LOVIS.**—What are you, a scales' dealer? Here's your weights and measures. Rod La Rocque is six feet, three and weighs 181, Maurice B. Flynn is six, one and weighs 200, while Victor McLagen is six, three and weighs 215. There you are, my boy.

**"INMATE OF A COLLEGE TOWN."**—What-dyyu mean "Inmate"? I thought they only had those in asylums. I tickle you to death? Aw, go on. Don't die on me. I'd miss you so. Betty Bronson's address is the Lasky Studios, Hollywood. Lawrence Gray of the profile and Gloria is twenty-five, born in San Francisco, educated there and his first picture was "The Dressmaker of Paris."

**M. F.**—Betty is very popular this month. See her in the question just above yours? Little Miss Bronson is just nineteen. Corinne Griffith is twenty-five. Corinne is five feet, three and weighs 120 pounds. In other words nice and slim.

**CLIVE BROOK ADMIRER.**—Waiting with reluctant feet where Clive Brook and the question meet, I suppose. Clive was born in London the first of June, 1891. He is married to Mildred Evelyn, his height is an inch less than six feet, he weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes.

**FIL.**—Well, well, well. All excited about our Herb, aren't you? Well ease your heart for Herb's not married. Do you want me to send him your letter?

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 125 ]

*"You didn't come  
a day too soon"*

The sure way to avoid trouble in your mouth is to see your dentist in time. Go to him at least twice a year as a sensible precaution. He will keep teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious trouble.



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# BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

## Providing Yourself With the Proper Period

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

More woodwork is used than in Spanish houses and the windows are much wider. The walls, while made of plain plaster over brick, are painted in colorful patterns. The furniture, retaining the same general lines that characterized the same period in Spain, is built to sit higher from the floor and has more of a tendency toward curves.

In this little room the wall niche bearing its statue of the Virgin and Child serves to bring to the room the definite religious influence that dominates all Italian and Spanish art of that time. If you are doing a room in either of these styles and genuinely desire to keep it in period, religious paintings and small ecclesiastical statues are necessary for the proper atmosphere. Italian rooms, in contrast to the Spanish, are generally low ceilinged, giving them an air of intimacy.

THE same period in England, however, was toward massiveness, space and simplicity, as the reproduction of the great hall of Chetwyn Manor on the upper left of page 65 shows. Choosing a background like this for one's self must be done with due thought. Its whole atmosphere suggests a great estate, many servants, large parties, culture and a general prodigality of living. Yet the simplicity of feeling demanded today is very present. This, by the way, was not so much a matter of taste on the part of the old furniture makers as it was their lack of ability. They could put a straight board upon four straight legs and call it a table.

It resulted in beauty, but that wasn't their fault. The round balls, for instance, shown ornamenting the legs of the refectory table in the window space were among the first decorative additions the English carpenters of that era discovered they could create. You will find them on nearly all early English furniture. Likewise, the monasteries were the only places furnished for permanency. Hence the sur-

vival of so many refectory, or monastery eating tables today.

The davenport before the fire, which we have regarded as a truly modern convenience, is actually an old English one, though the piece here used is contemporary.

Color was brought into English rooms, not through mere decorative fabrics, as with the Spaniards and Italians, but through tapestries which told a story. This, to me, is a particularly beautiful room, though to erect it under present labor costs would be very expensive. But if you feel you can live up to it, you can't go wrong in choosing it.

Finally, for those who demand it, I include a small French bedroom, done in characteristic French style with the worst gewgaws removed. One thing must be borne in mind. French furniture is definitely feminine in feeling. Don't design such a room for a man. English, and most Spanish and Italian, is definitely masculine.

ALL French furniture, except the very earliest, is light in feeling and fact. The woods the French builders used were lighter. They understood more about lacquers, enamels, paints than the others did. While a great deal of Spanish and Italian furniture is painted, particularly the bedsteads, the colors used are more primitive. The French painted nearly everything, but used the pastel shades quite exclusively. They brought the cane bedstead, here shown, into being. The French prints, as their name implies, are theirs exclusively. The chaise longue, at the foot of the bed, is a Gallic creation.

Therefore, for femininity, frivolousness and gaiety, the French fashions. For permanency and quiet dignity, the English. For intimate warmth and friendly simplicity, the Italian. For colorful austerity, the Spanish.

Forward, ladies, and pick your periods.

## 3170 Miles From Broadway

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

of the attractors. Also Jacqueline Logan, Helen Lee Worthing—many others.

For several years Lilyan was one of the headliners and during those years she won the appellation of "Broadway butterfly," which is trite, for butterflies have a fitting way of fluttering from flower to flower, while Lilyan had one purpose in view toward which she toiled.

Finally, Lilyan—purpose still in mind—graduated to a speaking part in a current play.

In "The Gold Diggers" she was a female platinum prospector—in "The Garden of Weeds" she was another de luxe pirate on the Highway of Eros. In many other plays she represented the sophisticated sisterhood.

THEN one day she became interested in a town called Hollywood and in the chief product thereof. Edmund Lowe, her fiancé, was there emoting for the films. James Cruze, the director, was to make a picture version of "The Garden of Weeds." So the night-blooming flower of Broadway packed her imported luggage and came West.

She packed the silks and fine fabrics of the gowns that molded her slimly elegant figure into one of Broadway's smartest dressed women. She slipped into her fur wrap and clutched it about her as only Lilyan knows how, and set forth for Hollywood.

She knew she wasn't saccharinely beautiful

as film beauty is gauged. But she well knew she had something that every pretty cinema aspirant has not got. She had an urban air of *distinguee*—a positive assurance—a radiating self-confidence. It's quite unbeatable, you know. And then, too, there was Lilyan's figure—of which she did not boast, but which has been before observed. It is her dryad-like form—and the caressing way her frocks embrace her—that convinces you she is a lineal descendant of sinuous Salome.

"I came to Hollywood," said Lilyan, "with the idea that I would give myself three months in which to make good in pictures. If I was not well on my way to a certain success within that time, I would return to Broadway."

So Lilyan came to Hollywood. But Hollywood did not come to Lilyan—immediately. Hollywood—being truly feminine—has a way of glancing, narrow-eyed, over a frigid shoulder at a newcomer. Especially when the newcomer has the Tashman scintillation. Lilyan bided her time.

First came her oft-repeated stage rôle in "The Garden of Weeds" for Jimmie Cruze, and before she finished that rôle, came an offer from another company, with the result that Lilyan was working in two pictures at once—cause for celebration even to an experienced film actor.

Success is music as sweet as the metallic ring of gold, and Lilyan was soon gathered to the broad bosom of Hollywood. Not only because



of her splendid and rapid ascension, but because Lilyan was Lilyan—clever, entertaining, witty—a brilliant addition to any social affair, be it tea or dinner party.

**T**HIS all happened one year and four months ago. Lilyan is now a star under the Metropolitan banner with a covey of successful characterizations to her credit. And she is about to commence on a new life as all good little film titles say. She is to leave the lurid lairs of light ladies and become a sweet and amiable heroine. Which is a shame, I think.

Very few women on the screen are as cleverly naughty as Lilyan. Or should it be naughtily clever? And there are so many charming heroines! Perhaps Lilyan will inject into her good interpretations a bit of the tang that made her wicked women so absolutely fascinating. I should not be surprised if she did, for Lilyan has the inbred knack of seasoning the most insipid rôles with a goodly share of personality.

So now Lilyan, Broadway's gorgeous night-blooming cereus—three thousand one hundred and seventy miles from her native flower pot (by Southern Pacific figures)—thrives in Hollywood's orange groves.

And, funny dear Lilyan! Do you know one of the things she thrills at most, despite all the daily tokens that show she is really one of Hollywood's favorites? She likes the tinkle-tinkle of the phone and the polished voice of a shopkeeper saying:

"Miss Tashman? We have just received a few frocks from Paris—several from Lelong and Worth. We shall hold them for you to make your selection."

She likes the feeling that she is really of Hollywood—Lilyan Tashman to its tradesfolk and kings.

## Confessions of a Movie Critic

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

worth while. I love Shakespeare, Tolstoi.

"I have also thought about Ibsen," she continued. "I adore the sombre colors. The tragic moods. The unutterable silences." She was meditative for a moment. "Grey is very becoming to me."

Whereas last week, Poline Bari gave a tea in her sixteen-room apartment. Curled up wistfully in the mauve-lined window seat, she gazed out over the Hudson where, in the growing twilight, loomed the famous sky-line of Jersey.

Poline is the exponent on the screen of why men come back. She tames temperamental tiger rugs and puffs cigarette rings into the faces of trusting lads.

Her face lighted up. She clapped her hands. "I am stifled here. I want," she breathed, "to live in a vine covered cottage. Away from the jaded artificiality of things. I want to cook cereal. I want to tat edgings for dotted Swiss curtains.

"I crave," pulsed Poline plaintively, "to raise nasturtiums."

**A**ND while speaking of celebrities who have met me, I'm not betraying any confidence when I say that Ivanhoe Baggot rumbled his sleek hair the last time I went to a dinner he gave, and sighed.

"I don't know why it is," he ruminated, handing another macaroon to a man who writes intimate revelations for one of the famous fan magazines, "that my director insists upon my doing drawing room dramatics. I yearn to do the more elemental parts. Out in the open spaces where I can wear flannel shirts and puttees. I am essentially, you know," confessed Ivanhoe, "one of the strong, silent men of the West."

There is a disarming directness about the



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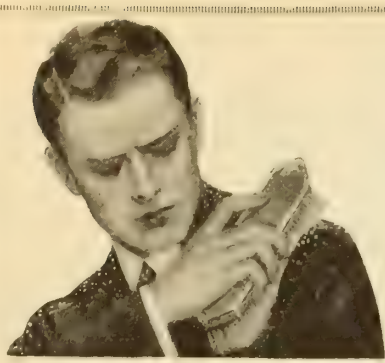
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male stars. If they part their hair on the side, they show you a picture of the Little Woman. If they part it in the middle, they admit they left some well known university flat on its back to give the public what it wants. And if they brush it straight back, they confide that they, too, were once a struggling newspaper person.

In other words, motion picture stars are mostly regular fellows. They may appear in overstuffed scenarios. They may be quoted as saying they prefer Bernard Shaw to Bugs Baer. They may even sing at personal appearances. But in almost every case that is due to the prompting of their press agents.

And I don't believe press agents any more.

When I was first ordained an authority on motion pictures, an enthusiastic publicity promulgator called me up, and said that the star in a certain photoplay would wear a gown composed of 10,000 pearls. I printed that statement. And then, because of a dawning, later justified, suspicion, I went to see the picture. And there were only 9,951.

\* \* \*

*My concluding confessions, obtainable only in next month's issue of this magazine, will reveal to you the secrets of successful scenario writing, and give you further penetrating glimpses into the life that the well dressed movie critic lives.*

Bucked Into Stardom

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

saddles, I must admit I thought they was pretty fresh calling it a saddle. Looked to me more like a postage stamp. But that isn't what's funny. Their champion buster they put up to ride against me and that had made all them slighting remarks about how easy it would be to ride a bad horse in a sofa like I used—say, the horse bucked him up in the air, and he come down on the back of my saddle and nearly busted himself in two. He was awful sore."

"What happened to you?"

"Me? Oh, I done all right. I took the stirrups off that funny little Australian affair and then it was just like riding bareback, so I didn't have much trouble winning."

"How'd you come to go into pictures?"

"It's funny about me and pictures," said Hoot, reflectively. "You can't rightly say I ever went into them. And I was always getting out. But I guess I was branded to stay in. You might really say the cause of me becoming a movie actor was a 'snow storm.'"

"A snow storm?"

"Well, you see, it was like this. When we come back from Australia that time, I went on riding in contests and hippodroming around the country, making a pretty good living one way and another, but not feeling like they was much future in it. But still I didn't have nothing definite in my mind. And the longer it went on like that, the more disgusted you might say I got. Dust and dirt and sleeping and eating all kinds of places in all kinds of weather.

"Well, one morning in about 1913 or 14, I guess it was, I was in a little town by the name of Davenport, up in Washington. I was going to ride there in a rodeo that day, but when I woke up it was snowing cats and dogs. Well, I didn't think much of that and I stood looking out there, and I put my hand in my pocket and found a letter from my mother. She was living down in Los Angeles, and her letter was all about sunshine, and flowers, and things like that. I just made up my mind maybe I'd better go down there to Southern California for awhile. And I says to myself, 'If you can't make a living no other way, maybe you can ride in some of them moving pictures.' So that's what I done."

"Well, that got you in. But you said you were in and out two or three times."

"YEH. Well, I didn't mind riding in pictures, or doubling, or doing stunts. But I wasn't keen about being an actor. Still, when you're trying to make a living at pictures, you got to take what comes. I rode when I could, and I was an assistant director, and a third cameraman, and I took care of horses, and there wasn't much I didn't do. But when things got too tough, I'd paint me up my face and go be an extra man. Then one day I made out I just couldn't stand that any more. So I seen where there was an automobile race in Fresno, and I went up there.

"But Fresno is my Jonah. Twice I went there to get out of pictures and both times luck broke against me. This time, in an auto race—I always liked driving in races and sometimes we had them at the rodeos, to wind up with—I was a lap ahead and didn't have but half a mile to go, and the engine fell right plump out of my car. I says, 'Hoot, you better go back to pictures. Things is against you in this game.' And a year or two later, I got plump fed up with pictures again and I seen there was a rodeo in Fresno with a lot of prize money up, so I thought I'd go get it maybe and get me a stake and start in business. Well, I was riding my last bucking horse, on the same darn field they'd had the auto race on, and it didn't look like I had a chance to lose the \$500 purse. Just then my cinch busted and I spilled on my head. Another lad got the \$500; so I had to come back in pictures.

"THEN later along came the war. I went over there—"

"In the cavalry?"

"No. As I was saying—"

"What'd you go in?"

"I went in the tank corps."

"What for, when you knew so much about horses?"

"Well, I always kind of liked machinery, and I thought I'd like monkeying around with that. And when I came back I was broke and went back in pictures."

"There were a lot of other cowboys in pictures. How'd you get to be a star?"

"Well, that was my luck. It was like this. I had a darn good job with Tom Mix. I liked it, cause it was a swell outfit and I was eating regular. But I'd had a hankering after directing and I'd made a few two reelers off and on. So one day Universal sent for me and wanted to know would I direct two reel westerns. I told 'em I had a good job and didn't want to give it up unless it was sure about this directing thing, but they swore it was. I was getting \$35 a week and they offered me \$100 at the U. So I told Tom, and he said that was great if I could get a chance and to go take it.

"So I went out next day and got my script and it looked like I had a real job. But before I got to work they said they were sorry but it was all off, because the guy they'd been after all the time was going to take it after all. So there I was out of a job and felt pretty sick. But the chap that got my job directing was an old friend, so I went to him and I says, 'Look here, I'm glad you got it, because you have been an assistant director a long time, but I'm out on your account. I don't see no reason why I couldn't play that young cowpuncher juvenile in there.'

"He said I could and I did, and the folks liked me back east. They thought I looked real western. So they signed me up to act in a lot of two reel westerns, and every now and then we've added another reel and now I'm a real star. My last picture, 'The Flaming



Frontier," cost a barrel of money and is a super-jewel. Funny, ain't it?"

And he grinned, that easy, pleasant, deprecatory grin.

IT is funny, in a way. Hoot, the cowboy, and his Beverly Hills home, and his pretty wife with her Paris frocks, and his cunning baby with her French nurse, and his expensive roadster—and still just Hoot, the cowboy, happiest when he's lounging around with the gang and the horses.

"I've sure had a lot of luck," says Hoot, reverently, "even if I ain't superstitious."

But it isn't all luck. Hard work, a pleasant personality which is the result of a pleasant disposition, the ability to do his job better than the other fellow, and a sense of principle. Witness this.

"What are you proudest of that you've done on the screen?" I asked him.

He balanced his big hat in his hand. "That's funny, too," he said. "Thing I'm proudest of isn't something I done. It's something I ain't ever done. I ain't ever smoked a cigarette on the screen, not for any director or producer nor anybody. The kids like my westerns, and I ain't ever going to let them see me smoking a cigarette."

## The Final Fade-outs

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

devil of a fix. I've shot myself." Bobby said that he had been cleaning a gun and that it accidentally discharged. Why Bobby was cleaning a gun, why it discharged, why he had the weapon, nobody ever looked into too carefully. He lived five days, two of them in the prison ward at Bellevue under the charge of violating the Sullivan act, that one concerning weapons owned without permit. They buried him obscurely from a dusty, little undertaking parlor near Eighth Avenue, one of New York's most commonplace thoroughfares.

Without warning came death to John Bunny, Tom Ince, Ormer Locklear, Florence LaBadie, Harold Lockwood and Bernard Durning.

The first real star, Bunny died in 1915 from overexertion while on a tour of personal appearances. Tom Ince died of acute indigestion. He left an estate of more than six millions.

Lieut. Locklear was a stunt flyer and the story was that he was hopelessly in love with one of Hollywood's most popular little stars. He died in the air at night, his plane lighting the sky with flames as it crashed to the ground.

A motor accident killed Florence LaBadie, the pretty star of "The Million Dollar Mystery." Taking a short drive with Daniel Carson Goodman, who a season or so ago was the husband of Alma Rubens, their car upset just outside Ossining, New York. Florence was pinned beneath the flaming wreckage.

**HAROLD LOCKWOOD**, that handsome young chap who co-starred with May Allison, was caught in the flu epidemic of 1918. Typhoid took Bernie Durning just after he had come East to direct for Fox. He was the husband of Shirley Mason and his worshipful love of her touched the heart of Hollywood.

Another stellar husband, Joseph Kaufman, Ethel Clayton's husband, was stricken by the same disease. Kaufman was a Paramount director and the whole profession was his friend. With his aid Ethel Clayton was an important star. Since his death she has never felt quite up to traveling the stellar road alone.

And Dorothy Phillips' husband, Allan Holubar. He was filming scenes at Nashville, Tenn., getting atmosphere shots for his first of three pictures to be released by Metro when

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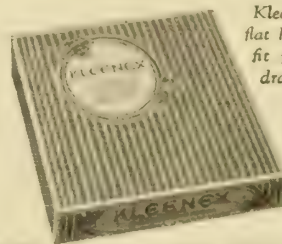
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he was taken ill. Los Angeles and the hospital, the return home apparently cured, and then the swift relapse. He had just celebrated his thirty-fourth birthday.

FROM operations, George Loane Tucker, and Clarine Seymour, that vivid girl of the Griffith studio, died. Tucker was the greatest director next to Griffith. His "Miracle Man" was a great work. So, too, was "The Cinderella Man," one of the sweetest films ever, in which Tom Moore and Mae Marsh starred. As for little Clarine—they called her "cutie beautiful" on the lot—she was absolute star stuff.

Do you remember Arthur Johnson of the movie's earliest days and Kate Lester, that magnificent grande dame? T. B. got Johnson, a long, lingering, awful death. Kate Lester, considered one of the most beautiful women on the stage during her generation, died October 12th in the Hollywood hospital from burns received the preceding evening. Universal has some trick kind of gas heaters in the dressing rooms—they have disposed of them now. Miss Lester had just come in off the set and closed her dressing room door. The next moment the explosion was heard and by the time rescuers came she was enveloped in fire.

Finally two tragedies, one of extreme youth and one of old age—Lucille Ricksen and "Pop" Lubin.

In 1925 the Wampas nominated Lucille Ricksen a baby star. She was just that. She had grown up in movies. In 1923 she was playing the parts of eight-year-olds. The next year she attracted the attention of Mickey Neilan who made her a leading woman. From childhood to maturity in one year. She played a heavy, emotional part opposite Conrad Nagel in "Rendezvous." Her frail child's body couldn't stand it. She took to her bed for a long illness. Her mother tended her, day and night, day and night for months. She became very tired. One day as she drew near Lucille's bed she stretched out her arms for rest. She never moved from there again.

It frightened the little girl badly, but she lingered on for three weeks. "Oh, hold my hand," she'd cry to Lois Wilson, her loyal friend, who sat at her bedside. "Hold my hand, I'm going to die. I'm going to die." That was her cry for days.

Then one day Lois, Paul Bern, and Lucille's brother, Marshall, were there close to her. "I think mother is waiting," Lucille whispered. "Good-bye, everyone." And then there was stillness in the room except for the icy movement of the air as it stole through the windows in that gray hour just before dawn.

Yet "Pop" Lubin was more tragic, for he was old. Seventy-two years old and very tired. His given name was Seigmund, but the kindly nickname stuck. He had been born in Breslau and came to this country to start an optical shop. He got interested in lens, then in the camera and then in making pictures. He started by staging duplicates of famous prize fights, photographing them and selling them as single reels.

He became one of the big four of the early movie days. Wealth came too. He dreamed of a German industrial empire founded by himself just outside of Philadelphia and spent his money lavishly.

He couldn't stand the gaff. Litigation came with Edison, then with the government over patents and final dissolution. He was poor again, and much older. He had his living to earn. He ended up in the same little optical shop from which he had started.

Even death is not simple in the movie colonies.

Somewhere in the mist of the unknown they are, these twenty-seven people of sorrow.

What an all star cast, playing the tragedy of Hollywood!

"See if you can laugh that off," said the fat man's wife, wiring a button onto his vest.

—Life.



## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87 ]

### SWEET ADELINE—Chadwick

CHARLES RAY in another of his country rôles. This drab story is sprinkled throughout with delicious bits of comedy that are well comed. And in these spots the comedy is so good that one wishes they would be carried out through the entire picture. A country boy goes to the city to sing in a cabaret and makes a decided hit singing "Sweet Adeline." And Adeline is his sweetheart. . . . Success—Wealth—Happiness—End.

### THE PRINCE OF BROADWAY—Chadwick

HERE is a picture that will be a wow among the boys. It's a prize-ring story of a heavy-weight champ who trained on Broadway and naturally was defeated. His childhood sweetheart reforms him and under the guidance of Jim Jeffries he stages a successful comeback. Many famous fighters are introduced: Jim Jeffries, Capt. Bob Roper, Frankie Genaro, Ad Wolgast, Tommy Ryan, Billy Papke and Leach Cross. Can you imagine the whoops of the youngsters when they see their heroes?

### THE GILDED BUTTERFLY—Fox

A CASE of a good little bluffer getting along in life. She managed to move in the highest of society, travel in Europe and live in luxury—without having a dime. BUT when she was called to task by the man who had been her bank roll—oh, well, that was different. Alma Rubens, Huntley Gordon and Bert Lytell head the cast. Not so good—that is, if you're fussy.

### THE RED KIMONO—Vital

SOMETHING terrible. It started out with a good story by Adela Rogers St. Johns and was directed by Mrs. Wallace Reid. But somewhere the great qualities of those ladies' talents got completely lost. It's that one about the innocent, downtrodden girl, the city slicker, the white slavery, the slicker falling for the other girl and offering her a wedding ring, the shot, the trial, repentance. And then what do you suppose comes? Surprise, surprise, c'est le war. No matter how much trouble it is, avoid this one.

### MY LADY OF WHIMS—Arrow

CLARA BOW is again the carefree flapper who defies family conventions and lives with a chum in Greenwich Village. Papa hires Donald Keith to sort of spy on her and naturally the inevitable happens, but not until the director has injected some would-be suspense action. It will please.

### COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE—Associated Exhibitors

WELL, again the wrong fellow is accused of bribery and the girl's father goes to jail. Now the girl has just been admitted to the bar (don't judge us wrong) and she endeavors to defend her father. All sorts of criminal offenses are committed in this picture in the name of heart interest and only some good acting on the part of Betty Compson and Jay Hunt make it a passable movie.

### THE BROADWAY LADY—F. B. O.

ANOTHER case of a chorus girl with-a-heart-of-gold who marries into a wealthy family. In order to make the plot seem more complicated a murder is thrown in for good measure and of course the innocent party accused. All ends well, everybody's happy. Fair.



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## THE PALACE OF PLEASURE—Fox

SHE was a gay senorita who had a wicked voice that charmed all men. He was an outlawed royalist who kidnapped her from all her admirers and forced her to marry him. Nothing to get excited about. Betty Compson and Edmund Lowe head the cast.

## SIX SHOOTIN' ROMANCE—Universal

JUST Western hokum dealing with a young girl who assumes charge of her father's ranch only to learn that the foreman has a half-interest—and incidentally he loves her. She spurns him, but through time realizes her love for him. If you can stand the usual Western you can sit through this picture.

## SHIP OF SOULS—Associated Exhibitors

WE are told, that far up north in the snow country men are driven mad by the silences and solitudes. To be exact three men go crazy during the picture and you almost join them as you see some men sailing in a queer little boat throughout the picture. Lillian Rich and Bert Lytell are in the cast—and if you like them you'll enjoy the picture.

## THE GREEN ARCHER—Pathe

IF the following episodes are as thrilling as the first three, you can be assured that you will enjoy this. The action of this picture gallops with a speed that makes you clutch the arm of your neighbor and breathe in gasps, wondering what's coming next. Alene Ray, Walter Miller, Burr McIntosh and Frank Lacteen comprise the capable cast.

## EAST LYNNE—Fox

THIS decayed old melodrama is almost entertaining in the Fox film version. The film play is well cast, with Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Lou Tellegan and Belle Bennett playing the principal roles.

It has many beautifully pictorial natural settings of the countryside of East Lynne. The story, of course, is rather impossible, but these capable players make it seem almost convincing.

## VOLCANO—Paramount

THE plot is not new—that of the lovely girl forced to renounce love because she thinks she has black blood and then it's not true—but the picture is packed with charm and romance. The color of its setting, the tropical isle of Martinique, emerges triumphant and glamorous. Bebe Daniels appears very beautiful in fluffy hoop skirts and gives one of her best performances. Ricardo Cortez is excellent. Fine entertainment.

Last Minute Reviews  
on pictures released too late to  
be included in main reviews

## FREE TO LOVE—Schulberg

CLARA BOW, as a reformed crook, does her best with an impossible rôle. It's all about a self-sacrificing girl whose past threatens to ruin the man she loves. Donald Keith is the man.

## THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN—Chadwick

AN unsuitable comeback for Theda Bara. The famous queen of vamps is just as attractive as in the days gone by and her work is excellent. But she is burdened with an unsuitable story, poor direction and continuity. Nevertheless, it looks good to see Theda again.



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**THE STILL ALARM—Universal**

SOME excellent fire scenes supply the thrills here. This famous stage play is filled with all the ingredients of an entertaining picture. A wife, weary of the drudgery of housework, leaves her husband and elopes with the villain. Years later she is reconciled.

**BLUE BLAZES—Universal**

NOTHING unusual as far as the story is concerned, but plenty of hard riding, shooting, fighting and, of course, love, for those who like their Westerns. Pete Morrison is the star.

**STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN—Pathe**

A GOOD Larry Semon comedy taken from the famous stage play. Many of the typical Semon gags are present and they supply a number of chuckles. Good entertainment for the children.

**THE PRINCE OF PEP—F. B. O.**

RICHARD TALMADGE does all his stunts in this story of a young doctor who loses his memory and reappears as a modern Robin Hood. Some excellent comedy situations are introduced and the boys will get a great kick out of Talmadge's stunts.

**Questions and Answers**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117)

**FRITZ.**—You think me a conceited young man do you? Fritz, how you wrong me. You are making me bow my ancient and honorable head with its snowy white hairs over my typewriter and break down in sobs and sorrows. Nevertheless, to prove to you what a kind old nature I've got I'll answer your inquiries. The bees in Bebe Daniels' name are just like the bees in the garden. Bebe is not married, wise young girl. So you love Gloria, Norma, Mary P. and Lois M. Aren't you the loveliest thing?

**ROMANA REU.**—I fall for you and I'll be true, Romana Reu. Do you know you've got one of those poetic names? 'Tis true, Romana Reu. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., but she soon decided to leave the dust of that city behind her for the gold dust of Hollywood. It was the seventeenth of November, 1906, that Betty was born. By 1922 she was in pictures with "Peter Pan" her wonderful chance at fame. Her latest work is the *Madonna* in "Ben-Hur," and very beautiful she is.

**ANOTHER BETTY.**—I never heard of a Betty who wasn't a darn nice kid so that makes everything jake with you and me. Your favorites are Malcolm McGregor and Norma Shearer. Very good judgment, I'll say. Malcolm is married and his birthday is October 13th. The first one happened in 1896. Sorry, but I don't know of any stars born on January 11. Don't be bashful. Write again.

**BILLY.**—Send "Brickbats and Bouquets" to PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th St., N. Y. C. Whom do you want in the magazine? Tell me, Billy, and I'll tell the boss. Harrison Ford is thirty-four. He's divorced. You'll see a picture of your Harrison in next month's issue.

**E. V. E.**—Are you really? That was a very nice letter of yours. Sorry your other got lost. Your friend, Huntley Gordon's latest picture is "The Gilded Butterfly." Did you see his picture in this issue? Doesn't that make you happy? Happy New Year yourself.

**R. L., BALTIMORE.**—His name is Rex Lease and he isn't married, so go to it. Thanks for the New Year's greeting. That was very nice of you to remember a lonely old man with nothing but ten thousand questions to answer.

**Watch This Column***If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address***"The Flaming Frontier**

or

**The Indians Are Coming"****A Thrilling American Epic**

This is a picture that every red-blooded American will want to see. In it the great plainsman and hero-scout, Col. George Custer, lives over again, as well as his gallant comrades, and the scenes in which he won his greatest glory and met his untimely end, are re-enacted with startling vividness.



It is the story of the battle of the Little Big Horn and the Custer Massacre in which the crafty villains were Chief John Gall and his treacherous Medicine Man, Sitting Bull. It portrays Custer's heroic efforts to subdue the Indians and defeat the graft-ring in Washington.

During the action, Pres. Grant, Gen. Sherman, Red Cloud and Sitting Bull appear actively, and the magnificent courage with which every American school-boy is familiar is shown in a great series of thrilling scenes. A beautiful love-story runs through the play and all in all it will prove one of the most intensely interesting of American pictures.

In the cast are such sterling actors as HOOT GIBSON, a young lieutenant who sacrifices himself to aid Custer's cause; DUSTIN FARNUM, who essays the role of Col. Custer; ANNE CORNWALL, GEORGE FAWCETT, KATHLEEN KEY, WARD CRANE and NOBLE JOHNSON, as well as various tribes of Indians, troops of cavalry, and several thousand others. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre NOW to get "*The Flaming Frontier or The Indians Are Coming*" as well as "*The Midnight Sun*" with LAURA LA PLANTE; "*The Phantom of the Opera*" with LON CHANEY; "*The Cohens and Kellys*," "*Sporting Youth*" and "*California Straight Ahead*," "*What Happened to Jones*" and "*Skinner's Dress Suit*," all with REGINALD DENNY. When you see them, please write me what you think of them.

*Carl Laemmle*

(To be continued next month)

President

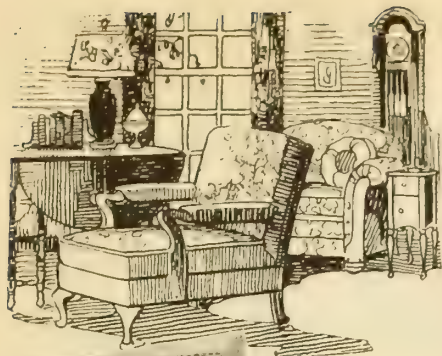
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## When the Movies Were Young

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

Dillon, Del Henderson and his wife, Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Arthur Johnson, Owen Moore and Mack Sennett. Mack was the studio's nickel nurser.

He was never known to spend a cent until the historic day that he presented Mabel Normand with a seventy-five dollar diamond.

When Mabel returned the stone, Mack tried to sell it for a ten dollar profit.

Tom Ince's pale young wife came around occasionally, when she could find somebody to leave with the Ince baby, and Violet Mersereau helped out once in a while.

They all wore one another's clothes, and a silk dress or an overcoat assured anyone an engagement.

By 1909 Griffith was feeling his wings a little. He was on a royalty basis with Biograph and, though none of them could quite believe it, the pictures were selling.

There was a single month when the Griffith check came to \$900.

Linda banked it all.

She couldn't believe such good fortune could be permanent.

THE Biograph director decided upon a dramatization of "Pippa Passes," from Browning's poem. Standard poems and novels were always chosen because the plots were accessible. Nobody ever thought of copyrights or things of that sort. Griffith hunted and hunted for the girl to play the lead in that picture. He saw her finally in the waiting room of the studio.

"She is just the girl I want," Griffith said, and signed her. Her name then was Gladys Smith.

Again Griffith had stumbled on a million. You know what her name is now.

Blanche Sweet joined the company by the same chance. Griffith thought she was terrible and said so.

But Blanche stuck and she finally played in such tender bits as "The Smile of a Child," "A White Rose of the Wilds," and similar offerings.

Sidney Olcott came into the studio and impressed them all. For Sidney had been a movie actor in "The Village Cut-up" way back in 1904, and was supposed to know all about the business.

Mack Sennett did "The Curtain Pole," wherein he played a mad French count and proved himself to be Biograph's best comedian.

After that, they had to keep him.

And all this while Hollywood was only a place where the Japs raised carnations! Young Tom Ince went out there, and the Griffiths visited his studio.

Their hearts were with the old Biograph outfit, however, and they decided to stick to the East, a decision Griffith hasn't abandoned very much to this day.

Then almost overnight, Mary Pickford, announcing her secret marriage to Owen Moore, went over to the Imp company. Cecil De Mille, son of a playwright, Jesse Lasky, a vaudeville booking agent, and Sam Goldfish, his brother-in-law, a glove salesman, formed a producing company.

Trade papers appeared and fan mail, and there was even talk of a ten-cent movie.

"The time will come," said Griffith, "when you will see movies presented on Broadway just like regular plays."

That was too much, however, for anyone to believe. That got Griff a laugh always. They let him dream until "The Birth of a Nation" awoke them.

"When the Movies Were Young." That is the story Mrs. Griffith tells.

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## A Victim of Prejudice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

her sweeping triumph than Carol. She fluttered around in a daze after reading the glowing reviews of the New York newspaper and magazine critics. Her eyes dimmed.

"Why—why, they like me," brokenly.

The wondrous surprise in these words threw wide the inner door that houses the real Carol. They showed for a fleeting moment a bruised, quivery little thing, the Oliver Twist of motion pictures, grown wearily accustomed to slurs, to knocks, to taunts.

Indeed, one critic went so far as to discover Miss Dempster had sex appeal. This delighted Carol. She chortled like a youngster riding on the shoot-the-shoots in an amusement park with a bag of peanuts clutched in one nerve-chilled hand: "Isn't it wonderful?"

From the way she said this, we had a sneaking hunch Pollyanna might really live in the same apartment house, even though May Allison does call us the "girl cynic."

Carol Dempster's charm is due not only to her butterfly-ish enchantment in life and those about her. It is her fitful moodiness, restless imaginativeness, girlish whimsicalities, brooding tragicness. She is an intriguing mystery girl with the elusive qualities of a "Peter Pan" and a sophomore edition of Marie Antoinette.

"That Royle Girl" defied the world first some twenty odd years ago when she shook a tiny red fist at her nurse in Duluth, Minn. The Middle West had been pronounced by wily picture producers as the home of the motion picture public. It means more to us now, since we know Carol Dempster hails from there. When she was a tot, the Dempsters moved to a ranch in Santa Barbara County, California. Here, in joyous freedom, Carol blossomed into girlhood, roaming the fields and the mountains, a bubbly, mischievous child. From Dame Nature, the greatest teacher there is for those whose eyes are open, she learned color, rhythm, drama. It grew all around her.

Carol relates with guilty humor her envy of the sister who had a gold filling in her front tooth. Bethinking herself she might have one too, Carol slipped into the woods and, encouraged by murmurous leaves and an impish brook, concentrated ferociously on boring a hole in her front tooth. That she failed in her endeavor was certainly not due to effort!

WITH dreamy eyes, she narrates the days spent horseback riding through the alluring beauty of the country. At night, she was wont to steal away by herself and yield ecstatically to the Lorelei that was the harmonious nocturnal noises the moon-kissed earth and heavens. Romance, Beauty, Life.

Carol left her beloved ranch when in her early teens to study dancing at Denishawn, in Los Angeles. Miss St. Denis became keenly interested in her youthful pupil, perceiving in her a second Pavlova. With the perversity of talent, however, Carol's interest switched to the cinema and one fateful morning she betook herself to D. W. Griffith's studio.

We can just see her prancing onto the lot, chin up, eyes sparkling. We can see her suddenly losing courage when confronted by the business-like casting office sign and the many extras waiting their turn to ask: "Anything today?" Oft times, Carol resembles an elf, fearfully brave until a new sound sends her scurrying to cover.

It so happened that the gods smiled on this timid, adventurous girl, for before she could flee, D. W. Griffith, himself, happened along and espied Miss Hopeful. Mr. Griffith scrutinizes a person once, and can immediately tell you what that person is all about. Scant wonder, as we realize now, that he signaled her out for permanent work.

With success greeting her so generously, Carol tossed aside dancing. Whereupon Miss

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Note how slenderness prevails in every circle nowadays. Excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was. Every idea of beauty, health and fitness calls for normal weight, and people are conforming.

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St. Denis visited Mr. Griffith. She told him the girl's possibilities and future in the world of terpsichore and asked if she would have a similar chance in the cinema. Mr. Griffith replied in the affirmative, and Miss St. Denis departed, satisfied.

A few years passed by with Miss Dempster enacting rôles of little consequence and coming in for less recognition. One wonders at her tenacity in the face of progress comparable, in its way, to the evolution theory. But Carol was learning. She learned by watching Mr. Griffith direct. She learned by studying his more experienced players execute his orders. Her environment was nothing short of perfect and she, with her far-seeing mind, comprehended this.

**H**ER first big chance came with "Dream Street," a Limehouse story with dubious appeal. Time did another nose-dive, climaxed by Mr. Griffith astounding his colleagues by permitting the Gish girls to leave his fold and promoting the scarcely known Carol Dempster to featured player in "Isn't Life Wonderful?"

"Why!" condemned the gaspers, "is D. W. going mad?"

D. W. had learned his p's and q's, evidently, before most of us realize they are the pivot letters in life's crossword puzzle. This picture served as the elevator that rode Carol into the spotlight and made her a prejudicial target. "Sally of the Sawdust" established her stronger and "That Royle Girl" makes her an acknowledged artist. It also stills the prejudiced—mayhap, forever.

Occupying the center of the stage, with the plaudits of critics and public still ringing sweetly in her ears, Carol Dempster remains the same Carol Dempster she was three years ago. Only, of course, she has discarded much of the heavy armor donned to protect herself from verbal sharpshooters. She is more blithe, gayer, but just as engrossed in her work as ever. More so, we think, as she is primed to forge even further ahead as foremost among the screen's most versatile and gifted actresses.

"Right is might." Carol Dempster has accomplished the impossible. She has shown herself to be no prototype of any actress and conquered the fearful "bogey" that menaces every screen player—prejudice.

## A Comedy of Errors

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42 ]

doubt, that Gilbert Roland is a romantic young lad, and besides, he was playing in Pola Negri's pictures and, well—you never know what will happen.

For three weeks, however, wires and letters chased each other back and forth between the four interested parties in this up-to-date comedy of errors, until Herbert Brenon made the final scene of "Dancing Mothers."

"Good-bye," said Miss Bow and Mr. Keith. "What's your hurry?" asked Brenon; "where are you going?"

"We have some important business to settle back in Hollywood," replied Clara.

And that is about all there is to the story, except that, to paraphrase again from Shakespeare, "All's well that ends well," and Clara and her boy friend, and Donald and his girl friend, were all set (at last reports).

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## The Enigma of the Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

lacking in range. From the moment she steps on the screen there is the feeling of inevitable doom. Too gentle for this world's pain, her only hope of happiness appears in death or the cloister. And so obviously is this fate written in her every aspect that suspense is lessened.

The emotion she arouses in one is that of an infinite and poignant pity. Pity is akin to love but it can never be love, even though it is heart-rending.

Miss Gish is a student. She does not rely on inspiration. There is nothing spontaneous in her work. It is carefully motivated, studied and timed. This in no way detracts from her worth as an artist, or a possible genius. Leonardo da Vinci fashioned the smile on the face of Mona Lisa as mathematically as Lillian Gish has drawn a similar smile on her own likeness. Like her, also, he was divinely detached and unemotional. He would follow a man to the gallows to catch the expression on his face that he might express the anguish later on his canvas.

Miss Gish has that infinite capacity for taking pains that the greatest artists have had. Unfortunately she is not a free artist as is the painter, the sculptor or the writer who relies only on his implements. She works in a medium that requires collaboration. A film cutter can ruin utterly the finest masterpiece. A director or a scenario writer without understanding of her peculiar gift can fail in providing her with the proper setting for it. A supervisor with a set commercial formula can, by applying it to her pictures, make of her a commercial failure.

As a classic, Lillian Gish may be commercially successful, but as a regular commercial routine star, grinding on schedule with whatever material is at hand, her fate at the box-office would be as tragic as it invariably is on the screen.

More than any other star Miss Gish must be her own producer. Whether or not she has the capacity remains to be seen, and whether or not she is permitted to be is still another matter.

Her stellar power has been tried in but two pictures, "The White Sister" and "Romola," a success and a failure. Her performance in "The White Sister" was as fine as anything she ever gave the screen. Her story and her character were carefully devised.

In "Romola" she was but a figure on a moving tapestry, and as such she is no more effective than many other actresses. She was not as big as her reputation.

**WITNESSES** of the playing of scenes in "La Boheme" felt this strongly. The acting methods of John Gilbert and Miss Gish are entirely different. Gilbert works on mood. Lillian would film a scene only after it had been rehearsed several times. When the time came that the scene was actually being photographed she knew exactly the effects she was going to create and when and where. Gilbert was loud in his praise of her. He expressed the opinion that she was the great artist of the screen and that she knew more *technically* than anyone else. Yet plainly his work was suffering under that method. During the first and second rehearsals of the scene his work would be magnificent. After the fifth or sixth repetition of it, he was stale.

The term "technician" should not be disparaged, provided it is properly employed to signify one who gains effects mentally rather than emotionally. It is what the screen requires. The camera does not wait on heaven for moments of inspiration, and no human being could go on feeling his part through several rehearsals and a half-dozen "takes." It has to be felt first over the script and then



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mathematically planned for effect if chances are not to be taken.

Miss Gish is perhaps the greatest student among motion picture actresses. A humorous story is told of how she learned to swim. An instructor had told her that she should learn to float first if she wanted to be the best swimmer. Water terrified her, but she bravely clamped a clothes pin on her nose and went floating for days until she was proficient. Today she is a mermaid. That is Lillian Gish—thoroughness, conscientiousness, perseverance.

Will she overcome all limitations, her own and those artificially imposed? Will she prove to be, as many believe she will, the greatest actress of an immortal screen?

Personally I feel that she is going to be either one of the enduring great or a complete failure. A half-way position for her is impossible.

## Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

EDITH H., TEXAS.

Yes, buttermilk is very fattening. You should lose at least ten pounds. White bread is another fattening food, and so, too, are all nuts. To reduce the hips, do any pedaling exercises, like bicycle riding, either real, or riding an imaginary bicycle while lying flat on the back in your home gym. Dancing helps the hips, and walking. If you want definite exercises for reducing and diet, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and I'll have them mailed to you. You can wear black, with touches of white about the face, cream and ivory white, brown, sapphire blue, particularly if your eyes have some blue in them, orchid, dark red, yellow and pink. Brush your hair thoroughly night and morning. Keep it very clean and I believe its general health will improve. Dark rachel powder and a pink rouge and lipstick would be best for you.

LORENE.

You are too heavy. Send me a stamped envelope for reducing instructions. I will post you at the same time the treatment for acne, which is what causes your skin eruptions. The colors I have recommended to Edith H. above are the correct ones for you, too. There isn't any way of removing superfluous hair painlessly.

CELIA A., NEW JERSEY.

You are not overweight. Keep your hair very clean and its natural color. Don't use any bleach, for one's natural coloring is always more flattering to one's face than any acquired tint. I think the best haircut for you would be a modified shingle, with the hair cut close in back and close but soft about the face. Gloria Swanson's latest bob ought to become you. Friends are much more important than not wearing glasses. Go to a good oculist at once and have your eyes treated. Building up your general health will help your eyes, too. I'm glad to have heard from you.

E. D., SEATTLE.

You are a little underweight, but don't worry about it for you are still growing and you'll probably get both taller and heavier. Are you sure you are eating sufficient good, nourishing foods? At your age, you should be.

H. F. MHD., MINN.

Oh, my dear, you're washing your hair much too often. It is oily because your poor oil cells are doing everything they can to do away with the excess of soap and vinegar you're pouring down upon your hair. Do give it a rest. Brush it thoroughly, night and morning, with a very clean brush. Wash it not oftener than once in three weeks for several months, until you have given it time to regain its vitality



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and for the oil cells to return to normal. Then, after about seven or eight months, never wash it more often than once in two weeks. You should weigh about 115 to 125 pounds. Always like rachel better than flesh colored powder, except for the most pronounced pink and yellow blondes. I think you're pretty young to be using so much powder.

#### BLONDE.

If you use a natural bleach, like real henna, there is no reason why it should affect your physical health. Yes, the face does look fuller when hair is parted in the middle. The cleansing cream you are using is a splendid one. Witch hazel has a drying effect, but if you suffer from enlarged pores, it is a good facial treatment for you to use. If you are a golden blonde with clear complexion, black in shiny materials like satin, clear white, bronze, peacock and delft blue, as well as navy, the various shades of gray, the pastel colors, that is, light blue, violet, yellow, pink and green, all are very becoming. People differ on the years of growth. Sometimes people grow until their early twenties. Usually, however, one stops at about 18.

#### LUCILLE OF PHILA., PA.

I think you must have been incorrect in your measurements two years ago. I have talked to several doctors since receiving your letter and they say they have never heard of a person's losing so materially in height as your letter states. The change in glove and shoe sizes might simply be a difference in make. If you are sure that you are correct in your measurements, however, and the condition of which you write continues to go on, go to a reputable physician at once for consultation.

#### PESSIMISTIC PEGGIE.

I think you shouldn't be. You've much to be happy over—that you're a working girl and very young and beautifully slim. Don't diet any more. You can even add five pounds without danger, but you are very wise to leave candy out of your eating list. Why are you so anxious for a "steady" beau? Don't you know that means settling down and the end of adventure for you? You have proof that you are attractive to the boys and I think that should be enough for you now. Wait a few years, Peggy, before you do grab your "steady." You'll be grown up then, know more about yourself and life, and be more certain of the type of boy you want to love, and what love is. Write me again if you want to. I am really very interested in your problem.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

In a profession where willingness to lay bare to the public each intimate thought and characteristic amounts almost to an anxiety, Mr. Colman's gentlemanly reserve is quite refreshing. He leaves something to the imagination, thereby adding charm to his personality. One feels that there is latent power and strength of character in such a man—a depth that is not sounded by the average interviewer.

His antipathy to the title, "the screen's greatest lover," is wholly justifiable. That is publicity of the cheapest kind, attracting only people of mediocre intelligence; the kind that made Valentino's popularity of short duration. However, one need not fear that Mr. Colman will become maudlin or spoiled thereby. He is made of sterner stuff.

ZIDA C. IVEY,  
218 N. Main St.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Permit me to occupy a portion of your space, not in eulogizing the beauty of my favorite actor—for I haven't any—but in registering a few words of praise in appreciation of a finished

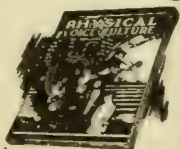
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screen artist. Yes, John Gilbert is an artist, in spite of the fact that he is laboring under that obnoxious epithet, "screen lover," from which he will, I am sure, presently emerge.

To those who love the silent drama and hope that some day in the near future it will cease to be a target of ridicule for the so-called intelligentsia, but respected as an art, Mr. Gilbert's meritorious performances are a source of genuine gratification. His characterization of the American doughboy in "The Big Parade," his latest, was intelligent and illuminating. Many believe that he has reached the zenith of his career with this picture, but it is my firm conviction that even greater things may be expected of this unassuming young man.

ESTELLE SCHROTT,  
805 St. Marks Ave.

## Pola and the "Machine"

Los Angeles, Calif.

What are they doing to Pola Negri? Before she saw the Statue of Liberty she was a great actress. She was like a diamond, all ice and flame, with sharp, brilliant facets. But now, though she may retain those qualities under Lubitsch's direction, with any other direction the diamond becomes a piece of glass.

Of course, the stories they give her are atrocious. But at the risk of shocking Herbert Howe, I want to say that Pola, the wild and terrible, is far, far too tame.

Why doesn't she demand good pictures? Why doesn't she stamp and rave and display her famous temperament until the producers are ready to offer her anything from *Lucrezia Borgia* to *Salvation Nell*?

There are dozens of great rôles that seem almost to have been written for Pola. Who else could give us *Lady Macbeth*, or Oscar Wilde's *Mary Stuart*? What other actress could play *Anna Karenina*?

Why, the original Daisy in "East of Suez" would have suited her perfectly. A half-caste, torn between two worlds, kept from each by the chains that bind her to the other. The pitiful, eternal tragedy of the Eurasian. What a rôle for Pola Negri! And on the screen she was changed into a pure minded gal who was pursued by the villain in the most approved dime novel style.

Pola Negri is too fine an actress to lose to the machine.

RUTH NOREEN,  
Pasadena, Calif.

## The Ten Handsomest

Philadelphia, Pa.

I don't agree with Mrs. St. Johns' selection of the ten handsomest men on the screen. I think a screen writer's selections are usually the fruit of arbitrary whim.

There are not ten strictly handsome men on the screen. There are plenty of good looking men, but that is something else again. Harrison Ford, Ben Lyon and Lloyd Hughes are all good looking, but no more so than William Collier, Jr., Forrest Stanley and several others. These are not heavyweights, neither are they remarkable for strict regularity of feature, great acting ability or strong personality. Richard Dix has the latter attribute and he is probably what people call good looking in real life, but that massive nose and other rough hewn features prevent his having any claim to being handsome.

Of the nine I should select, any one of them could be imagined off the screen. It is hardly an impartial list, for I dislike Valentino, have only the mildest interest in Meighan, and have liked Ian Keith in only one picture. George O'Brien is to me completely uninteresting except in a fight, and I am tiring even of Barthelmess because he is obviously such a keen business man. My list is: John Barrymore, Ramon Navarro, Richard Barthelmess, Thomas Meighan, Ronald Colman, Rudolph Valentino, Ian Keith, Edmund Lowe and George O'Brien.

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## Help! Help!

New York City.

Incredible! A list of the ten handsomest men of the screen with Conway Tearle left out!

To begin with, his figure is in perfect proportion—slim, lithe, not too tall, with the tidy, controlled grace of the athlete—beautiful in repose and plastic in action.

His features are balanced to a point of perfection, and their contour would rejoice the heart of a sculptor. The brow is royal and the eyes, pure black, can flash like a whip, sparkle like cut jet, or become soft and dense as velvet. These eyes give his face earnestness and pathos, yet at the same time are full of laughter, wit, and knowledge of life.

Mr. Tearle's nose has the broad base and chiseled nostrils of the intellectual head, and the mouth with its beautifully cut, mobile lips has a play upon it that is singularly winning. Most men's mouths are just features—his is a decoration, and when he smiles his dark face flashes into almost dazzling animation.

There is imagination in his face, and a grave, warm beauty that is arresting, picturesque and thoroughly charming.

Conway Tearle is one of the few who can wear the costumes of bygone centuries with an air of absolute ease, and when so dressed there is about him every imaginative grace and every appealing charm.

To my mind, Conway Tearle's handsomeness, his talent and his innate distinction are beyond discussion.

NATALIE HEATH.

## Three Cheers!

St. Louis, Mo.

Let us cheer Vilma Banky. I saw her in "The Dark Angel" and am waiting impatiently for "The Eagle." She is so feminine and yet not overly sweet. I hope she plays with Ronald Colman some more. They are an ideal couple.

By Jove, I don't see how the stars of Hollywood can resist Miss Banky. I admire Norma Talmadge for befriending the beautiful Vilma. She surely won't lose anything by it, and I love Norma more now for her kindness. A friend is a treasure to a lonely stranger.

E. M. H.

## A Brickbat for Her Favorite!

Hartsville, S. C.

So at last Mae Murray has discovered that it takes a good leading man and a director as well as a good leading lady to make a good picture! Or if Miss Murray had no say concerning her leading man, then this is for the person who cast "The Merry Widow." I have seen Mae Murray pictures in which she "hogged the camera" continually, but not once in "The Merry Widow" was she guilty of this. That picture was splendid in every detail. I wish Von Stroheim would direct Mae Murray and John Gilbert in another picture. They are my favorites—all three of them!

L. F.

## Dix as Ivanhoe

St. Louis, Mo.

I liked the suggestion in last month's PHOTOPLAY of filming "Ivanhoe." If it is done, I hope the plot will not be changed. It is perfect and any attempt to improve it would ruin a good, unusual story. The book furnishes excellent descriptions of the characters.

I suggest Richard Dix as *Ivanhoe*.

FERN GROSSENHEIDER,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]



## HIS QUICK EYE SAW THE SOFT WHITE BEAUTY OF HER UNDERARM

Soft, white and intriguingly beautiful it showed as she paused with raised arm before the all revealing mirror. Into his eyes there sprang a quick look of admiration, of tenderness. His words were weighted with happiness for her—impulsive, eager, complete with surrender to her beauty, made exquisite with Neet, the hair removing cream. Neet brings beauty and happiness. With this dainty cream you simply rinse the offending hair away. No other method of hair removal is so rapid and convenient, so thorough and satisfactory. You can get the liberal sized, 50 cent tube of Neet at 35,000 Drug, Department and Hosiery Stores.

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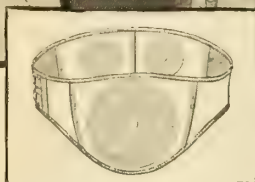
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## A Modern Miracle Film—"Ben Hur"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

diving between the horses and throwing himself on the ground between the chariot wheels, coming forth like Jonathan without a scratch—and just as miraculously.

While the chariot scene may appear the more hazardous on the screen, the battle of the galleys was fraught by far greater danger. The night following the burning of the galleys in the bay of Leghorn in Italy was a night of terror; during that long stretch of darkness men labored continuously in rescuing drowning fellows who had been caught by the timbers of the sinking crafts.

A sudden wind coming up over the bay fanned the flames more rapidly than had been calculated, so that the main galley sank in less than thirty minutes, with men plunging into the water until the bay resembled a cauldron of humanity.

The greatest care had been taken to engage only extras who were expert swimmers, but so great was the temptation of money to the poor Italians that many took oaths to ability they

so that it was easily set to flames by torches at the moment of impact. The pandemonium that ensued was quite as realistic to the men as it is now to the spectators who view it on the screen. Many of them flung themselves on their knees and implored the saints for aid, while others sprang to the rescue. One extra saved the life of assistant director Al Ral och by holding a shield above his head, thus deflecting a flaming timber that fell from the mast.

The introduction of *Ben-Hur* among the mobs surging through the Joppa Gate at Jerusalem is memorable for the color and grandeur of the setting. This is one of the few scenes retained from those actually shot in Israel. The old gate towers to the height of a five-story building, while under it pours a mass of seven thousand people with donkeys, camels and horses coming to pay their tithes to the Roman conquerors.

When General Wallace permitted the stage production of "*Ben-Hur*" he specified that the face and figure of Christ should not appear.

**T**HE cost of "*Ben-Hur*" is estimated at a point between four and five million dollars.

The company spent a year and a half in the actual filming of "*Ben-Hur*" in Italy and in California.

Nearly 2,000,000 feet of film were photographed. From these eleven reels were brought to the screen.

Twenty thousand people were employed on the production.

The Circus Maximus shown required four months to build with 800 men working in shifts. It is 1575 feet long and 410 feet wide.

5,000 people were employed in the galleries as spectators and in addition 10,000 movable dolls were used in the upper sections.

4 months was spent in filming the race.

48 horses appear in the race of the 12 chariots with 150 horses utilized in all. 53 reels were photographed to make the one reel of the chariot race now shown. 42 cameras were trained on the scene.

14 galleys were built for the scenes in which 2,000 men participated.

did not possess. The orders were to remain on the decks until they were hot. The extras bravely heeded the instructions until the soles of their feet were burning, then plunged into the sea to cling to the prow as it slowly sank.

Two thousand men participated in these scenes, which were photographed from rafts and from a platform on the mole. None of the fourteen galleys used were those built at great cost for the first attempt at the production. Those were condemned by the Italian government as unsafe. Furthermore, they screened too small to be as impressive as they had to be.

The second fleet was modeled after the design of the Roman crafts. The ramming of the great Roman boat by the pirate craft was effected by having a high-powered motor boat, attached by cable beneath the Roman galley, drag the pirate at speed through the water until it shivered into the side of the larger vessel.

The Roman galley had been soaked with oil,

He felt no actor could realize the part to the satisfaction of all, and in this the producers of the pictures have concurred with him. The figure and face of the Savior are never seen on the screen, only the hand. Even on the road to Calvary you see only an arm supporting the Cross—and footprints of blood on the stones.

Scenes of "*Ben-Hur*" were created that the world will never see. Done in all reverence, there were, nevertheless, several magnificent scenes from the life of Christ that had to be cut. A whole sequence about *Pontius Pilate*, the Roman governor who condemned Jesus to death, was filmed. Niblo regards it as one of the great moments of the picture. It had to be eliminated for fear of religious controversy. The same was true of the scenes on Calvary. One end of the Cross was photographed, showing only a hand pierced by a nail, and dripping blood. The hand turned, relaxed, and the blood ceased to drip. Then darkness came over the whole scene, for He was dead. This, too, was cut.



They had a lot of trouble with a halo for the Virgin. An art director suggested that the proper effect could be obtained by the use of gauze supported by tiny long pins radiating from a wire crown. An official of the company, a millionaire, asked how much it would cost. He was told about \$5.

That wasn't expensive enough for the executive, so several days of fiddling about with expensive and useless effects were put in. When the art director dared show up again with his \$5 halo about \$20,000 had been needlessly spent.

In contrast to the chariot scene where cheers are evoked, the picture ends with a hush of reverence following the crucifixion, and the words of *Ben-Hur*:

"He will live forever in the hearts of men."

Even so will this picture live, for it was reverently created and finely acted, as worthy an offering as human hands can make it—A Tale of the Christ.

## Can Jack Gilbert Get Away with It?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

less an authority than Elinor Glyn said to me, "Poor Jack Gilbert. I'm afraid that's the end of him. I'm quite sure the public will never put up with seeing the hero drunk and lying in the gutter. Too dreadful, really. He should have refused to do it."

But as *Prince Danilo* Jack Gilbert steals the picture and is besieged by women fans with letters of congratulation upon his fine work.

In "The Big Parade" Jack plays an American doughboy, and a real one. Men who were over say "The Big Parade" and Jack's work in particular tore open all the things they were trying to forget. It is almost too realistic. Raw, brutal, humorous, violent, ugly, dramatic, utterly fascinating, real, heart-rending—all these things his work is, but it is never heroic. *Jim Apperson* is just a real human being, sometimes a little stupid, sometimes uncouth, sometimes afraid, sometimes gloriously brave and big, but he certainly isn't any tin soldier with a sword and plumes. There was never a time when Jack didn't sacrifice everything and anything to realism and fine acting.

So far, Jack has done everything that they said he couldn't. He has flown in the face of all old conventions of what would and wouldn't go on the screen.

Can he get away with it? Will the public back him up in shattering this hidebound tradition?

Right now it certainly looks like it.

## Do You Know the Type of Child That—

fills the inkwell with burnt matches?  
disappears for days and is ultimately discovered asleep in the dog kennel?  
weighs more than its father?  
swallows the handsome, nickel-plated teaspoon you gave it for its birthday?  
falls into the goldfish aquarium?  
is always asking unanswerable questions?  
chews your best cigars to pieces?  
kicks its nurse downstairs?  
speaks seven languages?  
having discovered the wicked burglar in the act of cabbaging the family silverware, convinces the wrong-doer of his evil ways, and sends him away—a cleansed and repentant man?  
—*College Humor.*

# Why I Use Lemon For a Hair Rinse

By Estelle Taylor

"A sticky curd from soap, remaining on the hair after shampooing, leaves the hair comparatively limp so that curls and waves won't stay. Ordinary rinsing with plain water, even though repeated, won't remove it.

"That's why I now use lemon juice. Its mild acid cuts the curd, so that the water of the rinse takes it out completely. My hair is then

lustrous, soft, and enhanced in color. And it holds a curl or wave—a boon to women who wear bobs.

"This is the harmless and effective way. Just feel and see the difference in your hair after you have tried it. Hair isn't really clean until you use this rinse."

*Estelle Taylor.*

### How To Do It

Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 qts.) and rinse with this, following with thorough rinse in plain water.



Estelle Taylor

Get a dozen California lemons now and try it next time you shampoo. California lemons give the best juice for a rinse. Learn other ways in which these lemons aid in beauty culture.

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Sec. 1103, Los Angeles, California.

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## There'll be Jollity at Jobyna's on St. Patrick's Day

YOU'LL be there, and I'll be there, and we'll all be there, for Jobyna Ralston is the best of hostesses. Her parties are *always* gay, with never a dull minute. Only a few of us know that she gets her ideas from the Gala Book. Her St. Patrick's Party, for instance—all the decorations, invitations, costumes, games and favors she found in it. The Gala Book is full of ideas, for every Spring holiday affair; 32 pages of new ideas that spare you the worry and that make your party a success. And it costs so little! Get the Gala Book and give a party. Get it now!

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## De Miracle

## You Are So Pretty—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Instead of going, disillusioned, to Texas, Dorothy looked around for other worlds to conquer and her eyes rested on the blazed trail that many of our women scenarists have helped to forge. Frances Marion, June Mathis, Marion Fairfax, Jane Murnin, Bess Meredyth, Dorothy Farnum. Dorothy Manners decided one day to be among them, and as the shortest cut to that goal she commenced writing short yarns on films and film folk. She still hopes some day to be a great scenario writer.

Then there is Kathleen Kay and her partner, Maude Marsh, who have just signed a contract to design costumes for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Kathleen is a New York girl. There are motion picture studios in New York, too. So that danged movie bee came a-buzzing about her bonnet with the result that Miss Kathleen Kay . . . it's almost Kathleen Key, isn't it? . . . besieged the studios looking for a chance to act before the camera.

The casting directors greeted her with joy. "You are just the type to do this character rôle of the old woman who saw the murder," they rhapsodized. Or—"This street urchin with tously hair is a great part for you."

"But I want to do lovely romantic rôles and be wooed by a gallant knight," she wailed.

"Not with that nose, my dear young lady," they told her. "The character road for you. You might have it remodeled by a plastic surgeon. Wonders have been done with his scalpel."

But Kathleen refused to bob her nose for art—and she and film acting parted forever.

At that time she met Maude Marsh—one of the clever sisters of the equally clever Mae. Maude was interested in costume creating, as was Kathleen, so they formed a partnership and opened a little shop in New York where the name of Kay-Marsh was soon synonymous with gowns of gorgeous appeal. Then they came to Los Angeles and opened a shop where Patsy Ruth Miller, Margaret Livingston, Dorothy Devore, and oh! many stars came to be outfitted with the Kay-Marsh skill. And now comes the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offer of costume supervision.

Was she sorry she had given up the glory of stardom for shears and thread? No! She and her partner are too busy to pine about a little thing like lost film fame.

Patricia Foulds . . . she is known and loved as "Pat" by every extra in Hollywood . . . spends her time telling movie-struck youth about the hardships of motion picture life. Many is the youth, in her capacity as casting directress of the Metropolitan Studios, that she has advised to go out and get a job . . . "anything," she cautions, "except motion pictures. Get a job where you eat regularly."

AND "Pat" has no ulterior motive in giving this kindly and true advice. She herself was an extra girl some years ago. "Pat" came all the way from a remote little Canada town to conquer the film world. During her extra days "Pat" knew hunger . . . and knew that sinking feeling of having nothing but a very few cents between herself and the world. And now she's happy to be a casting director.

According to "Pat's" statistics only one person out of every thousand who attempts picture fame makes a comfortable living wage. And that does not mean stardom. She also figures that in getting established—in getting acquainted with the studios—a beginner does not make expenses the first year, and ten months of that year is spent in looking for less than two months' work. Think it over, you aspirants of slender purse.

"Pat" is a deadly foe of the people who rightly remark: "You really should be in pictures, my dear, you are so pretty."



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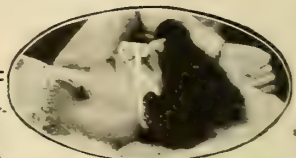
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Jerry Mulligan, who has the elfin appeal of a Colleen Moore, is another girl who can testify about the long weary waits between work and pay checks. She appeared in numerous pictures had a small part in Harold Lloyd's "Safety Last"—and now holds an important secretarial position in First National's Hollywood studio.

And there is Patsy Young, Colleen Moore's secretary, who is trying her hand at short story writing on the side. Patsy came gaily from Salt Lake City to set the film world aflame. But somehow the camera did not record her brunette loveliness with the proper radiance. At the time Colleen Moore was searching for a secretary—a responsible and interesting position—Patsy, with a knowledge of typewriting in the background, took the offer, and now when she is not answering Colleen's voluminous fan mail, she is jotting down ideas for a series of stories on Hollywood life.

There is another girl at the United Studios who deserves a meed of credit. She is an auburn-haired beauty with long lash-fringed eyes. Marie Campbell came to conquer Hollywood from Clinton, Missouri. But she didn't immediately lay outward siege to the title she coveted. She became secretary to M. C. Levee and in that capacity met many of the celebrated directors who worked on the lot.

Then one bright and sunny day Maurice Tourneur offered her the part of the maid in "The Brass Bottle." It was her film start. Chester Bennett followed it by giving her a small rôle in "Divorce." She took up dancing and danced in William C. DeMille's "The Marriage Maker." You will understand how pretty she is when I tell you she modeled the latest fashions for Peggy Hamilton, who knows more about fashions than Mr. Brummel's valet.

**A** SLUMP came. The casting offices held forth no encouragement, so being possessed of brains and courage Marie took up her pencil and pad and became a script girl.

When Henry King filmed "Stella Dallas" Marie was the script girl on the picture and she found time from her many offices to write the words to the song which will be known as the "Stella Dallas" song . . . she has called it "Laurel Bud."

And Marie is just another behind-the-scenes worker who is blessed with beauty and brains but instead of being quite overcome by their ownership has diverted her brain into productive channels.

I could tell you of so many girls who have come to Hollywood with high hopes of film success. Hopes that have been dashed to the ground and ground into dust by the heavy heel of circumstance. Now they are film cutters, laboratory technicians, research workers, publicity writers, private secretaries, even waitresses . . . many, many plucky girls.

Do they grieve and pine because starchy success has been denied them? They do not! I believe that all thoughts of the one-time urge have been completely submerged by the new goals they have established for themselves.

And now they merely smile with infinite wisdom and knowledge when some kindly-intentioned person says:

"You are so pretty, my dear, why don't you go into pictures?"

## Traveling for Pleasure

After considerable urging, Herr Schulze of Berlin took his wife on a tour of Northern Europe.

Arriving in due course at Nordkap, the promontory of Norway, they viewed the midnight 'sun, and Herr Schulze idly scratched on a rock:

"Sat here with wife. Fine! Schulze, Berlin."

Three weeks later a neighboring rock read: "Sat here without. Finer! Meier, Hamburg."—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin)*.

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## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133]

### That Royle Girl

Moline, Ill.

Why not more about Carol Dempster? She is a splendid actress, and though not a raving beauty, she is very pretty. And she has a beautiful figure. Her acting is so original that even if the picture is rotten (as was "That Royle Girl"), you can be entertained by watching her.

BOBBY.

### What More Can Be Said?

Manteca, Calif.

May I call the attention of Catherine Kelly of San Francisco, who declares that Valentino is "as graceful as an elephant" to what Samuel Goldwyn says in his book, "Behind the Screen," chapter 16, under the heading "Rodolph Valentino."

"When in Hollywood about four years ago I learned to know by sight a young man who frequently stood around in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria. He was very dark and slim, and his eyes had the sombreness of the Latin. I was especially struck by the grace of his walk and of his gestures. Even when he leaned up against a cigar case he did it with a certain stateliness, and you felt that the column of some ruined temple overlooking the Mediterranean would have been much more appropriate than his present background."

Further on in the same chapter, Rex Ingram's impressions of Rudy are also given:

"I was attracted at once by Valentino's face and by his remarkable grace of movement," said Ingram, "and I made a mental note of him. There's a fellow, thought I, who would be great in pictures, and if I get my old job of directing back I'm going to use him."

FLORENCE KING.

### Connie More Beautiful than Norma

Detroit, Mich.

Prithee, how can anyone compile a list of the most beautiful women of the screen and ignore Constance Talmadge? There was a burst of protest when Norma was omitted, but not a word against the criminal omission of Connie. Both Norma and Constance are beautiful and wonderful but Connie far eclipses her sister.

And as an actress and a comedienne, none can come up to Connie. Someone has put Dorothy Gish ahead of her. I challenge that person!

PHOTOPLAY's list of ten handsomest men could not be improved upon.

JOE DENNIS.

### Fair-minded Fan

Creston, Iowa.

There seems to be quite a controversy over H. J. Watkins' statement about the "papas" in November PHOTOPLAY.

When I first read his letter I thought "Hurray for you," but after reading the comments of the other readers on this subject, I have seen both sides.

Just as someone said that a younger man would not have been good in "The Sea Hawk," just as ridiculous would have been Milton Sills in "Wine of Youth" or "Playing With Souls."

Actors should stick to parts they are suited for. It is natural to suppose that a man will have had his romance before he is forty-five.

The best way is to have a variety of pictures to suit every taste, with both young and older actors playing parts as near their real age as possible.

DOROTHY.

(Dorothy Giffey)  
216 Myrtle St.



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Creole de Violets (Greeceless cream) . . . (tube .50)	.15	
Golden Narcissus Face Powder . . . (box 2.50)	.35	
Honolulu Bouquet Face Powder . . . (box 1.00)	.20	
Golden Narcissus Sachet Powder . . . (jar 2.00)	.20	
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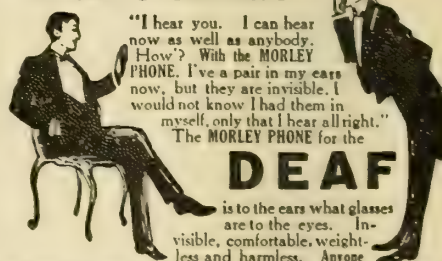
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## Wedding Knells

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

IV

"PARADISE Lost" Story by John Milton," dictated Mr. Bowman with white lips, and then he plunged into the rolling fumbles of Chapter 1. For an age he swam stubbornly against the current, and came out for air and then dived in for another age, while Lonnie sat at ease with pencil and pad, and noon came nearer. Finally Mr. Bowman tottered out, a doddering wreck, to lunch, leaning on the shoulder of the unperturbed Lonnie, and babbling of fallen angels such as Lucifer and oil-cans such as Mr. Richard Lee.

"I can't even work out a main title for the thing," he lamented to Lonnie over the chicken salad. (Lonnie ordered chicken salad when she wanted it, for nobody had ever given her a Book of Etiquette.) "I thought I could get some harem stuff out of the Paradise part, but there isn't a harem in the whole dizzy thing. Let me—see. I guess 'Flaming Swords' is the best I can do, there was an angel that had one. Or maybe 'The Bells of Hell'; there aren't any bells but the caption has a kick.—No sex in either one, though. Now there was a woman in it, her name was Eve." Bitter recollections came flooding into Mr. Bowman's mind on this realization. How true it was; there's a woman at the bottom of all our woes, from Eve to the unspeakable Yolanda. "I've got the title now," said Mr. Bowman grimly. "It's 'The Fatal Frail'."

To which he added certain reflections anent the sex in general, and the talk, or rather the monologue, came around inevitably to the iniquities of Dickie Lee. "I follow your advice and try to be good to the little viper," said Mr. Bowman plaintively, "and then he drops this 'Paradise Lost' off the roof on my head. Stern measures are necessary; I'm going to try a baseball bat."

"Oh, but you mustn't hurt him," said the literal-minded Lonnie. "You aren't patient enough, honestly."

"I shall pluck him from that seductress by the nape of the neck," swore Mr. Bowman.

"Then he'll squirm loose and run right back again, I think," said Lonnie pensively. "But people who get such terrible crushes almost always get over 'em by themselves if you just let them alone. Maybe this girl knows it, too." She opened her eyes wider and favored Mr. Bowman with her blue reflective stare. "Maybe she's getting a little tired already, if he's so devoted."

The old glimmer of respect came into Mr. Bowman's eyes as he regarded the tranquil young woman opposite. "Very possibly you are right," he admitted, meditating. "I've long thought the pash principle was overdone.—It's B.C. in the pictures, too, just like this heavy hell stuff," he went on with a trace of bitterness in his tone as he thought of Mr. John Milton. "What *Frantic Films* needs is something subtle though sexul, sort of listless in the love interest, you know—"

"Why, there's a caption," said Lonnie lightly. "'Listless Lovers'; I think it's good."

Mr. Bowman stood up and bowed. "Lonnie, as ever, you are the brains of the office," he said. "We shall pass up 'Paradise Lost' for the afternoon." He stared into space a moment, spurring the bright young mind. "'Listless Lovers', adapted from the story 'Cold Pancakes' by Rurik Blon, the midwestern realist," he murmured absently. "I have the book over at my place; I'll go get it before I come back to the office."

But Mr. Bowman, returning to the apartment in search of "Cold Pancakes," was surprised, by coming upon Mr. Richard Lee lounging in the living room. Not for æons had the devoted Mr. Lee been seen at leisure so soon after lunch; the lunch hour according to com-

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mon rumor was reserved for the designing Yolanda. This discrepancy occurred to his friend at once; here was a chance for a little of the insidious-encouragement stuff.

"I thought you had a chalked slate for the afternoons," said the subtle Mr. Bowman.

"Is that so?" retorted Mr. Lee in a discontented and moody manner. The observant Mr. Bowman regarded him more closely. There was a bleakness in his expression which might almost suggest that the sugarfly had been giving him the air. Impossible, of course; but the rodent himself might be developing dim doubts on his own. A little more false cheer might not come amiss.

"You shouldn't be sticking around here, you ought to be starting out after some sweet, gentle girlie for a matinee," said Mr. Bowman heartily. "All work and no play, you know, Dickie, my boy."

Mr. Lee responded with a certain lack of cordiality, throwing a shoe. Mr. Bowman dodged and took hope. Judging from his present demeanor, there might be a chance for the rabbit yet.

V

AND by the following morning, in fact, there were indications of a lifting of the coffin lid. Peeping out, the spirit of Mr. Lee chirked up and gave evidence of life, and the eagle-eyed Mr. Bowman observed that from time to time his glance rested reflectively on the temptress on the reading table. Mr. Bowman took advantage of Mr. Lee's period in front of the shaving mirror and pulled the cork out of the bottle of gin, and shook the bottle, spilling a little. A faint fragrance diffused itself through the apartment.

Mr. Lee walked springily out of the bathroom, with expanding nostrils, like an antelope stag sniffing sweet water on the desert wind. His wandering regard settled on the bottle on the table, and Mr. Bowman looked on expectantly. The line of the liquid still stood at the neck of the bottle. Mr. Lee took a step forward. Then his set stare wavered, and the Ancient Evil reasserted itself, and the sincere though skidding lover turned away and began fumbling in the chest of drawers for the morning shirt. Mr. Bowman replaced the cork, wearily.

Nevertheless, during the placid days that followed, the winding path of Mr. Lee seemed to be leading upward a little into the free air of the hills. It was observed that he appeared in the lordly *Frantic Films* building more and more often after the noon hour. From time to time the wily Mr. Bowman brought up arguments in favor of marriage as an institution, till at length Mr. Lee might have been seen regarding him with lifted and pained eyebrows.

A few days later Mr. Bowman informed the demure Lonnie of another favorable symptom. They had gone out to lunch together to celebrate finishing "The Fatal Frail," adapted from "Paradise Lost": fade-out on the big Deluge scene, Long Island Sound with the Connecticut shore in the distance; title, "Out of the Weltering Waters emerges a New Earth Made Safe for Democracy." Mr. Bowman was in a fettle-some mood.

"Dickie Lee has dropped the scenario-hunch idea," he said. "He got rid of the Duchess's Offspring and old man Plutarch last night, chucked 'em at some cats out in the court. Thus closes with a bang the first of the gates of hell," announced Mr. Bowman, who had not been plowing through Milton for nothing.

Lonnie yawned daintily, patted her lips with slim white fingers, and smiled with good nature.

A morning or so later Mr. Lee tossed still another of his babes to the wolves. "I'm not sure I'd care about moving over to 134th Street after all; it's a long way out," he said casually.

Mr. Bowman, who was getting ready to shave, brushed lather up his nose and snorted thoughtfully. Oddly enough, of late he had almost reconciled himself to the notion of moving. "I hardly know," he said doubtfully, "the rent here is really high. A young man in

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the pitiless city might well take some thought for the future, you know."

"Oh, tomato juice," said Mr. Lee tersely.

Meanwhile the flask of authentic gin remained on the reading table, biding its time. A lurking beast of prey it was, and from day to day the airy Mr. Lee trod in narrower and narrower circles about the lair. But in spite of having beheld the course of this cov approach, a little shiver played along the spine of Mr. Bowman on his waking up one morning and finding Mr. Lee with his head far down the hot sweet throat of the leopardess, as Mr. Swinburne has it. The line of the liquid stood halfway down the flask.

Mr. Lee looked up with a gleam of low cunning in his eyes. "Dry agents destroying demon rum over in Hoboken today," he explained with pitiful bravado. "Got to take camera man over and get some shots, very distressin' sight," he concluded weakly.

It would seem it escaped Mr. Bowman's memory that he himself had lured the leopardess in, a long time ago. He shook his head, sorrowfully. "I am pained," he said. "That a bright young companion should climb the ladder so high, only to skid from the eminence—it is deplorable in the extreme."

In fact, he carried the pity of it to the office with him and brooded over it. After awhile he swung around in his chair, and his wandering regard came to rest on the back of the neck of the dainty secretary, powdered and shapely under its clustering gold-brown curls. A delightfully young assistant, the dainty secretary, sensible though probably sexed. Such a girl as she, now, in the place of the artful Yolanda—

But as a matter of fact he did not know anything, really, about that Yolanda. She too might have been—might have been—something on that order, for all he could say. Was it possible that he, the upright Tomlinson Bowman, had been working a hardship on some deserving young thing through the stern measures he had been taking for the salvation of the soul of Richard Lee? The doubt assailed him like a flash, and vanished.

## VI

OTHER disturbing concerns were awaiting the vacillant Mr. Bowman next morning when he awoke. Mr. Lee was already up, and perched on the reading table in his pajamas. "I propose to give that unqualified damsel one more chance to come clean with me," he announced in a cynical though husky voice.

Pressed for details, Mr. Lee proclaimed that he had posted a last luncheon invitation to the unknown Yolanda the previous evening, and that all would be over if she should stand him up on this; the nettle might nod on the graves of lovers for all he gave a damn. He followed up this assertion with a burst of hoarse laughter. The trained eye of Mr. Bowman traveled at once to the flask on the table. The line of the liquid stood a bare quarter-inch from the bottom.

But it was the cynical and hard tone of Mr. Lee that most distressed the gentle Mr. Bowman. Drinking intoxicating liquor was bad enough, heaven knows; but to speak disrespectfully of women—

The thought of it troubled him at the office all morning. He sat in meditation for a long time, while Lonnie was getting out the mail; clever child, she could always be trusted to keep the job going. She knew things, too. In the course of hours it occurred to him to query her in the matter of this latest symptom of Mr. Lee's decadence.

She regarded him with her blue reflective stare. "I think Dickie will live," she reassured him casually, and yawned daintily and murmured something about food. So they went out to lunch together as usual. But the thought of the crisis in Mr. Lee's life still cluttered up the consciousness of Mr. Bowman.

"The poor fellow wrote a final note to Yolanda last night, imploring her to lunch with him today," he said. "I admit his coarse and

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deplorable levity concerning womankind, still there may be a flash of feeling left in the profigate. If she should throw him over today, d'you think he might take it to heart painfully?"

But Lonnie, greedy young woman, was gazing contentedly at her chicken salad. After awhile she made mention of back work piling up in the small batik wastebasket and office memos on various matters requiring Mr. Bowman's decision.

Mr. Bowman found this talk distasteful. Work might be had in quantities at any time, but it was only today that the fate of Mr. Richard Lee was to be decided. Why, even now, while he himself was sitting opposite his dainty secretary and toying with succulent viands, the unfortunate Mr. Lee might be standing around on street corners in the harsh outdoors, awaiting the woman who would never come. The fancy troubled Mr. Bowman increasingly. He decided he ought to go back home and learn if Mr. Lee had come in yet, and in what mood. "I think I'll just run over to my apartment an hour or so," he announced with reserve.

"Oh, no, you mustn't," said the practical Lonnie. "There are hundreds of letters for you to sign and they assemble the mail at three o'clock, you know."

"A matter of no import," said Mr. Bowman with decision. "I cannot bring myself to shake an unfeeling fountain pen at this hour. I am really on the verge of illness, my dear girl, and my requisition for an office hot water bag has never been honored. But if these crass letters must be scattered to the swine today, bring them over to my apartment and I will affix my signature while remaining within reach of my smelling salts. Bring the small batik wastebasket, too, if there are other sordid matters which press for my decision. I trust in your kindness, Lonnie, to rally to my rescue in this emergency."

"Why, I don't mind," said Lonnie gently and asked his address and wrote it down on a slip of paper and put it away in her bag.

Mr. Bowman returned to the chaste yet elegant apartment, and there he came upon Mr. Lee. But it was not a blighted Mr. Lee that he came upon. To the contrary, Mr. Lee seemed grossly unblighted. He was practically chortling as he sat scribbling at the reading table, and from time to time he rose to consult a flask which stood in state on the bathroom floor. It seemed to be a new flask; the line of the liquid stood about a quarter-way down from the top.

Mr. Bowman advanced and looked over the shoulder of the lost lover. The lost lover was working on titles for the recurrent *Frantic Fortnightly*. In fact, he was captioning with hellish glee a *Frantic Flash* of the latest inmate of the little gray home in Sing Sing, a whimsical fellow who had made away with seven wives for the sake of their insurance. "So comes a Day of Rest for the Steadfast Soul, when it has Given of its Rest for Better and Brighter Things," wrote Mr. Lee with flourishes.

"But didn't Yolanda meet you for lunch as you wrote her?" asked Mr. Bowman.

"YOLANDA? Ho," remarked the airy Mr. Lee. "It seems I have heard the name before. Girl's name, isn't it? How quaint. But Yolanda did not meet me, and if there is any such person she has stood me up for the last time. I am a little Peter Pan." Whereupon the little Peter Pan arose brightly, retired to the flask on the bathroom floor, tested a modicum of gin, and burst into an improper army song about a certain Mademoiselle from Armentieres.

"Oaf," said Mr. Bowman after a pained moment, staring at the little Peter Pan with cold intensity. "For once in my life I lack words to express my opinion of your attitude toward womankind." The bell rang at that moment, and Mr. Bowman touched the button absently, and the dainty Lonnie came strolling in with a briefcase under her arm.

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The song of the little Peter Pan died away in a startled gulp. Mr. Bowman turned to look at Mr. Lee. That young man was staring at the demure secretary.

"Yolanda," he said in a gurgle which approached a yelp.

"Why, Dickie," said the blue-eyed Lonnie in a startled voice, "I never imagined you roomed with Tom Bowman."

Mr. Tom Bowman stood as if hypnotized. This, then, was the End of the Road. . .

## VII

BUT to Mr. Richard Lee it would seem it was only the beginning. He drew a deep and oratorical breath. "You are a blonde bubble," he said reproachfully to Yolanda. "You are a moral mess," he said severely to Mr. Bowman. "You are bad people and you have double-crossed poor Dickie Lee."

"Dickie, be good," said Yolanda maternally and sweetly. But Dickie did not seem to want to be good.

"You have been taking my girl friend out and feeding her after I had her dated up," he said to Mr. Bowman. "You have been slipping the fin to this halibut and leaving me out in the air," he said to Yolanda. "This luncheonette lechery has been going on for weeks and weeks," he said to both of them. "But I bear no ill-will, naughty sweetie and 'fidious friend," he went on with icy contempt. "I can almos' find it in my heart to pity you. I've nev' said word about your treachery till now. Why? Because treachery works its own reward. The vacuum cleaner is nibbling at your toes, foolish Yolanda. The flat in Harlem is gaping to receive you, Tom Judas Bowman. And in the years to come I shall pass lightly at night in my freedom and daub tar on your fire-escape. Now I am going away," said Mr. Lee, and started for the door.

A thought struck him and he stopped and turned. With icy hauteur he passed through the living room and stooped and rescued the Flask on the Bathroom Floor. Buttoning this in his coat he retrod the "ling like a buck in Spring" and opened the outer door and went his way.

"The dastard," said the stunned Mr. Bowman weakly, and looked at the sedate Yolanda. What blue eyes and dainty lips she had, he thought, and amazement arose in his mind at the rudeness and blindness of the perverse Dickie Lee. She had taken an armchair and brought her typescript out of the briefcase, unperturbed as ever. "Poor Dickie, I'm sorry he felt so abused," she said, looking up at Mr. Bowman with her serene blue stare. "But he'll get over it, just as he got over his deep love, you know. He gets over everything, that's what makes him so cunning. But you must give me a statement on this." And she handed him an office memo. A keen-eyed on-looker might have fancied the ghost of a smile about her lips, but her eyes were oh, so blue, and oh, so gentle.

Mr. Bowman turned his dazed eyes on the little memo in his hand. It was a query from the Chief concerning the screen rights to "Goat Alley," a novel by a certain Blitz Jenkins. A remembrance of the book returned slowly to Mr. Bowman. He placed himself on an arm of Yolanda's chair and leaned over and sighed with deep feeling, looking emotionally down the back of her neck. How sweet and serene these little domestic landscapes.

"In reference to the novel 'Goat Alley,'" dictated Mr. Bowman, "I can only report that this cynical study in so-called realism is too scurrilous for the right-minded picture-public whose edification is our endeavor. The lampoon deals with the dignity of holy matrimony in a manner approaching disrespect. *Frantic Films* must never connive at casting any smirch on the Great American Institution of Wedded Bliss, that universal radiance that illumines alike the Eskimo in his Igloo and the little birdie on her nest."

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"Why, you have changed your mind about that book," murmured the pretty lady.

Mr. Bowman leaned lower over Yolanda. Yolanda—ah, lavender name! "Yolanda," he said intensely, "I was wrong in speaking harshly of Dickie Lee. Even the doodle-bug should have his dream. But I am repenting. I am going to open a bank account. I am going to leave this den of luxury and seek some simple dwelling place with an attic window where I can look out and see the stars. And after a long time I can come before you and say, 'I have erred, but ah, I have suffered, I have suffered and expiated, and I am here at last to clasp you to my heart.'"

"But must you really go looking through attic windows, and all that?" murmured the girl o' dreams, lifting her head to look up into

the eyes of the strong, silent man. Her hair brushed his cheek as she tilted her face, questioningly. "That will take a lot of time, won't it?"

INTO the eyes of Mr. Bowman came the old expression of respect. "It would, wonder girl, it would," he said in a hushed tone. "This, then, is the Only Way." And he swept her into his arms. Her face was still upturned, and their lips met, and the clock ticked on.

Outside around the corner the sun shone down on amorous Broadway, the street of lingerie and laughter, where the sidewalks are gritty with sugar, and where the magic of mating, that great leavener of things-as-they-ought-to-be, unfolds its radiant wings above the workaday world.

## Why Do They Change the Stories on the Screen?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

Our daily life is sometimes inexorable. The screen beckons us and offers us amusement and forgetfulness. To weep a little is pleasant relaxation, but few of us like to carry away the burdens of a heavy heart.

"Stella Dallas," which I also wrote for the screen, has what is technically called an "unhappy ending." It is the story of a gross, common mother who gives up her sensitive flower-like child (born of an aristocratic father) that she may blossom in a better environment than the mother can ever provide.

Upon close analysis it *isn't* an unhappy ending. There is glory and touching beauty in self-sacrifice. A mother, though we may feel sorry for her, knows divine joy if she can serve the child of her heart.

The screen story of "Stella Dallas" is basically like the book. It is a great story of mother-love. The scenes as they unfold upon the screen are different from the actual narrative in the book, but the feeling is exactly the same.

It was necessary to invent picturable situations which would express the types, their relations to each other, and the motives for their acting as the author saw them. These changes extend through the first half of the picture. In the latter half of the picture the author had written scenes which with slight changes could be brought to the screen.

The effect of the whole gives the impression of a careful translation of the book into screen language. Students of screen technique might be interested in comparing them.

If we successfully interpret books or plays, the public seems scarcely aware of the minor changes.

There were many who saw "Pollyanna," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Stella Maris," "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (which were among the twelve scenarios I wrote for Mary Pickford) who think they remember having read in the books many of the scenes they saw on the screen, which in fact were never in the books at all. I never contradict them. It is a compliment to our work; we know then that we have interpreted well the author's idea.

Fanny Hurst pays a great tribute to the scenario-writers. She admits that she has seen several pictures which photographed the narrative of the books she had enjoyed and that she was frankly bored to death with them. She wanted the skeleton of those stories in new garb especially designed for the screen. This is because she has of late carefully studied moving pictures.

It has been several years since we did "Humoresque." I remember how disappointed I was when she reviewed the film. She was indignant. She wanted her name taken off the screen and mine left on. It was in such small measure her short story as she had written it. She couldn't understand why that little girl

had been added, why we went further and brought the soldier back to his sorrowing mother. She had sent him away never to return.

Now Miss Hurst knows why we make these changes; because of that vast audience of ours, an American audience whose inspiration is founded on the optimism of hope. Isn't it interesting to note that all the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal pictures have happy endings? All save "Abraham Lincoln," though who can deny that Abraham Lincoln's martyrdom does not hold forth an eternal and all-inspiring hope?

NOW hearken to the scenario-writer's complaint! The star system has forced us to make changes in stories we do not always agree with. But often we are under contract and the voice of our protest is a wee one.

A producer buys a story because it is a "big seller." Sometimes it is a splendid story for a man. The woman plays an important role in it, but a passive role.

He hands it over to us poor picked-on scribes and says: "Make this into a great vehicle for Norma Talmadge, or Gloria Swanson, or Mae Murray!" When the smelling-salts revive us we go to work.

What happens to the author's story? !!!! \*\*\*\*\*—We tear it down, we reconstruct it. We make the woman dominate, and the male character as passive as every woman would like to have her own husband. We end up with a splendid vehicle for a woman star—and the cyclone-wrecked story.

Take "Graustark!" Many have criticized the changes. Perhaps it would have been a better picture if we had followed the book, but not a better picture for Norma. It was a man's story. The American dominated every scene.

Norma is a positive character; we go to the theater to see her magnificent interpretation of human emotions. She is a great actress, so we want to see her *act*; not be a passive figure.

The director, the producing-organization, and the scenarist were not considering "Graustark" as a book, but were concentrating on Norma Talmadge. Those who read the book were disappointed to see a free translation of the story upon the screen, but those who had not read the story were delighted with Norma's fine treatment of the character of the Princess who dominated every scene and every situation.

The proof we have of this is the theaters; for records of attendance have been smashed wherever this picture has been shown.

As I am writing this, the small boy who lives across the street is standing on the curb and crying out, when he is safely alone, "Come on out everybody, I can lick you! I could lick the whole world if I wanted to!"

He is whistling in the dark to keep up his









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Bar Harbor, Me.



Aaron S. Lueck, Oenaville, Tex.



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No. 5

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April, 1926

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Make this your reference list.

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# With Malice Toward None and Fun for All



*In Next  
Month's issue  
of  
Photoplay*



*Ten Big  
Special  
Articles*



*Out April 15*



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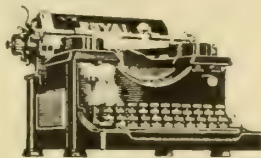


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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**AMERICAN VENUS, THE**—Paramount.—We think this is great entertainment. Esther Ralston and Lawrence Gray are romantic figures against a background of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant—in color. (March.)

**ANCIENT HIGHWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A passable story of the timber lands with Jack Holt preventing the villain from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

**ARIZONA SWEEPSTAKES, THE**—Universal.—A snappy Hoot Gibson western with some novelty and good comedy situations. (February.)

**BEAUTIFUL CITY, THE**—First National.—The story not up to the Barthelmess standard. Contains good atmospheric shots of New York's tenement district. (January.)

**BELOW THE LINE**—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. (December.)

**BEN HUR**—Metro-Goldwyn.—The undying drama of Christ interwoven with the story of *Ben Hur*, the young Jew who aimed to serve him. Ramon Novarro is at his finest. A picture everyone should see. (March.)

**BEST BAD MAN, THE**—Fox.—Unsuitable for Tom Mix. A flimsy plot but Clara Bow makes it endurable. (February.)

**BEST PEOPLE, THE**—Paramount.—An entertaining story of a son and daughter of the hoipolloi who insist upon marrying a chorus girl and chauffeur, believing that love is the only thing. (January.)

**BIG PARADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—See this if you have to pawn your shirt. One of the finest pictures ever made. A thrilling love story against the World War background with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. (January.)

**BLUE BLAZES**—Universal.—A fair Western with Pete Morrison as the star. The usual riding, shooting, conflict and love. (March.)

**BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES**—First National.—Let the gas go out and use the quarter to see this. You'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny, with Lois Wilson in the role of a flapjack flipper at Childs. (Feb.)

**BOBBED HAIR**—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are ably assisted by Louise Fazenda. (November.)

**BRAVEHEART**—Producers Dist.—Rod La Rocque's first starring picture, and a good one. The romantic tale of an Indian in love with a white girl, played by Lillian Rich. (March.)

**BRIGHT LIGHTS**—M-G-M.—Charlie Ray as the country bumpkin again, and Pauline Starke a smart chorus girl. Good entertainment. (February.)

**BROADWAY LADY, THE**—F. B. O.—Pretty good story with Evelyn Brent as a chorus girl with a heart of gold who marries into society and is innocently involved in a murder. (March.)

**BUSTIN' THROUGH**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western. (December.)

**CALGARY STAMPEDE, THE**—Universal.—The best Western in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts that will thrill you. (December.)

**CALL OF COURAGE, THE**—Universal.—Art Acord as a lazy cowboy, just for a change. The picture is helped by the dumb efforts of a dog and a horse. (November.)

**CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD**—Universal.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Reginald Denny. (November.)

**CIRCLE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak tea society drama. It is neither interesting nor real. (December.)

**CIRCUS CYCLONE, THE**—Universal.—A pleasant mixture of Western and circus stuff, with Art Acord proving he can ride. (October.)

**CLASH OF THE WOLVES, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Rin-Tin-Tin makes another big hit, this time in a beard. A good story. (January.)

**CLASSIFIED**—First National.—Don't miss this one. Corinne Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful," proves she can act, in this unusually entertaining comedy-drama of a New York working girl. (January.)

**CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE**—First National.—Leon Errol of the collapsible knees, and Dorothy Gish as his shrewish wife make this a fairly amusing comedy-drama. (February.)

**COAST OF FOLLY, THE**—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in a modern role. In fact, Gloria in two modern roles—that of mother and daughter. Her work in this picture will be much discussed. (Nov.)

**COBRA**—Paramount.—Disappointing to Valentino fans. Rudy is not rightly cast in this and Nita Naldi is entirely unbelievable. (February.)

**COMING OF AMOS, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Rod La Rocque, as a big diamond man from South Africa, and Jetta Goudal, as a Russian princess in a Cecil B. De Mille romance of the Riviera. (November.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

**COMPROMISE**—Warner Brothers.—A good cast, Irene Rich, Pauline Garon and Clive Brook, in an inadequate story. Fairly entertaining. (January.)

**COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE**—Asso. Ex.—Good acting of Betty Compson as a modern Portia make this a passable movie. (March.)

**COUNT OF LUXEMBURG, THE**—Chadwick.—George Walsh, as a penniless count in the artists' colony of Paris, marries a beautiful actress without seeing her. Fairly entertaining. (February.)

**COWBOY MUSKETEER, THE**—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler looks fine and rides well in this Western, which is presented with snap and clearness. (February.)

**CYCLONIC CAVALIER, THE**—Rayart.—Reed Howes, the star, is handsome—but that's about all. A melodrama of one of those South American revolutions. (November.)

**DARK ANGEL, THE**—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Fitzmaurice and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. (November.)

**DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX, A**—Davis Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (Nov.)

**DESERT'S PRICE, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones is always interesting, although this film play has not much originality. Plenty of good fights. (February.)

**DESPERATE GAME, THE**—Universal.—A mildly amusing Western of a college cowboy. (Feb.)

**DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS**—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones. Weak on story. (Dec.)

**EAGLE, THE**—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino in three fascinating roles, a Russian lieutenant a bandit and a French tutor. Pretty good Valentino fare. Vilma Banky is lovely. (January.)

**EAST LYNNE**—Fox.—This decayed old melodrama is almost interesting with such a fine cast and beautiful backgrounds. Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe and Lou Tellegen play the principals. (March.)

**ENCHANTED HILL, THE**—Paramount.—The shop-worn Western plot, brightened up by the presence of Florence Vidor and Jack Holt, and capable direction. (March.)

**EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff. (Dec.)

**EXCHANGE OF WIVES, AN**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Two couples flirting madly with the dear old marriage tie. Lew Cody, Creighton Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree shine. (December.)

**FIGHTING HEART, THE**—Fox.—George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are great. (Nov.)

**FINE CLOTHES**—First National.—A subtle story ably acted by Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith. (October.)

**FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—A highly amusing comedy of the vicissitudes of married life during the first twelve months. Many of the incidents will strike home. Matt Moore is funny and pathetic. (March.)

**FLOWER OF THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—Jo Hergesheimer's special story for Pola proves a dud. Negri fans will like parts of it. (December.)

**FLYIN' THROUGH**—Davis Dist. Co.—Al Wilson, the stunt aviator, provides a flock of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

**FREE TO LOVE**—Schulberg.—Clara Bow as a reformed crook does her best with an impossible role. (March.)

**GILDED BUTTERFLY, THE**—Fox.—Alma Rubens bluffing her way through society and Europe without any money. If you're fussy about your film fare you won't care for this. (March.)

**GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK, THE**—B. P. Schulberg.—The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. (October.)

**GOLDEN COCOON, THE**—Warner Bros.—An unconvincing story about politics, with Helene Chadwick crying through reel after reel. (February.)

**GOLDEN PRINCESS, THE**—Paramount.—A charming story of California in the days of the gold rush. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (November.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 ]





# MIKE

**Mike!**

**She's** a marvelous madcap—is Mike.

**Sure** she's a she—

**Sally** O'Neil herself—

**Winsome**, winning Sally

**In** a role that fits her better

**Than** her overalls!

**William** Haines, too, as a railroad Romeo

**And** Charles Murray and Ford Sterling.

**Laugh** those off! You will!

**And** gosh!

**We** nearly forgot The Pink Elephant

**And** Joe

**The** dapper Duck,

**Another** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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**Marshall** Neilan made it—and *wrote* it.



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**Every** moment of it!

**The** Laugh of your life!

**For** the love of Mike

**See** it soon!

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## LETTERS FROM READERS

### \$25.00 Letter

Winchester, Mass.

What more delicate appeal to the finer sensibilities and to the higher underlying emotions could be made by any other motion picture than "Stella Dallas"? Its tender pathos, its poignant sadness, elevate one's mind far above the sordid and the commonplace.

The acting portrayed in it is marvelous, as is the stimulating effect it produces in arousing the best in human nature. It is no sign of weakness to feel the eyes grow moist and a lump arise in the throat on beholding it. Rather it indicates that the higher feelings are not dormant within you. It happened to me as much the second time I saw it as it did the first time.

The cast shows the evidence of careful forethought. Belle Bennett has certainly portrayed the part of *Stella* with amazing genius. The charming and radiant personality of Lois Moran has won the hearts of all who have beheld her.

It is a production with more power than any I have yet had the opportunity of beholding, and it is my earnest hope that I may see it at least once again.

H. T. W.

### \$10.00 Letter

Tallah, La.

Just ten years ago I sat enthralled before the wonder picture, "The Birth of a Nation." Last night I saw it again. Let all those who contend that the movies are still in their infancy see this picture.

The wonder picture is mediocre enough now. The photography seems amateurish seen in the light of marvelous effects produced now. The unnatural, jerky, rapid action is strangely reminiscent of the Keystone Kop era.

But the players! A tightness came into my throat to see them as they were a decade ago, and to realize what they are today.

The poorest work in the picture was that of Lillian Gish, and she is the only one of them at the top of the wave at present.

Henry Walthall was in his prime, handsome and fascinating, but how lined and weary-eyed he is today!

There was a young and heart-tearing Mae Marsh, seemingly of infinite promise, which she has failed signally to fulfill.

There was a sweet-faced brunette in the rôle of *Nellie Cameron*, whose name and features I could not recall.

And, heartbreakingly, there was Wallace Reid in all the amazing beauty of his splendid

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

youth and strength, making his first bid for the fame and love which were to be so abundantly his. A bare ten years ago—and all that charm and beauty has been ashes these three years!

De Maupassant tells us that he is wise who does not disturb the resting place of old letters; perhaps the same is true of pictures.

AN OLD-TIMER.

### \$5.00 Letter

Norfolk, Va.

I am much distressed over the sudden "vogue" of John Gilbert. Do let us all take care. We are speaking of him as "the man of the hour." What a threat that carries—for an hour is soon gone.

We should see John Gilbert not as a dazzling personality, but as an actor of true worth. Here is an artist of rare versatility, fine sensitiveness and splendid intelligence. In "The Big Parade," how he makes us see the glory, the madness, the cruelty, and the heartbreak of war through the eyes of one eager boy!

The danger of John Gilbert's present dizzy eminence lies not with him, but with us. He is honestly and unaffectedly giving us his best. Heaven grant we may not make him an "idol," only to cast him down! Let us, instead, sign him on a "long term contract" in our hearts.

M. E. H.

### Praise for Gloria

Rome, Ga.

There has been much unfavorable criticism lately concerning the many different rôles

affected by Gloria Swanson. I, for one, consider her one of our most versatile actresses.

A great deal of her charm and appeal lies in the fact that in each of her pictures she is different. Usually we can tell what kind of picture we are going to see from the names appearing in the cast; but a Swanson picture always offers originality and individuality.

I hope Gloria will never fail her public, and that in spite of a French title, she may realize what it means to be held in so great esteem by American citizens.

MARTHA PORTER.

### Cleaning Up the Love Scenes

Hutchinson, Kan.

To persons looking for good, clean entertainment and fine acting, I would recommend the screen's perfect lover—Ronald Colman. To those wanting suggestive love scenes full of sex attraction, Mr. Colman will be disappointing.

I notice Mrs. Glyn does not mention Ronald as having IT—and I am glad she doesn't. That is just why he is such a wonderful actor. He has something deeper than IT. A quality that cannot be described in mere language. Here's to this handsome young Englishman who is doing his bit to clean up the love scenes in the movies.

I am an ardent fan, and love each and every one of the movie folks, from D. W. Griffith to Farina, for they are all doing a wonderful work.

Also, let me add a few posies for those clever cartoonists who make us laugh with "Felix" and "Aesop's Fables."

MAE KEESLING BANDER.

### A Green Hat Candidate

Fresno, Calif.

Adela Rogers St. Johns proved all right that Norma Talmadge is our one and only great actress—now. But Mrs. St. Johns also says that Bebe Daniels has possibilities of becoming a great screen actress. There! She has made one of the truest statements ever.

All these years Bebe Daniels has been wasted by Paramount in trite stories, but she is ripe now for becoming the screen's greatest actress. Is Paramount going to let this opportunity slide by? Is Bebe Daniels just to be another actress, or is she going to be a great actress—a name to be conjured with?

Paramount will soon do, I hear, Arlen's "The Green Hat." There is the opportunity to make Bebe Daniels a great actress. Let her do *Iris March*. Already I am beginning to pick episodes that stood out in the book, picturing

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



# METROPOLITAN PICTURES

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## Priscilla Dean



Another Priscilla  
Dean feature  
coming is

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By  
Percy Heath

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Dean feature  
coming is

### "The Dice Woman"

By  
Percy Heath

## "THE DANGER GIRL"

with JOHN BOWERS

adapted by Finis Fox from "The Bride" by George Middleton and Stuart Olivier

Directed by EDWARD DILLON

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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

**GOLDEN STRAIN, THE**—Fox.—A worthwhile photoplay of Peter B. Kyne's story of the boy with the yellow streak. (February.)

**GOLD HUNTERS, THE**—Davis Dist.—A fairly interesting Curwood melodrama about a trapper who finds the map of a lost mine. (January.)

**GO WEST**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Hardly a comedy because hardly a laugh. Yet the picture is very interesting. "Brown Eyes," the cow, gives a fine performance. (January.)

**GRAUSTARK**—First National.—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. (November.)

**GREEN ARCHER, THE**—Pathe.—A stirring chapter play with more thrills than Sherlock Holmes. Worth following. (March.)

**HALF WAY GIRL, THE**—First National.—Doris Kenyon in a story of the sordid side of the Orient. (October.)

**HANDS UP**—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy in the civil war. Right funny. Marion Nixon and Virginia Lee Corbin make adorable heroines. (March.)

**HAUNTED RANGE, THE**—Davis Distributing.—Ken Maynard, a newcomer, joins the "heavy ridin' brigade." Just another Western. (November.)

**HAVOC**—Fox.—Showing the disastrous effects of the war on London society. A dismal drama is relieved by George O'Brien. (November.)

**HELL'S HIGHROAD**—Producers Distributing.—Cecil B. De Mille again gives the low-down on the lives of the rich. Leatrice Joy is starred. (November.)

**HER SISTER FROM PARIS**—First National.—Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman and George Arthur make this one of the funniest comedies of the year. But not for the children; oh dear, no! (Nov.)

**HIDDEN LOOT**—Universal.—A straightforward story with Jack Hoxie as a deputy after a gang of crooks. Fine for the children. (January.)

**HIS SECRETARY**—M-G-M.—The story of the ugly duckling better done than ever before. Norma Shearer unbelievably homely for a few feet, then her own ravishing self. (February.)

**HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN**—Warner Brothers.—A good plot is ruined to make a slapstick holiday. Matt Moore massacres the title role. (Nov.)

**HOGAN'S ALLEY**—Warners.—We hate to say it—but don't go. A hash of every Bowery story ever made with Patsy Ruth Miller mimicking Annie Rooney all the way through. (February.)

**HOME MAKER, THE**—Universal.—A domestic drama with an unusually intelligent plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October.)

**INFATUATION**—First National.—Dull and uninteresting. But Corinne Griffith fans will go anyhow because it's worth anybody's quarter just to look at her. (March.)

**IRISH LUCK**—Paramount.—Tom Meighan in a good old Irish yarn with some gorgeous shots of the Emerald Isle itself—and Lois Wilson. (February.)

**ISLE OF HOPE, THE**—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (November.)

**JOANNA**—First National.—Well, Dorothy Mackaill is always good, but she almost gets snowed under this impossible story. (February.)

**JUST SUPPOSE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess is a prince of Europe who falls in love with an American girl, played by Lois Moran. Very mild entertainment. (March.)

**KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE**—F. B. O.—Not worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Gene Stratton, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December.)

**KENTUCKY PRIDE**—Fox.—The biography of a race horse, interwoven with a human story. (October.)

**KING ON MAIN STREET, THE**—Paramount.—A dandy picture, with the suave Adolphe Menjou as a European king on a holiday in New York. And Bessie Love doing the Charleston. (January.)

**KISS FOR CINDRELLA, A**—Paramount.—Barrie, Betty and Brenon, the incomparable trio. A beautiful fantasy of the little slavey's dream of marrying a prince. (February.)

**KNOCKOUT, THE**—First National.—If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. (November.)

**LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN**—Warner Bros.—A very smart film version of Oscar Wilde's sophisticated play. (February.)

**LAST EDITION, THE**—F. B. O.—An exciting story of the inside workings of a great metropolitan daily, with Ralph Lewis as foreman of the press room. Good. (December.)

**LAWFUL CHEATER, THE**—Schulberg.—Clara Bow, masquerading as a boy, makes her personality count in spite of a far-fetched story. (February.)

**LAW OR LOYALTY**—Davis Dist. Co.—Again our friends, the Mounted Police, struggling between love and duty. Fairly interesting. (December.)

**LAZYBONES**—Fox.—A real characterization of a small town fella given by Buck Jones in a well told story. Fine supporting cast. (January.)

**LET'S GO GALLAGHER**—F. B. O.—Introducing a new Western star, Tom Tyler. The boys will like him. Good fights, stunts and rescues. (Dec.)

**LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Much of the rare humor of the stage play is strangely missing from the screen version. Rather routine entertainment. (October.)

**LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Interesting for its historical sidelights on early New York. Marion Davies does a dual role. (Jan.)

**LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY**—United Artists.—In which Mary Pickford returns again as Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (October.)

**LIVE WIRE, THE**—First National.—Johnny Hines in the title role. Lots of "gags" and rough-neck comedy. (November.)

**LORD JIM**—Paramount.—A fair translation of the well known book with Percy Marmont giving a good performance. If you don't know the book, the picture is a pretty good melodrama. (January.)

**LORRAINE OF THE LIONS**—Universal.—The story of a little girl cast away on a desert island. Patsy Ruth Miller, as the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry assisted by the long arm of coincidence. (October.)

**LOVE HOUR, THE**—Vitagraph.—The heroine goes to Coney Island and wins a millionaire. It's one of the silliest pictures of the year. (November.)

**LOVERS IN QUARANTINE**—Paramount.—The younger set will think this hot stuff. Their elders may be amused. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford, good. (December.)

**LUCKY HORSESHOE, THE**—Fox.—Wherein Tom Mix falls asleep and dreams that he's Don Juan. Just another Mix success with Tony and, as an added attraction, Ann Pennington. (October.)

**MADE FOR LOVE**—P. D. C.—Arabs, a wicked prince, an indifferent fiancé, and some mummy excavating make this interesting. (February.)

**MAN FROM RED GULCH, THE**—P. D. C.—Harry Carey makes a pretty good Bret Harte hero, playing the good Samaritan in the desert. (February.)

**MANNEQUIN**—Paramount.—Somewhat disappointing as a Fannie Hurst prize story directed by James Cruze. (February.)

**MAN ON THE BOX, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Spend a good evening with Syd Chaplin. (December.)

**MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE**—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan goes to Sing Sing for a crime he didn't commit. It's Meighan at his most noble. (November.)

**MASKED BRIDE, THE**—M-G-M.—Mae Murray as an Apache dancer and the toast of the Paris cafes. Mae can dance, nobody will deny that; but rather disappointing after "The Merry Widow." (Feb.)

**MERRY WIDOW, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A brilliant and gorgeous screen version of the romantic light opera with Mae Murray, John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy contributing three of the finest performances of the year. (October.)

**MIDNIGHT LIMITED, THE**—Rayart.—Gaston Glass and Wanda Hawley make a good team in this railroad melodrama. Above the average. (February.)

**MIDNIGHT SUN, THE**—Universal.—The story of an American ballerina in Russia, grand dukes and moneyed power behind the throne. (February.)

**MIDSHIPMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rather juvenile story, but it brings back Ramon Novarro, and that's enough for most fans. (December.)

**MIKE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A Marshall Neilan bag o' tricks. Fairly amusing through the efforts of Charlie Murray and Ford Sterling. (March.)

**MY LADY'S LIPS**—B. P. Schulberg.—A crook melodrama that is lively and often amusing. (Oct.)

**MY LADY OF WHIMS**—Arrow.—Clara Bow again as the carefree flapper who defies Papa and goes to live in Greenwich Village. Pleasing. (March.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



## "Let Us Taste Life While We May"

"Doushka," he whispered, "Life is so short. Let us taste it while we may!" And the princely stranger, who had suddenly appeared out of the soft shadow of the warm, sensuous Egyptian night, bent and kissed her lips.

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

**MYSTIC, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Aileen Pringle gives a good performance in this melodrama of a fake fortune-teller. (November.)

**NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart gives a piquant performance of a South Sea Island queen who loves and loses—but wins in the end. (October.)

**NEW BROOMS**—Paramount.—It won't sweep you off your feet, but it might do to put in an evening. Everybody overacts but Bessie Love. (January.)

**NEW COMMANDMENT, THE**—First National.—It's "Thou shalt not doubt." Wealthy boy, artist's model, misunderstanding, war, and the thrilling love scene in months. (January.)

**NOT SO LONG AGO**—Paramount.—Aside from the work of Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez, this is a rather dull story of Manhattan in its Age of Innocence. (October.)

**OLD CLOTHES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—The last time you will have to look at Jackie Coogan without a haircut. Maybe that's worth a quarter. (January.)

**ONLY THING, THE**—M-G-M.—Conrad Nagel with sex appeal! And a mustache. Eleanor Boardman in a blonde wig. An Elinor Glyn story of a princess forced to marry an old king. See it. (February.)

**OTHER WOMAN'S STORY, THE**—Shulberg.—A tiresome story that might have been a good mystery melodrama. (January.)

**OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER, THE**—Universal.—A whale of a climax in this melodrama with hero and villain fighting to the death in an aerial bucket. (Feb.)

**OUTSIDER, THE**—Fox.—An intriguing story of a mysterious healer who puzzles London medical circles. The crippled daughter of a physician is restored to health, and love enters. Jacqueline Logan is excellent. (March.)

**PAGE THAT THRILLS, THE**—First National.—Beautiful Mary Astor wasted in this silly story. (Dec.)

**PAINT AND POWDER**—Chadwick.—The good little chorus girl becomes a star and marries the producer. Just fair. (December.)

**PALACE OF PLEASURE, THE**—Fox.—Edmund Lowe kidnaps Betty Compson, a gay senorita of vamping tendencies. Nothing to get excited over. (March.)

**PARISIAN LOVE**—B. P. Schulberg.—Just another one of those things. In case anyone cares, it's the romance of an Apache girl. Not for children. (Oct.)

**PEACOCK FEATHERS**—Universal.—An intelligent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well directed by Sven Gade and capably acted by Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis. (November.)

**PERFECT CLOWN, THE**—Chadwick.—A very bad comedy with Larry Semon. Might have been funny in two reels. (February.)

**PLASTIC AGE, THE**—B. P. Schulberg.—The collegiate set is carrying on again. The usual jazz drama, with Clara Bow and Donald Keith. (December.)

**PONY EXPRESS, THE**—Paramount.—James Cruze directs another great story of the West. Wonderful acting by Wallace Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Ernest Torrence. (November.)

**PRINCE OF BROADWAY, THE**—Chadwick.—A wow with the boys and prize ring enthusiasts. A defeated fighter stages successful come-back. Many famous fighters introduced. (March.)

**PRINCE OF PEP, THE**—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge as a young doctor who loses his memory and becomes a modern Robin Hood. Some good stunts. (March.)

**PROUD HEART** (title changed from **HIS PEOPLE**)—Universal.—One of the finest pictures of Jewish emigrant life we've seen. Schildkraut, here, contributes a great performance. (December.)

**RANGER OF THE BIG PINES**—Vitagraph.—The usual Western with the usual fight, and a good performance by Eulalie Jensen. (October.)

**RED HOT TIRES**—Warner Brothers.—Just a mix-up of good, bad and indifferent comedy, played by Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. (November.)

**RED KIMONO, THE**—Vital.—Avoid this picture. It is a very stupid version of a good story by Adela Rogers St. Johns, and not worth anybody's time. (March.)

**REGULAR FELLOW, A**—Paramount.—Reviewed under the original title, "He's a Prince". A gay burlesque of royalty with Raymond Griffith as a prince with democratic ideas. (November.)

**RIDIN' THE WIND**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson disappoints. He rescues his brother from bandits, returns the stolen money and wins the girl. (December.)

**ROAD TO YESTERDAY, THE**—Producers Dist.—Catch this picture for the gorgeous train wreck. The story is a little muddled but fairly entertaining due to the reincarnation theme. (January.)

**ROSE OF THE WORLD**—Warners.—Sincere performances by a good cast, but an unconvincing story. Not very worthwhile. (January.)

**RUGGED WATERS**—Paramount.—Outside of a few good storms and some rousing sea stuff, it's just an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

**SALLY, IRENE AND MARY**—M-G-M.—An extremely interesting story of chorus girl life, with a splendid cast and a goodly sprinkling of laughs and tears. Sally O'Neil is a knockout! (February.)

**SATAN IN SABLES**—Warner Brothers.—Lowell Sherman is a bad Russian grand duke. Pauline Garon is a little rose from Montmartre. (December.)

**SCANDAL STREET**—Arrow.—An interesting picture because of movie studio atmosphere. Story of a movie actress and her husband who are both starred at the same studio. (January.)

**SEA BEAST, THE**—Warner Brothers.—The exquisite Dolores Costello overshadows John Barrymore and the thrilling tale of *Moby Dick*, the white whale. Almost unbelievable, we know. See for yourself. (March.)

**SEA WOLF, THE**—Ralph Ince Prod.—A well-made picture of Jack London's famous novel. (Feb.)

**SCARLET SAINT, THE**—First National.—A very dull story and inexcusably sexy. (February.)

**SCRAPPIN' KID, THE**—Universal.—A conventional Western with Art Acord. Fair. (February.)

**SEVEN DAYS**—Producers Distributing.—The famous farce is given splendid production and it is well acted. Eddie Gribbon is very amusing. (November.)

**SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Paramount.—Leave the dishes in the sink. If you miss the first of this, you're lost. A corking comedy-melodrama with Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts. (January.)

**SEVEN SINNERS**—Warner Bros.—A hilarious crook story with Marie Prevost and Clive Brook heading a good cast. (February.)

**SHIP OF SOULS, THE**—Asso. Ex.—Lillian Rich and Bert Lytell in a story of the north where men are driven mad by the silence and solitude. Only fair. (March.)

**SIMON THE JESTER**—Producers Dist.—A hodge-podge story about a clown with a broken heart, played uninterestingly by Eugene O'Brien. (Feb.)

**SIX SHOOTIN' ROMANCE, A**—Universal.—Another conventional Western with Jack Hoxie winning an unwilling bride. (March.)

**SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT**—Universal.—Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante screamingly funny trying to teach some society folk the Charleston. (Feb.)

**SKYROCKET, THE**—Associated Exhibitors.—The best picture about motion picture people so far, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce's debut on the screen. Adapted from Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel of the same name. (January.)

**SLAVE OF FASHION, A**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Wherein a guileless Cinderella gets her man. A silly but beautifully mounted story with the lovely Norma Shearer and the charming Lew. (October.)

**SMILIN' AT TROUBLE**—F. B. O.—A nifty picture with Lefty Flynn as a civil engineer working on the construction of a dam. (February.)

**SOME PUNKINS**—Chadwick.—Charles Ray in his old hick role is fairly amusing. (February.)

**SON OF HIS FATHER, A**—Paramount.—One of the dullest pictures on record, from a Harold Bell Wright story. (December.)

**SONG AND DANCE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—Tom Moore and Bessie Love in an interesting story of back stage life. Bessie does the Charleston again. (March.)

**SOULMATES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A highly unconvincing romance between an English lord and a plebeian lady. Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe play unsuitable roles. Not worth while. (March.)





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**SOULS FOR SABLES**—Triumph.—A great display of human misery and a story of fair value. Good for grown-ups. (Chas. Windsor and Eugene O'Brien head the cast. (November.)

**SPLENDID CRIME, THE**—Paramount.—A commonplace creek drama, without humor to lighten it. (February.)

**SPLENDID ROAD, THE**—First National.—A colonial drama of the Gold Rush of '49 with Anna Q. Nilsson giving a fine performance. (February.)

**SPORTING LIFE**—Universal.—A new version of an old melodrama of life in the fighting, racing and spending circles of London. (November.)

**STAGESTRUCK**—Paramount.—A rip-roaring comedy with Gloria Swanson ingling cups in a cheap restaurant and taking correspondence lessons in acting. Lawrence Gray is great as her boy friend. (Feb.)

**STEEL PREFERRED**—Warner Bros.—William Boyd stands out in this fairly entertaining comedy-drama of strong men and steel. (February.)

**STELLA DALLAS**—United Artists.—An almost perfect picture, with one of the greatest performances ever given to the screen—that of Belle Bennett in the title role. (December.)

**STELLA MARIS**—Universal.—Mary Platten in a dual role; that of a determined slave and a beautiful cripple girl. A lovely story. Do not miss it. (March.)

**STEPPIN' OUT**—Columbia.—A brisk comedy with Ford Sterling as an errant husband. (February.)

**STILL ALARM, THE**—Universal.—Has all the ingredients of an entertaining picture. Drudging wife leaves her husband and elopes with charming villain. (March.)

**STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN**—Pathe.—A good Larry Semon comedy taken from the stage play, full of the Semon gags that youngsters enjoy. (March.)

**STORM BREAKER, THE**—Universal.—A good story, some consistent character studies and excellent sea atmosphere make this a fine picture for adult entertainment. (November.)

**STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE**—Paramount.—A weird and unusual story of a professional beggar, well told by Herbert Brenon and splendidly acted by Percy Marmont. (October.)

**SUN-UP**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel, Lucille La Verne and Pauline Starke, and beautifully photographed. (October.)

**SWEET ADELINE**—Chadwick.—Charles Ray, the country boy, goes to New York and makes a hit singing "Sweet Adeline" in a cabaret. Full of delicious bits of humor. Mighty good. (March.)

**THANK YOU**—Fox.—The performance of Alec Francis as a small town minister is the only redeeming feature of this film. (December.)

**THAT ROYLE GIRL**—Paramount.—Carol Dempster will surprise you in this. It's a peppy story of a misguided youngster in the cabaret world of Chicago. Something entirely new from D. W. Griffith. See it. (March.)

**THREE FACES EAST**—Producers Dist.—Drop everything and see this corking mystery play of the English and German secret service activities during the war. Jetta Goudal is wonderful in it. (March.)

**THREE PALS**—Davis Dist.—An uninteresting story, badly played and badly directed. (January.)

**THREE WISE CROOKS**—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Brent tries to rescue the picture from mediocrity by some good acting, but to no avail. (December.)

**THUNDER MOUNTAIN**—Fox.—The old feud story, refreshingly told, with fine humor. (December.)

**TIMBER WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones doing his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November.)

**TIME, THE COMEDIAN**—M-G-M.—Worth seeing for the good performances of Mae Busch and Lew Cody. (February.)

**TONIO, SON OF THE SIERRAS**—Davis Dist.—A pretty good story of the by-gone West. (Feb.)

**TOO MUCH MONEY**—First National.—Lewis Stone in slapstick comedy—can you imagine it? But he actually puts it over. Rich man pretends he's poor so wife will come down to earth and be human. Good. (March.)

**TOWER OF LIES, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A worthwhile picture spoiled by a too-conscious effort to achieve art. Well played by Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer. (November.)

**TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY**—Warner Brothers.—Starring Rin-tin-tin. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (October.)

**TRIPLE ACTION**—Universal.—Rightly named; enough action for three Westerns. Rides, flights, parachute jumps by a sheriff. (January.)

**TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE**—Paramount.—Amusing, domestic comedy with Florence Vidler, Tim Moore, Ford Sterling and Esther Ralston. (November.)

**TRUE NORTH, THE**—Griffith Prod.—A splendid scenic study of Alaska and Siberia with plenty of thrills. (February.)

**TUMBLEWEEDS**—United Artists.—Bill Hart returns to the screen in a story of the day when the Indian Geronimo was taken captive to Arizona. (Feb.)

**UNCHASTENED WOMAN, THE**—Chadwick.—Thelma Berry returns to the screen in an important story and with first direction. (March.)

**UNGUARDED HOUR, THE**—First National.—Doris Kenyon is disappointing in the role of a woman who is sent out to be captured by a woman's story, and without further being more about that. Milton Sills. (February.)

**VANISHING AMERICAN, THE**—Paramount.—In spite of its weak points, this epic of the American Indian is very worth while seeing. Richard Dix gives a fine performance. (December.)

**VOLCANO**—Paramount.—Fine entertainment, with Bebe Daniels as a girl who believes she has black blood in her veins, and is forced to remember her love of the white man. Ends happily. (March.)

**WAGES FOR WIVES**—Fox.—A nice little comedy-drama based on the idea that Mr. and Mrs. should split fifty-fifty on the husband's salary. (Feb.)

**WALL STREET WHIZ, THE**—F. B. O.—All right for the young boys, who aren't particular about sense and logic. An absurd story with Richard Talmadge doing unnecessary gymnastics. (January.)

**WANDERER, THE**—Paramount.—It's a spectacularly beautiful production of the story of the Prodigal Son, with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery and Kathlyn Williams in the cast. (October.)

**WANDERING FIRES**—Arrow.—Constance Bennett and George Hackathorne save this picture from the cheap sentiment of Wallace MacDonald's acting. (Feb.)

**WEDDING SONG, THE**—Producers Dist.—Don't pass up this corking crook yarn. Leatrice Joy is a lady of shady reputation. (February.)

**WE MODERNS**—First National.—If you aren't bored with flapper pictures by this time, you will enjoy Colleen Moore as the English flapper. (Feb.)

**WHAT FOOLS MEN**—First National.—A nice little picture, with Lewis Stone, introducing a new hero, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December.)

**WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES**—Universal.—A peach of a comedy with Reginald Denny, Marion Nixon and ZaSu Pitts. Lots of suspense. (Dec.)

**WHEEL, THE**—Fox.—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Mahlon Hamilton in a good screen version of a popular play. (November.)

**WHY WOMEN LOVE**—First National.—A good sea story with a number of thrilling episodes. (Dec.)

**WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Irene Rich is the victim of a plot that contains all the old movie hokum. (November.)

**WILD BULL'S LAIR, THE**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in the sort of Western melodrama that delights the children. (October.)

**WILD HORSE MESA**—Paramount.—A dashing melodrama, with fine scenery and an active plot, by Billie Dove, Jack Holt and Noah Beery. (October.)

**WILD, WILD SUSAN**—Paramount.—Amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod LaRocque. (Oct.)

**WINDING STAIR, THE**—Fox.—A passable romantic melodrama that falls short through a colorless performance given by Alma Rubens. (December.)

**WINDS OF CHANCE**—First National.—Plenty of thrills, plenty of story action and a large cast of popular players make this Alaskan melodrama worth your attention. (October.)

**WITH THIS RING**—Schulberg.—Just one of those sexy affairs. If you're broad-minded and over twenty-five—all right. (November.)

**WOMANHANDLED**—Paramount.—Worth breaking a date to see. Richard Dix in a sparkling satire on the Great Open Places, with lovely Esther Ralston in it. Peachy. (March.)

**WOMAN OF THE WORLD, A**—Paramount.—An entertaining story of an Italian Countess who comes to Iowa to visit relatives, with Pola Negri in her most dangerously devastating mood. (February.)

**WOMAN'S FAITH, A**—Universal.—A dull and tiresome story that cannot be redeemed by the acting of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (October.)

**WRECKAGE**—Banner.—A fairly entertaining melodrama made worthwhile by performances by Mae Allison and Holmes Herbert. (November.)





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the others—filmed in actual  
**COLORS!** And a big company  
of beauteous belles of moviedom  
showing how to wear them.

Amid all this glory-burst of  
silks and satins, ermines and  
sables, the finest sparkling gem  
of charm is Colleen Moore her-  
self. Never was Colleen so scin-  
tillating, so dainty and dashing.

And remember! Besides the  
gorgeous eye-feast of Fashion,  
it's mighty human Drama and  
chuckling Comedy too. It's  
**Three Great Shows in One!**





# At the COLONY CLUB

## 206 Members

### tell why this soap is best for their skin

**G**OLD slippers above the asphalt pavement . . . the flash of jewels under the softness of furs . . . low purring of motor cars, crowding to the curb . . . a debutante dance at the Colony Club, the smartest club in New York.

Within the carefully guarded portals of the Colony Club one sees New York society at its best—gay, gracious, suave, with a little of the grand manner, of old traditions, lingering beneath its brightly glittering surface.

And the women, distinguished and elegant, who make up the membership of the Club—there are none in the world more fastidious than these.

How do these women, who can afford the most costly personal luxuries, take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to trust their complexions to?

Of nearly 400 members whom we asked this question, more than half answered, "Woodbury's!"

"WOODBURY'S always," they commented. *"It leaves my skin smooth and velvety"* — *"Leaves my skin feeling so clean and refreshed"* — *"I have a very tender skin, and this is the only soap that soothes it"* — *"It's been my favorite for years."*

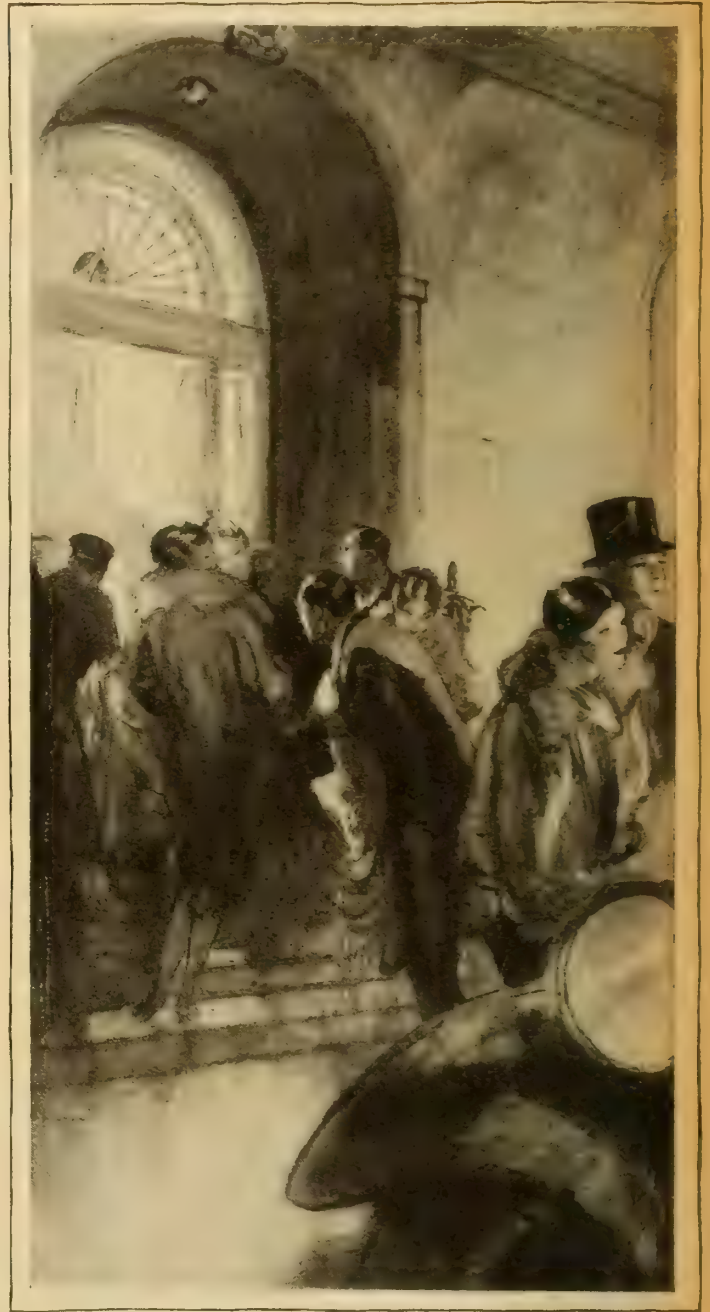
A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula

not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, etc.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming these common skin troubles, make it ideal for regular use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!



*"WITHIN these carefully guarded portals one sees New York society at its best—gay, gracious, suave . . ."*

**NOW—THE NEW, LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!**

The Andrew Jergens Co.,  
504 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

In Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 504 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents, Quelch & Gambles, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....





## *New Pictures*

LOVELY as the dark lady of the Sonnets is the new Mildred Harris soon to appear in Universal's "The Mystery Club." The ex-Mrs. Chaplin, now the happy Mrs. Terry McGovern, dyed her blonde locks for Mr. Laemmle's picture. A sensitive beauty, Mildred deserves success.





A QUICK route to fame is to become a comedian's leading woman. Which is what Jobyna Ralston did. Harold Lloyd wanted a sweet young thing in his company. He glimpsed the daintiness and charm of Jobyna. She got the job. She still has it.





CLARA and the whale. That's the way it began for little Miss Bow. She and the whale put over "Down to the Sea in Ships." The whale then retired from public life but Clara kept right on going up. Now she is one of our flippest flappers.





Boris

WITH all his artistry and Will Hays' consent, Adolph Menjou is going to the Devil. In fact, he is the Devil himself in "The Sorrows of Satan." Which is as it should be, since no one can make sin more scintillating than this sophisticated gentleman.





G. Maillard Kessler

**A**LWAYS the husky two-fisted he-man before the camera, Milton Sills in private life is a quiet, genial soul given to books, music and a rose garden. His latest characterization is that of a laborer in "Men of Steel" with Doris Kenyon and May Allison.





Melbourne Spurr

**F**LORENCE VANDIVER won a magazine beauty contest and got a chance at the Lasky Studio as reward. A chance was all Florence needed, being one of those fatal brunettes. After seeing her rushes, Paramount put her under a long time contract.





Chaplin Studio

**E**DNA, LITA, GEORGIA. Three little girls from school who became Chaplin's leading women. Here's the newest addition to their ranks, Merna Kennedy, eighteen, and pictorially inexperienced. She will be in Charlie's "The Circus."





*For Beauty's gentle care ~ ~*  
 this delightful new form of genuine Ivory

"How lovely!" you exclaim when first you see the new graceful cake of Guest Ivory. Like so many millions of other women, you too are instantly charmed by its petite daintiness.

And then what a happy discovery to learn that this delicately-modeled cake in its fresh blue dress is really genuine Ivory Soap—the genuine guardian of

delicate complexions for almost fifty years. Surely, never was a soap more fittingly garbed to rest upon white washstands. Never was a soap more faultlessly fashioned for feminine fingers.

And most assuredly, one can find nowhere a finer, purer soap at any price. Guest Ivory costs but five cents.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



*For the face and hands*

99<sup>9</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% Pure

5¢

It Floats

*As fine as soap can be*

Copyright 1926, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio



# PHOTOPLAY

April, 1926

## Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

**R**EX INGRAM had better come back to America to make his future productions or retire to his beloved Tunis.

IT was Rex Ingram's own business if he wanted to go to Nice to regain his health. He has, I hear, improved it vastly; but, judging from the picture he made there, he has improved it physically only. Not only was the picture a great dramatic disappointment, but there were episodes in it of suggestive perversity that will detract from the reputation of this great director.

**R**EX INGRAM has gotten to a point in his profession where he cannot be supervised. He was a commercial asset to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, and rather than lose him they agreed to his plan of producing abroad. "Mare Nostrum" is the first result. It cost \$800,000. The Broadway wag who translated it as "Horse liniment" before the opening was more of a prophet than a translator.

Griffith found that he could not carry on all ends of the business of production alone. Neilan, Von Stroheim, De Mille, have all done their best work with the co-operation of more practical minds. On his own De Mille has done nothing outstanding. I doubt that Ingram cares whether he makes another picture or not, and while I have been a great admirer of his I feel that the public will be equally indifferent if he turns out another like "Mare Nostrum."

**D**URING the making of "La Boheme" Lillian Gish protested so hard against kissing *Rodolphe*, played by Jack Gilbert, that not a kissing scene was taken. Miss Gish felt that it was not in tune with her personality to play a part in which she was the object of passionate love.

Then the picture was put together and run for a small group of critics. Their unanimous verdict convinced her that she was wrong, and for two whole days Lillian and Jack went through kissing scenes while King Vidor held the megaphone and stop watch.

And now she is billed to do Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

**A** NEW profession has developed recently—the supervisor. A few years ago one man tried to supervise every picture made by his company. He was

the producer. He tried to read every story submitted, edit every continuity, direct the selection of director and players, and smooth out the film finally presented to him. Jesse Lasky, of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, carried a superhuman burden for years under this system, but has now acquired a general staff of supervisors who relieve him of the maddening detail.

Today a supervisor has charge of from one to four units and is responsible for the finished product. They earn from five hundred dollars a week to the salaries of Irving Thalberg of Metro and June Mathis of First National, both of whom receive weekly pay checks of two thousand dollars—and earn them.

**"H**OW does one become a supervisor?" I have been asked. You cannot learn to become a supervisor in any college but the university of studio experience. Thalberg was Carl Laemmle's secretary and took on all the responsibility he could find. Mathis was an actress and became a scenario writer. Earl Hudson, John McCormick and Bernie Fineman of First National were publicity men. So was Schulberg, of Famous Players-Lasky. He had a heartbreaking experience making his own productions, but he is on top again. William LeBaron and Julian Johnson, of the eastern studios of the same company, were writers. LeBaron wrote musical comedies and Julian was editor of PHOTOPLAY. Tom Geraghty, Luther Reed and Lloyd Sheldon were all newspaper men before they took up scenario writing. This is no attempt at a complete list, but it would seem to prove that the most direct route is writing and editing, combined with a thorough knowledge of the mechanics of the business, and a keen sense of showmanship.

**O**N another page of this issue is the story of Thalberg. He has had more outstanding successes to his name than any supervisor in the last two years. He was not a writer, but he knew how to have his writing done for him, and he had the other qualities.

These boys are seldom in the limelight, but they are the folks who are responsible for the pretty consistent line of pictures you are seeing today.

If any one of them could have influenced Rex Ingram in his production of "Mare Nostrum" it would have been an infinitely better picture.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 110 ]



# How They Do It!

Millions are asking how the motion pictures are accomplishing the marvelous new effects which have been developed in the past few years. It took months of investigation to give you the answer

**D**O you remember how you thrilled when the Red Sea parted to let Moses and the children of Israel pass through, only to close again and swallow up Pharaoh and his pursuing warriors in C. B. De Mille's stupendous "Ten Commandments"?

How you gasped as T. Roy Barnes fled from the burning tenement with Claire Windsor in his arms as flames and smoke spouted about them and debris crashed on all sides in "Neelie, the Beautiful Cloak Model"?

The destruction of Pontius Pilate's palace with the crushing of hundreds underneath the ruins in "Ben Hur"?

The rescue of Doris Kenyon by Ronald Colman in Fitzmaurice's great picture, "A Thief in Paradise," as Miss Kenyon's runaway horse reared and stood poised on his hind legs on the very brink of a precipice?

Conway Tearle's hairbreadth escape from the mountain of rushing water in "The Great Divide"?

The stirring battle scenes in "The Big Parade" in which giant shells burst all around, tearing huge craters and spreading death as our boys marched on and on and on through No Man's Land.

How Blanche Sweet carried Ronald Colman to safety as the blazing roof fell and seemed certain to bury them. This in "His Supreme Moment."

I could go on and remind you of train wrecks which have brought you from your seats, of battles against storm and shipwrecks at sea—of thrills and hairbreadth escapes and terrific disasters.

How many times have you gone home from your motion picture theater and wondered how these things were accomplished, discussed with your family and friends what possible method could have been used to achieve the seemingly impossible?

**A**FTER months of investigation, I am able to give you an explanation of the thrills in the pictures I have men-

*By Cal York*

tioned and to explain to you the general method used in most other similar scenes.

First, I will tell you how they parted the Red Sea. This was done by a process of double printing, worked out by Roy Pomeroy, technical director at Lasky's. But that, marvelous as it seemed, was but a simple thing compared with the miracles now being wrought on celluloid by Frank Williams, the wizard of Hollywood, who has dreamed out and perfected the moving or traveling mat process of printing, which has made possible most of the recent marvels of the screen.

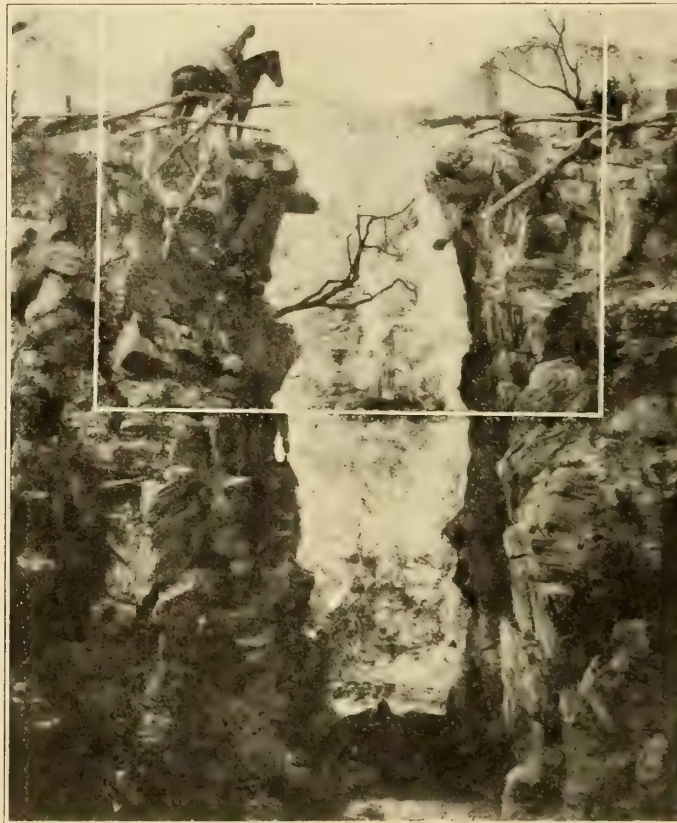
To part the Red Sea, Pomeroy first built, on the Lasky lot,

two wooden walls about the height of the ordinary room and backed them at one end with a scenic drop to represent the Red Sea country. These walls he covered with a jelly-like substance made from silicate of soda and sulphuric acid, which shimmered and shook and photographed like water. The floor space between these two walls was made to look like sand. He then photographed this set.

Then, with two cameras set up at the open end, he emptied thousands of gallons of water between the walls from huge water tanks behind them. One of the cameras was cranked backwards, and this showed the parting of the Red Sea. The other camera was cranked forward, and showed the waters joining together. Both were done in slow motion, which will be explained later.

The next step was taken out on the desert.

Wire fences were built a few inches further apart than were the jelly walls built on the stage. First Moses and his followers, with their live stock, were marched between these wire fences, which were just outside the camera lines, and therefore did not show in the picture. What the fences did do, however, was to keep the goats and donkeys from poking their noses outside the camera lines, which would never have done



This great outdoor scene is made up of three parts and was made right in the studios of the Paramount Company at Astoria, L. I. It is composed of three parts: a miniature four feet high, six feet in front of the camera; the top part of the cliff, fifteen feet high, eighty feet in front of the camera; and a painted back drop, a few feet further away. In the long shots, or distant views, you see the whole in convincing reality. The close-up shots are shown in the white frame, the bottom of which indicates where the miniature ends and the larger set begins. This scene is from Gloria Swanson's new picture, "The Untamed Lady"



# An amazing revelation of the latest discoveries of pictures which produce miracles before your eyes

for in the double printing process the camera lines would become the walls of water. And it would never do for a donkey to shove his head through the Red Sea.

After Moses and his Children of Israel had passed through satisfactorily, under the grinding camera, they then photographed Pharaoh and his Egyptians madly pursuing in their chariots through the same fenced lane. And if the horses and chariots smashed out through the light wire fence, it was fine, for you will remember they were seen madly milling about before the walls of water finally obliterated them.

**T**HEN when they put all together, by double printing, here is what they got:

First, a wall of water parted and left a lane of dry land in the Red Sea. (You remember the camera cranking backwards gave them the negative for this.)

Then Moses and his band were printed in passing along the space between the walls of water. After them, came Pharaoh and his warriors in full pursuit.

Right over these they printed the original negative of the waters rushing together, and this completely engulfed the Egyptians.

The only person to get wet in the closing of the Red Sea was Charles de Roche, who played Pharaoh. The blotting out of the King and his war chariot was not done by double printing but by trick photography, as it seemed necessary to the story of give this incident more personal drama.

The method used was this: DeRoche and his horses and chariot were placed on a treadmill. The camera was on a platform facing them. Over DeRoche's head and out of sight of the camera was a huge water tank, with a water chute projecting from it. This chute gave into a tank between DeRoche and the camera, but below the level of the camera line. While DeRoche whipped his horses like a madman on the treadmill and did all the acting necessary to being engulfed by water, the water in the tank was released and poured down in a torrent between him and the grinding camera, giving a perfect illusion. The only reason DeRoche got wet was because the water chute running above his head leaked badly.

Does this seem wonderful to you? It should. It is. And yet I tell you that it is simplicity itself compared with the moving mat.

Remember that in the "Ten Commandments" the double printing put the moving people into a vacancy on the film—the blank space left in the miniature between the walls of water. Also, that the double printing of the moving water over the Egyptians simply obliterated them.

But Frank Williams can put moving actors photographed in Hollywood into a moving background photographed anywhere in the world—put actual life and dramatic action into miniatures, which, during the previous years when they had worked with miniatures, seemed absolutely impossible.

Williams has made possible scenes that could never otherwise have been shot in motion pictures. It is not only that he has reduced the cost so that often he can give the producer scenes that would otherwise have been prohibitive because of building sets, etc. But he can give them scenes that couldn't be physically shot in any other way—such as a huge building crumbling and toppling in an earthquake and actually burying hundreds of people. It isn't only that he can make hairbreadth escapes

without endangering the lives of actors and animals, as was sometimes done to get effects in the old days. He can make thrills that only the actual killing of animals and men would render possible—and this without the actor or animal being anywhere near the scene.

He can build a miniature town, put real, living people into it, and have them go through any necessary dramatic action, and then he can make a miniature torrent somewhere else altogether and have it sweep away the town with its laughing, singing, dancing population and make you believe when you see it on the screen that it actually happened.

**T**HESE things he does by the patented process of the moving or traveling mat. It is a matter of printing, remember, more than of photography. Williams himself photographs nothing. The negatives from which he works are all shot for him, under his direction, and the miracles are performed in his laboratory.

It hasn't been easy for Williams to attain his title of the miracle man of films. He has given to the motion picture art one of its greatest discoveries. Like all great inventors, he has been scorned, laughed at, at times almost starved, forced to work under unspeakably difficult circumstances. But, none of these things moved him.

A big, quiet, simple fel-



These two drawings explain how the runaway horse thrill in George Fitzmaurice's "A Thief in Paradise" was made. The upper drawing shows the cameraman getting his shots of a very steep and very real precipice. It also has the horse with its rider and the rescuer sketched in on the edge of the precipice where it actually appears in the picture.

The lower drawing shows the run that was made before the dead white background, with the horse rearing and Ronald Colman coming to Doris Kenyon's rescue.

The upper drawing was the background negative and the lower drawing the moving mat negative, and by the Williams' process the rearing horse, rider and Colman seemed to be actually placed on the brink of the precipice

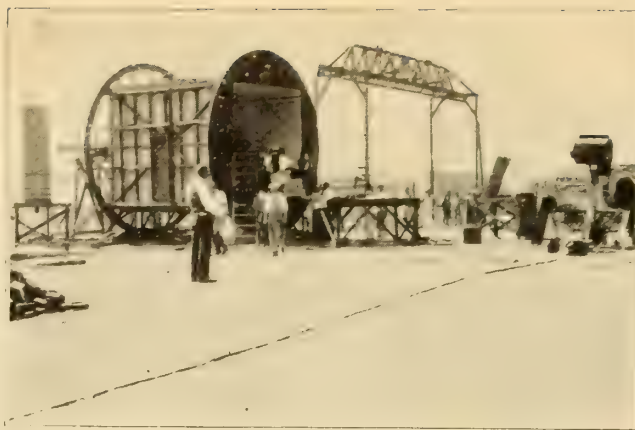


low, only thirty-two years old. Shy, rather diffident of speech, he makes everything he does look easy. When he comes on a set, his quiet presence is scarcely noticed, and cameramen and technical experts go on spluttering and arguing, and when he is finally appealed to, he settles the problem so simply that everyone wonders why he didn't think of it himself.

**W**ILLIAMS started as a cameraman at the old Essanay lot the year he was out of high school. He was fifteen years old and knew just enough about a camera to turn a crank. He has spent seventeen years at his work, and it was as far back as 1912 that he started work on the moving mat process.

He had no money and few would listen. He was laughed at—Ford, Edison, Marconi, Fulton, all went through the same experiences.

At one time, not so many years ago, John Considine, who is



A rolling stage at studios of the Education Film Co. in Hollywood. Upside-down scenes and rolling ship scenes are easy with its use. It is possible to show ship interiors on the stage inside the cylinder which duplicates exactly the movement of a ship in a storm

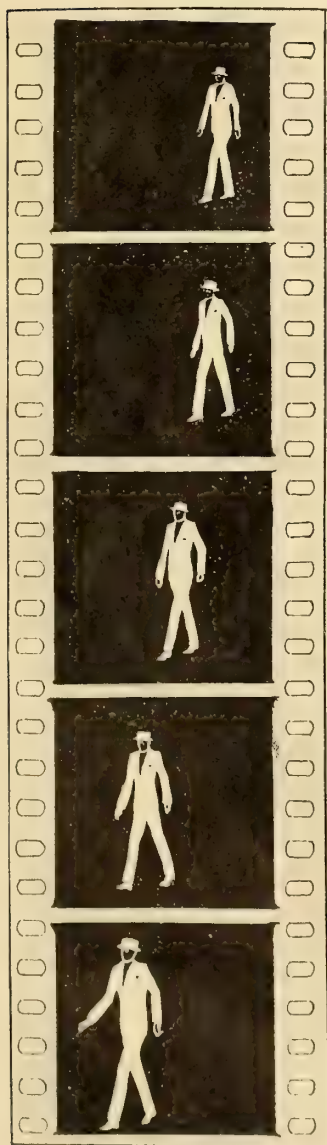
Joe Schenck's chief lieutenant, could have bought a half interest in Williams' big idea for a couple of thousand dollars. Today it is rumored in Hollywood that Williams has refused a cool half million for the same half interest.

**T**HE way he finally made it was this—he'd work a while as a cameraman and save a few hundred dollars, and then go back to work in his laboratory—usually the bathroom in the place he was living—until his savings were exhausted. Then back to the camera for another stake, and so on.

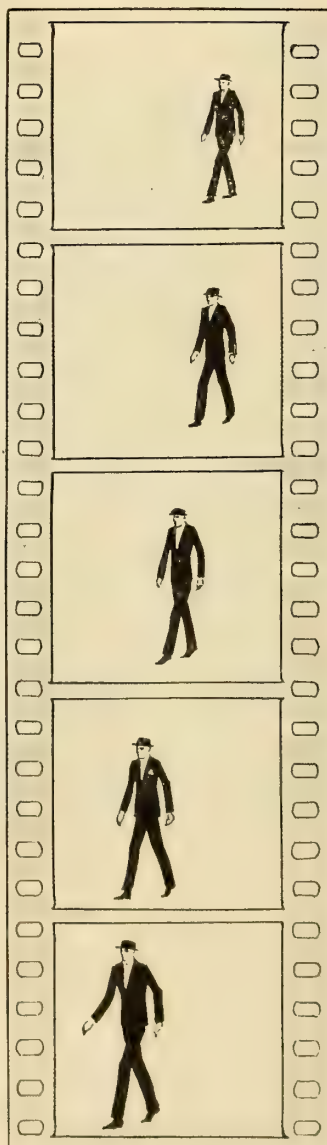
In 1912 he was cameraman for Mack Sennett when they had the back end of a little grocery store for a studio. During this time

Williams made his first attempt to use the moving mat process. It failed, however, due to the inaccuracies of the cameras and printing machines of the time and the crude film in use.

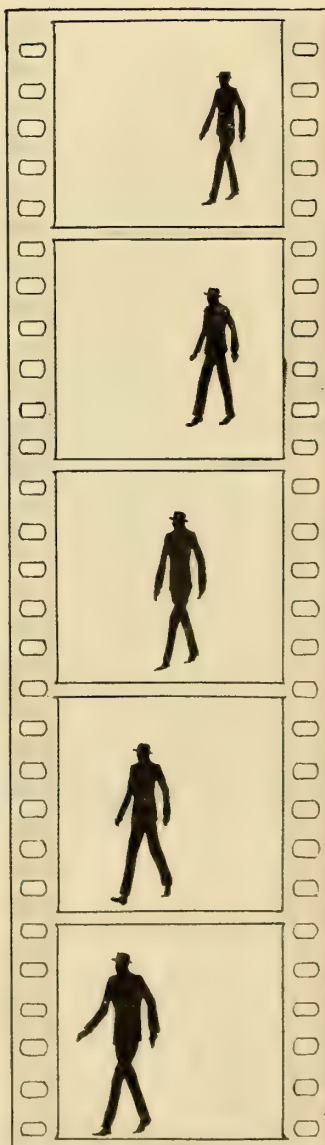
But Williams wouldn't let go of the idea. He kept right at it,



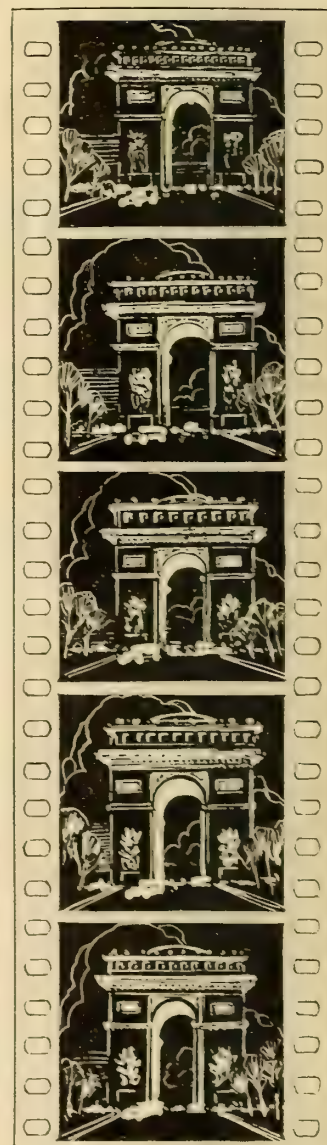
NO. 1



NO. 2



NO. 3



NO. 4



and finally, in 1917, he again tried to perfect his process, working in a laboratory furnished by Adolph Zukor, of Paramount. But again he faced defeat, and for the same reasons—mechanical inaccuracies and improper film.

**F**INALLY, six years ago, his efforts were crowned with success. The Williams moving mat process was used in a Universal picture, "Wild Honey," and acknowledged commercially. Williams received a great deal of help and gives much credit for this to Elmer Sheeley, then a Universal art director, especially in the building of the miniatures

Through the better grade of film, a motor-cranked camera set on a solid tripod, and through his own printing machine, built according to Williams' own drawings at a cost of \$18,000, one whose accuracy is to within one ten-thousandth of an inch, all the obstacles which had frustrated him so long were overcome, and Williams' moving mat process came to life, as perhaps the greatest single invention in motion pictures since that of the camera itself.

Once having demonstrated what he could do in "Wild Honey," in which he made a miniature stream appear a rushing torrent over a hundred feet high which pursued Priscilla Dean down a dry stream bed and finally engulfed her, Williams did



Frank Williams, the man who invented the new miracle traveling mat process and made possible most of the wonders which we see in motion pictures today

not have much trouble getting producers to listen. This "Wild Honey" thrill was the forerunner of all big water spectacles, and when shown to C. B. DeMille gave him the idea for the parting of the Red Sea. DeMille admitted that this flood was the greatest spectacle he had ever seen up to that time.

In trick photography miniatures have always been a very important part. It would hardly do to burn a huge building to have a woman carried from the blazing structure, and this the Williams process makes unnecessary.

**T**AKE the thrilling rescue from the burning tenement in "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." A replica of a New York tenement was built in miniature at the studio where the picture was made. We will say for illustration that the scale used in erecting the miniature was one and one-half inches to a foot, or one-ninth the actual size.

In working with miniatures there are two very important things to be considered, and these must be worked out with mathematical precision, if Williams is to be given a perfect negative on which to transpose living actors through his traveling mat. One is to make the miniature look the proper height. This is done by placing the camera [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



NO. 5



NO. 6

## Never Before Told

This set of illustrations graphically explains for the first time the marvelous traveling mat process invented by Mr. Williams, which makes it possible for one cameraman to take a background in Europe, another to take the action of moving persons in Hollywood, and to combine them in one motion picture so that when it appears on the screen the action seems to take place against the background so perfectly that it cannot be detected by the human eye.

Follow this explanation carefully, and the method will be clearly demonstrated to you.

No. 1. This is the negative of the moving figure taken in front of a white background. In the negative, white appears black and black appears white. It is from this negative that the Williams traveling mat, which has revolutionized motion pictures, is made.

No. 2. This is a print made from the No. 1 negative and is printed on film of extreme contrast. In this the white and black values are given their true tones.

No. 3. This is the No. 2 film intensified in a silver nitrate solution so that it becomes a dead black silhouette, while the rest of the film is transparent.

No. 4. This is the background negative which can be taken any place in the world or made from still photographs or from miniatures. This background negative can have put in it any motion required.

No. 5. This shows the most important step in the Williams' moving mat process. In front you see the moving mat or drawing No. 3. In the middle is the background negative, drawing No. 4, and at the back is the unexposed film on which they are to be printed concurrently. By this double printing, you get a print of the background negative, which leaves an unexposed portion in each frame, corresponding exactly to the figure you see in drawing No. 1.

No. 6. The result of the double printing being made in No. 5, which leaves a silhouette blank space of the moving figure, is again double printed and into the blank space is printed the real photographic action taken in the original negative.

Thus you see that one double printing has left a blank silhouette space into which the real action is double printed in every detail.



# There is No Formula



You'd expect—if you didn't know her—a girl like Gloria would have some secret talisman for success. But just like anybody's maiden aunt, Gloria recommends WORK. 'Sfierce!



If you believe Gloria didn't always intend to be a success, look at this picture taken when she was less than no time at all. Gaze on that mouth, those eyes, even those nose. Those are determined features, you'll agree with me, partner

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Ten years ago a girl of sixteen, with her aunt, visited the old Essanay motion picture studio in Chicago. She was interested in what she saw, asked if she could not appear as an extra in a picture, and, a few days later, got her chance.

Today she is an actress of exceptional talent and drawing power, and is one of the most widely-known women in the world. Her face is familiar in every country where motion pictures are shown. Her salary exceeds that of any other actress on the screen. She is one of the best-dressed women in the world, and her styles in clothes, hats, jewelry, hair-dressing are copied by women and girls in every civilized country.

*By Gloria Swanson*

**M**Y formula for success? As the old lady said when she first saw a hippopotamus—"There ain't no such animal." What I mean is that I have not, I never have had any formula which could be applied to all cases. So many elements have entered into my life, even from the time I was a baby, that I am unable to pick out any one cause for being what and where I am today.

But I can give you one rule which, if adhered to, will make success more easy of attainment. It is contained in the old proverb from the Arabic: "Only the fool makes the same mistake twice." In other words, every experience in life, whether good or bad, contains a lesson. If you will find this lesson, if you will profit by it, if you will make use of it later in life when the occasion demands, you will find that your problems will be simplified and your path to success infinitely more easy.

Almost everyone, when asked to what his or her success is attributable, says: "Work; unremitting labor." That is so trite that I am tired of hearing it, but it is none the less true in the great majority of cases. It is true in my own case also, to some extent.

But, as I said, there were other elements. I must have had some innate adaptability for a theatrical career. That gave a foundation on which to build, at least.

Then there was what motion picture people call "the lucky break." Don't tell me there is no such thing as luck. I know better. I've had it—both kinds—but the good has predominated.

Of course, there has been work—hard work. But it always has been work that I enjoyed, and every new bit of work has taught me something. Trite though it may be to say, I know that, no matter how strong your foundation, no matter how carefully your plans are laid, your superstructure cannot be erected without work.

But, far back of all these, before I knew anything about any inborn love for the theater, or work, or the lucky break, I was fortunate enough to have a background which few girls are privileged to have. For that my parents were responsible, and I have never ceased to give thanks that they were as they were. To them and to their treatment of me as a child I give the lion's share of the credit for what I am.

My father was the greatest single influence in my life during the years when my mind was plastic, when it was in the formative state. But for him I might have been a stenographer or a clerk in a department store. (Incidentally, I have been ac-



# for Success

But there is a rule  
that helps to bring it

At nine, clutching the doll  
and rosemary for remem-  
brance. Also wearing a wed-  
ding ring on the wrong finger  
of the right hand



The young intellectual. Gloria was half-past five when she tried this out on the family album. The long, straight bob, the Windsor tie, the Byronic collar, all these showed how the wind, for the little Swanson ship, was blowing



Gloria was fifteen when she first put her hair up. Wearing the gold beads her Dad had given her, she recorded the big event. At this time she lived at an army post. There were scads of beaux there but we wager she never dreamed her third husband would be a French marquis

cused of holding that last-named position, but really, I never did.) It was his philosophy in my up-bringing more than anything else which gave me the wisdom, the ability and the strength to take advantage of the opportunities which, later in life, came my way.

It was due to him that the possibility of failure in anything I might wish to undertake never has entered into my scheme of life. Don't misunderstand that statement. It is not actuated by conceit, by egoism. What I mean is this: Many people, with a definite object in view, permit themselves to be daunted by possible difficulties. They look ahead, see that the path to their goal is not perfectly clear and straight, and they erect in their minds a wall of possible failure which, while wholly imaginary, is, nevertheless, hard to surmount.

I have never erected such a wall for myself, and I have started some enterprises which, to an onlooker, might have seemed extremely difficult, even impossible, to carry through. If I had had that wall of doubt to surmount, I probably should have failed. Without that staring me in the face, success was infinitely more simple.

Again I want to plead not guilty to any charge of conceit in this regard. It was self-reliance, not egoism. I was brought up to believe in myself, to feel that whatever I desired I could do or get if I went after it the right way—and kept after it. I was educated by my father not to a disregard, but to an absolute ignorance of the possibility of failure. In the English hunting field, it is the ambition of every sportsman to "ride straight"; that is, to let no obstacle turn him from a direct course after the quarry. That was the training my father gave my mind.

Of course, I did not [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



Her father, Capt. Joseph T. Swanson of the U. S. Army, Gloria says, more than any other person, made her the remarkable woman she is today



# Your Name! What Does



The rules say that Doug's "vibrations" are happier than Mary's

This article shows how you can figure out the influences of your name according to rules of numerology, as many famous folks have done



According to numerology, 1926 will be Mary Pickford's great year

*By Elizabeth Sears*

A FEW years ago a brisk young Western chap came to New York, intent upon conquering it in a business way. At a dinner attended by many men of distinction, he met a former schoolmate who had become rather noted in his own line of work—so noted, in fact, that if I mentioned his name, you might recognize him at once.

"Hello, Bill," greeted his former schoolmate, cordially.

The man bent a reproachful look on him while he was shaking hands.

"My name is David, now," he reminded him. "For the luvva Mike don't call me 'Bill.' No one calls me 'Bill' any more."

The Westerner thought his schooltime friend was having a joke with him.

"Why the change to Biblical nomenclature?" he said. "You haven't had to change the rest of your name, too, I hope."

The schoolmate took it very seriously.

"The name of 'Bill' was a cross vibration," he explained. "It was causing me many obstacles and difficulties to overcome that were entirely unnecessary. I merely changed my name to a happier vibration—and I have been wonderfully successful ever since."

The newcomer, never having heard of vibrations or numerology before, was plainly mystified. He wrote home confidentially that he had met his old friend Bill and that too much success had turned his brain a bit—he said very odd things.

As a matter of fact, the friend had merely exercised his right of choice in the selection of the new materials for success and had harmonized his numerical vibrations with that of the line he wished most to succeed in.

Everybody has ability in some line. It is merely a question of knowing in just what direction it lies and in learning how to use it after we have located it. For even a mountain of gold would be of no material benefit to you if you did not have the machinery for putting it in active circulation—would it?

**N**UMEROLOGY teaches you not only how to release your ability but how to hook it up with opportunity. And ability

hitched wisely with opportunity will bring the happiness and peace of mind that every human seeks.

It is the simplest thing in the universe—the secret of cause and effect. It is the law on which the universe is based—the law by which the worlds revolve—as old as life itself.

Follow this law and your life winds on with a precision and a system that makes your work easy to your hand.

Fight it, either consciously or unconsciously, and your life becomes tangled in a snarl of baffled aims and purposes.

It is like rowing a boat in a strong and friendly current—if you guide your boat properly the current will do the rest.

When you deal with mathematics, as you know, you are held to a definite law and its operation. If you are given a sum in multiplication, for instance, you must multiply by the rule if you expect to work the problem.

You cannot work it according to your own sweet will and accept such answers as please your fancy. There is one correct rule and one correct answer and unless you do it right, there is little achievement in trying to work the problem at all.

That, in short, is the law of Numerology. Each life has its own numerical law—each year has its own numerical influence—each day has its definite numerical rule. But, just as you cannot hope to successfully work the hard problems in cube root until you have mastered the rules of addition and subtraction, so you cannot master the law of Numerology in one sitting.

It is not a system of fortune telling. Nor is it a magic formula by means of which the world will place garlands of success at your feet without effort on your part.

**B**UT by a twenty minute study each day of charts as set before you in this series, you can master its laws and learn to so work with them as to change your entire viewpoint on life within six months.

The laws of your neighbor may not be your laws as he may be set to learn a lesson vastly different from yours.

Therefore, while you may sympathize with him, you do not envy nor emulate him. You concentrate your attention upon your own problems and your own opportunities for service to humanity.



For Art's sake. Art, who? Art Rankin, of the "Fighting Blood" series. A mere matter of pigmentation no longer stands in the way of getting a good role. Arthur got a peroxide shampoo and a part in "The Volga Boatman"



# it Mean to Your Destiny?

It is not at all mysterious. It is merely a rate of vibration from which we derive our conceptions of form, color, sound and motion.

Life is eternal and death is merely a change in the rate of vibration into another form, with the God Consciousness as the motive power.

The success of our life, therefore, depends upon the amount of that God Consciousness that is recognized by us.

Everybody has witnessed the seeming mystery of seeing the spokes of a wheel vibrate so rapidly as to be lost to sight.

Common sense and familiarity tell you that those spokes have not vanished—they have only vibrated so rapidly as to vanish from the sight. On one plane of vibration they radiate placidly from the hub.

Speed up the rate of vibration and they become as one spoke.

Hurry it still further and they vibrate so fast as to become invisible to the eye.

**N**OTHING cryptic or mysterious or magical about that, is there?

Individual problems are often seemingly difficult to adjust, because in the ordinary concept of life everything is regarded as being on a group basis.

We are continually making our adjustments according to this group idea. Marriage, for instance, although it is an individual proposition, must conform to the family group concept. So that each fact in the study of Numerology must be regarded in its relation to the unit.

Numerology, therefore, is only a key by which we may regulate natural power and use it advantageously. It is such a tremendous power, that one must learn to work with it carefully, else its terrific force may prove to be a menace instead of a benefit.

Many who use it unconsciously, without recognizing it for what it is, have suffered from an abuse of its power.

Work slowly and carefully, in studying each chart before hurrying on to the next, in order that your mind may be fully prepared for each step.

There's a lot more to it than in figuring out the numbers of your name. For if you do not know what to do with them, once you have them figured, where are you?

Mystery has no power or

force within itself—it is only something that we do not understand. A total eclipse, for instance, in an educated world, is an event that draws scientists to learn more of the operations of the law of the universe. Savages, on the other hand, believe that if they beat drums loudly and long enough, that the dread

visitor will pass away of itself without doing them any harm. The vanishing of the spokes in the wheel under high speed would be mysterious did we not understand the laws of vibration, but knowing them, the thing is robbed of its mystery.

By learning how to divine your numerical influence from your name and the date of your birth, you will have the chart of your life set plainly before you. It will be your strength if you study and follow your law and your weakness if you work on your negative plane instead of your positive one.

The origin of Numerology need not trouble us beyond the fact that we know that Pythagoras sought for new sciences to teach his pupils and went into Egypt to seek an unknown law that was practised there. He found it in use in the temples

there and its origin then was lost in antiquity. There were no written instructions for pupils in those days and the only record for ages was that which was passed by word of mouth from one student to another.

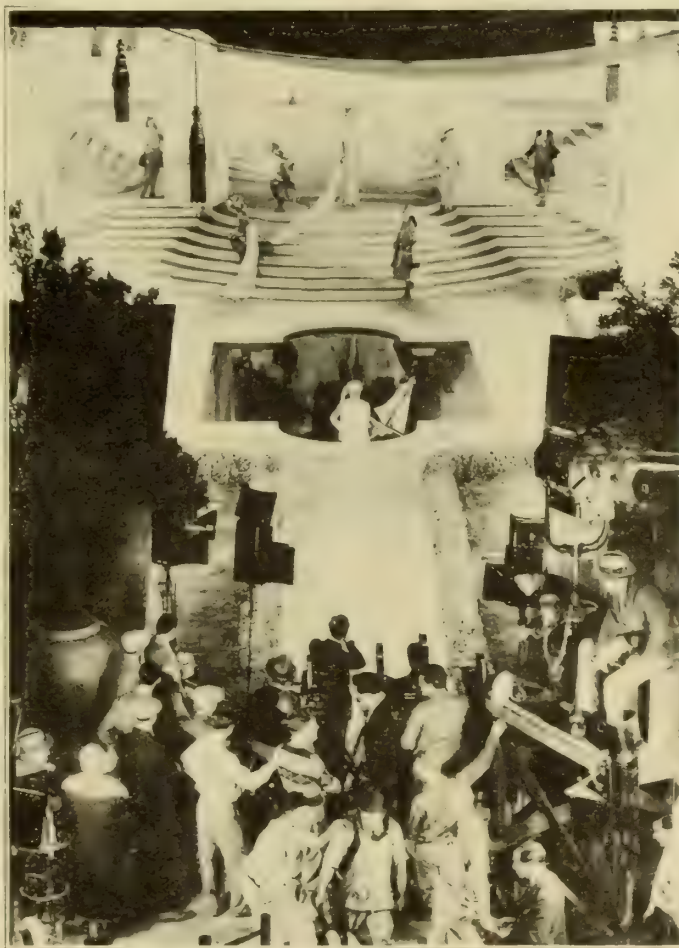
The science of Numerology, however, was taught in China, in Persia, in India and by the Greeks and Hebrews. The Kaballa was one of the first written keys to the Scriptures and has taught the false sense of the limitation we put on our own powers and the logic of relying upon the law of numbers and its influence.

The numbers of your name, for instance, when properly compiled, will give you the motivating power of your life—it tells the innermost aspirations of your soul and just what powers have been given you in this world to attain your inner ambition. It tells you the line of endeavor in which you will best succeed.

Your birth number tells you the lesson you have come on earth to learn. For you are literally working out your own salvation, you know. And knowing this, it is your job to pay attention to that lesson. The lesson your neighbor must learn is not yours and any envy you expend on the success that may come to him, only

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

**T**HERE is much discussion nowadays about numerology. Many famous actors and actresses, writers, and artists have changed their names, following its rules. PHOTOPLAY, unbiased but interested, here publishes the first of a series of three articles on the subject. Perhaps you will want to change your name. But read next month's article before you make up your mind to change it without marrying.



Filming a fashion show in Colleen Moore's next picture, "Irene." Note the set which will appear as a magnificent ballroom with models walking down the center. Scores of powerful lights and four cameras are trained upon it





Overnight, at nineteen, Dolores Costello is the sensation of the screen. Being her father's daughter has been at once a help and a handicap. One company, not recognizing her latent beauty and talent, let her slip through their fingers with the result that she is now Warner Bros.' greatest gift to mankind



# "The Exquisite Dolores"

That is the name which  
Howard Chandler Christy  
gave to Miss Costello

*By Ivan St. Johns*

**W**E were dining of a Tuesday evening in the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador, that being the habit of many of the picture colony.

Connie Talmadge and Buster Collier were putting all other dancers to shame, and Virginia Valli had a bizarre new haircut, and Bob Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead were adding a little more weight to the rumor of their engagement.

At our table were two of the most beautiful women in the room—Mrs. Ray Long, whose profile is one of the screen's greatest losses, and Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy, who inspired her husband to create the Christy girl and become famous as an artist. Mr. Long, who of course is the great editor, and Mr. Christy were along to protect their wives from producers with picture contracts under their arms.

Mrs. Christy is one of those marvelous dinner partners who can stop talking brilliantly in order to listen intelligently. You have no idea how rare women of that kind are becoming.

Said I to her, "This girl is lovely. She's charming. She's—she's—just what is the one right word for her? There's a right word for every woman, isn't there?"

"Oh, decidedly," said Mrs. Christy.

"Lovely—charming—No, I've got it. Exquisite. Exquisite is the word for her."

"I'll bet you a new hat," said a voice in my ear—odd, the way husbands are always listening in on your dinner conversation with their wives—"that I know whom you're talking about. I swear I didn't hear you mention any names, either."

Now there are a lot of girls in Hollywood, as you may have heard before, so the odds were against him and you might think I'd have been safe in taking him up. But this fellow Christy is too highly rated as a connoisseur of women and beauty to make that safe at any point in the game.

"The girl in Hollywood to whom the word exquisite belongs exactly and entirely is Dolores Costello," said Howard Chandler Christy.

So I was glad I hadn't wagered him a new hat. It's hard enough to get shoes for the kids these days without buying hats for distinguished artists.

"We were up at Mary and Doug's the other evening when they ran Jack Barrymore's new picture, 'The Sea Beast,'" he went on, "and I was entranced. She's one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen. I said then that we should christen her 'The Exquisite Dolores,' as a Prince of Wales once titled Mrs. Robinson, 'The Exquisite Perdita.'"



"The Sea Beast," in theory, stars the handsome John Barrymore. In fact, it is the beauty and ability of Dolores that relieves it of its gruesome quality

Well, a man likes to have his judgment backed by authority, and all this gave me courage to confess that after ten years in Hollywood, I had my first "screen crush."

"Congratulations," said my wife, from across the way—really, you have no privacy at a dinner party any more—"I'm glad to know you've such good taste."

It's almost insulting how sure that woman is of me!

"Who is this wonder?" said Ray Long. "I suppose it reveals an abysmal ignorance, but I never heard of her. You mustn't blame me because I'm only a poor editor from New York and I can't keep up with pictures."

So I told him.

At that, it didn't display any ignorance, for this little Costello girl is the very newest of the new finds. I first fell for her when she rescued me from the boredom of the James Cruze-Fannie Hurst potboiler, "The Mannequin." Only the memory of "The Covered Wagon" and the fact that it brought me my original glimpse of the exquisite Dolores will ever make me forgive Jimmy for that one. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



This is the young Dolores. She used to double for her dad, playing sequences in which he was supposed to be a little boy





Lloyd Hughes and his beautiful wife, Gloria Hope, whose promising screen career was sacrificed at the shrine of her love for Lloyd. Nowadays she is simply Mrs. Lloyd Hughes and declares fondly that's electric lights enough for her



# Just an American Youth

No Valentino, no Gilbert, no sheik or fiery lover,  
but how folks like him

By  
Madeline Mablon

**W**HAT sort of a palpitating story can you weave about a man who has been married to the same wife for four and one-half years? And still loves her.

Who has known her for seven and one-half years. And still adores her.

Who rarely drinks—but smokes cigarettes . . . manfully.

Whose first trip to New York occurred but a year ago and he's upward in his twenties.

Who is as handsome as Adonis and certainly deserves to be the eleventh of PHOTOPLAY'S ten handsome heart-tremblers.

Who has fine eyes and beaming teeth.

But who has no past from which to pluck veiled allusions about erotic meanderings, or to manufacture subtle innuendoes about a dimly-curtained orgy.

Just what chance has poor Lloyd Hughes, handicapped as he is, to achieve any publicity?

And yet, unfortunate as it may seem to the reader of flamboyant literature with an appetite whetted to sensational seasoning, it is gratifying to note the requests that come in, fan-wise, for more information about Lloyd Hughes. It is more than gratifying. It is encouraging. It is stimulating. It renews faith in human nature.

It may mark the beginning of the Great American Renaissance. It may be the voice of the backbone of the nation, rebelling at the horde of foreign talent men and women, being slued down its throat. Anyway it's a mighty howl for the typical American youth, after many seasons of sloe-eyes and slow motions.

**I** AM cursed with a sentimental feeling for Lloyd. Not the sentiment that Ronald Colman . . . or Richard Dix . . . inspires. Oh, no! But the thrill you get when you pick up your School Girl Days Memory Book.

"This is the invitation to Undine's Hal-lowe'en party . . . and this favor is from Myrtle's picnic that summer day." Circumspect little tremors.

Whenever I see Lloyd a prudent quake runs over me, snake-like. You see, Lloyd was the very first actor in greasepaint that I sighted in Hollywood. He was playing with Colleen Moore in "The Huntress." I, just employed on

the same lot, was on the still-hunt for a real live actor in greasepaint and mascaro. Lloyd, being first glimpsed and fully living up to my expectations of what an actor should look like, remained forever enshrined in my memory.

But that's not unusual. It would make no difference if Lloyd were an actor or a drummer of canned goods, he would immediately and lastingly impress with his wholesome manner. He typifies the real American boy. Clean as the wind of the prairie, invigorating as a cool swim at dawn.

He is of the wholesome clan of Richard Dix, Conrad Nagel, Jack Mulhall. Maybe not as magnetic as Dix, lacking the asceticism of Nagel and without the gay Celtic humor of Jack Mulhall, but nevertheless, as typical of the American youth as could be found in any of our colleges.

Lloyd is a real Westerner, minus the chaps and vernacular. He was born in Bisbee, Arizona, and when a little lad moved with his parents and only brother to Phoenix, from whence they eventually migrated to Los Angeles. He received his education in Los Angeles and in approved Alger fashion, during his summer vacations, apprenticed himself to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker. Which accounts for the fable that Lloyd stepped from the butcher's delivery wagon into the more  
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



When Greek god meets Greek god. However, Lloyd Hughes is deliberately the gentleman minus the bow and arrow, preferring to be known as a typical American youth rather than a great lover





# Easter Bonnets Done in Sonnets

By Margaret E. Sangster

As worn by COLLEEN MOORE in "So Big"



DESPITE the bows and furbelows they weren't very pretty,  
The bonnets that the 'nineties bought, and yet each girl would wear  
A gaudier monstrosity—and like it, more's the pity,  
Although it veiled her pretty eyes, and hid her lovely hair.  
A ruffle and a willow plume; a ribbon and a flower  
With wired velvet for a frame—one must be smart, you know!—  
And fashion is a playful jade, that laughs at us, one hour,  
Before she suddenly swings back to styles of long ago.

Despite the bows and the furbelows they weren't very stunning,  
The bonnets that the 'nineties wore—it is a sorry fact.  
But there were faces that *could* make such garish headgear cunning,  
And there were smiles that dazzled one with what the bonnet lacked!  
Oh, fashion snickered in her sleeve and whirled the years away,  
And looked ahead and saw the hats that women wear today—

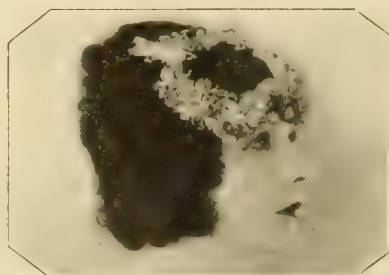
As worn by BETTY BRONSON in  
"Not So Long Ago"



HER silken bonnet, frilled with lace,  
Was dark outside, and soft within—  
It framed a winsome, wistful face  
Free of all thoughts of guile or sin!  
An April face, where sun and shine  
Were followed by swift, gem-like tears;  
A wee forgotten Valentine,  
Made fragrant by the phantom years!

One wonders if the young men dared,  
To kiss the softly smiling lips  
Framed by this bonnet? If she cared  
While wearing it, that youth-time slips,  
Forever from the heart, and goes,  
As swiftly as June's fragile rose!

As worn in "Secrets" by  
NORMA TALMADGE



THE tiny wreath upon her head  
Was scarce a hat at all, although  
Girls wore them, many years ago!  
It tells us of a day, long dead,  
When ladies, crinolined, were led  
Through measured dances, graceful, slow . . .  
When eyes, demure, glanced out below  
The pastel flowers . . . When cheeks were red.

A little wreath of rosebuds, twined  
With pansies and with mignonette—  
It made the stoutest heart forget  
The stately dance! It made the mind  
Whirl in strange rhythms, and it made  
Youth oddly gallant—and afraid!

As worn in "Little Old  
New York" by MARION DAVIES



OH, Central Park was far uptown,  
And Broadway was a village street,  
When ladies wore this sort of gown,  
And looked, with glances coy and sweet,  
From underneath a leghorn swept  
With shaded plumes . . . Their bonnets came  
From Paris! How girl pulses leapt  
Then, just as now, to see that name.

A hat from Paris, tied beneath  
The dimples of a lovely chin;  
A lily in a chiffon sheath—  
Rose petals, and a rose within!  
Ah, when New York was young and gay,  
And bonnets came from far away!

Nineteen-Twenty-Six Models

As worn by CLAIRE WINDSOR and HELENE COSTELLO



SHE wears a hat of straw and lace and buds and crepe georgette,  
When she would be a springtime song, a waltz tune softly played;  
But when she looks, on havoc bent, through laces that have strayed  
Across her eyes, beware of her! She makes the heart forget  
To beat in time, and there is power and passion and regret  
In her half hidden glances! Do you choose the pensive maid—  
Or do you like the siren best, or are you half afraid  
To place your choice on either? Oh, each one is sweet, and yet—

Perhaps there is a siren, too, half hidden in the glance  
Beneath the flowered, girlish hat—and, oh, the luring lace,  
May hide a wistfulness unguessed in a half-smiling face!  
Oh, both of them spell mystery and magic and romance,  
For any lady in a hat that frames her loveliness,  
Is touched with charming secrets that no man may ever guess!





# Hail and Farewell

By  
Adela Rogers St. Johns

A tribute to the memory of Barbara La Marr by one who knew her

IT is very hard for me to write this story.

I should like to lay it among the flowers about that golden bier where she lies so quietly, the great heart and restless spirit still at last.

I should like to kneel down beside her there and say, "Just from me to you, Bobby. Because I loved you always."

But it does not seem to me that there are colors enough upon my pen, nor depths enough in my heart, nor music enough in my poor words, to write the last story of Barbara La Marr as it should be written.

The fatal gift of beauty! Helen's laid mighty Troy in ashes and Cleopatra's cost Mark Antony the world. But Barbara's destroyed only herself.

She was like a great Jacqueminot rose, warm, sensuous, sweet—sweet. The perfumeless orchid could never suggest Barbara, because of her sweetness. And I cannot think of her as dead. Somewhere she is going on, the dross of that fatal beauty burned away and the generous soul marching to new music. No creator, rich though he be, could afford to waste some of the things he gave to Barbara. They must continue.

It carried her to the very pinnacle, that beauty. But sometimes, knowing her as I did, I think it gave her none of the things her heart really longed for, and that the saddest thing about Barbara La Marr was not her death but her swift, hot, violent life, that preyed vampire-like upon her beauty and allowed so much of her genius and womanliness to waste.

WIND-SWEPT, storm-tossed Barbara. In her heart was always that dream-haven of a home, and children, and the one man to whom she could be faithful companion and gentle comforter as well as love's delight. But she never quite reached it. How could she be true to her course when continually life tempted her to rich and pleasant isles, where she might rule as queen—and the moon of her own loves changed the tides and deceived her again and again?

Life wore her out. In her thirty years, she lived centuries. Perhaps no other woman except Mary Stuart ever packed so much life into so short a space of time.

Perhaps she is glad to lie there quietly, her eyes closed, receiving the final applause of tears. It was the last thing she said, "I am so tired. I want to rest."

I shall never forget the first time I ever saw her.

Twelve years ago—thirteen, maybe. I've forgotten. I was



SOMEWHERE, back of the sunset,  
Where loveliness never dies—  
She dwells in a land of glory,  
With dreams in her lifted eyes.

And laughter lives all about her,  
And music sways on the air;  
She is far from all thought of sadness,  
Of passion, and doubt, and care!

The flowers of vanished April,  
The lost gold of summer's mirth,  
Are wrapped, like a cloak, about her,  
Who hurried, too soon, from earth.

And we who have known her splendor—  
A beauty that brought swift tears;  
Will cherish her vision, always,  
To brighten the drifting years!

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER

a cub reporter then. I had been sent to cover the story of a girl who had been kidnapped by her sister and some men, and brought back to her father by the strong arm of the law.

It was in a lawyer's office, I think. Might have been the district attorney's. The details are blurred.

But one thing is not blurred. The divine beauty of that girl.

I remember that she had on a dark blue serge sailor suit, well above the tops of her high, brown shoes, and a funny, black poke bonnet. But I thought then, what I have known since, that the face inside that poke bonnet was the most beautiful I had ever seen or ever would see.

She was always beautiful, and in the end she came, of course, to have every aid and setting for beauty that money could buy and art devise. For all that, I think she was most beautiful as a girl, in her cheap, common, clothes.

SHE was shy, frightened, nervous. She hadn't wanted to go away with those people. But they must have seen, even then, that such a face was worth a fortune. We sat down in a corner, and at first she could not talk. She believed their designs had been evil. Then we began to giggle over something or other—she was only fifteen, and I was about seventeen, I suppose. And then we became friends.

We were friends from that moment until I got a telegram from her only a few days ago signed, "Love forever, Barbara." It will have to be forever now, Bobby.

Not long after that I stood in a Los Angeles courtroom and heard the judge speak that famous line, "You are too beautiful to live in a big city."

Shall I tell you what Barbara did? I have never told it. But it was so like her. She giggled. I think she thought he was kidding her. But outside in the marble corridor, she burst into tears on my shoulder. Because that sentence meant that she had to go back to Imperial Valley—back to the country. And Barbara loved the pavements, and the lights, and the crowds, always.

Back she went. But you cannot shut a face like that away from life. There was a big, bronzed Arizona rancher, who used to ride by the little ranch where she lived with her father and mother. She rather liked him. I expect she smiled at him. Barbara could no more help smiling at men than the tides can help following the moon. And her smile was a candle for moths. Anyway, he picked her up one day on his horse and rode away with her. It was very romantic.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 124)



# CLOSE-UPS *and* LONG-SHOTS

Satire, Humor and  
Some Sense

By Herbert Howe

**B**EVERLY HILLS, Cal.:

The event of the month was Marion Davies' costume ball. It far overshadowed all recent film achievements in point of interest, being as lavish as "Ben Hur" and as slightly as any Ziegfeld art collection.

Elinor Glyn was there, and everybody who has IT, say nothing of those who pursue IT.

Entering in my Erte creation of a monk's robe over white golf pants I beheld a dimpled knee projecting out from behind a pillar and instantly recognized Ann Pennington. Ann should wear her mask on her knees if she wants to be disguised. Her costume was the same as she wears on the stage.

"Is there anything to drink?" I queried politely, having in mind a lemonade. "You would know," shouted John Gilbert with an implication I thought disrespectful toward my holy habit.

John was pinked out as "Red" Grange. There was a whole team of "Red" Granges.

"We were all coming in together," complained King Vidor, "but Jack had to spoil it by busting in an hour ahead."

That was in character, I reminded him, Red being always the first across the line.

**M**ARION intervened with the complaint that no one would dance with her because her poke bonnet held them all at a distance. This declaration brought the whole team into play.

Without any help from Elinor I would say that those who distinctly were IT at the party were: The hostess, attired in a Louis XVI costume, which was fetching for all the wearer's declaration against the bonnet; Anita Stewart wearing pearls and not too many; Florence Vidor as a Venetian enchantress; Claire Windsor as an Eton schoolboy; Lilyan Tashman in a backless ballet costume without too much skirt; Mrs. Charlie Chaplin as the Empress Josephine; Ann Pennington as Ann Pennington; and Adela Rogers St. Johns as a bride.

**O**UR Adela announced that she had always wanted to be a bride but had never been one, so decided to take this occasion; whereupon Ivan, her husband, grew fiery, being dressed as a bull-fighter against his will and wanting to do something to belie his pretty pink shirt. "What I mean," soothed Adela, "is that I got married in a suit, and that's not being a bride."

After all clothes do make you what you are, I observed monkishly, with regard for my Franciscan golf outfit.

At this stormy moment the strife of the St. Johns was ended by the appearance of Charlie Chaplin, as Napoleon, doing a Charleston. It was good, but matched against Ann Pennington's it was just another Waterloo.



At this stormy moment the strife of the St. Johns was ended by the appearance of Charlie Chaplin, as Napoleon, doing a Charleston

All in all, the fete was as opulent as anything that's been given at Buckingham, and a lot more fun, as the Prince of Wales would say.

**N**O BILITY from abroad, as well as the royal family from Pickfair were merged in the democracy of the Charleston with Marion's friends from the studio—and they include the whole Metro-Goldwyn lot.

The haughty lady of literature who said she didn't relish the idea of Heaven because it sounded so dreadfully democratic might not have enjoyed Marion's fete. And, then again, it might have converted her to the idea of Heaven. Personally, being a saintly character, I hope Heaven is staged as well.

**T**HE Valentinos having secured their divorce, the front pages are now cleared for another world war. Both said they were glad, and I'm sure all the rest of us are too, after reading the dispute as to babies vs. doggies. By the way, which won?

Rodolpho has more feuds than a Balkan state. In

Italy they tried to howl his picture off the screen. In Paris a mythical gent called Liederkrantz, or some such aromatic name, challenged him to a duel. And in Connecticut Natacha refused flat-footed to appear in a theater where his latest *opera* was being unwrapped.

As if this were not enough newspaper space for one man, the martial hero comes home, according to press dispatches, with a peignoir made of a paisley shawl and lined with white fur.

Maybe it's the Erte creation Lillian Gish refused to wear.

After all, Lincoln wore a shawl, so why not Rudie?

**A** STRING of barber shops is being operated in Hollywood by a company including Lew Cody, Ronald Colman, George K. Arthur, Jackie Coogan and Renee Adoree.

Boyish bobs will be in greater demand than ever with Messrs. Colman and Cody sponsoring the shears.

And with Mlle. Adoree as a tonsorial artiste we'll all be deep in mud packs. Men who avoid the barber chair as they would the electric will now go there with a song, and I, for one, will welcome a trimming regularly.

**T**HE British Federation of Labor is starting a campaign against American films.

"It is intolerable," snorts one, "that the British people should be soaked from childhood up in the manners, slang and false ideas of beauty, taste and success of the California city."

Determined to deal Hollywood a death-blow they may go so far as to recall Elinor Glyn—British arbiter of manners, beauty and taste. Then how will we know whether we have IT?



*Herb went to a party. He pursued IT. Then he learned a bad reputation is easier to overcome than a good one*

We have this consolation. Elinor already has given us "Three Weeks," "Six Days," "His Hour," "The Great Moment" and so now only has a second left anyhow.

IF ALL the English and other foreigners were suddenly withdrawn from Hollywood we wouldn't have enough left to corrupt the youth of a Fiji isle. Consider our idols: the English Chaplin, the Canadian Pickford, the Mexican Novarro, the Polish Negri, the Spanish Moreno, the Hungarian Banky, the German Lubitsch, the Austrian Von Stroheim, the Scotch Colman, the Russ Nazimova, the magnificent Italians Valentino and Montana.

Judging by the letters I receive from the British fans I gather that they feel very much like the American in respect to entertainment: they patronize what they like regardless of home ties.

Ever and anon a blustering American patriot, whose grandpop came over steerage stewed in garlic, writes in to plead for the exclusive patronage of American stars. By the same high sentiment we should prefer Rupert Hughes to Thomas Hardy, Eva Tanguay to Galli Curci and Paul Swan to the late Leonardo da Vinci.

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE announced at the preview of "The Skyrocket" aboard the Leviathan that medals would be given to listeners-in who picked up the program in England. More vocal power to the silent drama!

Producers are on the vie to find novel situations in which to give previews. "The Skyrocket" was the second to be shown on a boat. The Warner Brothers tried to show one in an airplane, but the reviewers declared it was nerve-wrecking enough to view one of the "classics" on earth.

So far as this authority is concerned I feel most classics could be shown on Mars without great local loss. However, as an aid to producers I suggest the following settings for forthcoming features:

"Old Ironsides" in the hull of the original frigate, with reviewers dressed in diving suits, "The Rough Riders" on horseback, "Siberia" in the actual locale, and "The Old Soak" three miles out, or most anywhere in New York (late of the U. S. A.).

POLA NEGRI gets in and out of engagements with the rapidity of Houdini from the handcuffs.

Her secretary recently accused a young sheik of spreading the report he was engaged to Pola.

"Not I," retorted the young man. "If I were going out for publicity I'd be original."

POLA'S latest picture is titled "Because I Love You," to which we add, "But Who?"—thus making it a song.



Anyone is liable to make criticisms. I daresay the Prince of Wales doesn't love England as a future king should when he hits it from the saddle

Valentino was the latest at two ten p. m. today.

"I hurt much but always sad," sighs Pola.

PRINCESS BIBESCO, wife of the Rumanian ambassador, fell off her horse while riding the paths of Pickfair. Simultaneously her husband was recalled from his post because of criticisms which the Princess made of America. This seems highly unfair—anyone is liable to make a few criticisms when falling off a horse. I daresay the Prince of Wales doesn't love England as a future king should when he hits it from a saddle.

IT IS fitting that Wally Beery should play P. T. Barnum on the screen, for Wally was the faithful old nurse to Mr. Barnum's elephants and knows the family well.

Wally is a sentimental fellow. He was the first husband of Gloria Swanson, and to this day he cherishes a mule named Gloria which he affectionately beats over the mountain trails.

MOVIE actresses strive to be society ladies, and society ladies seek to be movie actresses, with both succeeding quite commendably.

Nowhere is a lady quite so much a lady as in Hollywood. In remarking one of these, Michael Arlen said, "She acts as a lady should—and only as a film actress could."

THE reputation that Hollywood has so strenuously built up is being foully threatened. Will Hays started the propaganda about Hollywood being just a regular town with as many happy homes as any other. Now Michael Arlen, whom we tried our best to entertain, goes back to England and declares that Hollywood is not a modern Babylon and that there are no orgies here.

It's just such reports as these that are driving the tourists to Florida. If something isn't done to protect the bad reputation of Hollywood, real estate values will be shaken worse than by earthquakes.

PARAPHRASING Mr. Wilde: There's only one thing worse than a bad reputation, and that's a good one.

AN aphrodit of notorious love affairs entered the Montmartre cafe, and everyone stopped chattering in silent tribute to her.

"It's funny," mused Alice Terry. "If a respectable mother of six children walked in, no one would give her a glance."

I disagree. Hollywood is not so hard-hearted. We'd feel sorry for her.

LADIES of Hollywood are all of a pattern. They dress alike, bob alike and dance alike. "Every woman is just another Nash," sighs Ernst Lubitsch dutchily.





**N**OW this little girl is Mildred Gloria Lloyd. If ever a baby was born mouthing a silver spoon, Mildred Gloria's she. Papa Harold is a star and a millionaire. Mother Mildred's a beautiful lady. Could any kid ask more? Mildred Gloria's second birthday comes May 21st



# Teeter Totter

They were at  
different ends  
of the social  
scale. Then  
love began its  
balancing

By  
*Emma-Lindsay Squier*

Illustrated by  
Harley Ennis Stivers



Very much aloof  
on the stern sat  
Gina Malotte

THEY were born to be lovers; and they were not even friends. Fate had put them on opposite ends of the teeter totter of caste. A teeter totter swings up and down— Positions of the riders may be reversed—up, down—down, up. But as long as they ride, they will never come together on a common level of secure stability.

The only way it can be done is to walk carefully, accurately, and simultaneously towards the middle of the board. There the riders can stand, clasping hands, and move the board at will. Up, down—down, up. The freed ends swing skyward, drop earthward. It does not matter to the two in the middle of the board. They are balanced, steady. And they are together.

Roger's home was on the lower stretches of Fifth Avenue. Just where it runs off, like the black sheep of a respectable family, into the medley of small criss-crossing streets that have become infested with green grocer's stores, and the ever increasing population of Little Italy. That was where Gianina lived. There was no topographical line of demarcation between the Avenue and the Street. Yet they were farther apart than the poles of the North and South.

Roger Lafayette Trenton had been most correctly brought up. His early training was exactly what might have been expected of a son of a family for which a town, a battle, and goodness knows how many counties, had been named.

Gianina was the daughter of an Italian green grocer on Fourth Street. Their manner of meeting was spectacular and memorable.

Roger had found a puppy who had strayed on to the forbidden concourse of the Avenue, a bruised and battered derelict of dogdom. He realized suddenly that one of his chief underlying wants had been a dog. A real dog. Not a yippy one with watery eyes, such as his mother's friends carried in the crooks of their arms, but a friendly dog, who would wag his tail when spoken to, and could be taught to lie down and roll over.

The puppy was certainly of no pedigreed line. In fact, there seemed no specifications of any kind concerning him. He was small, yellowish, short-haired and large eared. His tail was as nature had arranged it, and there was a black spot that smudged one eye, suggesting the results of a fistic encounter. He was just an optimistic, flea-inhabited pup, with an eager licking tongue and feet many sizes too large for the rest of him. But Roger thought he was wonderful.

"Bruiser! Your name is Bruiser!" Roger told him ecstatically. The puppy wagged himself frantically, and proclaimed himself adopted.

Bruiser, however, was a son of the people. He loved alley cats and garbage cans. Thus it was one warm day in spring he escaped from his leash, with Roger running after him, and loped happily down into Fourth Street, a Street of Many Smells.

HE was seized upon by a black-eyed Italian boy and dragged into a circle of young hoodlums bent on careless, brutal fun. But the rowdyism was checked by the arrival of a panting, gray-eyed boy in a very correct suit, who held a leash in his hand.

"Put that dog down!" he said, breathing hard from the unaccustomed exertion of running. "He's mine!"

The puppy made frantic, helpless efforts to release himself. His cries were almost unendurably human.

"Oh, he's yours, is he?" the boy sneered. "Well, you can have him if you can take him!"

Roger found himself surrounded by a group of black-eyed, scowling faces. He wanted to back away. But they were all around him. There seemed to be no words spoken. He knew that they were going to rush him. He knew that he would have to fight. His face went white and tingly, and his breath came in short gasps. Somehow he got his back against a wall. Then like a whirlwind, they were upon him. He still held the leash in his hand. He struck out blindly with it.





Through the thick smoke, Gianina, scorched and disheveled, fought her way.

Suddenly he knew that he had an ally. From nowhere at all, a girl came charging, her long black hair swinging, her black eyes savage and battle-lustful.

"You dirty bums!" she shrilled at them. "You cowards, you big cheeses! Picking on one! Hurting a little dog! You beat it for home, Pepino, before I knock your front teeth through your head!" She sent Pepino whirling into the gutter.

Bruiser, released, scuttled for the Avenue, yelping shrilly. The girl made a jump and landed on another boy's back, where she clung, biting and scratching like a tiger cat. She felled him by the surprise of her attack, gave him a kick in the ribs for good measure, and jumped another assailant, just as he was throwing himself on Roger's weakened front.

They all went down together in a screaming melee of legs and teeth and flailing arms. Green grocers now came out, leisurely

picked off a combatant here and there, shook them soundly, swore at them in Italian and sent them scurrying.

The two finally stood facing each other, still ferocious, still panting. Roger really noticed the girl for the first time. She had the biggest, blackest eyes he had ever seen. He thought her quite the most beautiful girl in the world.

"I say—" he said awkwardly and admiringly, "you surely can fight!"

"You ain't no slouch yourself," she answered graciously. Then her fingers went out cautiously to the bulging pouch beneath his blackened eye.

"Gee, they bloodied you some, didn't they?"

Roger assumed a masculine nonchalance.

"It doesn't matter—not at all. I fancy we gave them something to think about—don't you?"





"Roger," she cried out to him, "if this is death, let us die together!"

She nodded, suddenly made shy by the strangeness of his manner of speech. She rather liked it. But she knew instantly that he was of The Avenue. She regarded him with a distinct withdrawal. She admired him. But he was not of her world.

They were not to meet again until some eight years later. In those eight years Roger had "done" Europe with a tutor, and had, by guidance of precept and example, become a thorough-going snob. Recalled to America by the death of his mother, there was a lengthy period of time spent at the Milready Preparatory School in company with other bored young gentlemen of his "set."

When he was eighteen, however, he found himself suddenly restless and longing for physical and mental activity.

He could be very blunt at times, despite all the time and money that had gone into shellacking him with polite restraint.

He sought his father in his study one evening, and announced his desire and intention briefly, conclusively.

"Father, I'm rather sick of being a jellyfish. If it's all the same to you, I'd like to go to work."

Burke Trenton looked at his son curiously. It struck Roger that his father was looking very bad indeed. There was something about his eyes—what was it? He failed to place that look until he caught Bruiser with an evil-smelling bone which he had dragged into the hall. Bruiser expected to be punished. He expected it at any instant. His eyes were frightened, furtive, apologetic—the eyes of a thief. Roger rebuked himself sharply for the thought. Absurd—of course.

"Well," said Burke Trenton slowly, "that isn't such a bad idea. There might come a time when business training might be an asset. If you really want to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



# STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



This contemplative highbrow youth with the watch chain and the formal tie little fancied he'd grow up to paint his face and be a play actor. His name was Ernest Carlton Brimmer then and he lived up to it. Now he's Richard Dix



Really Mildred Davis Lloyd doesn't need to look up at Red Grange, the famous football star, in that respectful, admiring manner. Red says he's going to make a million this year and retire. But Mildred's own Harold makes a million a year every year

**M**ORE movie marriages! Cupid's arms must be wearied from tolling the belfry bells for the film folks.

There were Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez, who gathered into their car several intimate friends and sped away to Riverside to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. It's Alma's third dip into the matrimonial sea and Ric's first. But that really isn't news, for friends of the two have been expecting it any day . . . they're supremely happy—both the newlyweds and their friends.

And Elinor Fair, who was a Wampas Baby Star of some years ago and sank into oblivion, to be swept to the crest of the wave when she was chosen for the feminine lead in DeMille's "The Volga Boatman," decided that she couldn't live without William Boyd. And Bill, having the same thing in mind since he first met Elinor when they were introduced as male and female leads, respectively, of "The Volga Boatman," persuaded her to fly to Santa Ana, where they became Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd.

**T**HERE'S Roy D'Arcy, too, of the toothpaste smirk in "The Merry Widow," who was married to a beautiful Kentucky society matron—Mrs. Laura Rhinock Duffy. It savors of romance—their meeting. Mrs. Duffy became intrigued by D'Arcy's portrayal of the *Crown Prince* in the picture and when her father went to California, she accompanied him, and there met the flesh-and-blood counterpart of *Crown Prince Mirko*. Followed the wedding march.

Louise Glaum, also, has left the path of single blessedness which she has been treading since 1918 when she divorced Harry Edwards,

a director, to become the mate of another director—Zachary Harris of New York. But before she became Mrs. Harris—about two weeks before—she filed a suit against the estate of the late Thomas H. Ince to gain \$405,000 which she claims is due her because of a breach of contract. She was formerly a star under the Ince banner, you know.

And then a secret wedding that has leaked out. Rosemary Theby, one of the best known vamps ever on the screen, married Harry Myers—Harry who delighted our hearts in "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." They were married in San Francisco a year and a half ago. Rosemary had been engaged to Harry Myers before he married the woman who is now his ex-wife.

**S**OME admiring friends sent a telegram of congratulation to Dolores Costello after seeing her performance in "The Sea Beast." The wire read:

"We think you are one of the greatest artists the screen has ever seen."

To which the exquisite Dolores responded:

"So's my old man."

**F**EODOR CHALIAPIN, the Russian singer, has expressed a desire to play in a picture with Pola Negri. He has been visiting Hollywood, seeing, hearing and talking movies and watching them being made.

Chaliapin and Pola have known each other for a good many years. They first met at a court function of the late Czar of Russia. The occasion was a memorable one inasmuch as

Chaliapin was jailed for singing the song of the Red revolutionists.

He may appear with Pola in her next picture.

**O**VERHEARD at a Hollywood party as Mae Murray made her entrance, wearing a beautiful white evening gown, but for some unaccountable reason, a pair of cloth of gold sandals wrapped almost to her knees:

Famous director to beautiful star:  
"Mae's not satisfied with playing The Merry Widow! She wants to be Ben Hur now."

**T**HERE is a strong report circulating through Paris that when Pearl White goes to Cairo to make a series of desert films, she will be backed by a Prince of Egypt, who will also appear in the pictures with her.

The Prince, son of the Khedive of Egypt, believes he can outdo Valentino as a screen sheik, people say. Besides investing some of the royal exchequer to finance Miss White, he will play the leading masculine rôle opposite her. He seems to feel that the public is fed up with the pseudo sheiks that the films have featured so long. Now he is going to show them what a real sheik looks and acts like.

Just how the Prince's father, the Khedive, will take his son's entry into motion pictures is causing much wonderment in Paris.

**R**EMEMBER when Corinne Griffith was quoted as saying that she couldn't stand being married to a man who had anything to do



# EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



As if it weren't enough that they are being starred by Cecil De Mille, Elinor Fair and William Boyd had to up and get married. And to each other, too. They met while playing "The Volga Boatmen." An elopement to Santa Ana did the rest



Paramount must love trouble. With Pola on the lot, it now peps up things by importing Lya de Putti. Lya, known around Berlin as a temperamental baby, recently jumped out of a hotel window there. Her first picture to reach here will be "Variety." Undoubtedly!

with the movie business? And that was why she divorced Webster Campbell, a director, and married Walter Morosco who had given up a stage career to manufacture boilers.

Well, Walter's starting to direct now. Warner Brothers have engaged him to direct Irene Rich's next picture. Friends say Corinne is bearing up well under the blow.

**"THE Best Similies of 1925,"** recently published, contain several anent the movies.

"Busy as a kiss-timer in a moving picture studio."

"As idle as a book in a movie star's library."

"Ever ready—like a taxi in a movie."

"Stands out as clearly as the bath-rooms in a Cecil De Mille photograph."

**H**OLLYWOOD and Broadway are wondering what is to become of the two children that Barbara La Marr adopted. The boy, Ivan, aged 15, is now at the home of ZaSu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery. The girl, aged 7, is at an expensive private school in Hollywood.

ZaSu took the little boy to her home at the beginning of Barbara's illness. Whether or not she intends to bring him up with her own young daughter remains to be seen. The future of the little girl depends upon the generosity of Hollywood and possible help from Barbara's father, W. W. Watson. Miss La Marr's estate amounted to less than ten thousand dollars.

**T**HE foreign invasion of stars and directors continues. Among the latest is "the blond Valentino" of Germany, whom Carl Laemmle brought home with him. His name is Andre Mattoni.

He is a son of an Italian father and an Austrian mother. I don't know what this makes Andre, but German film fans have claimed him for their own.

Mr. Laemmle also brought over E. A. Dupont, UFA's most popular director, who made the film, "Variety," which is causing a sensation in Europe. It will be released in this country under the title of "Vaudeville."

And ere long arrives Lya de Putti, another Hungarian rhapsody, to become a Paramount star. She made a great impression on visiting American producers in Dupont's picture, "Variety," which stars Emil Jannings.

Now we have Vilma Banky of Budapest, Pola Negri of Poland, Greta Garbo of Norway and Mlle. de Putti, all top-notchers, from foreign lands.

**F**ATTY ARBUCKLE is to have a chance to earn some money at last. Metro-Goldwyn have engaged him to direct a new picture called "Over Night," which will feature Conrad Nagel.

However, the film company is playing safe. Fatty's name will not appear on the credit list. For directorial purposes he has taken the name of William Goodrich.

Thus all those towns which are still barring Arbuckle pictures will have no kick coming against showing the work of Mr. Goodrich.

Fatty has given up all hope of returning to the screen as an actor, but he is an excellent director of comedy.

**"SORRY,"** says Gloria. "the stork is not 'hovering' over our house. The report has been greatly exaggerated."

Well, she ought to know.

**A**ND now Tove Jansen Blue is preparing a layette. Tove Jansen Blue is, in Beverly Hills and Hollywood circles, Mrs. Monte Blue, the beautiful wife of Monte, and the newcomer is expected early in the spring.

Of course, Monte hopes it will be a Little Boy Blue, but Mrs. Monte is preparing a layette all in blue—for a girl baby. A blue outfit for a Baby Blue.

**JACK MULHALL** says the most athletic girl he knows is the one who walked five miles for an ideal.

**N**O wonder Victor Schertzinger stopped writing songs for a living and turned to directing motion pictures. When he wrote "Marcheta," the ballad that ran a close second to "Yes, We Have No Bananas" for wave lengths traveled, the music publishers thought \$50.00 was a good price for the song.

In a recent suit against the publishers, it was revealed that "Marcheta" earned them \$250,000.

**H**ENRY KING, than whom there is no more modest director extant, told us about Ronald Colman's entry into motion pictures.

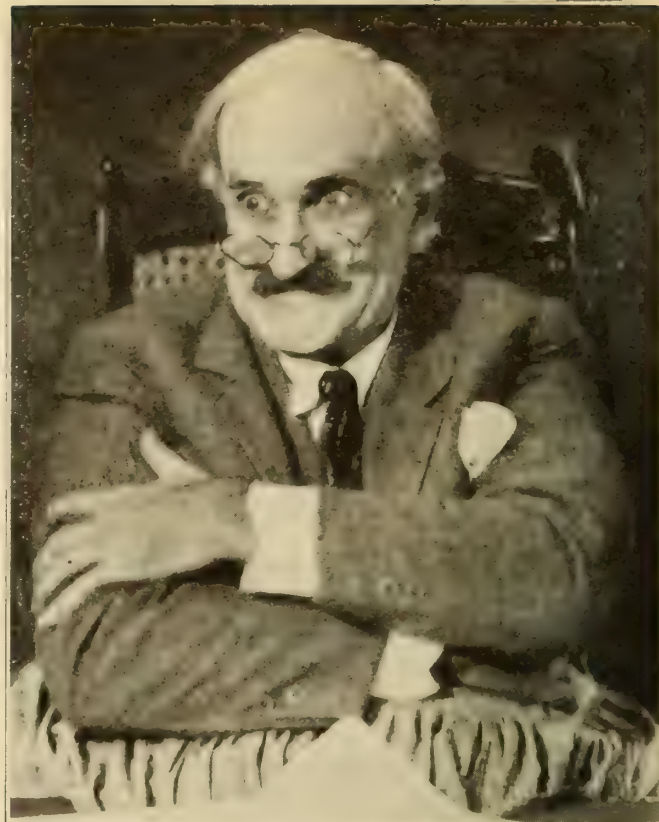
Mr. King, you recall, directed "The White Sister," in which we first saw Ronald.

Mr. King was prowling around Italian theaters and Jewish theaters and vaudeville, looking for a man to play opposite Lillian Gish





Being particularly good at discovering Latin screen material—she found Rudy Valentino, you remember—June Mathis, the famous scenario writer, recently discovered Balboni, a cameraman then. Now he's a First National director and June's husband



Disease couldn't lick Theodore Roberts. In 1923 he was taken ill. His life hung in the balance. Now he's coming back, not quite strong, but well enough to sit in his wheel chair and good enough to be starred in "The Cat's Pajamas"

in this picture. He saw Colman at the Empire Theater in "La Tendresse." Ronald, it seems, had come over from England and had knocked vainly at all the studio gates for months. So when a director, named King, sent for him, he thought it was a joke.

The first thing Mr. King said to Ronald was, "Let me part your hair." He took a comb and proceeded to regulate the mop of raven locks. Next he took a pencil and drew a mustache on Ronald's upper lip. "Seems silly, Mr. Colman," Mr. King almost apologized, "but a mustache is just what you need. Grow one."

P. S. He did and he got the job.

**N**O, gentle reader, Norma Talmadge and Tom Meighan will not make a picture together.

When the script for "My Woman" was submitted to Mr. Meighan, he found to his dismay, so they say, that Norma's part was fat and promising, while his—well, he's willing to co-star with Miss Talmadge but not to support her, cinematically speaking.

So it's all off and the two stars are looking for two new stories.

**J**OHAN GILBERT and King Vidor came to New York to attend the premiere of "La Boheme," and Eleanor Boardman trailed along soon after. Eleanor hints that she may marry in the spring, but refuses to divulge the name of her fiancé. Divulging being our favorite indoor sport, we'll let you in on the secret. King Vidor's the man who has won the heart and hand of this independent, outspoken young person. They haven't announced their engagement, but Hollywood knows it to be as much a fact as the also un-announced engagement of Florence Vidor and George Fitzmaurice.

Now, where does that leave John Gilbert? Well, he's paying a lot of attention to his baby lately, with Leatrice hovering in the back-

ground. Then at times he is attentive to Norma Shearer.

**H**AVING seen Marshall Neilan's new picture, "The Great Love," the story of an elephant, in the projection room, one of the studio officials said to him, "But, Mickey, there's some very shocking stuff in there. You know you can't do that. The censors are sure to cut it."

"Sure," said Mickey. "That's why I put it in there. They'll have a good time cutting that out and feel like they earned their money, and then they'll leave the rest of my picture alone. They've got to cut something. I think it's a great idea to put something in for 'em to cut."

**D**OROTHY GISH, recently returned from England, says the demoralizing effect of our movies on foreign peoples is really awful.

In a London grammar school a little girl was asked what M. P. stood for. Without the slightest hesitation, she replied:

"Mary Pickford."

**B**EN LYON is claiming the distinction of being the first person to have a birthday party at a railroad station. It was his 26th birthday and some friends gave him a dinner at the Pennsylvania Station in New York.

The why of it is this: the night of his birthday he was scheduled to leave for location in Florida on his new picture, "The Savage." Three hours before train time he was still up at the Biograph Studio finishing up some interior scenes of the picture. So the gang decided to hold the party in the station dining room.

**I**T was while Alan Hale, the clever actor and heavy of "The Covered Wagon," who has reformed and is now a director, was preparing to film "Brave Heart."

He had engaged Tyrone Power to play an Indian and instructed his assistant to send over Mr. Power's costume, part of which was a pair of Indian pants built along the lines of a cowboy's chaps.

Just before dinner Alan was called to the phone. It was Tyrone Power.

"Mr. Hale," said the actor, "I've just received the most extraordinary trousers as a part of my wardrobe. I can't possibly appear in them."

"And why?" asked Hale.

"Because they have no seat in them."

**M**ARIE PREVOST had two good reasons for being unusually happy last month—her rapid recovery from the effects of an operation and a new contract with Metropolitan Pictures.

And then came the news of her mother's death in an automobile accident.

Mrs. Prevost had been motoring to Florida with Vera Steadman of the Christie Studio and Al Christie, comedy producer, in Miss Steadman's car. The automobile was running at thirty miles an hour outside of Lordsburg, New Mexico, when a back wheel broke. The car spun around twice and turned over, pinning Christie and Miss Steadman beneath it. Mrs. Prevost was killed instantly, her back broken. The chauffeur was unhurt. Mr. Christie and Miss Steadman received superficial bruises.

**M**ICKEY NEILAN was some seven hours late on his set one day. And the company waited and shivered—and then shivered and waited some more.

"Must have lost his script," hazarded a member of the cast.

"Sure," says the prop boy. "Must have lost his script and is now hunting through all the shirts in the Hollywood laundry to find it."

(You see, Mickey Neilan is famous for being





Here is the way to use up your spare diamonds, girls. Set them in the dimples in your shoulders and if, as Carmel Myers seems to indicate, you have nothing else to wear except your hat, it won't matter a bit. Really it won't



No figure to speak of—no screen career to worry about. At the age of fourteen months Lois Moran could play with a milk bottle without a qualm. But now, when there is a figure to worry about, it's a raw vegetable diet exclusively

one of the few surviving directors who "shoot from the cuff"—which means the only script he ever has is what's in his head, aided by an occasional note on the cuff.)

**A** RATHER nouveau-riche Hollywood star was talking about the magnificent new mansion she was building in Beverly Hills.

"Why, I've even got a feudal system installed," said she, gravely.

**T**HE world's perfect extra has been found! Paul Powell discovered him when he was making "The Prince of Pilsen." The man's name is "Chester"—last name unknown—and he hails from anywhere.

Powell was posing them for a still picture. Chester was to stand so he partly obscured Anita Stewart, the star, and Allan Forrest was in the scene, too.

"Aw, gee! Mister Powell, I better stand in de back 'cuss nobudy kin see de ledy!"

The director and camera man fainted.

**A**DOLPHE MENJOU refuses to talk about his divorce suit. He charges in the suit that Mrs. Menjou scolded and found fault with him, calling him "good-for-nothing, puffed-up and conceited."

**P**ATSY RUTH MILLER told me this story. But she refused to divulge—beg as I might—who the original was.

There was a certain youth in Hollywood, noted for his manly beauty, who had achieved a sudden success in pictures. One day, in the flush of his rapid ascendancy, he kindly proffered a friend a picture of himself. And they went to the art shop to choose a frame for the picture.

Said the art shop keeper, scrutinizing it for a moment—it really was a handsome picture:

"This should have a narrow frame . . . because the head is so big."

And the friend replied, blandly:

"Ah! You notice it, too!"

**A**LL the first-nighters turned out for the recent opening of Sessue Hayakawa in "The Love City" on the stage in New York. Mae Murray, May McAvoy, Tom Meighan, Lila Lee, James Kirkwood, Hope Hampton, Ben Lyon, May Allison and Aileen Pringle were among the enthusiastic audience.

The play is a melodrama of the Orient.

**J**UST a poor lorn little orphan. That's the way the press painted our Nita Naldi, the beautiful bait of many a screen drama. Almost had her adopted by J. Searle Barclay, a wealthy New York clubman.

Can't you picture our little Nita, shivering in the cold in a backless sequined gown with only a rope of pearls protecting her throat from the cruel blasts over the iced caviar? The foundling—or fondling?—story emanated from Paris.

But Nita, with her customary sense of humor, laughed when she heard the fabrication, said there was nothing to it, that she wasn't even going to marry the beneficent Mr. Barclay, that French women were the loveliest in the world, that life in the Gallic capital had her completely captivated, and that she did not know when she would return to Hollywood.

**H**OWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, the famous artist, and Norma Talmadge were exchanging conversation on the set, where Christy was visiting. He was telling her about a statue of a mermaid he had seen.

"Did it have a tail?" said Norma.

"Certainly," said the artist.

"Well, it's no good then," said Norma. "No use to pull that stuff on people any more. Everybody knows about legs nowadays."

Mrs. Christy, who is terribly popular with

the girls of the film colony, cooked chicken and dumplings in Norma's bungalow the other day at luncheon time and Norma asked a number of friends in and made it a very successful affair. The chicken and dumplings were a great success, not to mention Mrs. Christy's apple pie. It is little informal affairs of that kind that can't be duplicated anywhere else on earth that give Hollywood its charm.

**D**UBLIN has banned "The Merry Widow." No direct explanation has been given by the autocratic Free State censor, and although any cuts he wished would be agreed to, he refused to pass the picture for public exhibition.

**T**HE Pickford-Fairbanks are certainly revolutionizing the Los Angeles police force.

First Doug purloins a traffic cop and makes a pirate of him for his "Black Pirate" picture, and now Mary, with a specially made gold badge, has joined the police force. That should frighten away all kidnappers.

The reason for the honor is because of the kindly manner in which Mary has depicted the officers of the law in her pictures.

Can't you just see our Mary, in her little blue uniform with the brass buttons, vigorously selling tickets to the Policemen's Ball?

**A** DISPATCH from Geneva says that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will make an Alpine picture together in Montreux, to be called "Boots of the Giants," written by Pierre Benoit. Perhaps.

**A**N enterprising salesman of Florida real estate sought an interview with Bebe Daniels for a week and finally caught her as she was leaving the Lasky studio for her home.

Mentioning the name of a mutual friend, he caught her attention momentarily and launched into his great idea, which was to sell the star some land in a section to be known as "Bebe Daniels Park." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



# SCREEN STYLES

Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these lovely things for you. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No articles sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase return it immediately and your money will be refunded without question. Send articles direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.



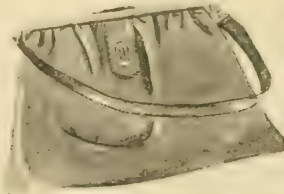
Sports events become doubly attractive when this smart sweater suit, shown on NORMA SHEARER, is worn. Trimly tailored, of zephyr wool, it comes in maize, powder blue, beige, pink, Nile or white. Sizes 34-42. \$15.00. MISS SHEARER'S new two-piece frock of crepe de chine shows a smartly different neckline. In navy, beige or Lanvin green this frock is perfect for general wear. 14-20. \$18.50



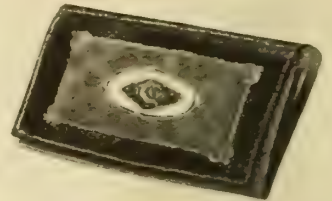
Oxfords now walk in the afternoon, and these of kid in sauterne, ivory, opal or bois-de-rose, with contrasting leather trim, are particularly smart. Sizes 3-8, AAA to D. \$13.50



The sandals come in sauterne, patent or white, with contrasting dotted trim. Sizes 2½ to 8 and AA to D. \$10.50



The general purpose leather, pouch shaped bag shown above is nicely made and may be ordered in any of the new spring shades for \$2.95



The envelope purse with its petit-point insert is attractive for afternoon use. This also may be ordered in the new colors for \$2.95



The gardenia is still the smartest of boutonnieres, and you can add this bit of spring-time to your costume for only \$1.00. White, red and pink



This charming crepe de chine gown in shell pink, peach and buttercup, sizes 34-44, is special value at \$4.95. The crepe de chine vest and step-ins cost \$2.95 each, trimmed with dainty embroidery. Shell pink and peach, sizes 34-44



BLANCHE SWEET wears this frock in "The Far Cry" and we have had it copied for you in a semi-made dress, of flap crepe. The colors are French blue, rosewood, gray or Nile. Sizes 14-20 and 34-42. The price is \$10.95



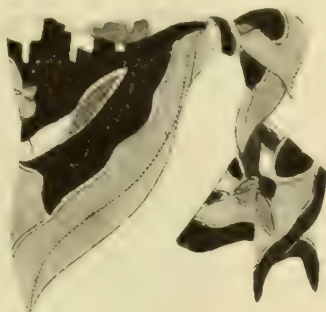
# SUGGEST SPRING



*The smart little felt hat above may be ordered in the new spring shades for the modest sum of \$3.95*



*This felt hat is for the more mature woman, and comes in a 2 1/4 inch headsize. The price is \$9.75*



*The gay silk neckerchief shown above is smart to wear with your tailored suit or coat. Price \$7.95. Pocket handkerchief to match is \$1.50*



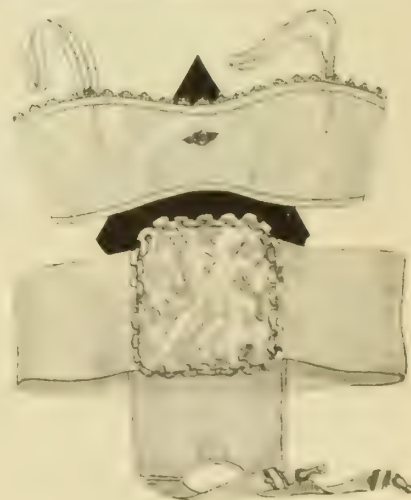
*This semi-made shantung dress is adapted from one worn by CLARA BOW in "Dancing Mothers." "Semi-made" means cut out, ready to be put together, with the most difficult part of the work, such as the tucking on the skirt, completed. Natural color only. Trimmed with green, red or blue. Sizes 14-20, and 34-44. Price \$8.95*



*These handmade undergarments of fine batiste trimmed with hand drawn work and real fillet lace, are remarkable values. The vest and step-ins cost \$1.95 each, and the nightgown is \$2.95. White only. Sizes 34-44*



*Don a bouffant taffeta evening frock like MAE MURRAY's and fare forth to spring festivities with a high heart. Pink, Nile and maize. Sizes 14-20. \$29.75. Crepe satin is smart and practical for early spring wear. This little frock of Miss MURRAY's ties its sash pertly in front. Black and cocoa. Sizes 14-20. \$18.50*



*The diaphragm belt sketched above may be worn over, or in place of, a corset, and gives the much-desired straight front and back line. Price \$3.00. State size. The dainty little bandeau comes in white or pink satin, sizes 32-38. Price \$1.00*





**DANCING MOTHERS—Paramount**

**H**ERBERT BRENON scores again. The renowned creator of film fantasy has here turned out a realistic, fast moving drama of smart night life.

It concerns a gentle wife who would a-flapping go. Her sub-deb daughter and her distinguished husband leave her home, night after night, while they seek the white lights. Finally, mother puts on her smartest evening gown and rebels. The complication is that she falls in love with the same handsome bachelor who is loved by her daughter and her husband's sweetie.

Clara Bow's performance as the peppy little daughter is beautifully handled. Norman Trevor does very well by the father. But Alice Joyce and Conway Tearle as the mother and the lover are rather disappointing.



**PARTNERS AGAIN—POTASH AND PERLMUTTER  
—United Artists**

**A**BE and Mawruss are thoroughly delightful as usual. This time they are in the automobile business. Abe, with his yard wide streak of sentimentality, gets hooked into a scheme that he fondly hopes will cover Mamma's fat fingers with square cut diamonds. Instead, he loses everything but his shirt, and thereby hangs the tale. Of course, it is up to Mawruss to get him out of the scrape.

We think there is more real romance between Abe and Rosie Potash than in all the impassioned love scenes ever devised by Madame Glyn. There is young romance in the picture, too, between Abe's niece and his head mechanic.

The number of laughs and thrills that director Henry King has wrung out of a runaway automobile and an aeroplane, is incredible. George Sidney is always a lovable Abe.

# The Shadow Stage

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*A Review of the New Pictures*



**THE GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER—Paramount**

**A**DRAMATIC bonbon that will not improve your mind nor help you hold your husband nor solve how to pay the mortgage. But how it will delight you if you belong to that class which finds an unlifted eyebrow more stimulating than a heaving chest.

It is love in high society with a charm as gentle and exhilarating as spring about it. Like all well made bonbons, it is pure and sweet and ultra-sophisticated.

Malcom St. Clair has directed it flawlessly. Another picture of this calibre from this young man and his will be a name well worth following to any box office.

The title tells the whole story. In fact, the story matters not at all in this picture. It is the talents of Adolph Menjou and Florence Vidor shining forth from it like bubbles in champagne that make it the delicious thing it is.

Florence, appearing more beautiful and smartly gowned than ever before, plays an impoverished and very grand *Duchess*. Menjou is a French sportsman, who pretends to be a waiter simply to know and serve her. Suspecting his lowly love, the *Grand Duchess*, not suspecting his wealth, determines to humiliate him into leaving. She makes him wash the dogs. She makes him take them, four wolfhounds and two poms, for a walk in the park. She makes him sleep on her doorstep and retrieve her book from her bathtub. Menjou executes all her commands, suave and smitten to the end. And then when love begins to dawn on the *Grand Duchess*—well, go see it for yourself.

Sophistication and sex at their merriest are here. Yet so beautifully is it all handled it is safe for everyone from grandma down to the baby.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Six Best Pictures of the Month

IRENE PARTNERS AGAIN THE BLACKBIRD  
THE GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER  
BEHIND THE FRONT DANCING MOTHERS

## The Six Best Performances of the Month

Adolphe Menjou in  
"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"  
Dorothy Gish in "Nell Gwyn"  
Alice Terry in "Mare Nostrum"  
Clara Bow in "Dancing Mothers"  
Wallace Beery in "Behind the Front"  
Raymond Hatton in "Behind the Front"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 132



**IRENE—First National**

**T**HIS picture is entertaining hokum in a beautiful setting. Colleen Moore is a poor little Irish tad who gets befriended by a young fellow, part owner of a modiste shop. Does he make her the head mannequin? You guessed it.

The story begins in Philadelphia where *Irene* is a member of the shanty Irish aristocracy. *Mom* takes in washing and *Pop* takes in anything containing one per cent alcohol. *Irene* is constitutionally unsuited for remunerative work. As a window demonstrator of the resiliency of somebody-or-other's patent bed spring, she takes a terrible flop. Then she tries salamandering with a girl friend, and is obliged to skate home.

Next *Irene* runs away to New York, meets the nice fella and goes to work in *Madame Lucy's* gown shop. She is not exactly *Madame Lucy's* idea of a mannequin, but the boss likes her, so there you are. *Mom* and *Pop* and the kids soon follow to live off *Irene's* swell job.

Comes the fashion show. In color. The four seasons are represented by beautiful girls in beautiful gowns and handsome settings. Of course, there isn't a stitch that you could ask your local dressmaker to copy, but what a feast for the optics! And Colleen looking like a rose petal, leading the show.

Everybody in the picture is funny except that terribly earnest young man, Lloyd Hughes. Colleen's pantomimic talents are hampered here and there by unnecessary subtitles. George K. Arthur's characterization of *Madame Lucy* is well thought out and decidedly clever. His work is one of the outstanding points of the picture.

The direction leaves something to be desired.



**BEHIND THE FRONT—Paramount**

**T**HERE are two sides to every story—even the war. "The Big Parade" was war at the height of tragedy interwoven with humor, but "Behind the Front" is a satire on the lives of the buddies "over there." It's not artistic—it's not meant to be—it's plain slapstick comedy with enough kick in it to make one realize that Sherman spoke the truth.

It is a rare and infrequent occasion that such a robust comedy is handled in such a deft way. Edward Sutherland, who is rapidly being recognized as a master of wit, has presented his humor in a straightforward manner.

Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton are, without doubt, the funniest team that has ever depicted life in the trenches. Their humor is inimitable, and if we don't see more of this splendid team, then all is lost.



**THE BLACKBIRD—Metro-Goldwyn**

**L**ON CHANEY has placed himself in the foreground as one who can accurately analyze any human soul and any human emotion. This is one of the finest characterizations to Chaney's credit. He doesn't resort to heavy make-up to put over his character. Even when he appears as the cripple, he shows how he merely throws his shoulders and hips out of joint and hobbles on crutches.

As clever as Chaney is, Tod Browning's direction is just as remarkable. In the delineation of his English characters and haunts his interpretation rings true. He has a born storyteller's gift of entertaining narrative—for he wrote the story.

It is one of those crooked affairs that is filled with suspense. Excellent entertainment and so mystifying that we'll wager you'll like to see it again.

Don't pass it up.





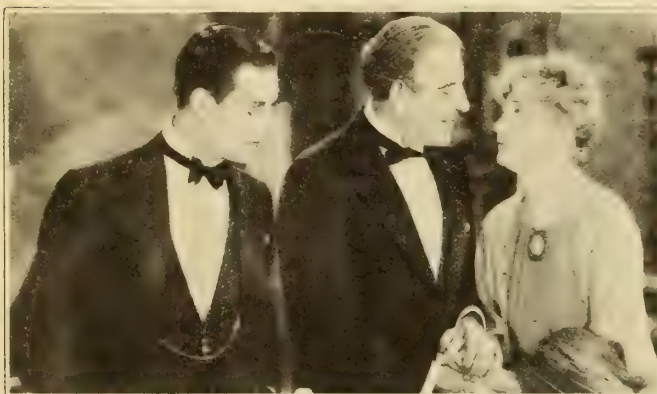
**MARE NOSTRUM—Metro-Goldwyn**

**A** MOST disappointing film from the man who directed "The Four Horsemen." Most of the New York critics dodged the issue, because of its foreign atmosphere and the reputation of Rex Ingram. Doubtful of its entertainment value they attributed to it artistic merit which it does not possess. A repulsive quality to it sent this writer to a soda fountain to get the bad taste out of his mouth.



**NELL GWYN—Paramount**

**T**HIS is the first English production to reach these shores that will meet with the approval of American audiences. Perhaps this is due to the appearance of our Dorothy Gish in the cast. Never has Dorothy done such creditable work, and, as the little impish gamin who becomes a favorite of the King, her performance ranks as one of the finest of the month. Just for the grown-ups.



**THE RECKLESS LADY—First National**

**B**ELLE BENNETT and Lois Moran are together again in another vehicle with a mother love theme. But it hasn't the poignant heart-appeal of "Stella Dallas." It's about a mother who frequents the gambling houses in Paris in order to furnish her daughter with the necessities of life. Of course the daughter is ignorant of the mother's carryings-on, but all the dirt comes out in the wash. Good entertainment.



**DANCE MADNESS—Metro-Goldwyn**

**T**HERE'S nothing new in the plot—hubby wandering away from the fireside and wife setting out to win him back—but the whole picture is filled with such a gay and humorous charm (thanks to Robert Leonard, the director), that you'll just love it. And, too, it establishes Conrad Nagel as a splendid comedian. It's too sexy for the children.



**ROCKING MOON—Producers Dist.**

**A** GOOD story against a new and interesting background. Rocking Moon is an island in Alaskan waters, owned by Sasha (Lilyan Tashman), only descendant of the Russian settlers who discovered it. Sasha raises blue foxes. The beautiful creatures scamper through the picture. Laska Winter gives an interesting interpretation of a half-breed Indian girl who wants the love of a white man.



**MEMORY LANE—First National**

**W**RITTEN and directed by John M. Stahl, this is one of the most delightful and charming romances screened. To begin with, the production is not pretentious, and Stahl has done his work with feeling and discrimination. As to the story—well, it's about two boys and a girl. The cast is excellent—Eleanor Boardman is the charming heroine; Conrad Nagel and William Haines, the rival lovers.





**THE AUCTION BLOCK—Metro-Goldwyn**

**C**HARLES RAY—not as the country bumpkin, but quite the man about town—is so decidedly human that we'll never forgive him if he goes back to his former roles. Charlie marries a beauty contest winner and when she learns of his wimmen she leaves him. He makes good and proves that he's worthy of her love. There are a lot of laughs throughout, and we know you'll enjoy this.



**MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount**

**T**URNING from the jazz-mad generation and the Charleston to the peaceful swishing palm trees in the isle of Samoa, at least sounds more picturesque and restful. Robert J. Flaherty, the producer, spent three years in the making of this picture, and he has given us a slice of life from these isles. Accordingly, the plot consists chiefly of the daily tasks of the natives. Send the children.



**THE MILLION DOLLAR HANDICAP—Prod. Dist. Co.**

**O**UR favorite plot is back again, and it affords as much amusement as ever. Director Scott Sidney has handled the racing scenes well and not forgetting that the audience likes to chuckle now and then. The big race scene is very thrilling. In fact, the audience became so enthused one would think everyone had placed five over the board. Splendid entertainment.



**THE BEAUTIFUL CHEAT—Universal**

**O**R some inside dope on how to exploit a star. An unknown girl from a small town is supposedly imported from Europe and is heralded as the most dramatic star from the other side. The producer's finances run low and the press agent does his stuff. This is very amusing at times, but nothing to get real excited about. Laura La Plante, Harry Myers and Alexander Carr are in the cast.



**THE CAVE MAN—Warner Bros.**

**A**NOTHER silly vehicle featuring Matt Moore and Marie Prevost. It's not the fault of the members of the cast, for goodness knows, they seem to be struggling to try and save this from the boredom class. The fault lies in the ridiculous story—an heiress, in search of adventure, befriends a coal heaver and endeavors to make him the toast of society. Then she falls in love with him and—happy ending.



**FIFTH AVENUE—Producers Dist. Co.**

**N**EW YORK loves to advertise—even itself. Its scenes of gay and glamorous luxury lure many a young village hopeful to New York and disillusion her, but this story proves that a good girl can fight the city slickers despite all the temptations. There's a certain sophisticated twist to the plot that makes it inadvisable for children to see.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]



# Manhattan Technique

Certainly it's true  
that a chorus girl learns  
a lot about acting

*By Ruth Waterbury*



A studio portrait of Louise Brooks revealing several of the reasons that have figured in her success

**I** LIVE only for my art," Louise said. "I read nothing but instructive books."

She looked up from beneath her long lashes to see how it was going.

"Be yourself," I counseled.

Her smile is as lazy as her speech. "Then I won't have anything to say," she warned.

"Nothing like that ever stopped a movie interview," I encouraged her.

Her glance came forth directly that time from a pair of eyes as wise as Solomon's beloved.

"They slaay me," she drawled, "these movie people. I never met any of them until I went to play my first picture. In the beginning I couldn't believe them. They go around saying, 'This is a wow of an idea,' or 'Listen to this gag, baby.'" She paused and searched for expression. She sighed. "They slaay me," she confessed finally.

Describing Louise presents its difficulties. She is so very Manhattan. Very young. Exquisitely hard-boiled. Her black eyes and sleek black hair are as brilliant as Chinese lacquer. Her skin is white as a camelia. Her legs are lyric. She has been one of the decorative daughters of the night life of New York for three seasons. Georgie White first displayed her in the "Scandals." Ziegfeld got her next season for the "Follies." He hung on to her until the movies nabbed her.

She started in pictures with "The American Venus." It was only a small part. After all the picture had the specially signed Fay Lanphier, the chosen Miss America; Esther Ralston and the entire Atlantic City beauty pageant for eye fillers with Ford Sterling, Edna Mae Oliver and Lawrence Gray to do a little acting. Nobody intended Louise to be particularly important and Louise didn't bother to mention to anyone that she was.

**T**HEN Paramount saw her rushes. They signed her for five years. That's how good she is. A good chorus girl learns lots of things, and Louise was an excellent chorus girl.

When she started work on her second picture, Menjou's "A Social Celebrity," she found they had given her the rôle of a manicurist. It was a very little rôle. No one remembers Louise having kicked about it. She said she'd play it. Mal St. Clair was the director.

But somehow Greta Nissen left the cast and the leading feminine rôle. Somehow the part got rewritten, and almost before anyone knew it Louise was playing it. It was still the part of a manicurist, but it was also the lead. Menjou says she is one of the finest actresses he has ever seen. So does Mal St. Clair. So does the Paramount publicity staff.

Yes, Louise is very good indeed.

She was in bed when I called, most of her completely obscured by a bathrobe of Turkish toweling. It was noon, but she had been up earlier horseback riding. After that, Louise explained, she had to receive in bed.

She started her career at Denishawn, that school of dancing of Ruth St. Denis' and Ted Shawn's. She studied two months and then they signed her to dance on tour with them as one of their leading soloists.

"You must have been very talented to be starred by them so immediately," I said.

Another wise glance winged its way upward.

"They needed somebody in a hurry, somebody young and inexpensive," Louise explained. The possibilities of kidding Louise seem very remote.

"Miss St. Denis is very strict," she added. "She wouldn't let us smoke or eat candy or stay up late or anything. We did nothing but work and dance. Some [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]





Boris

**A** STARTLING daughter of the girl revues of Broadway, Louise Brooks wandered into Famous Players' studio to do a bit. She did her bit so well the whole studio realized they had discovered a potential star. On the opposite page you'll find her story.





Hartsook

THE months since her marriage to Lefty Flynn have found Viola Dana too happy to be very ambitious. Finally Mickey Neilan coaxed her to do two pictures. Then Universal began telephoning her. The result is Vi's name on the dotted line for "Crashing Timbers."





Nickolas Muray

**N**ORMA SHEARER can be shorn as a butcher's boy. Yet she remains one of the most feminine of stars. Beauty, intelligence and talent are hers. Following her vacation in New York, Norma returned to Hollywood to play in "The Devil's Circus."





Harold Dean Carsey

**B**EAUTIFUL Florence Vidor is now appearing in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," a Continental comedy which will introduce this erstwhile demure lady into the realm of sophisticated screenhood.



# The Dissatisfied Beauty

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

SOME women are born beautiful and others acquire beauty.

For instance, Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge have both acquired beauty. Mary's beauty is as much a result of the loveliness of her mind as anything else. Norma's is the result of careful and intelligent development of her good points and a skillful, an inspired, use of her marvelous grace and of lighting and photography raised to the nth degree. Either of them can shed their beauty and become quite plain.

Florence Vidor, on the other hand, was born with a face of such proportion and coloring that at all times and under all circumstances—I have seen her after three sets of tournament tennis and when she woke up at five A. M. to the call of an alarm clock in a location tent—she is beautiful.

Also, there is a great difference between a pretty, even a beautiful woman, and A Beauty.

A beautiful or pretty woman is simply one who has sufficient degree of good looks to please the eye and dazzle the senses.

A Beauty is a woman whose looks will overshadow everything else about her and become the one paramount fact of her personality and existence if she doesn't look out.

We have thousands of pretty girls and women in Hollywood.

We have some startling types and some who have acquired a large degree of grace and beauty to use in their dramatic work. And we have three or four real beauties.

Of these, to my sense of things and I think to most of Hollywood, Florence Vidor stands out most prominently.

And she is the only dissatisfied beauty I have ever known.

There are darn few of them anywhere, I imagine.

Mostly, beauties are very well satisfied—at least with themselves. Sometimes, of course, they are dissatisfied with their dressmakers, with their husbands' incomes, with photographers-in-general and critics-in-particular.

But with themselves, as a rule, they are content. They consider that by merely being they have done all that is necessary in life. Their dispositions, their intellects receive practically no attention.

NOW, in consequence of this, it is a provable fact that many of the screen stars, who possessed real beauty and nothing else, have slipped into early oblivion. It wouldn't be kind to mention their names here, but if you will think a moment you can figure it out for yourself.

Mostly, that happened because they thought being beautiful was ENOUGH. They gave nothing more. They created nothing. People got tired of just looking at them and oblivion engulfed them, while girls like Colleen Moore, Renee Adoree, Norma Shearer and Bebe Daniels, none of whom would even claim to have been given real beauty in the beginning, have swept to the heights.

Not so long ago, it looked as though Florence Vidor might be headed for the backwaters, after several stupid pictures.

Instead, she has swung upward with amazing speed, and as a result of her work in her last two Paramount pictures, "The Grand Duchess" and

"Sea Horses," the powers that be are openly declaring that she is to be one of the really great stars, while rumor whispers that she is being groomed to take Gloria Swanson's place on the program.

Why? How did she manage to avoid those stagnant waters?

Because she is the dissatisfied beauty. That's all.

The fight that girl is making and has always made not to let her beauty dominate her, not to let it swamp her and become the chief thing about her, is one of the gamest things I've ever seen.

Florence doesn't think just being a beauty is ENOUGH. She doesn't think it's anything of importance at all. She tries to build her whole life on the basis of ignoring it altogether. That is why she is, to me, the most remarkable woman in Hollywood.

I have never known Florence Vidor to take advantage of her beauty. Just as most women intrude their womanhood upon important matters, just as most women take advantage of their sex in contests or arguments or street cars, deny it as they may, so do most beauties intrude their beauty. They use it to gain their own ends, to put you at a disadvantage, to subdue opposition. They substitute it for brains and culture. Not Florence Vidor. She always meets everybody, man or woman, upon their own ground.

I have seen her discuss and argue all sorts of questions—she has very definite and deeply-thought-out opinions on a wide variety of subjects—with such men as Michael Arlen and Laurence Stallings and the great Hungarian playwright, Vadjá,

with such force and honesty and humor that before you knew it they were paying her the supreme compliment of treating her as an intellectual equal.

YET that isn't because she was naturally endowed with great brilliancy. She has a sure, receptive mind, that cannot be shaken by mere words. She has a retentive memory. She has a real, gorgeous sense of humor. She has cultivated and improved all of these. By reading and study and association, she has gained culture and polished her wit. And with care and thought she has gained a poise which permits her to use all these things to their very best advantage.

She exerts herself to be charming, which is not always the habit of beauties. I don't mean that she is affected. Her naturalness is the most attractive thing about her. But she can listen appreciatively, she can encourage and stimulate others to do and be at their best. She is not above taking pains, as all women now and in the past who wished to be charming have always done, to see that everyone is comfortable and to somewhat control the conversation and atmosphere of her home.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 125 ]



Queen Marie of Roumania has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to write scenarios. Why should Marie's beauty be wasted on scenarios? Or her matchmaking ability—she married all her children to royal thrones—be ignored? Such talents Hollywood needs



# How to Be a Producer

By  
*Dorothy Herzog*

The simplest way to tell that  
is to relate how young  
Irving Thalberg got that way

THE sun was shining. Why not? It had nothing to lose. Therefore we took heart as we breezed up Broadway and bethought ourselves of meeting young Irving Thalberg, reckoned the "boy wonder," "the Miracle Man of pictures," and other reckless superlatives.

Of course, we argued against ourselves, Mr. Thalberg comes to town haloed by glamorous publicity. No man can be 26 years old and merit such awesome titles.

On the other hand, argued ourselves to us, Mr. Thalberg is a Vice President of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He holds millions of dollars in the hollow of his hand. As a producer he guides the precarious destinies of such stars as Norma Shearer, Jack Gilbert, Lillian Gish, Renee Adoree, Conrad Nagel, et cetera and ad lib.

I wanted to know how he got that way.

At this asbestos moment, our body came to a halt before the hostelry in which the disturbing Mr. Thalberg had checked in that morn. In we strolled and so up in the elevator to his suite.

A girl interviewer and a bored male of the same profesh lolled in the ante-room.

"Hello," greeted the g.i., who knew us socially.

"Have you seen him?"

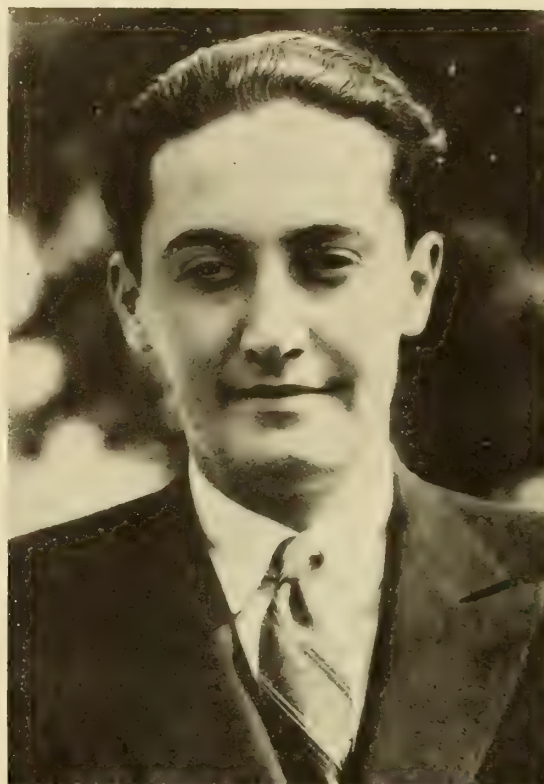
"Have I seen him!" Her optics disobeyed the law of gravitation and rolled upwards. "My dear, he is wonderful. So boyish, so modest, so natural."

Bosh, likewise piffle, we murmured, and turned as the guardian of the Miracle Man's room entered. We shook hands and sparred for round one, following him into "the presence." We failed to discover "the presence." Instead, a human being of medium height, slight physique, passable good looks, and extraordinary alive eyes of brown greeted us with direct scrutiny and boyish smile.

WE introduced ourselves as the girl interviewer who meets all the incoming trains. Whereupon the youth before us actually blushed. He protested mildly on being interviewed when New York was full of movie stars.

Of course, that could have raised a question, but we don't believe in raising anything, even questions. The longer Mr. Thalberg talked, and he can talk once he has an idea ahead of him, the more intrigued we became. To us he seemed a combined Horatio Alger hero, Peter Pan, Napoleon, Falstaff and J. Pierpont Morgan, and we aren't being prodigal with these names simply to demonstrate how well versed we are in the classics.

Not only has Mr. Thalberg a sense of humor; he is also honest. He came right out and said he was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. He plunged deeper. He declared he held his first job in that Metropolitan borough. His interests, when a youth who left high school for good after an illness of eight months, centered originally in a drygoods store position, which he soon



Only twenty-six years old, he's given the credit for producing "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow." Read on

abandoned to learn shorthand and typewriting. Secretarial work won him next. He became man-Friday to an exporter and eventually rose to bossing himself. This position offered no future, so determined young Irving canned himself and millionaired it to Long Island on his savings.

Here he met Carl Laemmle, rotund president of Universal Pictures. Thalberg didn't know if Universal Pictures were postal cards or a tabloid paper, but he soon learned. The boardwalk acquaintance blossomed and the two men swapped ideas. Mr. Laemmle liked the youth's vitality, enthusiasm, keenness, fertile brain. He offered him a secretarial job. Irving turned it down flatter than a pancake. It came too easy. Perhaps this was the first and last time Carl Laemmle ever met with such an experience. It served to make him remember Thalberg.

SOME time later, C.L., as Irving calls him, went a-visiting to his company's distributing offices. What was his surprise to spy his boardwalk vis-a-vis ensconced behind a desk. He learned Thalberg had just walked in and talked himself into the job. Whereupon C.L. transferred him promptly to the once disdained secretarial position.

From this Irving learned the intricacies of running a huge motion picture concern. He learned what the exhibitors wanted, or thought they wanted. He learned how the public responded to various type pictures. And all this time he was working a la a family of ants.

When C.L. departed for Europe and left his alert secretary on the Coast, Thalberg plunged avidly into production routine. He achieved so much in a short period that C.L. gave him the job permanently. In less time than it takes to sew a button on an overcoat, Irving Thalberg had risen to be general production director of the massive Universal plant.

So "they"—the picture folk—pointed to him as the "boy wonder," "the Miracle Man," a genius of motion pictures. George Randolph Chester, now demised, took exception to such rantings and penned satirical fiction for a great weekly around young Thalberg, baptizing his story character, Izzy Einstein. Through Izzy, Irving became a national figure.

Now it happens that Mr. Thalberg has, foremost among his business code, three principles: Stick to a good idea enthusiastically until it materializes; work eight hours daily in three unions; never remain in a job when you have everything from it you can get.

Obedying the latter principle, he left Universal to become Louis B. Mayer's lieutenant. Mr. Mayer, then an independent producer, gave his aid plenty of rope. Instead of hanging himself, Thalberg did tricks with it, tricks that box-office and public relished.

So it came about that when Mr. Mayer merged with Metro and Goldwyn, he took Irving Thalberg with him. That wide-awake organization rewarded the youth's impressive results by making him Vice President, raising his salary to dizzy figures and placing him in charge of his own [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]





*This charming daughter of Mr. JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON of New York and Long Island is a descendant of one of the distinguished old families which helped settle Manhattan three centuries ago.*

## MISS CAMILLA LIVINGSTON

of the smart younger set tells how a girl should  
study her looks

"WE girls of the younger set," she says, "try very hard to know ourselves inside out! And we believe it's just as important to study our looks in this frank way as our characters."

"Naturally, a good clear skin is one thing we strive for, since it's the very essence of attractiveness. Those of us who use Pond's Two Creams believe we have found the surest, most delightful way to keep it fit. With a thorough cleansing, a light protection and powder-base Pond's keep us right up-to-the-minute, no matter how busy we are!"

THESE words reflect the sincerity of their winsome speaker. A slip of a girl with large, soft amber eyes; chestnut hair turning gold in the sun; skin fair and clear with the freshness of exquisite grooming; a *svelte* little figure lending itself to the mode of ultra simplicity in dress—here you have Camilla Livingston. Drop into one of the smart Park Avenue restaurants at noon during the New York season and mark the *cachet* of her close little hat and smart *tailleur* as she lunches with a vivacious group of other "debs."

Her summers are as gay and varied as a printed silk. To Paris and the Lido at Venice; to Newport to visit a chum; at her father's country estate at Huntington, on the famous North Shore of Long Island.

But no matter how busy she is with these gay good times, she manages to give her youthful skin the care it needs, rejoicing that so little time is required with Pond's Two Creams, which she daily uses as follows:—

FOR *cleansing the skin and keeping it supple* apply Pond's Cold Cream lavishly every night before retiring and once or twice during the day, especially after exposure. Leave it on a few moments, so that its pure oils may bring to the surface the dirt which clogs the pores. Wipe off all cream and dirt and repeat, fin-

ishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is dry, apply more cream at night and leave it on until morning.

FOR *a finish, a powder-base and a soft protection*, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after a cleansing with the Cold Cream and always before you powder. Now your skin has a soft even surface to which your powder clings smoothly and long. And if you use this cream before going out, it will protect your skin from all extremes of weather, and from wind, soot and dust.

Buy Pond's Two Creams—the Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars—and follow this method Miss Camilla Livingston and her friends use to keep their skin fresh and fit.

**Free Offer** Fill out and mail coupon if you would like trial tubes of each of these famous Creams and a folder with instructions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D  
147 Hudson Street, New York City

Send me free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



THE TWO CREAMS the younger set is using





People accost her in restaurants, the subway and office to demand what kind of scenarios movie producers want, and if it's true you gotta have a drag to get them accepted

# Confessions of a Movie Critic

By Rose Pelswick



Rose Pelswick

## Part III—How It's Done

### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

THE life of the movie critic was sparklingly related, and phases of interviewing celluloid celebrities revealed. These concluding chapters bare the remaining secrets of the profession, and then, knowing all, you too, may be able to be ordained an authority on motion pictures, and have admiring friends say to you, "What interesting people you must meet in your line of work!"

PEOPLE stop me on the street, in restaurants, in the subway, and even in the office, and, holding up a copy of last Thursday's paper in which I had interviewed a prominent producer on the subject of "Has the Amateur Scenario Writer a Chance?" demand, as one golf player to another, "What kind of scenarios do these producers want, and is it true that you've gotta have a drag to get them accepted?"

For the benefit of whomever this may benefit, I have here outlined several favorite situations. If one company can't use a script based on them, send it to another. Film producers welcome amateur scenarios, as the process encourages the sale of postage stamps.

First of all, there is the hardened miner who comes to Devil's Hollow, and falls in love with little Nell, the miner's nugget.

There is a villain who tries to get hold of the plans—any plans will do—and Nell is incriminated to protect the girl from the city. So the Nature's Nobleman strides into the saloon and shoots up thirty-eight bandits with two shots of his gun before the Royal Northwest Mounted and the United States Marines can come to the rescue. After which Nell shows him her mother's picture, which is in the locket she always wears, and saddling Pinto, they ride off happily into the dawn of a new tomorrow.

The "papa love mama?" motif is very good. Mrs. Vandyke Schuyler is a society butterfly, and Mr. Vandyke Schuyler is a Wall Street Power in spats. Each goes his or her separate ways, leaving little Imogene Schuyler alone, except for fifteen servants, in the palatial mockery of a home. Imogene plays in the backyard with the gardener's little boy and develops a case of the mumps. Both parents are hastily summoned to the child's bedside, and at the poignant prattle, are re-united. There can also be a fire, a locked door, and a faithful dog.

A child is found in the desert, with a crest embroidered on its underwear. It is adopted by a prominent sheik, and twenty years later, a beautiful Boston debutante, commuting on a camel, is captured by wicked Bedouins. The young sheik, Ali Bi rescues her and makes fervent protestations of his love. There are desert duels, a flash-back and a religious uprising, and it is discovered, believe it or not, that twenty years ago, jealous relatives who wanted to get hold of the family emeralds, had left this heir to one of the greatest British fortunes on the desert sands to be sunburned.

"We are lost!" the captain shouted as he staggered from the bowl. Dick, who has been unable to join the college activities because of the early hours required [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



# The Joyous Art of Being Well

How thousands conquered their ills,  
found fresh vitality, youthful energy—  
*with the aid of one simple, natural food*

**N**OT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any  
sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a  
remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in  
every cake invigorate the whole system. They  
aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poi-  
sons of constipation. Where cathartics give  
only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the in-  
testinal muscles and makes them healthy and  
active. And day by day it releases new stores  
of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before  
meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—  
or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation  
especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding)  
before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at  
a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for  
two or three days. All grocers  
have Fleischmann's Yeast.  
Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free  
copy of our latest booklet on  
Yeast for Health, Health Re-  
search Dept. 16, The Fleisch-  
mann Company, 701 Wash-  
ington Street, New York.



"AS WRESTLING COACH at  
the University of Michigan I first  
found out the value of Fleisch-  
mann's Yeast. To a number of  
athletes suffering from boils and  
stomach trouble I recommended it  
as a trial. The results were sur-  
prising. Stomach troubles were  
helped almost at once while boils  
and skin afflictions soon disap-  
peared. At the Detroit Physical  
Culture Show, where I had a booth,  
I talked with scores of men and  
women who had benefited by it.  
Thus I found that Fleischmann's  
Yeast helps the average man or  
woman as well as the athlete in  
training."

CLIFFORD L. THORNE,  
Detroit, Mich.

"MY SKIN BROKE OUT in ugly blotches. Eating  
irregularly caused stomach trouble. Then I became  
constipated. One day a friend advised Fleischmann's  
Yeast. I started to eat it that day. In a month's  
time I was a new person. Every blemish had vanished  
from my skin. My eyes sparkled. My appetite was  
excellent. All as the result of Fleischmann's Yeast."

ETHEL PATRICK, Boston, Mass.

LEFT  
"AFTER THE WORLD WAR, I returned home  
with health greatly impaired. I suffered from numer-  
ous ailments, including constipation. One day by  
chance I saw Yeast cakes served in a restaurant. I  
decided to try them. I soon noticed I was getting  
back my appetite and my constipation was leaving  
me. I am now feeling fine—due to Fleischmann's  
Yeast."

L. H. KLEEGER, St. Louis, Mo.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire  
system—aids digestion—clears the skin—  
banishes constipation. Start eating it today!





# The Movie Outline of History

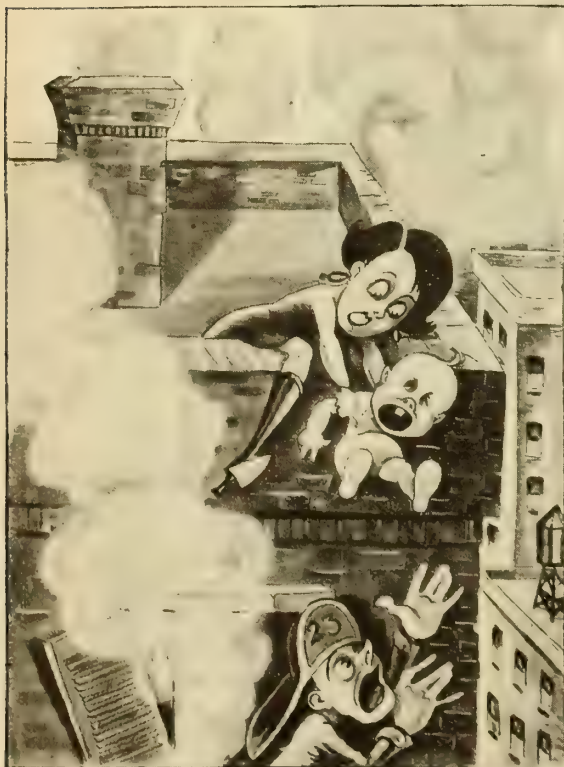


Originally came the knight! He, according to the long shots, was the first tin soldier. Masked here behind what looks like an ancient and honorable coal grate you see him battling for his lady fair. 'Tis she semaphoring from the tower. Such a knight as this did not need sex appeal—just a real good heart and beefy biceps. The cemetery at the left is his own private resting place for his luckless rivals

*Second of a series in which we present to you the movie heroes*



The second step in heroes—the big army and navy man. In the nick of time and the neck of the woods he always appears to save the fainting heroine. Gad! what a guy! A strong, severe, son of a sea cook



And third, that old, old cry down the ages, "Fireman, save my cheeild." Out of the smoke and flame, on to the celluloid, he comes, our movie hero, clutching the toothful kiddie and tossing him out of camera range. As his reward he wins the little widowed mother to support the rest of his life



Yet who—or what—can compare with our modern hero, Hollywood's great gift to girls, the strong silent he-man of the great open shirt front? Pure as Ivory soap, spotless as a sepulchre, he is not a man to have his women trifled with. One blow. He hooks the villain, while beautiful Bertha decides to hook him in marriage. They are each other's forever, or till alimony does them part



## Are you curious?

"THERE isn't much of a secret about it," she replied to her friend's question.

"But your hair is so much more attractive than it used to be."

"And more than that," she said, "I'm finally rid of that unsightly dandruff that used to bother me so much."

"How did you do it?"

Then she explained about Listerine's usefulness in treating and beautifying the hair.

\* \* \*

The method is really very simple. Just mark down the following statement as a fact:

*Listerine and dandruff simply do not get along together.* Try the Listerine treatment if you doubt it.

Just apply Listerine, the safe antiseptic, to the scalp. Generously; full strength. Massage it in vigorously for several minutes and enjoy that clean, tingling, exhilarating feeling it brings.

After such a treatment you *know* your scalp is antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair.

You'll thank us for passing this tip along to you. It's a new use for an old friend—*Listerine*.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE



—the safe  
antiseptic

### A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



# Negligees for Hours of Ease

Chosen by beautiful stars  
to please you

A sweet patootie in a  
pajama is Norma  
Shearer. They're of  
old rose velvet with a  
sleeveless jacket of  
gorgeously brilliant  
Chinese brocade



Connie Talmadge has to make  
her arms behave while within  
this creation of gold lace and  
fox over gold chiffon. Also she  
has to watch her diet

From one queen to another is the  
story of Aileen Pringle's negligee  
(right). Its beautiful lace once  
made a wedding veil for the Czarina  
Alexandra of Russia



If you're a  
blonde angel like  
Claire Windsor,  
at left, choose  
this style. Of  
peach chiffon and  
silver age, its in-  
spiration is the  
Moyen age

An underdress of silver  
cloth, pale green chiffon,  
rhinestones and satin,  
these combine in beauty  
and dignity for Myrtle  
Stedman's wear (right)







#### THE EXPRESSIVE HANDS OF MAJORIE MOSS

Graceful English dancer appearing at the Club Mirador, New York, says: "My fingertips must be smooth and shapely as the daintiest care can make them! Cutex keeps them exquisitely groomed."



#### LADY ROBERT PEEL'S BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Lady Peel, more widely known as Beatrice Lillie, says: "Cutex preparations are indispensable in giving my cuticle the smooth roundness, my nails the correct accent—that on the stage are essential."

## THEY KEEP THEIR HANDS BEAUTIFULLY GROOMED THIS EXQUISITE WAY

**A**LL over the world, thousands of women have solved a most important problem of personal grooming.

It used to be such a difficult thing to keep their cuticle smooth and shapely—with its provoking way of growing tight to the nail and splitting off in shreds.

Now it is so simple.

No cutting or jabbing to injure the tender skin. Just a gentle working around the nail base with the antiseptic liquid Cutex, and the rims are freed from the nails quickly and safely—transformed to the prettiest ovals imaginable!

And every other detail of the manicure

is now cared for with Cutex preparations as effectively and quickly.

No wonder fastidious women everywhere use this famous method. You will find Cutex preparations in Paris, London, Madrid . . . in all the smart shops at the French Resorts, in the fashionable stores on Fifth Avenue—places patronized by those women who observe the niceties of the toilette.

#### Charming Women Use This Method

**F**IRST wash your hands in warm, soapy water. File the nails. Dip the orange stick in Cutex, twist a bit of cotton around the end and dip in the bottle again. Now gently loosen

and remove the dead dry skin that clings to the nail base. Pass the wet stick under the nail tips to clean them and smooth the least bit of Nail White under the tips. Now rinse your hands again. The cuticle is smooth and shapely, the tips flawless. For the final touch, use any of the splendid Cutex polishes, cake, paste, powder or the lasting liquid.

This same gentle care once a week will keep your hands lovely always. Buy one of the convenient Cutex sets from 35c to \$5.00 wherever toilet goods are sold. Separate preparations, 35c.

Or send 10c with coupon for the attractive Introductory Set containing every essential for the home manicure. If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. Q-4, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal. NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON



MAJORIE MOSS, who with her talented partner, charms audiences here and abroad. Her lovely hands are pictured above.

**S**END 10c for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Pos-



der Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush, emery board, orange stick, cotton and helpful booklet.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-4,  
114 West 17th St., New York City

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin. Please send me Introductory Set.

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LADY PEEL, whose interesting hands are shown above, is better known as Beatrice Lillie of the *Charlot Revue* of London and New York.





THE most recent photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan, purveyors of artistic craftsmanship. "Mickey" and Blanche Sweet have grown up with the movie industry and have remained always triumphantly in step with its most artistic developments



# Frocks Sheer and Enticing as you will

Under the most trying of hygienic handicaps!

—plus an easy-disposal feature every woman will appreciate



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

**T**HE oldest of hygienic problems remains a problem no longer!

By perfecting an entirely new method, modern science has supplanted the old-time sanitary pad with protection that is real.

Dainty frocks, sheer and misty, go now with care-free minds—any time, any day. You are immaculate, and know it beyond all doubt!

## Factors that have upset former hygienic theories

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in wartime France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton—covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a sheet of tissue—without embarrassment.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.

It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Eight in every ten women have adopted this new way that solves woman's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the uncertainties of old methods

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new secret disinfectant—a factor of greatest importance.

\* \* \* \*

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

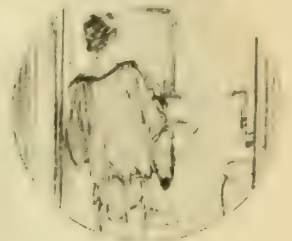
Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

## You can get it anywhere, today

Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it provides. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed you without charge.

## Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

# KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:  
65c per dozen

Kotex-Super:  
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



# Teeter Totter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

learn something of business I will give you a card to William Eldridge. I think he can find a place for you in his office."

Roger lifted surprised eyebrows.

"In *his* office?" he echoed. "Why, that will be all right, I suppose, but I rather thought that you would take me in with you—in a small capacity to begin with, of course."

"I'd rather have you learn the details of some other business," he said. His voice was just a little vague.

SO Roger went to work in the office of William Eldridge, Selderly bond dealer and broker. He found contentment in the routine. It was with a glow of satisfaction that he roused to the ringing of the alarm clock, dashed into a cold shower, and took Bruiser for a brisk walk on the Avenue. He liked the office, with its air of cleanly, dignified dealings. He liked the feeling of being a part of "big business." He came to regard himself as a very important part of the firm's financial success. He was not popular in the office. He was known—rightly—as a snob.

Roger found another happiness in the suddenly awakened interest displayed in him by his father. Burke Trenton spent many of his evenings at home now, and he talked with his son as man to man, concerning business. He was sympathetically anxious to know of Roger's work. He questioned him as to details, how this and that was arranged; what pools his firm was participating in; what mergers were being contemplated. He encouraged Roger to find out things he did not know.

Then on an evening when he was twenty, one of his bored acquaintances proposed that the entire ennuied group should "go slumming" in the region of Little Italy; and for an explicit destination take in the Beauty Ball that was being given that night at Mussolini Hall. A contest was being held among the fair maids of Little Italy, and the winner was to have a trip to Hollywood, with the promise of six weeks' work in a motion picture. It was sure to be rich, the competition between the wop damsels. Not awfully amusing, of course, but then it was something with which to pass an evening.

Mussolini Hall was crowded with light and color and music. The elite of Little Italy thronged the wide oval dance floor, and the undertone of softly sluffing feet was like the sibilant dragging of waves upon a sandy shore. The music was joyous, blatant. The girls were decked out in their loudest finery. And their dark eyes went, intermittently, hopefully, to the flag-draped box at the end of the hall, where in state sat the dress-suited and perfumed rulers of the ward, with a group of rather bored looking individuals who were loudly whispered to be "The movie directors! The guys who pick the winning dame!"

Roger had dropped his air of boredom as completely as if he had checked it at the door with his hat and top coat. For he was dancing with Gianina. It was the fourth time he had danced with her. He found in her an instinct for rhythm that matched his own. Her beauty was not the full blown, heavy-

bosomed type of the eagerly dancing girls about them. She was exquisitely slender; her skin was the creamy white of the magnolia, and her great dark eyes had the tiniest upward slant at the outward corners. Her mouth was richly red. It was not a sensual mouth. Rather was it humorous, fastidious, impersonal. They had found each other quite by accident. Not only the superficial finding that an introduction had accomplished, but the deeper, inner sense of kindred spirits come suddenly upon each other. Their minds were grooved to fit each other. They danced without talking. But between the intermissions they chatted like children.

"You are just the same, I would have known you anywhere," he declared for the fifth time.

"You look a lot the same too," she answered, "except that you are cleaner."

They laughed happily at that.

"I still have my dog, Bruiser,—the puppy you started the fight for."

"Oh, have you really? Funny little dog, wasn't he? One black eye. I remember he looked as if he had been in a fight himself."

It did not occur to him to be surprised at Gianina's diction and poise. She could not have been her exquisite self without them. He did not know that on the day of the fight, some eight years ago, her ear had caught the inflection of a style of language new to her. She had liked it. And she had adapted it painstakingly, through schooling and observation, until it had become a part of her.

That night the teeter-totter was poised. It was at rest. They could have come to the middle of it then, and clasped hands. Already their minds were reaching out to each other. And their eyes were bridging the gap between them. They smiled at each other now with a kind of wonder—they danced again, and then again.

"YOU picked a super-gorgeous wop femme," remarked one of Roger's friends enviously in the next intermission.—"beauty, isn't she? Funny about these wop girls, how they get their good looks. Take a slant at her old man!"

Roger looked. And it was as if an icy shower called him gaspingly out of a warm and pleasant dream.

Her father! That fat Italian grocer with the bulging eyes and the bristling black mustachios! He felt suddenly sick and weak. He excused himself with only a muttered word, and left the hall. He walked fiercely, interminably. Fool! Crazy fool! A girl of that class! To have thought of loving her—of marrying her—he, Roger Trenton, giving his name to the daughter of a wop grocer—fool—unspeakable fool—

Gianina's eyes searched hopefully for him at the beginning of the next fox trot. She said, "No," in swift, impatient succession to a score of sleek-haired youths from The Street.

A slim, rather bored gentleman in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]





# From Cheramy comes Youth in April Showers.

## Perfumes of Youth



April Showers Crème Rouge, in light and dark shades, 50¢. Toilet Water, diffused loveliness, \$2.00. Perfume, sparkling vials of enchantment, \$4.00, \$2.50 and \$1.00. Sachet, breathing the freshness of Youth, \$1.00. Double Compact, a little silvery jewel with beauty inside, \$2.00. Face Powder, in the five true tones, 75¢.



**P**ERFUMES! You use them. All clever women do. But how few sense the subtle differences that distinguish the truly lovely perfume from the rest!

And yet those differences are there. Differences which show themselves, not merely in fragrance, but in effect...

The true perfume is a complete and irreproachable harmony. Like those sometimes found in music and color. Harmonies, not just pleasing to the senses, but inspirational to the subconscious mind...

This Cheramy has achieved, and more... From the traditions of Old France Cheramy has now created April Showers, the PERFUME OF YOUTH!

It is an odor of poetic loveliness... glowing with the languorous freshness of Springtime... It will add to your charm that bit of sorcery your mirror cannot show—and give you the self-confidence and assurance which is the very soul and essence of Irresistible Youth.

# CHERAMY

NEW YORK

(Puppi and April Showers)



More precious than jewels or frocks or any other aid to loveliness is the youthful vitality of a clear, soft skin—for in one's face all charm and animation are centered. That you may have—and keep—a beautiful complexion, Cheramy Youth Creams have been created. Cleansing 75¢, Tissue Building, \$1.00 and Vanishing Cream, 60¢. Use these creams every day, and see how remarkably your skin responds to their sure and simple treatment.



WATCH FOR THIS GIRL

ON THE DEALER'S COUNTER



*Each  
soft caress  
adds loveliness*

*Corail*

—A new  
powder puff  
by Gainsborough

© 1926  
W. B. M. Co.



# Born of the Splendor of a Deauville Sunset

*—this lovely new puff by Gainsborough*

Deauville! Most colorful spot in all southern France! Gathering place of the ultra-sophisticated! What a glorious pageant of fashion is witnessed there!

Echoed now from this fashion center comes a delightful new mode. Now one chooses her powder puff as a definite part of her costume—to blend with stockings, garters, lingerie; to complement her charm. And, translated into a lovely new powder puff—"Corail"—Gainsborough brings this, fashion's latest offering, to you.

Color borrowed from the sunset; velour of luxuriant softness, plus the other attributes of quality so typical of Gainsborough puffs—gives to this new *Corail* an added chic. You'll love the coral color from which it gets its name.

This and other Gainsborough powder puffs come in sizes for every need, for vanity, dressing table or bath. *Corail* in velour only, prices 15, 20 and 25c. Other puffs in wool or velour, prices from 10 to 75c.

*Gainsborough*  
POWDER PUFF

Peach Glow

Orchid

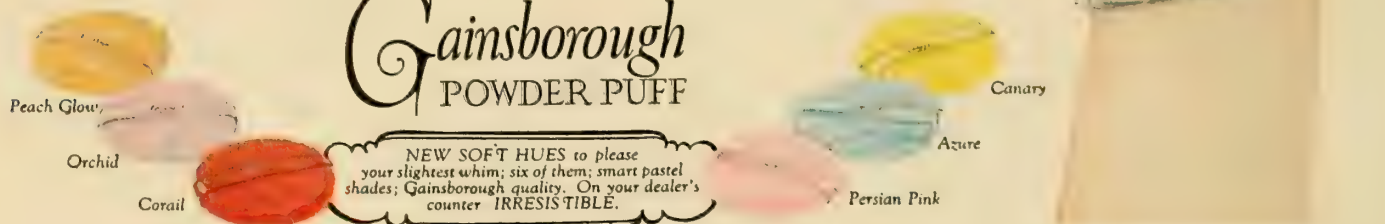
Corail

NEW SOFT HUES to please  
your slightest whim; six of them; smart pastel  
shades; Gainsborough quality. On your dealer's  
counter IRRESISTIBLE.

Canary

Azure

Persian Pink







**B**E picturesque and let who will be tailored. That is the fashion edict for spring. Bebe Daniels illustrates with this elaborately beautiful costume in "Miss Brewster's Millions." Of gold lace over a cloth of gold slip, it is trimmed with tiny mirrors





## Sleep -- Nature's Great Restorer!

To make your sleep most comfortable, restful and refreshing—equip your beds with

# WAY Sagless Springs

Only by looking for the red stripes on the frame can you be sure of getting the patented Way features which mean so much in lasting sleeping comfort and restfulness. The "Way" story is an interesting one—write for it.

**Way Sagless Spring Co.**

842 E. Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
Chicago Cleveland Buffalo Detroit Seattle  
**BURTON-DIXIE CORPORATION, N. Y.**  
**WAYSAGLESSSPRING CO., Ltd., Toronto**  
**PARKHILL BEDDING, Ltd., Winnipeg**  
Belknap Hdw. & Mfg. Co., Inc., Louisville  
Chittenden & Eastman Co., Burlington, Ia.  
Roberti Bros., Los Angeles



Vilma Banky, the beautiful, the bewitching and the non-vapid

## The Girl on the Cover

*By Cal York*

IT took just one picture to make Vilma Banky a star. That was "The Dark Angel." After that single picture with its glimpses of the gold of Vilma's hair, the wise, subtle lights of Vilma's eyes, the knowing charm of Vilma's smile, the struggle was all over and her success begun.

Vilma came from Budapest. Not that she was born there. Actually she was born in the country a bit outside that capitol but she moved into the city when she was three years of age, which move, incidentally, was just twenty years ago.

She grew up, as is the custom even in Hungary, and outside of a love of books and music she had no particular urge in life. The family was well fixed and Vilma was beautiful. So, why worry?

She never would have had to do so except for the war. That upset things for her as well as other people. When it was over Vilma was faced with the problem of working or not eating. And she liked to eat.

But no girl with a face like Vilma's can really starve. She met Bela Balogh who is a Hungarian movie director. He put her before the camera. His productions called her to the attention of UFA who put her under contract to work for them in Berlin and Budapest.

Enter now upon the scene Mr. Samuel Goldwyn of Hollywood, U. S. A.

Samuel had heard of Vilma and Vilma's company had heard of Samuel. Mr. Goldwyn wanted to get to Miss Banky but the Gloria Film Company, the producing unit of UFA for which Vilma worked, didn't want Miss Banky to get to him. So they kept the golden Vilma working so busily the scouting American was unable to see her until it was almost time for him to return to America.

A wise, kind America-loving somel ody, however, told the young lady about the opportunity that was hanging in the balance. She rushed to Mr. Goldwyn and caught him an hour before train time. In that hour she signed the contract that brought her over here.

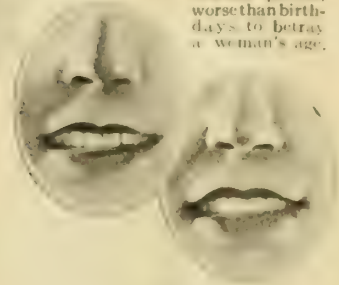
Her first love scenes in "The Dark Angel" opposite Ronald Colman, drove weak women to tears and strong men to poetry. Her second picture, when she was farmed out to Valentino, "The Eagle," proved her so valuable that Mr. Goldwyn decided he couldn't afford to loan her again to any other organization. Forthwith he purchased "Beauty and the Beast" and "The Garden of Allah," that temptuous, torrid romance of Robert Hitchens, just for her. All of which simply goes to show what happens when a girl like Vilma starts at work.





Close-up of a velvet smooth skin. No "age-lines" or coarse pores.

The lines and coarse pores, worse than birthdays, to betray a woman's age.



## Now—This fine "hard-milled" soap keeps your skin smooth · fragrant · youthful

Look closely at an exquisite complexion. Notice its clean, fine texture, delicate as the petals of a flower. Pores are practically invisible.

### *The Safest Beauty Treatment*

Cleanliness is the surest way to enviable skin. But cleanliness is not mere application of soap and water. Care in selecting the soap you use is most important.

Choose Cashmere Bouquet as the soap for your face and hands. It is "hard-milled", which means the cake is hard and firm—not the least bit sudy. With Cashmere Bouquet only enough soap penetrates the pores to cleanse them. Thus no soap stays in the pores. It all dissolves bringing dust and dirt out with it, leaving the pores clean and

unstified, which is the way nature meant them to be.

*Expert dermatologists, physicians who know all about skin, say water and the right soap should be used every day to keep skin smooth and youthful.*

Cashmere Bouquet is the right soap. Its fragrant lather is so gentle, so cleansing, that it fairly caresses your skin and leaves it soft and lovely.

Careful special processes make Cashmere Bouquet safe for your daily use. This "hard-milled" cake is pressed into almost marble firmness. Secret essences are added to give that indescribable fragrance that prompts so many to lay a cake of Cashmere Bouquet among their choicest fabric treasures.

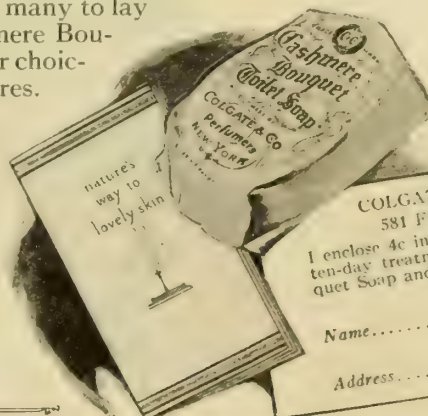
But let's get back to the subject of Cashmere Bouquet and your skin.

### *Try this Treatment—Watch Results*

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.

### *A Book of Beauty Secrets*

This unusual booklet has been endorsed by an authority on beauty. Every statement is approved by an eminent skin specialist. Send for your copy and a trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Fill out the coupon.



COLGATE & CO., DEPT. 723  
581 Fifth Avenue, New York  
I enclose 4c in stamps. Please send me a ten-day treatment size of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of the new booklet.

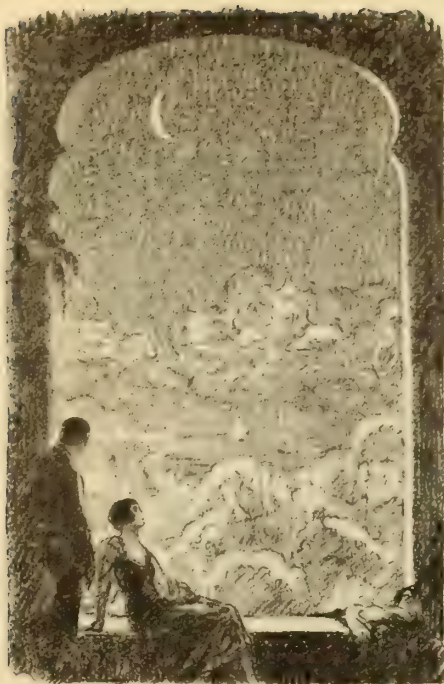
Name.....  
Address.....





## Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]



*"We two, together  
at a window  
in Cathay"*

*"It was like a dream—as if we  
two sat silently together at a  
window in Cathay, a thousand  
years ago, breathing the faint  
breath of a far rose-garden all  
silver in the moonlight. The mys-  
tery of it seemed to cling about  
you like a veil of enchantment."*

FROM HER DIARY:

*"HE was in such a dreamy mood  
last night. I know the temple in-  
cense did it."*

**E**VEN the air about them served the lovely women of other days to add mystery and allure to all their loveliness, by the subtle power of temple incense. Vantine's Temple Incense brings to women of today the same power to create that strange exotic charm. In six exquisite fragrances, at drug and department stores.

What dreams will incense create about you?

Samples of six odors sent  
on receipt of ten cents.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., Inc.  
(Dept. 3) 71 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



As he paused for breath, in the middle of his selling talk, Bebe cut in:

"Yes, I know. The two girls turned out to be wax figures."

And while the salesman was recovering from the blow, Bebe stepped on the gas and was gone.

**T**HE movies have gained a new value.

You remember the story told of King Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived. Two women came before him, each claiming to be the rightful mother of a certain child. There were no records to prove which of them was telling the truth and which was lying. So Solomon ordered a sword brought to him. He announced that he would divide the baby in two and give half to one woman and half to the other. The one woman remained calm. The other wept, and cried out that the child be spared. It was to her that Solomon awarded the infant.

Now the movies, taking the place of Solomon, have recorded just such a judgment. With the all seeing, unprejudiced eye of the camera, the emotional reaction of two women brought together before the court has been secured.

It was Pathe News who made the "scoop." Pathe was called into a Detroit courtroom to help decide by its filming of two "mothers' emotional reaction which of them loved little Irene Przybla best.

**I**RENE had been born to Mrs. Julie Przybla before her mother was married. Her care was given to Mrs. Przybla's sister, Mrs. Irene Gossens. Mrs. Gossens loved the little girl and cherished her, from those little baby days up to the time that she could patter about and talk a bit.

Then Mrs. Przybla married. She announced she wanted her baby back again. She was her rightful mother. She wanted her child.

But Mrs. Gossens wanted her, too. She had grown so used to having little Irene about. And so they went to court.

Judge Vincent Brennan, faced with the problem, ordered the cameramen in. By a simple statement that movies were being taken of the whole courtroom the two women's attention was kept from the camera. There were three dummy cameras and one actually loaded with film.

It was when Judge Brennan announced his verdict that the child would be sent to an orphanage that the masterful scene recorded above was caught. Mrs. Gossens (left) burst into tears that streamed down her tortured face.

Mrs. Przybla showed simple astonishment.

After viewing the finished negative, the judge and a group of psychologists awarded the child to Mrs. Gossens.

**"S**AY, partner, that horse you're leading is pretty lame."

A lean-faced man stopped a horse-drawn vehicle at a busy Los Angeles crossing. Behind the truck another horse limped painfully.

"We're taking him to the stable," explained the driver of the truck. "He went lame on us up the street."

"But you can't go any farther with the poor animal," the lean-faced man protested. "Can't you see it's in great pain?"

Two traffic officers, attracted by the crowd that had gathered around the truck, came up and investigated. Then they ordered the driver to send for a horse ambulance. This was done.

The lean-faced man turned and started away.



Pathe News caught these emotions registered at the decision of a Detroit "Solomon" case. A foster mother, Mrs. Irene Gossens (left) and the real mother, Mrs. Julie Przybla, wanted the custody of little Irene Przybla. The judge announced he would send her to an orphanage. The camera's truthful eye caught the two women's real reaction to the verdict. Mrs. Gossens' obvious grief won her the baby.





A striking close-up!



Photos in this page are from the new  
"Dance Madness" starring Conrad  
Nagel and Claire Windsor. A mag-  
nificent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
production directed by Robert Z.  
Leonard. Don't miss it!



## CONRAD NAGEL

Brilliant idol of the screen, gives new reason  
for beauty and loveliness of modern woman

"I have noticed," he says, "that women who possess an entrancingly glowing skin, almost invariably attribute its loveliness to the magic effect of OPAL HUES."

WHO could be better qualified than he to discern the real reason why famous stars are lovelier than ever before, not only as you see them on the screen, but face-to-face before the camera, in the harsh light of the studios?

No beauty standards are higher or more exacting than in the movies. For the camera misses nothing. Under the cruel glare of the Klieg-lights, every feature, every blemish, every detail of skin texture and complexion stands out in sharp relief. No test is more severe. No light is half so searching.

Under these trying lighting conditions Mr. Nagel constantly observes the famous stars whose radiant beauty baffles the unflattering lens of the camera. Little wonder then that he says, "I am for anything that enhances the beauty of beautiful womanhood and Peter Pan OPAL HUE Beauty Powder certainly does that."

\* \* \* \*

MOST clever women already know of Peter Pan OPAL HUE Beauty Powder—that strange new powder impregnated with myriads of elusive OPAL HUES. These

rare, precious, cleverly blended OPAL HUES impart to the features instantly a smart new beauty that reveals utmost beauty in every light—bright light, soft light, spot light or sun light.

Peter Pan was originally created by Fallis for the personal use of leading stars of the stage and screen. So remarkable were the results produced by its soft, tiny OPAL HUES that the secret of its amazing power soon became more generally known. Smart New York society instantly seized upon this strange new powder. Its many beautiful women became more lovely than ever by its use. Now practically every clever woman finds Peter Pan indispensable—her most precious beauty requisite.

Of course Peter Pan must be infinitely more than a face powder. It is really a beauty treatment—every time you powder. Of finest ingredients—stays on for

hours. In four new shade—at \$3.00.

NATURAL  
OPAL HUE  
RACHEL  
OPAL HUE  
ROSE  
OPAL HUE  
WHITE  
OPAL HUE

No other powder like it—imparts brilliant new beauty

instantly. Read the amazing story that comes with each box. At finest Beauty Shops and Toilet Goods Counters everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon for generous trial box TODAY!



In a glistening  
black and gold box

\$3<sup>00</sup>

### Generous Trial

If you are unable to procure Peter Pan from your dealer, send \$1.00 for a generous size box of this exquisite powder and the amazing story of its creation (trial size not sold in stores). Mail the coupon at once.

FALLIS, Inc., Perfumer  
1513 Riverside Drive  
Cincinnati, O.

Enclosed is \$1.00 for generous trial box of Peter Pan OPAL HUE beauty powder and the amazing story of its creation.

**Peter Pan**  
OPAL HUE  
BEAUTY *powder*

Sealed in Silk—\$3.00 the Box  
In a box of glistening black and gold

Give shade wanted



## Finer things

A good looking comb, like a good looking home—or a good looking automobile—inspires a pride in possession.

Ajax combs command a certain admiration for their beautiful, sleek black appearance—for their modishly distinctive lines.

Perhaps that's why women who know insist on Ajax combs for themselves and for the members of their family. Or perhaps it's because Ajax combs in addition to being good looking are good wearing, good for the hair—good!

Ajax Combs are sold through leading department, drug and specialty stores everywhere and manufactured by

THE VULCANIZED RUBBER CO., Inc.  
251 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK



# AJAX

## Combs



Here, we have the Shearer shingle simplified. It's so simple it isn't. Norma's merely cheating when she gives her ears the ozone. She tucks her locks back in a French roll to play an earful flapper, or lets the locks come softly forth to portray the sweet kid she really is



"Just a minute," said one of the officers. "What's your name? We might want to reach you about this case."

"William S. Hart," said the lean-faced man.

LEATRICE JOY'S feelings are hurt because of the stories going around that she is flighty and was unable to make up her mind whether she loved John Gilbert during their married life.

In a personal chat Leatrice said, "No one knows more than I that Jack has lovable qualities and many admirable ones. I have seen him give up chances to gain advantages for himself, because he refused to be a humbug. He is sincere to a fault. But his temperament is that of a poet living on the heights. He refuses to be annoyed with everyday things."

"When Elinor Glyn one time remonstrated with Jack for surrounding himself with the ordinary domestic background of a happy wife and baby, she told him such a state was unthinkable for a romantic lover. I guess Jack believed her. Well, Mme. Glyn may have given the world a great actor—but at what a cost!"

And Leatrice sighed.

LARRY TRIMBLE, whose ability at training dogs for picture work has won him many plaudits—more noticeably in the instance of the celebrated "Strongheart," was recently asked to contribute an article to a national magazine on the raising of pups. Being somewhat of a scribe, Larry obliged, but not without disastrous results.

All the dog owners and dog lovers in the country deluged him with letters concerning the peculiarities of purps, but the prize letter arrived from a woman in Missouri, who wrote:

"Please advise me how to stop my dog from killing the neighbors' chickens. Unless I do something to cure him of the habit, they threaten to shoot him. This is urgent. Don't write, wire!"

And Larry wired:

"Shoot the chickens or tie the dog. Letter follows."

CHARLEY CHASE breezed into New York recently, hoping to pick up a gag or two for the comedies he makes for Hal Roach. Charley knows what's funny and what isn't. He says crossed eyes is the only deformity that people will laugh at.

And this reminded him of a good one. Nothing to do with crossed eyes, however.

A fellow proposed to a girl who was crazy

about jewels. She said she would marry him if he would buy her a certain diamond dog collar that she admired. Being in moderate circumstances, the chap had a tough time of it, but after five years he was able to purchase the diamond collar.

But when he brought it to the girl he found she had developed a goitre and it took him two more years to get sufficient diamonds to make it fit.

"THE Winning of Barbara Worth" will really be made at last. In spite of the several contests run to find a girl to play *Barbara Worth*, the rôle is to be done by Vilma Banky.

When production of this Harold Bell Wright novel was begun three years ago, Florence Vidor was cast for the title rôle. Harold Bell Wright thought Florence was the ideal *Barbara Worth*, and we thought so too, at the time. Actual filming did not begin, however, due to unfavorable conditions in Imperial Valley, California, the locale of the story. A few months ago a contest was begun to find another *Barbara*. This time Marceline Day, a Wampas Star, was chosen.

Now the story has changed hands and an entirely new cast is being assembled. Sol Lesser has sold the rights to "The Winning of Barbara Worth" to Samuel Goldwyn, and Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman will do the picture. Henry King, who directed "Stella Dallas," will direct.

BEBE DANIELS was saved from serious injury the other day by her hair.

Not by a hair's breadth, however, but by her luxuriant crop of black hair. Her latest picture—a female version of "Brewster's Millions"—with Bebe as *Miss Brewster* who crashes into pictures—called for her to do some dare-devil stunts that made her Lloydian exploits, in the days when she and Harold appeared together in comedies, diminish in proportion to the value of the mark.

Bebe wouldn't have a double. When the script called for her to transfer from a speeding motor to a bicycle, Bebe did. But the bicycle swerved and Bebe landed on her precious head. After first aid was given at the Lasky Hospital, Bebe was taken home where she remained for several days before returning to the pictures.

BEBE is still wondering why anyone should send her poisoned candy. The United States and British customs officials have so far

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



# Live the *THRILLS* of the land of **ROMANCE**

In this  
*Free!*  
trip to HOLLYWOOD

LIVE the thrills of the Land of Romance. Step into the realms of movie make believe! "Impossible!" you say. Not at all. You have that chance now, in the great Romance-Hollywood Moving Picture Contest which opens to the winner acquaintance with famous stars and directors, opportunity to see big feature films produced, to take part, possibly, in their creation.

The winner of this contest will be given a free trip to Hollywood and allowed to choose a companion to share it. All expenses will be paid by the makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES.

Here are the conditions. The makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES have selected twelve romantic scenes from twelve great photoplays. These scenes are reproduced in two booklets, A and B, *one* of which is packed with every pound box of ROMANCE "Selections." You have simply to name correctly the leading actor and actress appearing in each of the twelve scenes, giving also the correct title of each photoplay. Then, arrange the scenes in a novel and attractive manner.

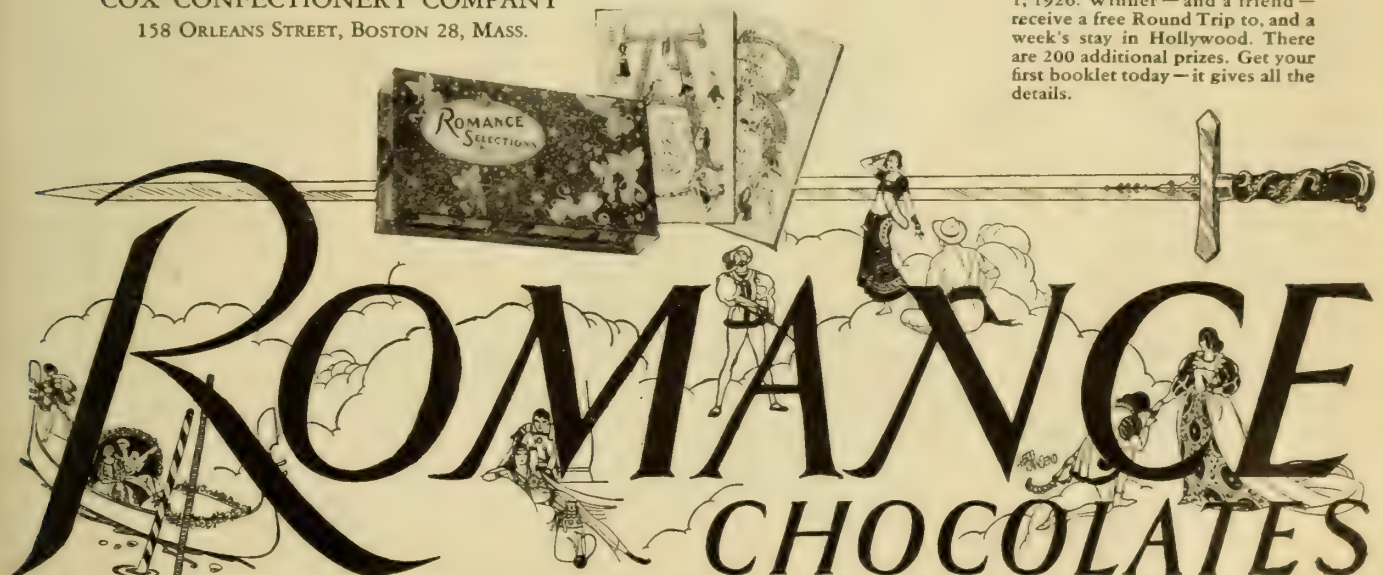
This contest is open to all. You do not have to buy anything to enter. You may have both booklets, free, by writing directly to us. Get *your* copy now!

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY  
158 ORLEANS STREET, BOSTON 28, MASS.

READ  
*the easy conditions of the  
famous Romance Hollywood  
Moving Picture Contest!*

## Conditions of Contest

1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
2. Send each solution under separate cover, addressed to "Romance-Hollywood Contest," care of Cox Confectionery Company, No. 158 Orleans Street, Boston 28, Mass.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of "Photoplay;" the Motion Picture Editor of "Liberty;" and Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of "Motion Picture Magazine."
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner — and a friend — receive a free Round Trip to, and a week's stay in Hollywood. There are 200 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today — it gives all the details.







# Girls' Problems

*Friendly Advice  
from Carolyn Van Wyck*



## Her Letter

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

Here I am at the crossroads and I don't know what to do. My trouble is the boys won't look at me. I want boy friends. Sometime I want to get married, but that's not what's troubling me now. Right now I want boys for friends, not beaux. All my girl friends are beginning to have boy friends. I haven't got one and I feel so out of it. When we go on parties, I am always the extra girl. I am considered very pretty. I'm healthy and happy. This is the only trouble I've ever had.

To be very frank, I've not so many girl friends, either. Mostly they are acquaintances, school chums, girls I've grown up with—but not friends. One or two are very close to me, but I am not what you can truly call popular.

Perhaps it is my commonplaceness that is to blame. I've never learned to dance or play. I'm not a very good conversationalist. But I feel I could be a good friend to lots of people, particularly boys. I want to be popular. And some day I want to be a good wife.

## My Answer

The price of friendship.

Are you willing to pay it, my young correspondent?

Friendship has a price, you know. Popularity is not something that grows up around us automatically. Popularity and friendships are as surely earned as dollars and cents. Some people earn friendships more easily, just as some earn money more easily, because their natural talents are more highly developed. But just as it is possible for everyone who has the desire to earn a living, so is it possible to earn popularity.

It is courageous to admit "commonplaceness." It gives you an honest starting point, and only that. Since you know you are now "commonplace," there's hope. You can get over it.

The price of friendship is work. The qualities that earn friendship are the products of courtesy and charm.

The first necessity for popularity, particularly with boys, is good appearance.

Beauty is not imperative. While beauty attracts us all, while we all want to possess beauty, we are rarely interested in the individual behind a beautiful face. Few are ever true friends to a beautiful woman. Thus fine features are as apt to be obstacles as aids to friendship.

Prettiness, however, is a true asset. With good grooming, good health, careful diet and a good carriage of the body, every girl can seem to possess prettiness, whether her features are regular or not. And simulated prettiness will do just as well as real prettiness in the long run to the altar.

Good grooming comes from the hair brush, the clothes brush, the bathtub, the green vegetable diet and the flat iron. A lack of good grooming is laziness. Getting underweight or

overweight, except in cases of illness is mere slackness. So is a shiny nose or a shiny, dusty hat brim. Be neat and an initial round of the battle is won.

It costs money to learn to dance, or play the piano or twang a ukelele but the twin arts of listening and conversing can be cultivated by the poorest girl.

Every girl who wants to be popular should learn to talk well. To talk well you must think clearly and to think clearly you must be interested in your subject. The trouble with most of us is that we are not actually interested in anything. It seems sometimes as though most of us are only one-third alive. The other two-thirds of our personalities are engaged in dreaming and ageing. It is the intelligent, successful individual who assembles the whole personality into one unit and makes

## The Price of Friendship Is This Month's Problem

Write me your problems. If you desire a personal reply in matters that need understanding rather than rules, I will be glad to send it. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

In addition I have had printed for you directions for obtaining any desired improvement in your appearance—advice on diet, reducing, increasing weight, care of skin, general health. Send a stamped and addressed envelope for them.

himself or herself a personage. Most of us gossip. We chatter, about friends, the boss, the weather. And the things we say are of so little interest of anyone, ourselves included, that it wouldn't really matter if we were struck dumb the next moment.

It's rather shameful, I think. The world is so full of literally billions of things we ought all be as filled with interesting talk and interesting viewpoints as Niagara is full of power. In this limited space I can not detail the many subjects on which a girl desiring popularity should be able to talk, but I think any girl who does not go to her local public library and learn a little about the seven arts, who does not go to the back of her newspaper and learn a little about sports—this for the boy friends—who can not talk of fashions, the theatre, and books, is just a social slacker.

If this seems too difficult or to demand too much time, there is listening. Talking will make you happier and listening will make the other person happier, so use your judgment on the individual and the occasion.

Good listening is the quality of making the other person talk interestingly. I knew a woman once without much education, but with a great fund of native good sense who had cultivated the art of listening to a fine science. When the conversation got too deep for her she would say "Ah, Keats" in a rapt voice, if

the poet happened to be the subject, or "Ah, Valesquez," if painting was being discussed. No one was ever positive that she didn't know of the celebrity being talked of. Thus she paved her social way, since all the speaker wants to be sure of, in such a situation, is that he has an appreciative listener who is urging him on to show off his cultural knowledge.

In listening, then, be really interested. Don't simply sit silent and look at your shoes. Question the speaker, draw him out—use him deliberately—bolster up his ego by giving him your complete attention. Then wait and see. You will no longer need be lonely in the moonlight.

Courtesy, too, is simply interest in the other person. If you are truly polite, you are never uninterested in your associate. The little manners, the thoughtful courtesies—they include such things as remembering what

brands of cigarettes, candy and soap your friends prefer, how many lumps of sugar in their tea—these are charms within any girl's reach. They are more flattering to your friends than a carload of roses.

Finally, if you can possibly attain it, a parlor stunt. Sitting at home and expecting popularity to come to you because you are a pretty girl born of a nice family is hopeless. You must earn your way socially. The girl who can play the latest popular tune; the girl who is an accomplished sportswoman; the girl who can dance anything from a fox-trot to a Charleston; the girl who can read cards or palms or handwriting or tell fortunes from tea leaves—any one of a hundred little parlor stunts, that girl has her price of popularity in her hand and a well established friendship credit.

EFFIE VAN A.

There are many things to be taken into consideration in the purchase of facial creams. Climate is one of them. A tendency toward dry skin combined with life in a windy, cold atmosphere which in turn probably means living in a steam heated house must be combated with treatments that bring oil and fats to the skin. You say that you have a good complexion with quite a lot of color. That sounds to me as though it were in very good condition, indeed, and the preparations you are using were being beneficial. Cleansing creams are not usually used in combination with soap and water. They are intended to take the place of soap. Most vanishing creams have a drying tendency. With your skin already dry I would advise you against the use of artificial astringents. For your complexion either a light or dark rachel powder would be excellent and a dark red or a carnation pink lipstick, depending upon which color best compliments your eyes. A little experimenting will tell you and the right rouge shade is worth the cost it takes to discover it. The best all around exercise for one who doesn't want to reduce but does want to keep fit is the squatting exercise combined with an arm movement. Standing with the feet close together in a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]



# Science has produced an invention that reads your hair



## The Nestle Meter Scale Tests Your Hair in Advance

*The Nestle Laboratory in New York offers a personal service by mail that aids your Nestle Permanent Waves to produce the perfect Permanent Wave.*

**M**R. C. NESTLE, international authority on hair, has solved the problem of permanent waving.

Among other famous men, Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, declared in 1909 that Mr. Nestle's invention of the permanent wave "is the greatest step forward in hair science ever made for the comfort of women."

### *The New Nestle Meter Scale— a great advance*

Now, Mr. Nestle brings forth an invention of as much importance to the study of human hair as the X-Ray is to the human body.

*This is a machine that literally "reads" your hair—that reveals its special characteristics and forever takes the guess out of the permanent wave.*

The Nestle Meter Scale removes a great responsibility from the operator. Guided by its readings, the permanent waver knows exactly what kind of hair you really have and exactly how to wave it for perfect results.

These readings give him insight and foresight, discover what the eye cannot see, and so make possible a new system of permanent waving that is adaptable to every head of hair:—

### *The Nestle Circuline Process for perfect permanent waving*

This is a personalized treatment—designed to carry out "to the letter," the readings of the Nestle Meter Scale.

Whether your hair be normal, snow-white, black, bleached or dyed—whether you want a tight, medium or loose wave—any one of the 6,000 Nestle Wavers can produce it.

### *Know your hair before you have it waved—the reading and recommendation cost you nothing*

Just fill out the coupon below—and send a small strand of your hair, at least 5" long and about the thickness of a pencil lead—with \$1 deposit to cover cost of testing. Do not send combings!

The Nestle Laboratories will then send you a card giving the result of the analysis of your hair. This \$1 Deposit will be deducted from the price of your next permanent wave given anywhere in the United States where the Nestle Circuline Process is used. The Nestle Company guarantees the refund of this deposit. Over 6,000 hair dressers and beauty parlors in the United States use Nestle Permanent Waving apparatus.

### *Have Your Hair Read Now!*

With exact scientific knowledge of your hair in advance, your permanent waver cannot fail to give you the style of wave you want—exactly as you want it. It is worth a great deal to be assured of perfect, permanent waves from now on and it really costs you nothing. *Send your hair sample today!*

**NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD.**

*Established 1905*

12 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City  
*Originators of Permanent Waving*



*Booklet Is FREE  
With or without the  
hair test*

Ask for our interesting booklet, "Taking the Guess Out of Permanent Waving." It is alive with helpful information

on the care of the hair. It brings you full details of the new Nestle Meter Scale and the Nestle Circuline Process. Sent free upon request. Please use the coupon opposite.

**NESTLE'S  
CIRCULINE PROCESS**  
**For the perfect  
permanent wave**

**NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., LABORATORY**  
12 EAST 49th ST., Dept. 4-F, NEW YORK

Enclosed find \$1 Deposit and sample of my hair for an official laboratory reading on the Nestle Meter scale. It is understood that my \$1 will be deducted from the cost of my next permanent wave at any hair waving establishment using the Nestle Circuline Process. You are to send me a record of your findings and your free booklet on permanent waving.

Name  (Please write plainly)

Address

If booklet only is wanted, check here ☐

The Nestle Lanol Company alone, possesses the patented Nestle Meter Scale, and only qualified establishments can offer the genuine Nestle Circuline Permanent Wave. Beware of imitations and misleading claims.





## Can you tell us her name?

YOU may have passed her on the 'Fifth Avenue' of any great city, or glimpsed her from a moving train —

She may be a native of New York, or a village maid of Indiana. She is one of America's *Unknown Beauties*—one of the thousands of lovely women unfound by fame.

And Tre-Jur vies with Nature to keep that beauty ever fresh.

In its Toiletries is a quality that enhances natural charm — in its trademark, a never failing symbol of value



There's a delightful Tre-Jur Compact for every need—in gun-metal, gold or nickel plate, each a gem of ingenuity, each supreme in the quality and purity of its ingredients. And Tre-Jur Face Powder is more a matter of Art than chemistry. Delightfully soft, exquisitely fine—a generous quantity at 50c.

Sold at your favorite store or sent by mail from us. Compact refills are always available.

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22 Rue La Lande—Paris

**TRE-JUR**  
FACE POWDERS AND COMPACTS



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *PHOTOPLAY* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For the kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

**M. H. WIS.**—Don't argue about who played with whom until you have first consulted your old friend in these columns. It was Neil Hamilton who played with Betty Bronson in "The Golden Princess." Cleve Moore is Colleen's young brother, and his first picture work was in "We Moderns" with his sister.

**P. T. WESTBURY.**—So you went to school with Constance Bennett at Miss Marshall's in New York? I'll bet you could tell us about Connie. She told us she was born on October 22nd, 1905. Can we help it if she changes her mind about her age when talking to somebody else? Ricardo Cortez was born on September 10th, 1890. He married Alma Rubens just last month. Neil Hamilton is married. He was born in September in 1899.

**BOBBIE BROWN, MALONE, N. Y.**—You can get a photograph of Richard Dix by writing to the Paramount Studio, Price Avenue and 46th Street, Long Island City, N. Y. Richard is not married—yet. Sally O'Neil's photograph can be obtained by writing to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio in Culver City, Calif. Don't forget to enclose your two bits when you ask for the pictures.

**STAR LOVER, NEBRASKA.**—Ha! ha! Me a comedian? So's your old man. People call me a funny guy but I can't get money for it. Write to the Cecil DeMille Studio in Culver City, Calif. for a picture of Leatrice Joy. For Edmund Lowe's write to the Fox Studio at 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Eddie married Lilyan Tashman, don't you remember? They had a swell wedding breakfast with all the other stars about six months ago.

**K. K., SAN FRANCISCO.**—Have you no respect for your elders? What will the postman think of your toodle-ooing me on a penny postcard? Viola Allen played "The White Sister" ten years ago.

**ONLY TEN.**—Welcome to the class, my dear. Your adored Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18th, 1895. I bet he'd love to get a birthday card from you. Florence Vidor has only one child, little Suzanne. And Pola Negri is not married now. She was divorced from Count Domb-ski. I like you, too.

**PATSY MARIE.**—I shall break down and tell you all—about the fair Corinne. I, too, am a victim of her devastating devastatingness. Miss Griffith is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is light brown and her eyes blue. She is married to Walter Morosco, son of Oliver Morosco, the play producer. Walter has recently been made a director by Warner Brothers and will do Irene Rich's next picture.

**TRIX T.**—Thank you for your sweet letter. Ian Keith was Gloria's leading man in "Her Love Story." Mae Murray has canceled her contract with the German producers and is now in New York waiting to sign a new contract with one of our own producing companies. Dorothy Sebastian was born in Birmingham, Alabama, April 26th, 1905. She has been in pictures only about a year, and is at present working with Dorothy Mackaill in "The Dancer of Paris." Dorothy is a friend of Alice Terry's and Rex Ingram's and just returned from visiting them in Nice, France.

**B. B. B., TEXAS.**—How could I be both young and wise? They don't go together. Bennie Lyon is 25 years old; unmarried; six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He is not married. His mother travels around with him on his picture-making jaunts. She is young and enjoys it a lot.

**VIRGINIA, DETROIT.**—You lovely child, you, sending me your love. But I return it herewith, with thanks. After the way you raved about Ben Lyon you can't expect me to fall for such blarney. Look around in the column and you'll find all the answers to your questions about Bennie, for you have rivals, m'dear.

**DUCKIE, READING.**—Your hero was born in Logan, Utah, July 10th, 1895. You can't be a good fan if you don't already know all about John Gilbert. Surely you know that he is divorced from Leatrice Joy and that they have a beautiful child, living with Leatrice? John is not engaged or even interested in any girl at present. I saw him the other night at the opening of "Mare Nostrum." He came alone.

**AGGIE, CAMDEN, N. J.**—That's a good one—me on the cover of *PHOTOPLAY*! I'm still laughing it off. Johnny Hines was born in Golden, Colorado, July 25, 1895. He has been on the screen eight years. He is five feet, nine inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Dark hair, brown eyes, and heart whole and fancy free.

**I**N writing to the stars for pictures, *Photoplay* advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

**JANICE.**—Don't fret yourself about whether I am a man or a woman. I am Peter Pan, ageless and with the wisdom of all ages. Dick Barthelmess works for Inspiration Pictures, at 565 Fifth Ave., New York City. He was born in 1895. The hero of "Thunder Mountain" is a newcomer named Leslie Fenton. He can be reached at the Fox Studios in Hollywood. Keep the nickel to write me two more letters.

**JOHNNIE WALKER, TEXAS.**—Whatta name, whatta name! Your letter cheered me a lot. You show good taste in liking Malcolm McGregor. He's a fine lad, he is. Malcolm was born October 13th, 1896, in New York City. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Black hair and brown eyes, married to a non-professional.

**MAXINE A.**—Welcome to the fold. Betty Bronson can be reached at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood. She is making a picture called "The Cat's Pajamas." Betty was born on November 17th, 1906.

**A NEW JERSEY MOSQUITO.**—I must say you're not like your name. No, Ramon doesn't play the violin. He sings beautifully tho, I'm told. Ricardo Cortez' name before going into movies was Jack Crane. You didn't bother me a bit.

**"DOLLY."**—Mae Murray is not married. Mae is divorced. Robert Leonard, the director, was the former Mr. Mae. Do I think she is fascinating? Do you think I'm blind? I seem to see a lot of Harrison Ford. He works very steadily. You must have missed some of his pictures, that's all. You say you'd like to see Ricardo Cortez in better pictures. Well, I'd like to see everybody in better pictures if you ask me, which you didn't. Write your Ford in care of Paramount studios, Hollywood. A picture of me? Now, don't be silly.

**EVA K.**—That's a peach of a letter, Eva. When it came, the snows of winter were piled up outside my window but as I read it, it so warmed my heart I thought I was in Florida, buying million dollar real-estate. It was Charles de Roche who played the role of *Pharaoh* in "The Ten Commandments" and it was Edythe Chapman who played Richard Dix's mother. So, you like Monte Blue better than all the Latin lovers. Well, there's those who agree with you.

**MARY GERACI, TRENTON.**—Marion Davies is just twenty-six and Colleen Moore is two years younger, but Colleen's married and Marion isn't. Sure, Norma's got another sister besides Constance. Don't you remember Natalie Talmadge, now Mrs. Buster Keaton? The idea of forgetting little Natalie!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]





## Woman to woman

*Knowledge passes rapidly concerning feminine hygiene*

IN certain circles there is a frank discussion of this subject, but there are other women who constantly stumble along unguided. Many of them, of course, *believe* they know the truth, but their knowledge usually goes no further than the employment of poisonous antiseptics, such as bichloride of mercury and various compounds of carbolic acid.

### New discovery banishes risks

Doctors will tell you that most compounds of carbolic acid are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning effect, but nevertheless they remain corrosive in their action. Scar-tissue and hardening of the membrane frequently follow their use.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to run these risks. There is a new antiseptic and germicide called Zonite. It is immensely powerful and yet absolutely *non-poisonous*. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the body. And it means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health assurance.

### Women's Division offers free booklet

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet especially for women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. Send for it. Read it. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

In bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c direct to the Zonite Products Company.



# Zonite

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.

Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked.

- ☐ Feminine Hygiene  
☐ Antiseptics in the Home

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State .....

Please PRINT name

W-12

## Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

been unable to trace the source of the box of bonbons which were discovered to contain poison. The candy was forwarded from London.

Because there was no name or address in the package, Bebe did not touch the candy. At the suggestion of friends, she had the bonbons analyzed at San Francisco.

FLO ZIEGFELD is mobilizing his Follies gals for the production of the movie film, "Glorifying the American Girl." The little darlings will caper around a cast of famous players. Rex Beach has written the story, and it will be directed by Frank Tuttle, the chap who did "The American Venus."

SOMEBODY was admiring one of those stunning white Stetsons that Tom Mix wears, the other day, and it leaked out that when Tom made his recent trip to Europe and throughout the United States with Tony, he used up over two hundred of them.

Everywhere he went, some prominent man connected with his reception would want to keep a hat for a souvenir. They became so popular for this purpose that Tom wired for two hundred extra ones, and came home bare-headed at that.

A NEW job has been created in the film industry. The kiss-timer.

The movie censorship board of San Francisco has passed a law ruling that movie kisses transpiring within that city's boundaries must be limited to five seconds.

Heigho, as they say in books. This is going to cramp the style of some of our film sheiks.

BILLED as "Mrs. Rudolph Valentino," although she has often been quoted as saying she wished to be known only by her stage

name, "Natacha Rambova." Rudy's divorced wife is now appearing to crowded houses in vaudeville. There seems to be great curiosity to see the former wife of the great star. Natacha's act is a sketch depicting a Russian refugee taking revenge on a revolutionist and she is striking in a gorgeous gown of metal cloth, woven to resemble a tiger's skin.

WELL, well. Tom Meighan's young brother, King, is in the movies. Tall, dark, and handsome and resembling Tom very much.

He left New York for Hollywood recently to be starred by Columbia Pictures. Tom was in Florida when his brother left.

"WILL you autograph my chest?"

What was a poor girl to think?

Margaret Livingston thought Wallace MacDonald was insulting her. Wouldn't you?

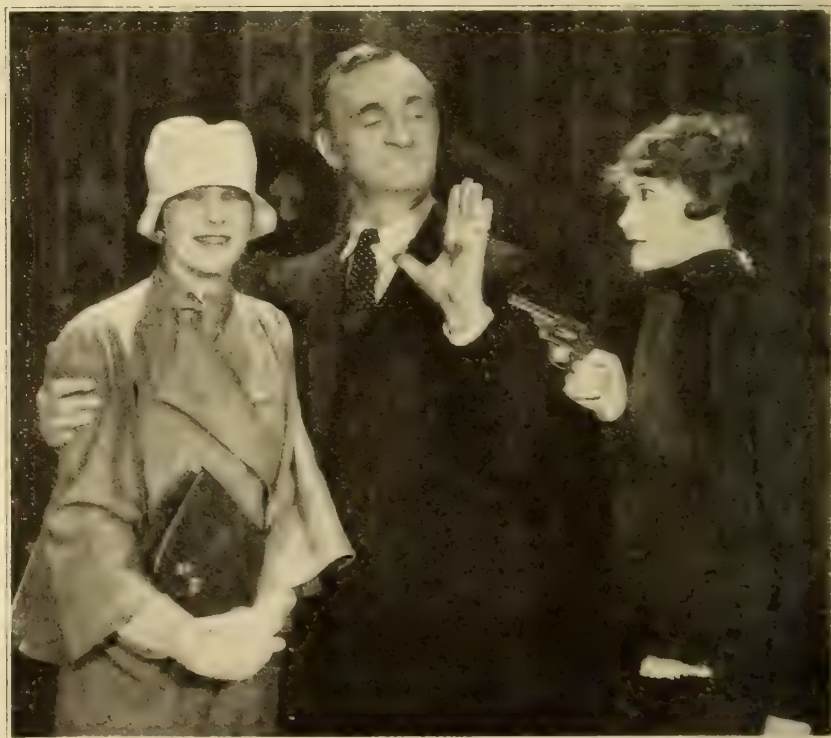
Then Wally shoved a pen and a small wooden box under her nose. And Margaret understood.

It was Wally's make-up box he wanted autographed. A cedar chest that bore the famous signatures of the many stars he has worked with. And he wanted Margaret to autograph his chest.

DORIS KENYON is fairly saturated with musical atmosphere these days. Not long ago she took over the house of Caruso's widow. In this home hangs two of the very few portraits in oil of the famous tenor.

Now Doris has taken up her singing studies again, under Fucito, Caruso's former teacher.

Before going into the movies Doris Kenyon sang in a church choir. Victor Herbert heard her sing one day and at once placed her in one of his musical shows, and Doris seemed destined for an operatic career. But the movies won out.



Mrs. Ray Long, wife of the editor of Cosmopolitan Magazine, sees how movies are shot at the United Studios with Anna Q. Nilsson prepared to do the shooting. "Unhand that woman!" hisses "Trigger-finger" Nilsson, to which Charlie Murray answers: "When elephants nest in trees, old dear!"





In Any Event  
**Gloves**



*May MacAvoy wears with her trim, tailored suit, beige cape gloves with simple cuffs that give a touch of smartness to her costume. Miss MacAvoy is making "The Savage," a First National production.*

## As Miss MacAvoy Chooses Her Easter Gloves

PROPERLY selected Easter gloves blend with the color of the costume and match other accessories, which are generally in beige, mode, bois de rose, wood, grey, natural or ivory. Gloves with bright trimmings should be considered in relation to the rest of the costume, so as to obtain a pleasing harmony.

Easter styles are varied to suit each wearer's taste and personality in dress. Novelty cuffed gloves can be had with elaborate trimmings to be worn with semi-formal dress, or in tailored effect for street wear. Slip-ons for sport or country wear are plain, but for town wear have sometimes a bit of simple trimming at the top.

For tailored slip-ons in lighter colors, washable leathers in cape and suede finish are especially favored. They are perspiration proof, and are easily washed or dry-cleaned. You can select correct Easter gloves at your favorite shop. Our Spring Style Chart will be sent you on request.

**THE ASSOCIATED GLOVE CRAFTS, 395 Broadway, NEW YORK, N.Y.**





"It was at Deauville I heard of a marvelous new method to beautify the skin," said Celeste.

## An Incident French Beauties Probably Never Will Forget

By Virginia Hoyt

We scarcely recognized her! That is an unadorned fact. When Celeste Dornay came gaily tripping down the gang-plank from the Leviathan, our little group of "welcome homers" hardly knew her. She was as stunning as we were stunned. "What's the matter, dears?" she cried, as she threw herself into our arms.

\* \* \* \*

It all came out at luncheon. Our curiosity there burst its bounds with a "What in the world did they do to your complexion, Celeste?"

"You'll simply die with amusement when I tell you the truth," she answered. "I know that my face looks transformed—but it's really funny—that is, the story of how it all happened."

"It was at Deauville I heard of a marvelous new method to beautify the skin. French beauties hinted of it to me—as if I, an American, should know. The pitiful condition of my skin—then—should have told them otherwise."

"One afternoon I ventured into the room of Rene—a darling little beauty. She was at her toilet table. And as we chatted, I watched. She lavished upon her skin a pink cream from a modish pink container. I noted a delicate almond fragrance. She removed it. That was her cleanser, I guessed. But promptly she applied it a second time—patted it, daintily—and turned to chat awhile. Her skin food, too, I concluded, with surprise!"

"Rene, I finally asked, 'tell me, is that the new method you French beauties are praising? If so, what is it?'"

"You do not know!" exclaimed Rene, "and it comes from your America!" She nearly convulsed herself with merriment—and then told me all.

\* \* \* \*

"Girls, these French beauties had given up their expensive jar creams for a solidified pink cream which you push up and out of a pretty little oval-shaped container—and it's made in the United States! This one single cream they use as a cleanser, a skin food and a base for powder. Not for economy's sake, but because they find it does more for their skins than three separate jar creams. 'Promptly did I divest myself of some francs and start following their method. Rene must have told the others of this American beautifier—for they slyly jested about it afterwards.'"

"The upshot is—well, my 'new' complexion which you've admired."

\* \* \* \*

"But what is the name of it?" we clamored simultaneously.

"Sem-pray," replied Celeste. "And over here, in the pretty oval container it costs you just seventy-five cents—or sixty cents in cake form—I noticed by the folder of directions. Not that your skins need beautifying, of course, but—"

After bidding Celeste adieu, I know of at least one young lady who immediately sought out a toilet goods counter, purchased Sem-pray, and is now willing to agree that French beauties know a thing or two—about the United States. Yes, I'm the one! —V. H.

Countless women are adopting this delightful new method to retain girlish loveliness. Costliest jar creams rarely, if ever, gave such results, they say. Accept the test and judge for yourself. Frankly, as makers also of jar creams, we have yet to find how certain complexion beautifiers—the secret of a skin that's always young—can be included in jar creams. So this is the sole form of cream offering these wonderful youth-giving ingredients. For your complexion's sake, use it as a cleanser, a skin food and a base for powder—as booklet directs. At all stores. Or cut out the coupon for a test without cost.



# Sem-Pray

The Secret of a Skin that's "Always Young"

MME. LA NORE  
654-D Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Bldg.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

FREE  
TEST

You may send me a free supply of Sem-pray with booklet, "The Secret of a Skin that's Always Young."



The tragic ending of a perfect love, the death of Mimi in "La Boheme." This is one of the highlights from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's special production of the immortal opera story. John Gilbert plays Rudolph, the poet, and Lillian Gish's "Mimi" is regarded as the test performance of her career

The musical atmosphere of the Caruso home has brought back all Miss Kenyon's operatic ambitions, but she has a movie contract that's not to be sneezed at, so we don't need to worry about losing Doris.

GLOBE-TROTTER William Powell, who now wears the brand of Paramount, has accumulated numerous jokes in his travels, but one of the most ingenious is this:

A gentleman of Hebraic extraction bought a horse for \$200 from a trader of dubious reputation, and the trader specified that the Jew must accept the horse as he bought him. It was a fine-looking animal, so the Jew agreed and asked permission of the trader to let the horse remain in the stall overnight. The trader acquiesced.

The next morning the Jew called to get his horse. He could not see the animal's head over the top of the stall and hastened to it, only to find the horse had died.

"How about getting back my \$200? The horse is dead," queried the Jew.

"Nothin' doin'. You bought the horse for better or worse!" The trader was adamant.

The Jew had the carcass hauled away.

Several weeks later the two men met.

"What did you do with your horse?" asked the trader.

"Had a raffle," the Jew answered. "I sold ten chances at \$100 apiece."

"Yeh. But how about the guy who won the horse?"

"Him? Oh! I gave him back his \$100."

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY has finally won the suit brought against them by Mrs. Virginia Bridger Hahn, daughter of Jim Bridger, for defamation of her father's character in "The Covered Wagon." The picture shows the famous old Indian scout as the husband of Indian squaws and as a drunkard.

In ruling against Mrs. Hahn, the Federal Court of Kansas City held that the changing standards of living make it impossible to defame one's ancestors. Things considered proper in one generation might be held as improper in another, the judge said.

"THERE'S one born every minute and most of them live," Mr. P. T. Barnum once sagely announced. You can sell them gold

bricks, oil wells and street cars. But the latest wrinkle in the "sucker" game occurred the other day.

To begin at the beginning. Bebe Daniels' new picture is a female edition of "Brewster's Millions." It's called "Miss Brewster's Millions," is laid in Hollywood and Bebe, as an extra girl, has a million dollars to spend. In her mad haste to get rid of the money in the required ninety days she buys a worthless motion picture studio, an oil well—anything. So the Sunset Boulevard side of the Paramount Studio was converted into Bebe's picture investment and labeled "The Excelsior Studios."

A short time after the set was decorated, two soft-voiced maiden ladies called at the Paramount reception room.

"Can you tell us where to find the general manager of the Excelsior Studios?"

"No, mam. There ain't no such thing."

"Oh, but there must be! The nicest man sold us stock in the Excelsior Motion Picture Company, with an entrance on Sunset Boulevard, and said we could visit it any time we wanted!"

A NEW YORK columnist wrote a yarn recently about an incident that occurred at the Equity Ball. A photographer wanted to take some pictures of the movie folk, and approached Conway Tearle with his request.

The story goes that Mr. Tearle retorted that there was nobody else of the movies present but Sigrid Holmquist, and Mr. Tearle couldn't be expected to pose with her, could he?

And when Sigrid read this, she was peeved. She wrote an attention-caller letter to the columnist. Sigrid thought the yarn was meant as a reflection upon herself, and took great pains to point out that "in our last picture the general opinion was that whenever Mr. Tearle and I appeared together the all-seeing eye of the camera seemed to miss him entirely. Naturally he would be reluctant to take another chance."

The laugh's on somebody, but whom?

BENEFITS of stardom as seen by little Virginia Marshall, age six years, who expects to receive a contract with a large producing company:

"What difference will it make whether you have a contract or not?" queried Kathleen, a friend of the embryonic star.



# Now—A new and totally different way to remove cold cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up. That will correct oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

The **ONLY** way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and grease-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

**M**ODERN beauty science has discovered a new way to remove cleansing cream—a way different from any you have ever known.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness that you'll love.

Now a test is being offered. Send the coupon and a 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

It will prove that no matter how long you have removed cleansing cream with towels, paper substitutes, etc., you have never yet removed it *thoroughly* from your skin . . . have never removed it properly, or in gentle safety to your skin.

## What it is

The name is Kleenex . . . a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, *solely* for the removal of cleansing cream.

It is the first absorbent made for this purpose. There is no other like it.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it. White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times



## No more soiled towels

No more harsh substitutes removing cold cream

Instead of towels, cloths, harsh fibre or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new material—27 times as absorbent!

### First

Remove every bit of germ-laden matter, every particle of dirt, simply by wiping off face.



### Then

pay particular attention to the nose, so that it will be white and without shine.



### Then

discard the used sheets—no more soiling of towels.

as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

*Stops oily skins. Combats imperfections. Lightens the skin*

On the advice of skin specialists, women today are flocking to this new way.

It will effect unique results on your skin. By removing *all* dirt and grime, it will give your skin a tone three or more shades whiter than before.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back in. That is why your skin may seem several shades darker sometimes than it really is.

It will correct skin and nose oiliness amazingly. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often appear.

This new way corrects those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

## Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.

Or . . . obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up as exquisitely as fine handkerchiefs, in two sizes: the Professional, 9x10-inch sheets—and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches. Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables . . . a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.

# KLEENEX

The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

## 7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO.,  
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

PH-4

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

Kleenex comes in dainty flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets  
6 by 7 inches . . . 35c

Professional, sheets  
9 by 10 inches . . . 65c







"Only Tangee changes color to blend with each complexion."

## BEAUTY you may have ~ or envy!

WOULDN'T you rather have real beauty than artificial? A complexion that glows with the natural blush-rose of youth? Lips that are soft, velvety and alluring? With color as natural as Nature herself? Then try Tangee!

### A magic lipstick

Unlike any other lipstick Tangee changes from orange to blush-rose when you put it on—a shade that is warm, young, lovely and natural... It is waterproof—frictionproof—kissproof—permanent—and absolutely harmless—and lasts about five times as long as other lipsticks.



### "The most precious make-up in the world"



That's what Tangee Crème Rouge has been called... You take the tiniest bit and spread it quickly. You have, not color, but a glow, delicate, elusive...

Now a tiny bit more. The glow is richer, more alluring... Experiment will show you just how much to use.

### Color magic in a compact

In a handy form for your purse is Tangee Rouge Compact—the same lovely make-up in caked powder form—with puff and mirror—so easy to apply, anywhere, anytime... If you plan to be more lovely tomorrow... get Tangee today!



Caution: Do not let anyone offer you "something just as good." All substitutes are inferior. Look for TANGEE in orange letters on each container. Tangee Crème Rouge, \$1. Tangee Lipstick, \$1. Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c.

Mons. Doriot  
**TANGEE**  
Be Beautiful with Tangee

### Special Introductory Offer

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full size Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous free sample of Tangee Crème Rouge, and (3) "The Art of Make-up" written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer's name will be appreciated.)

DEPT. 82 THE GEORGE W. LUFF CO.,  
417 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Here he is, the gentleman of a thousand loves, Don Juan, as visioned by John Barrymore for Warner Bros. The lady getting the warm look is Estelle Taylor, all dressed up as Lucretia Borgia, that ancient vamp who was so playful with poisons

"Why!" replied Virginia, with withering contempt, "then I'll have a bungalow on the lot, like all of the other stars!"

THERE is one polite truck driver in New York. He is Alice Joyce's own discovery.

Crossing Broadway recently Alice nearly became a casualty. She gauged the distance between herself and the curb and decided she could make it before the truck got there.

But three steps were lost on a bit of New York's sootiful snow, and Miss Joyce barely made it.

The truck driver leaned out of his perch, and contrary to truck driving tradition, called friendly like:

"Watch your step, Alice!"

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett) left for a three months' vacation trip to Europe recently, they had considerable explaining to do to their five year old daughter, Loris, who having been previously taken to Rome while "Ben Hur" was being filmed couldn't see why she should be left at home this time.

But Enid with great care told her that they had to be in New York for the opening of the picture, that they'd be hurrying around from place to place and it wouldn't really be nice at all for a little girl.

A few days ago Loris got a postal from her mother from Europe, describing some scenery and ending with "Wish you were along, darling."

Loris contemplated it a while, and then said to her grandmother, "That's very silly of Mother and Dad. If they'd wished I was along all they had to do was take me."

I suggested it myself. But they wouldn't. So what's the use now of writing postals like that?"

"WHAT shall we do next?" the Park Avenue debutantes asked themselves. And they hit upon the idea of dressing up like movie stars and having a party.

So recently at the Plaza the moving picture stars were able to see themselves as others see them when impersonations were given by 100 members of the Junior League. Some of the screen players were improved upon by the amateurs, while the vanity of others received sad blows.

NO sooner did Helen Ferguson and her husband, William Russell, return from New York, intending to move into their beautiful new home in Beverly Hills, than both signed a contract to appear in a French Revolutionary period picture for the Concordia Film Co., and left for Algiers and Tunis, where the picture is laid. The Russells expect to return to Beverly early in the summer.

LEW STONE has always wanted to play "The Desert Healer." He wanted to so much that about a year ago he purchased a beautiful horse and started to train him for the picture—so hopeful was Stone that he would some day play the rôle.

Then Sam Rork and Marion Fairfax purchased the story and engaged Lew for the part. Everything was great. Stone was crazy to play it and had the horse and everything.

But he hasn't got the horse now. Just before Stone started work on the picture, the horse was stolen. And puff went horse, a year's feed bill and all of the time and money spent on the animal's education.

"MARE NOSTRUM," the Latin title of Rex Ingram's latest opus—in plain American it means "Our Sea"—temporarily halted Broadway when it first shone down upon that lively street from the electric lights of the Criterion Theatre.

Latin is a language that has been dead for considerable years and "Mare Nostrum" halted Broadway, as has been said, momentarily while its meaning was sought.

Then one of Broadway's wisest boys came along. He translated.

"Mare Nostrum," said the wise-boy. "Horse Liniment."

THE White Star liner Olympic reached her port last week too late in the day for the regular inspection of alien passengers. And so one of our popular film stars was obliged to spend the night aboard ship.

Tom Moore. He still has an English slant on his passport, due to the cradle being in Ireland when Tom first gladdened the earth with his Irish grin.



*BY* discovering the three telltale places where age shows first on a woman's face and then by correcting them by scientific treatments and exclusive preparations, Dorothy Gray became one of the world's most famous beauty specialists.



*D*OROTHY GRAY numbers among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register. The results she accomplishes at her famous Fifth Avenue Studio can now be duplicated in your own home.

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*How*

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*methods and preparations  
overcome the three telltale  
signs of facial age*

"**T**O look one's age is a folly," says Dorothy Gray. "Looking as old as one's years is a crime against self."

Miss Gray says this with the assurance of an expert, one who has spent her lifetime in one worthy pursuit—facial rejuvenation.

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*Correct them and You Take Years Away*



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Wrinkles and Lines  
Around Eyes and  
Mouth



Thin face with flabby  
muscles under the chin

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You can erase years from your face if you're over 30. If younger,

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A double chin, that first fatal sign of departing youth, can be restored to graceful lines. Droopy, flabby muscles can be "firmed"—sallow skin made glowing—thin and withered skin can be revitalized—lines and crow's-feet around eyes and mouth can be eliminated, erased.

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☐ to round out a thin face and strengthen muscles under chin.  
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LOOK carefully at your complexion—after you have permitted it to remain, even for a single night, clogged with dust and make-up, uncreamed and unwashed! Note the coarsened pores—the sallowness—the drawn, lined appearance.

To keep your good looks, MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, who has devoted a lifetime to cultivating facial charm, advises correct care *every single day*. The scientific Valaze preparations made by this leading beauty specialist are now available to you. For every possible skin need, you can have a dependable, specialized aid to beauty.

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### To Clear and Whiten

**Valaze Beautifying Skinfood**—a stimulating, non-fattening cream—whitens the skin several shades. Clears away sallowness, faint freckles and darkened skin pigment. The skin clearing masterpiece. 1.00

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with these flattering, hygienic cosmetics

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LONDON



Now that America is a dry country, we have things like this cellar-ette circulating among us. The shelves fold in, lowering the glasses and grape juice to the bottom. Clarence Brown is pouring Ronald Colman's cold tea. This is one of the kicks in "Kiki"

MRS. EARLE WILLIAMS entertained recently at a luncheon and tea for Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who has returned from Europe and is about to start work on her second picture.

Florine kept open house, everybody came to lunch that could and those that were working dropped in for tea. Among the guests were Norma and Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Peg Talmadge, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Ivy Shilling, Mrs. Thalberg, Florence Vidor and a number of others.

One thing cat parties of that nature always demonstrate—those two Talmadge girls are great foils for each other. Being sisters, you'd think they saw enough of each other at home. But when they go out, they are always to be found sitting side by side, playing into each other's hands and keeping everybody roaring with laughter. They entertained the crowd that afternoon with quotations from nut fan letters they have received. Among the many beautiful and highly appreciated letters that every star gets are always some from jails, insane asylums and private freaks that are a scream. And Constance and Norma certainly make a great act of anything they attempt.

DRIFTED up to the Montmartre Saturday to see what was going on. Most remarkable thing I saw was this little girl Joan Craw-

ford, an M-G-M find, who really looked perfectly beautiful. In dull green satin, and dancing the Charleston very gracefully with Michael Cudahy, son of the once-famous Jack Cudahy. If she photographs as beautifully as she looked that day she should be an addition to the screen. A young Corinne Griffith without Corinne's disagreeable expression.

Somebody was having a party at which were Florence Vidor, very distinguished in black satin; Colleen Moore, all in blue; Mrs. Tom Mix, in a three-piece ensemble of dark blue silk trimmed with sable; Mrs. Wallace Reid, in strictly tailored black, and Catherine Bennett. That girl is a beautiful blonde. No getting away from it. And anything prettier than a really beautiful blonde I don't know.

Syd Chaplin was very active on the dance floor. Lon Chaney and Raoul Walsh were attending to business, oblivious of all the gaiety and talking story a mile a minute. Leatrice Joy was there with the two Mayer girls, and she looked very lovely, in a deep, rich yellow dress, and a soft hat to match.

The last two times I've seen her she had on a most unbecoming blue hat, and I thought she'd gone off in her looks. But seeing her in this, decided it was the hat all the time. Mrs. Harold Lloyd, lunching with some of the very



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Fred E. Goodall, inventor of the *Goodall Process* for treating vegetable oils and foods with a quartz lamp, has proved his right to recognition in this field.

### Recognized value of Ultra Violet Rays

For years, scientists and medical authorities have recognized the unusual healing properties of the Actinic of Ultra Violet Rays as administered by a quartz lamp.

Leading scientists have proven—by remarkable clinical tests—that vegetable oils treated with these healing rays of Sunlight actually become charged—*irradiated*. Thus these irradiated oils—when brought in contact with the stomach and other organs—produce the same benefits as the quartz lamp itself.

Able men of research are daily advancing in knowledge on the problems of thus treating the internal organs with Sunlight. But we—by means of the *Goodall Process*—are confining ourselves to the most universal problem of all—the care of the skin and complexion.

### Now Sunlight in a cream

By the *Goodall Process*, with the quartz lamp, we have succeeded in storing *irradiation* in a cream. This is just another way of saying, Sunlight in a cream. Thus it is the *only* cream carrying the healing properties of Ultra Violet Rays. The name is RAY-CREME.

So now you can take a Sun Bath in bed every

night in the year—regardless of the weather—without any burning effect. For the Actinic of Ultra Violet Rays only serve to heal. Thus you can save your complexion from wrinkles and sallowness—you can banish and prevent blemishes—by the regular use of this simple jar of Sunlight—RAY-CREME. A trial proves it.

### Special metal-lined jars

For months we were puzzled with the seeming passive action of our cream. It seemed to lose its energy after a few days. Then we discovered the trouble—the Sun Rays were escaping through the jars! Now we have overcome this completely.

Now each jar of RAY-CREME is metal-lined. Thus no light can escape through the sides of the jar. So please remember that. When you buy RAY-CREME you are buying captured Sunlight. So keep the lid on tight when not in use. Else the Sunlight escapes. Frankly, if you fail to keep the lid on at all times, you might just as well use any cream on the market.

### Photographs tell the story

Please look at the photographs at the right. You are looking at the first authentic reproductions of photographs of Sunlight in a jar. These photographs of RAY-CREME were taken in a *sealed dark room*. We can obtain enough light from a jar of RAY-CREME to "light strike" an X-ray plate!

RAY-CREME is not simply one type of cream. It serves the purpose of every type of cream.

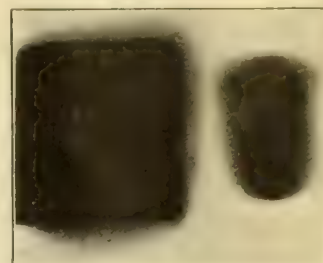
It is entirely self-sufficient. It meets every skin need. For Sunlight is nature's most powerful healer—the only food the skin can absorb.

We make no medical claims. We don't have to. Any doctor will tell you the benefits of Sunlight. We have successfully demonstrated that these healing rays can be stored in RAY-CREME by means of the quartz lamp. Can anyone, then, hesitate to believe in the youth-giving, tissue-building properties of RAY-CREME? Blemishes, such as blackheads, pimples, etc., cannot remain on a skin treated with Sunlight—RAY-CREME. A fair trial proves it.

*These photographs  
tell the story*



Plate taken in dark room on top of open jar of Ray-Creme.



48 hour side exposure of plate in dark room. Light so intense from jar of RAY-CREME that it reflected and registered nearby pasteboard box.



Plate showing light glowing like flame from top of jar of Ray-Creme. This photograph was taken of side of jar in dark room. Shorter exposure than one above.

### A year's supply for a dollar

By using this coupon and securing a trial jar at the price of \$1.00, you can obtain a YEAR'S SUPPLY FREE under our special offer. This sounds as extraordinary as RAY-CREME itself. We cannot put RAY-CREME in drug or department stores for a year. All orders must be delivered from our laboratory to the user. Hence, we offer this unusual opportunity. We mean just what we say—One Year's Supply For a Dollar. We will explain this by letter on receipt of your order.



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Henry Tetlow's Famous

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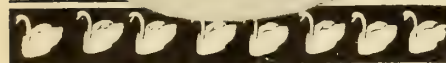
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Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton at breakfast. Mrs. Hamilton eats fruit but Neil seems to feed just on long looks. Economical, anyhow, and it should help Neil to keep the cook and his waistline easily. Those looks may not last, though. The Hamiltons are newlyweds

smart young society matrons. Priscilla Dean, all in black, with a tiny black velvet hat ornamented with rhinestones—and so exquisitely thin I hardly knew her. Carmelita Geraghty and Virginia Valli and Julianne Johnstone, the regulars, much as usual.

**MAE MURRAY** must keep a little notebook of glittering, airy remarks to lightly toss to the press. When she returned from abroad several months ago and her matrimonial intentions were probed by inquiring reporters, Mae provocatively replied: "Paris is lovely in the spring!"

Now she returns from another trip to the continent where her name has been coupled with Valentino, and in answer to the same palpitant questions, Mae sweetly answers:

"The man I marry must be able to cook bacon and eggs and be willing to serve them to me!"

**IT** is mighty interesting to note that George Fitzmaurice, who is generally considered one of the most artistic directors in the business, has developed a most startling box office flair during the year just passed.

Fitzmaurice is the only director to have two of his pictures listed among the fifty-two best box office attractions in 1925. His "Thief in Paradise" is rated among the first twenty.

His other picture, which I consider his greatest from all angles and which introduces Vilma Banky to the public, "The Dark Angel," ranks considerably below "A Thief in Paradise," much to my surprise.

I guess I'm not the only one to discover Fitzmaurice's unusual achievement, for he has been signed by Joe Schenck to direct Rudolph Valentino's next picture at what is said to be the highest salary ever paid a director to make a single picture.

**"MIKE and Ike,"** the immortal comic strip twins, have nothing on Mary and Margery Angus, two Hollywood girls who are as alike, from pretty curling hair to small slippers, as two automat sandwiches.

Sometimes it is a liability to be an exact replica of someone else, but when the twins went on location with the John Ford-Fox troupe filming "The World of Promise," it proved an asset.

The company established a pay station and because Margery was confined to her room with a nasty cold. Mary went to the station to collect both checks. The paymaster refused to give Mary her sister's check, despite all arguments. Mary left and stealthily waited around the corner for about five minutes. Then she returned to the paymaster with a petulant scowl on her face:

"I'm Margery Angus. I think you're awfully mean to make me come all the way down here for my check!" said Mary—and walked away with Margery's check!

**THOSE** on the recent sick list: Richard Barthelmess suffering with la grippe. Elaine Hammerstein, waiting for ten stitches to be removed from her cheek, following an ice spill. Seena Owen, injured during the filming of "Shipwrecked," and Tom Mix hobbling around on crutches. Tom strained several ligaments during the making of a scene in his new picture.

**HOLLYWOOD** society has talked of very little else recently but Marion Davies' costume ball, held in the Ambassador ballroom and attended not only by all the most celebrated stars but by a large number of titled and distinguished foreigners as well.

The big ballroom was turned by a decorator's art into a lavish and beautiful Hawaiian scene, two orchestras played the most enticing dance music and at midnight an elaborate supper was served at small separate tables scattered among the cocoanut palms.

Miss Davies herself appeared in the costume of a 10th century belle and I don't believe she has ever looked so pretty on or off the screen. The soft blue velvet of the quaint old-fashioned gown and the fetching poke bonnet with curling ostrich plumes of pale pink brought out her blonde loveliness in a fascinating way. She was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. George Van Cleve, and her niece, Miss Pepi Lederer.

**IT** was great fun to see Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks enjoying themselves, dancing together like a couple of youngsters. They so seldom go to big parties. Mary was Lillian Gish, she said, and wore Miss Gish's little seamstress costume from "La Boheme" and Doug-



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# The Amusement Calendar

offered by  
Associated Exhibitors, Inc.  
Oscar A. Price, Pres.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

## BETTY COMPSON



HOUSE  
PETERS  
and  
JAY  
HUNT

**"Counsel for the Defense"**  
Directed by Burton King  
From Leroy Scott's Famous Novel  
Personally Supervised by Edward Sillon

8 9 10 11 12 13 14

## GLENN HUNTER

with  
**CONSTANCE BENNETT**  
as another of those  
"lovable boob" characters

**"The PINCH HITTER"**

Directed by Joseph Henabery from  
the Story by C. Gardner Sullivan



15 16 17 18 19 20 21

## STRONGHEART

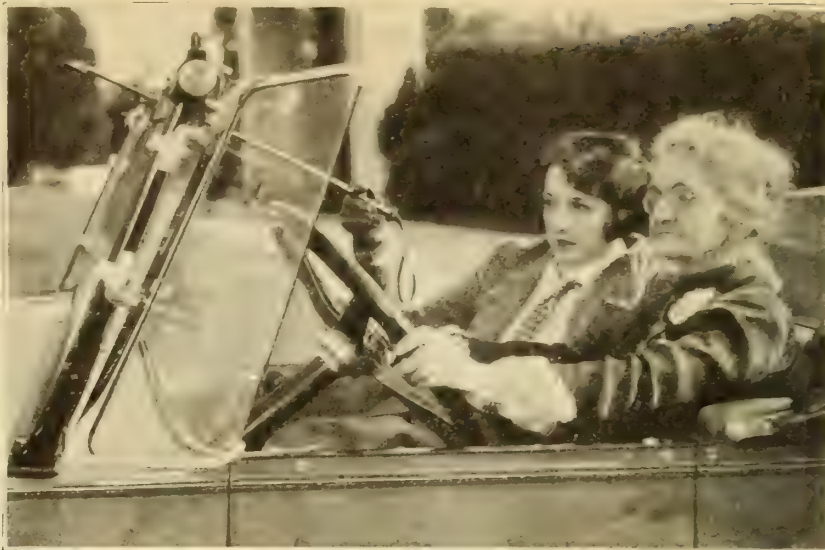
The most natural actor on the screen  
in a smashing picturization of the  
widely read Novel by Rufus King ~



**"NORTH  
STAR"**

Presented by  
HOWARD ESTABROOK  
Directed by  
Paul Powell

22 23 24 25 26 27 28



Her grandmother is doing the driving but why should Bebe Daniels carry a riding crop? Can it be that this is a four-legged roadster? Or is the whip used to scare away the traffic cops? Darn mysterious, these movie girls

las was *Don Q.* in a dashing black Spanish costume. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Chaplin were the *Emperor Napoleon* and the *Empress Josephine*. Charlie has always wanted to play *Napoleon* and is always saying that when he gets ready to retire he will make one last picture of the "Little Corporal's" life, playing the title rôle himself. He had a very lavish costume made of the Emperor's white uniform. Mrs. Chaplin looked particularly lovely in an empire gown of sapphire blue velvet, and a lovely diamond coronet in her dark hair, which was piled high on her head.

Norma Talmadge was a Russian ballet girl, in a strikingly individual little dancing dress in scarlet and blue, with high black patent leather boots and a stiff little patent leather helmet. And Constance was a Dutch boy, in bright blue satin pantaloons, her blonde hair worn straight and short like a real little Hollander's. Buster Collier, who accompanied her, wore the outfit of a Bowery tough, topped by a brown derby.

Tom Mix wore a pure white vaquero's outfit, trimmed in silver, and Mrs. Mix was a Victorian court lady, in purple velvet and ermine. The dress of that period and the hair dressed high gave her an opportunity to wear some of her most beautiful jewels, including a diamond tiara and a diamond collar of exquisite workmanship.

THE costume voted by everyone the most beautiful was that designed for Florence Vidor by Banton, the Parisian designer. It was a Venetian affair, of pure white tulle, with a tight fitting satin bodice above the frothy skirt, a tiny white velvet hat with a black lace mantilla draped about it and touching the oval of her face. George Fitzmaurice and Ronald Colman, who accompanied her, came in regulation evening clothes, as did Joe Schenck. Jack Barrymore was a tramp, with a large putty nose painted red and the most realistic looking suit of clothes that ever draped rags and tatters about a famous actor. But the hit of the evening among the men was Jack Gillert, who came as "Red Grange," his football togs topped by a flaming red wig of gigantic proportions.

Miss Lillian Gish looked like one of Jane Austen's heroines stepped straight from the pages of the book, in a little white frock and old-fashioned hair dress. The Princess Bibesco, who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks and the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Oxford and Asquith, came in the full court dress of Roumania. Her husband is the

Roumanian minister to the United States. Her brother, Anthony Asquith, was a toreador, and Madame Elinor Glyn was a Spanish grande dame, in black velvet with a huge comb and graceful mantilla draped about her lovely red hair.

ONE of the most stunning costumes there was that of Bebe Daniels as *Joan of Arc*. Bebe had a suit of armour made of cloth of silver. Her high boots were of silver leather, over white silk tights. On her breast hung a flashing cross of diamonds and she carried a silver cross with a lot of diamonds outlining it. She wore a short black wig.

Colleen Moore was the cutest thing imaginable in blue satin overalls, an enormous straw hat, and a bright red wig.

The comedy sensation of the evening was Marshall Neilan and Allan Dwan as the Smith Brothers. They made up to look exactly like the well-known pictures on the boxes of cough drops, beards and all, and they were a riot everywhere they went. Norman Kerry was in the uniform of a French officer.

MR. and Mrs. Charles Ray wore elaborate Spanish costumes and Lilyan Tashman was stunning in a ballet costume of black velvet and tulle, with very short skirts and full length black silk tights. She also wore a small, heart shaped black velvet hat over a white silk wig. Anna Q. Nilsson was in peach velvet pantaloons and Renee Adoree was a French peasant girl. Corliss Palmer wore a hoop skirt of the Louis XVI period, in apricot satin and gold lace. Jack Pickford was a bell hop, Claire Windsor an Eton boy and Ann Pennington wore a white ballet outfit.

It will be a long time before this party is topped.

QUITE a while since we've had a big opening in Los Angeles and the excitement that attended the recent first night of Douglas Fairbanks' "Don Q." was very welcome. Douglas and Mary and Charlie Chaplin combined to make it a very memorable occasion, for they acted as though the entire audience were their guests and I have seldom seen any one of the three so charming or entertaining.

Douglas made a sincere and impressive little speech after the enormous applause for the picture had subsided, well lighted with humor, and then introduced the members of the cast. Mary Astor, in pale pink, her gorgeous hair a delight to every eye, took a little bow, followed by Jean Hersholt. Warner Olin,



Lottie Pickford Forrest, Donald Crisp and others. Then Charlie took the stage and gave a brief pantomime in the Spanish atmosphere, the topic being a bull fight. It was a real privilege to see the great comedian doing his stuff in such a relaxed mood.

**B**UT the crowning moment of the evening was when Doug said that he wanted to introduce to them his "best pal and severest critic," Mary Fairbanks. As she came forward Mary was obviously nervous, but she looked too lovely for words, in a frock of pale pink and silver, quite long in the skirt and very simply made, with her shining curls piled high.

She made a faltering, hesitant, friendly little speech that did better than any flowery oratory, and brought down the house.

In the audience I saw Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, beside her husband. She wore old rose velvet, made empire fashion, with a rose velvet coat trimmed in chinchilla to match. Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, Colleen in frock of gray taffeta, ornamented by a soft lace bertha and pale pink silk roses, and a gray velvet coat entirely edged in platinum fox. Joe Schenck and Norma Talmadge, Norma in a gown of vari-colored metallic cloth, with a black velvet coat trimmed heavily in ermine and a small, black velvet toque, with ermine bands. (Norma has to wear a hat these days, because her hair is half-and-half for Kiki and won't do at all, she says.) Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell, Kathleen Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, and many other celebrities were there also.

**E**VER since Barbara La Marr became ill and went to the Altadena bungalow to live, the little boy she adopted has been cared for by ZaSu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery. The Gallerys have a daughter three and a half years old and Barbara's adopted son has been capital company for little ZaSu Anne.

Now it looks as if the boy will have a permanent home with the Gallery family. They are considering adopting him legally.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 105 ]



One of the best starts for a movie career is the right father. Ann Rork's dad is Sam Rork, the producer. Upon graduating from an exclusive finishing school, Ann announced she wanted to be a star. Daddy put her in "The Desert Healer." Judging by this still the rest ought to be simple.



# FREE

## 10-Day Tube Mail Coupon



# Your teeth made white, glorious, charming!

—your gums like coral to contrast them

Both come quickly when that dingy film is removed this way. Please accept a 10-day tube to try.

**H**ERE are beautiful teeth for the asking. Those dazzling clear teeth that add so immeasurably to one's personality and charm.

Millions have found them in this new way. Dental authorities urge it. In a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth. Dull teeth thus are made to glisten. Gums are firmed and given a healthy, coral color.

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### Film—that's the trouble

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

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# What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

## WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

**BUSTER KEATON STUDIO**, 1025 Lillian Way.

Buster Keaton directing "Mr. Battling Butler" with Buster Keaton and Sally O'Neill.

**CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO**, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Charles Chaplin directing "The Circus" with Charles Chaplin and Myrna Kennedy.

**CHRISTIE STUDIOS**, 6101 Sunset Blvd.

Bobby Vernon, Walter Hiers, Jimmie Adams and Neal Burns, all working on two-reel comedies.

**CALIFORNIA STUDIOS**, 1438 Gower St.

Bob Dillon directing the serial "The Silent Flyer" with Malcolm McGregor and Louise Lorraine.

**FILM BOOKING OFFICES**, 780 Gower St.

Ralph Cedar directing "Fighting Hearts" with Alberta Vaughn, Larry Kent, Al Cooke and Kit Guard.

Production will soon start on "A Poor Girl's Romance," "The Non-Stop Flight" and "The Isle of Retribution." Cast not named.

**Larry Semon Prod.** Production has started on "Spuds" with Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan.

**Tiffany Prod.** Louise Gasnier directing "Pleasures of the Rich" with Jack Mulhall, Hedda Hopper and Mary Carr.

**FOX STUDIOS**, 1401 N. Western Ave.

J. G. Blystone directing "The Silk Hat" with Tom Mix.

Victor Schertzinger directing "Siberia" with Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Lilyan Tashman and Lou Tellegen.

Emmett Flynn directing "Yellow Fingers" with Olive Borden, Ralph Ince and Claire Adams.

Harry Beaumont directing "Sandy" with Madge Bellamy, Leslie Fenton and Harrison Ford.

**LASKY STUDIO**, 1520 Vine Street.

William Wellman has completed "The Cat's Pajamas" with Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez and Arlette Marchall.

Mal St. Clair directing an untitled vehicle with Pola Negri and Robert Ames.

Herbert Brenon directing "Beau Geste" with Ronald Colman, Alice Joyce and Wallace Beery.

Allan Dwan directing "Padlocked" with Lois Moran and Allan Simpson.

Clarence Badger directing "Get Off the Earth" with Raymond Griffith.

James Cruze directing "Old Ironsides." Cast not named.

**Douglas MacLean Prod.** William Beaudine directing "That's My Baby" with Douglas MacLean.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO**, Culver City, Cal.

Phil Rosen directing an untitled production with Conrad Nagel and Renee Adoree.

Lew Lipton directing "Baby Mine" with Charles Ray, Eleanor Boardman and Bert Roach.

Hobart Henley directing "Bellamy the Magnificent" with Ramon Novarro.

Victor Seastrom directing "The Scarlet Letter" with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson.

Harry Millard directing "Lovey Mary" with Bessie Love.

Production will start soon on "The Flaming Forest." Reginald Barker directing.

**METROPOLITAN STUDIOS**, 1040 La Palmas Ave.

**Harold Lloyd Prod.** In between pictures.

**Corinne Griffith Prod.** Production will soon start on "Into Her Kingdom" with Corinne Griffith.

**Christie Prod.** Al Christie directing "Up In Mabel's Room" with Marie Prevost.

**Metropolitan Prod.** George Melford has completed "Shipwrecked" with Seena Owen and Joseph Schildkraut.

**PICKFORD FAIRBANKS STUDIO**, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

**United Artists Prod.** George Fitzmaurice directing "Sons of the Sheik" with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky.

Sidney Franklin directing "Silky Anne" with Constance Talmadge and Walter Pidgeon.

**MACK SENNETT STUDIO**, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Alice Day, Ben Turpin, Ralph Graves, Billy Bevan, Madeline Hurlock, Raymond McKee and Ruth Hiatt, all working on untitled two-reel comedies.

**UNITED STUDIOS**, 5341 Melrose Ave.

**First National Prod.** Alfred E. Green directing "Miss Nobody" with Anna Q. Nilsson.

Frank Lloyd directing "The Wise Guy" with James Kirkwood.

E. M. Asher directing "Good Luck" with Conway Tearle.

Al Santell directing "Molasses" with Jack Mulhall, Charles Murray and Gaston Glass.

Production will soon start on "Ella Cinders" with Colleen Moore.

**United Artists Prod.** Sam Goldwyn, Henry King directing "The Winning of Barbara Worth" with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

**UNIVERSAL STUDIOS**, Universal City, Cal.

Herbert Blache directing "The Man in the Saddle" with Hoot Gibson and Virginia Brown Faire.

Edward Sedgwick directing "The Continental Limited" with Jack Daugherty and Blanche Mehaffey.

Edward Laemmle directing "The Whole Town's Talking" with Edward Everett Horton, Virginia Lee Corbin and Helen Costello.

William A. Selter directing "Rolling Home" with Reginald Denny and Marion Nixon.

Melville Brown directing "The Girl on the Box" with Laura La Plante, Elnar Hanson and Zasu Pitts.

Lois Weber directing "The Star Maker" with Mary Philbin, Francis X. Bushman and Grace Darmond.

Cliff Smith directing "The Frontier Rider" with Art Accord.

**Dallas Fitzgerald Prod.** Dallas Fitzgerald directing "Silver Lanterns" with Ethel Clayton, Pauline Garon and Dorothy Dwan.

**WARNER BROS. STUDIO**, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Alan Crosland directing "The Tavern Knight" with John Barrymore.

Walter Morosoff directing "Slitken Shackles" with Irene Rich, Huntly Gordon and Robert Schable.

Herman Raymaker directing "Hero of the Big Snows" with Rin-Tin-Tin, Alice Calhoun and Don Alvarado.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "Hell Bent for Heaven" with Patsy Ruth Miller and Johnny Harron.

## EAST COAST

**BIOGRAPH STUDIO**, 807 East 175th St., New York City.

George Archambaud directing "Puppets" with Milton Sills and Gertrude Olmstead.

**COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO**, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

**Robert Kane Prod.** Wesley Ruggles directing "The Wilderness Woman" with Aileen Pringle and Lowell Sherman.

**JACKSON STUDIOS**, Jackson and Westchester Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Charles Hines directing "The Brown Derby" with Johnny Hines and Diana Kane.

**PARAMOUNT STUDIOS**, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Frank Tuttle directing "Fine Manners" with Gloria Swanson and Eugene O'Brien.

Gregory LaCava directing "Take a Chance" with Richard Dix and Alysie Mills.

Edward Sutherland directing "That Old Army Game" with W. C. Fields and Louise Brooks.

D. W. Griffith directing "Sorrowful Satan" with Carol Dempster, Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez.

Earle Kenton directing "The Palm Beach Girl" with Bebe Daniels and Larry Grey.

**TEC-ART STUDIO**, West 44th St., New York City.

**Al Lichtman Prod.** "Charley's Niece" with Madge Kennedy, Creighton Hale, David Butler, Ethel Shannon.

**WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO**, Glendale, L. I.

**Excellent Pictures.** Will Nigh directing "The Nest" with Pauline Frederick, Holmes Herbert, Reginald Sheffield and Jean Acker.

## CHANGES IN TITLES

**FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES.**

"Twentieth Century Unlimited" will be released as "High Steppers."

"The Second Chance" will be released as "Her Second Chance."

**UNITED ARTISTS CORP.**

"Scraps" will be released as "Sparrows."

## BUSINESS OFFICES

**Associated Exhibitors, Inc.**, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

**Associated First National Pictures**, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. **Richard Barthelmess Prod.**, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

**Distinctive Pictures Corporation**, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

**Educational Film Corporation**, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

**Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount)**, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

**Film Booking Offices**, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

**Al Lichtman Corp.**, 1650 Broadway, New York City.

**Fox Film Company**, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

**Metro-Goldwyn**, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

**Palmer Photoplay Corporation**, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

**Pathe Exchange**, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

**Principal Pictures Corporation**, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

**Producers Distributing Corporation**, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

**Rothacker Film Mfg. Company**, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

**United Artists Corporation**, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

**Universal Film Mfg. Company**, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

**Warner Brothers**, 1600 Broadway, New York City.



## Studio News and Gossip

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103 ]

ONE pupil of the Paramount School has succeeded to the extent of being put under contract by the regular Paramount organization. He is "Buddy" Rogers and his first part, out side of Paramount School's feature, "Glorious Youth," will be an important role in "Beau Geste," which Herbert Brenon will film in the West Coast studio.

Before he entered the Paramount School, Buddy, whose given name is Charles, was a junior at the University of Kansas. The press



Another good girl gone comedy. Norma Talmadge has left the drama temporarily flat to portray "Kiki," a Paris guttersnipe and flip comedienne. "Kiki" was a rough-and-tumble Belasco stage success. Two excellent reasons for Norma's success in the part are here shown



*At the left, just ankles.  
Below, the picture that  
every woman of fashion  
wishes to see—the same  
ankles, but now clad in  
"Onyx Pointex."*



## The difference between perfection and mediocrity in ankles

WHAT wondrous miracle is it that "Pointex" works with women's ankles? Listen and we will tell you.

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Style 155, Medium weight	\$1.65
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Style 350, Service weight	\$2.75
Style 450, "Sheresilk", the finest web of silken strands	

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**"Pointex"**



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The American Beauty is coming back. When Kathleen McDonald married, for the second time, three years ago, she announced her retirement from the screen. Still happily wed, she has returned to the studios to play "The Desert Healer," a First National production

department got mixed up on this fact and sent out a statement that Buddy has formerly been the janitor at the University.

It was on the ice at Red Bank, New Jersey, where the school was filming some ice boating scenes, that the handsome Buddy confided an amusing studio marital mixup that threatened "Beau Geste."

Alice Joyce has been cast for the rôle of the aunt of the hero. The hero, however, hadn't been cast. Brenon looked over the available people and finally decided upon Tom Moore. But, years ago, Alice and Tom were husband and wife, and for Alice to appear as Tom's aunt—and aunts, you will recall, are usually rather a bit older than their nephews—was a little too thick. So the lovely lady retired from the part.

"Buddy" was about to start for the Coast when we saw him. "I'm only hoping I'll have time enough to stop off home a couple of days on my way West," he said, twisting shyly about. "I want to see my mother. But, gosh, I dread the fellows at the University. Won't they razz me, though?" And he shook a doleful head.

He should worry, however. No less a person than Jesse Lasky says he is one of the greatest male finds in years.

THE marriage that came pretty much as a surprise was that of Pauline Garon and Lowell Sherman. Pauline had hinted around about it a couple of times—but then she used to be engaged to Gene Sarazen, the golf champ, and nothing came of that. Although gentlemen prefer blondes, they don't always take them seriously, so it was more or less a surprise when Lowell Sherman lifted the piquant Pauline off the train and rushed her to the Los Angeles marriage license bureau.

They were married by a deputy city clerk, Miss Garon's sister and Mr. Sherman's mother witnessing the marriage. Immediately after

their own ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman acted as witnesses to the marriage of Edwin Martin, an assistant director working with Sherman, to Mae A. Feely.

The day following the wedding, Pauline Garon Sherman began work on a new picture called "The Virgin Wife." As soon as it is completed the newlyweds will go abroad on a honeymoon.

SOUNDS like a press agent yarn, but it actually happened. Word of honor.

Gloria usually takes her studio lunch at the same table every day, having the same waitress. The other day she chose to sit at the other end of the restaurant. After lunch her former waitress came to the marquise crying. And Gloria was so touched by the girl's devotion that she engaged her as a personal maid for her studio dressing room.

A COLLECTION of the poems written by Barbara La Marr will soon be published. Here are two stanzas from one which she called "The Savage":

Yes, I would have put away God and the world,  
And, into space, hope of eternity hurled,  
To have clasped the dream form of love to my breast.

Forgetting all else but the lips I caressed.

For woman's life was love in life's beginning,  
And the hypocrite alone calls it sinning.  
But, if 'twere the highway of sin, I would trod  
Straight on—till I returned unto dust and sod.

GEORGE HACKATHORNE landed in New York from a protracted stay abroad just as his former sweetheart, Louise Glaum, up and married Z. M. Harris, theatrical producer of Broadway. Louise Glaum was one of the first screen vamps. She has been retired from pictures for a number of years



## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91 ]

**MARIE, WEYMOUTH, MASS.**—Write to Jacqueline Logan at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Jackie was born on November 30, 1902. She has auburn hair and gray eyes. Her latest picture is "Wages for Wives."

**H. H., DARIEN CENTER, N. Y.**—Ben Alexander has appeared in "Pampered Youth" and "Haunted Hands" since acting in "A Self-Made Failure."

**BETS, FLOSSMOORE, ILL.**—Your devotion deserves a reward. Pauline Garon is Pauline's real name. She is twenty two years old and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. She weighs one hundred pounds. Ben Lyon is twenty-five and is six feet tall. Quite a boy! He weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes.

**C. V., HACKENSACK, N. J.**—Kate Lester died on October 13, 1924, as the result of a fire in her dressing room.

**YVONNE, McD., DETROIT.**—You sure are a patient fan. Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy were born on the same day, but not the same year. Jackie is four years older than Peggy. No, Richard Dix didn't get married. That was his sister's wedding you read about. Anita Stewart was widowed only by the courts. She divorced Rudolph Cameron, but he is still above ground. Corinne Griffith was once married to Webster Campbell. She got over it, however, in Reno or one of those places, and then married Walter Morosco. Don't wait thirteen more years to write again.

**JUST JINGLES HERSELF.**—That's a mean moniker you swing. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona. He is as American as griddle cakes, six feet tall—Lloyd, not the griddle cakes—with grey eyes and dark brown hair. His next picture will be "Irene" with Colleen Moore. Write to him at the United Studios. His wife's name is Gloria Hope.

**ANOTHER BETTY BRONSON ADMIRER.**—In October, 1924, we had an article in PHOTOPLAY about your lovely Betty. Gordon Griffith is one of those blue eyed boys. He was born July 4th, 1908. He is five feet, nine and a half inches tall and weighs 153 pounds. Betty's admirer, those are sweet words about our magazine and my department. I'll have to tell our editor how good you think I am.

**A. R. S.**—Two men and a girl, eh? Here's your statistics. Wallace Beery is six feet tall. Clara Bow is twenty-one, five feet, three inches tall. She was born in Brooklyn. Lon Chaney is forty-three. He is five feet, ten. His birthplace is Colorado Springs, Colorado.

**BEVERLY G., OREGON.**—So you and Barbara are twins. I bet you have some nice family fights over which one of you is going to wear the blue hat. To begin on your crushes—Norman Kerry was born along about 32 years ago. He is two inches over six feet. His last picture is "The Barrier." Hoot Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, in 1892. Hoot married Helen Johnson and he has a little daughter, Lois. Kathleen Key is 22. She was born in Buffalo, but one day she saw Niagara Falls and decided she might as well go to Hollywood. The honeymooners at the Falls scared her so she has never recovered. Result, she is still unwed. Richard Dix, that charming bachelor, honored St. Paul, Minnesota, by being born there in July, 1895. He went on the stage for a while and drifted into pictures in 1921. And now look at him! Boys will be stars.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 109 ]

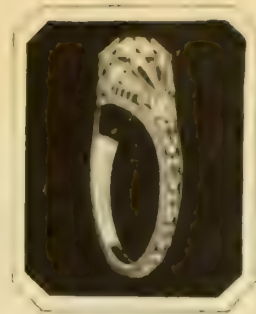
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Nola Luxford, the only cinema player from New Zealand

## The Gal from New Zealand

By Cal York

WE have stars in our films from almost every country across the sea, including the Scandinavian.

One of these days far off New Zealand is going to be represented in the cinema heaven. Already their representative is in our midst in the person of beautiful Nola Luxford. She was not "discovered" dancing in a cabaret by an American producer; nor working for a mere pittance in a foreign film studio.

Nola wasn't discovered at all. And still isn't.

Three years ago she crossed the high seas, without any invitation from an American film company, but with a grim determination to break into our movies. Miss Luxford had read columns of propaganda concerning the difficulties that beset young girls trekking to Hollywood to do just this. But like the thousands of others, she believed this wasn't meant for her. She was going to succeed. However, she wisely fortified herself with enough capital to last one year. New Zealand is farther away from Hollywood than Massachusetts or Iowa are, and Nola figured it might take a year for her to get started.

After finding a modest place to live, near the film center, the little New Zealander began the

usual rounds of the studios. Then she discovered that most of the newspaper stories were true. On all sides Nola met girls, just as pretty as herself perhaps, who had been storming the studio gates for four and five years, and were satisfied to get one or two days' work a week. She also encountered the legion who don't get even that much—the girls who often tramp the distance from one studio to another for lack of carfare.

Miss Luxford from New Zealand was not discouraged. Again she felt these conditions were not meant for her. She refused to allow anything to halt her purpose.

Gradually casting directors began to notice her gentle beauty, and to remember her. Soon she became one of the two-day-a-week workers. Then she got some bits, and parts, and now—

But this is not a success story. Nola Luxford is not a star, nor even a leading lady. She has advanced to playing in western pictures, and is doing that just now. She has appeared opposite Fred Thompson. Her courage is indomitable, and with her beauty and intelligence, Nola's friends are convinced she will have a success story before long.

And all New Zealand is waiting for Nola Luxford to make good.



## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107 ]

**M. W.**—I wouldn't call Mae Murray's mouth exaggerated, only exasperating to have to see it so near and yet so far away. Do I ever tell the truth about myself? Well, I'll tell you something. I was really the boy in that cherry tree cutting act but I let George Washington get the credit for it. I'm generous that way. I like Jackie Coogan's hair-cut. I'm thinking of having my whiskers bobbed that way. Mary Pickford was Owen Moore's wife before she married Douglas Fairbanks. That's Helene Chadwick's own name. The villain in "The Lady of Quality" was Earl Foxe.

**A. A. A.**—Julian Eltinge began life in Butte, Montana, in the year of 1883. They called him William Dalton at his christening.

**GRACE, CALIFORNIA.**—You've got no idea how long white whiskers aid a sheik. You ought to see mine. Tom and Owen Moore aren't twins. Merely brothers. Bert Lytell is twelve years older than his beautiful Claire Windsor, who was born in 1897.

**JOE, SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.**—Yes, Thomas Meighan has a good speaking voice. He was on the stage before he went into the silences, so naturally he has a good voice.

**D. S., OAKLAND, CALIF.**—Lew Cody is divorced from Dorothy Dalton. He's never remarried. Dorothy is happily married to Arthur Hammerstein and I hardly think she will return to the screen.

**BUNNY, FAIRHAVEN, MASS.**—Gloria Swanson has been married three times. Her husbands were Wallace Beery and Herbert Sornborn. The present husband is the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye. Mary Philbin is playing in "Stella Maris." You'll see it soon. So all the girls are talking about John Gilbert, Richard Dix and Ramon Novarro? There you have three great fellows!

**YVETTE, DETROIT, MICH.**—I'll quote from your letter, with your kind permission, mademoiselle. "Can a little French girl join your numerous admirers? If yes! and I take it for granted, I will begin, but first let me tell you my name, Yvette, not yet fifteen and in America since 1924 exactly ten months. But I know you. I mean your magazine, since the American soldiers first came in Paris in 1917. I saw your magazine then and since that time my father bought it for me every month." Very well, Yvette, I am glad to meet you. Please let me compliment you on your English. You write a very charming letter. Adolphe Menjou is an American. He was born in Pittsburgh. But very likely his ancestors were French. You're a lucky girl—to have a father who looks like Mr. Menjou. Renee Adoree was born in your own France. Lille was her birthplace. Charlie Chaplin was born in Paris of English parentage.

**H. L., CALGARY, CANADA**—J. Warren Kerrigan isn't married. He has one brother and one sister. You have a pretty name; I am sentimental about it, anyway.

**H. M., EL PASO, TEXAS.**—Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick, but it isn't John, the famous tenor. Perhaps, Colleen's John does sing tenor, but he never tries it in public. The tenor's name is spelt McCormack. Lois Wilson is still unmarried, in spite of all the rumors of her engagement. Famous Players filmed "Seventeen." Jack Pickford and Louise Huff played the leading rôles. I haven't heard that Mary Pickford will film "Rebecca of Sunbrook Farm" again.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 111 ]



## I hear from Lucile

BY BETTY LEE MONTAG

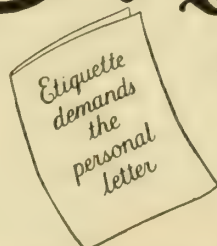
*I LOVE to get letters from Lucile. She hasn't the style of Stevenson, nor the charm of Conrad, nor the salt of Anatole France. But somehow—there is SOMETHING. Perhaps it is the paper she uses. Lovely paper, of a delicious tint, in bewitching envelopes. Yes, SURELY—it is the PAPER. Like her exquisite frocks, it is the setting and the symbol of her personality.*

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## Speaking of Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

THERE has been an avalanche of them—foreign stars and starlets. Blondes and brunettes, male and female. They seem to arrive on every ship that hits New York. Directors too. And now several of the companies are reaching into Europe for their authors. Just another cycle. Some of them will make good and others will flop. But in the meantime there are American actresses who are not given an opportunity because the producers want to put their importations into parts where they cannot fail and which will make them commercially profitable.

Anyhow, Vilma Banky was brought in that way, and we are not complaining.

IT will be interesting to watch the progress of Lya de Putti, the Hungarian actress who is featured in UFA's "Variety," soon to be released by Paramount. From reports that have reached this country that baby has our tempestuous Pola tied to a cradle. If she carries on here like she is reported to have done in Berlin she won't last long with the American public. Maybe that stuff about her jumping out windows was mere publicity, but the buildings are so much higher here that she will probably confine herself to a quiet jump in the lake once in a while. Let's give the gal a chance.

ISN'T it good to see Charlie Ray come back? At last he has decided, or his producers have decided for him, that he has grown up and should put on his motion picture long pants. That is what happens to him in "The Auction Block," which is no world beater of a picture, but which brings Charlie to the screen in a new development and is worth seeing for that reason.

Ray has lived and learned. It cost him every cent he had and a lot he didn't have to convince himself he was not a combination of star and producer, and it will be interesting, and I hope pleasant, to watch him work out his revised career in his new surroundings.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has contributed a lot to motion pictures. He has made some great discoveries

among players, and still is making them. Justly proud of these, Sam remarked the other day that he was the man who discovered Fanny Ward. But when it was pointed out that his age on his marriage license was only forty-three, Sam hastily explained that he meant he had discovered Fanny for pictures.

IN the old days a great deal of bunk publicity came out of the motion picture offices. Some of it has been spoofed by PHOTOPLAY and other publications with the result that very little imaginary stuff is issued at the present time.

But the public, justly dubious of past publicity, is now leaning backward in its skepticism.

When a noted actress recently sought a divorce a hard-boiled cynic asked me if the newspaper stories of her procedure were not just publicity! And another doubting Thomas writes in to say, "You can't make us believe that Gloria Swanson gets any seventeen hundred dollars a week."

As a matter of fact she gets seven thousand.

Diogenes might find his honest man, but I doubt whether he'd find the man to believe him.

RUPERT HUGHES, defender of Hollywood morality, attributes strong drink and profanity to George Washington.

Ibanez, the Spanish writer, attacked the King of Spain, taking care to be across the Pyrenees from Spain when he did it.

Rupert stands his ground at home in revealing the personal foibles of the Father of our Country, but what would have happened to him had he picked on a living ruler, as Blasco did, and attempted personal criticism of the living president?

Or, suppose some person of prominence had discovered a motion picture censor whose private life was not quite above reproach, and turned the spotlight of publicity on some of this hypothetical censor's peccadilloes. How the ultra-good would rise to denounce the unhappy defamer! From the Father of his Country to the censor: from the sublime to the ridiculous—self-righteous minds know no distinction.



## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109]

**BOGGIE OF PITTSBURGH.**—Well, well, Boggie. Are you any relation to the Pittsburgh stogie of which I've heard? You desire the age, height, weight and whereabouts of Lew Cody. All right, Boggie. I shall comply. Lew flew into this world in 1885, attained five feet, eleven and a half inches of height and 178 pounds. His disposition was so good that now he hangs his hat at the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer studios. Lew is a half inch taller than that other Lew, Stone by name, who weighs four pounds less. Ronald Colman, while the same height, weighs only 165 pounds and Lon Chaney, an inch shorter than these three, tips the scales at only 155. On the other hand, the Beery boys go in for beef, Wallace having 200 pounds on his six foot frame and Noah 228 pounds draped over six feet two. John Bowers is also six foot tall but he weighs only 180, while your friend, George O'Hara, stands five feet, eight and a half inches and weighs 132.

**J.V.S.**—Wonderful concentration you possess! I couldn't notice in those love scenes in "The Dark Angel" that Ronald Colman appeared short. As far as I was concerned, he wasn't there at all. There was just Vilma Banky for me. But then! You know how it is when a man gets as antiqued as I. Howsomer, your eyes deceived you, for Ronald is not short. In fact, he's nearly six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Since you're interested in this matter of altitude, Nita Naldi is the tallest of the gals, Nita being five feet, eight, in her shod feet. Can't say about stocking feet, for she never wears them—stockings, I mean. Next to Nita comes Anna Q. Nilsson, who is five feet, seven. Close up to Anna Q., comes Claire Windsor, five feet, six and a half.



Made in Germany by a series of pictures he did for UFA, Andre Mattoni is being imported here by Carl Laemmle. Called the German Valentino, he's just like Rudy except for his features, his coloring—he's blonde and blue-eyed—and his Viennese ancestry

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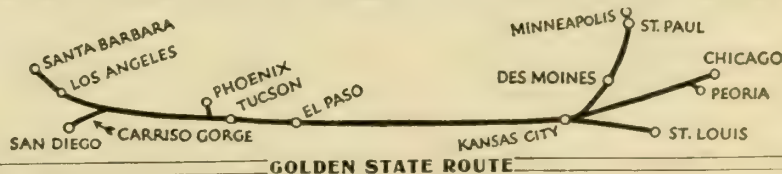
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Shades for every complexion, day or evening wear, 50c.

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Mail 12c. each for sample of Pert compact rouge ☐,  
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**M**AYBE you think your hair's too stubborn to achieve those new, satin-smooth effects.

But no matter how fluffy or wiry it is you can wear it this perfectly stunning way. **Stacomb** keeps your hair smoothly in place—all day. Helps prevent dandruff. In jars, tubes and liquid form. Any drug store.

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**MRS. P. O. N.**—Eleanor Boardman gets her salary and her mail over at the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Hollywood. You can reach her there. Sorry your other letter went astray.

**HERBERT J., CHICAGO, ILL.**—Well, well, you're some statistic securer, aren't you? But nothing ever phases me. Here goes: Pauline Garon was born in Montreal, Canada, on the ninth day of the ninth month of the year before prohibition 1903. She was on the stage for two years before she entered pictures in 1921. Pauline is not married, so you can try your luck in writing her at First National studios, Hollywood. Reginald Denny was born on the twentieth of November, 1891. Viola Dana made her entry into this world in June. The year was 1898 and the day was the twenty-eighth. Shirley Mason, Vi's sister, was born the same month twelve days earlier two years later. May McAvoy was born in 1901.

**R. D. W.**—My boy, you are no friend of mine. Insinuating that I have a wife! R. D. W., how can you? Haven't you read my declarations of independence that I have been publishing in these columns all these long months. Ah, woe is me. No, Mae McAvoy is not a sister to Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. There is another sister in the Mason-Dana family but that is Edna Flugrath, not Mae. J. Warren Kerrigan hasn't made a picture since "Captain Blood," but Conrad Nagel and Alice Terry are very much on the job. You can reach them both in care of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer. You desire ages. Here you are. Johnny Hines, 31; Raymond Griffith, 36; Raymond Hatton, 34; Ronald Colman, 35; Robert Agnew, 27; and Carmel Myers, 25.

**AGNES ELIZABETH ANN MALLONGREE.**—Does your family call you all of that? Sure, it's a grand name. Am I privileged to answer questions? I'm paid for it. Lillian Gish is twenty-eight. She's taller than she looks, being five feet, four and a half and weighing one hundred and twelve. Norma Talmadge has been married for more than ten years to Joseph Schenck. Tom Mix's two daughters are named Thomasina and Ruth. Thomasina is four years old this month and Ruth is about sixteen. Little Mary Desmond is nearly six.

**DABNEY, CHAPEL HILL, N. C.**—Address Betty Bronson, in care of the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California, and send her a quarter. That will secure her picture for you, I know.

**AUDREY, M. T.**—Colleen, the flapper, was nice enough to honor Port Huron, Michigan, by being born there. She is married, but she hasn't any children. Clive Moore is Colleen's brother, but not Owen Moore.

**HELEN C., BICKNELL, INDIANA.**—Fred Thomson was born in Pasadena, Cal. Where did you get the idea that Harold Lloyd had only one hand? He's got both of them and stuffed full of talent and gold they are.

**F. K.**—I like anything as well as I like movie actors. Yes, Buster Collier is adopted, by his foster parents and about half a million fans. He has black hair and those fatal brown eyes. It was he who was in "The Lighthouse by the Sea." Ricardo Cortez was born on the 19th of September, 1899. You figure out how old he is.

**GEORGETTO, BERWICK, PA.**—Here's your nationalities and I hope you keep the ten bucks. Rudolph Valentino is Italian, the Talmadge sisters are Americans, as are Lila Lee and Madge Bellamy.

**L. A. M., YOUNGSTOWN.**—It was Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess in "Broken Blossoms" and no less than John Barrymore and Nita Naldi in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

**L. A. L.**—Norman Kerry isn't an actual star, but he's a darned good actor, take it from your Uncle Henry. Yes, Norman's married, thirty-two years old, dark brown of eye and hair. Write to the stars at the studios where they are working, enclosing twenty-five cents, and you'll get their pictures. You're welcome.

**JUST MISS INQUISITIVE.**—Is zat so? I've seen them lots curiosier than you. About Patsy Ruth. That gay flapper was born in the old city of St. Louis, the seventeenth day of the first month of the year 1904. She isn't married. Neither is Ben Lyon. Ben was born in the South, yes suh, at Atlanta, Georgia. Ben's now twenty-five, six feet tall and weighs 160.



This fancy dingus at the left of a regular motion picture camera is a new type camera that may revolutionize pictures. It is said it can bring depth, as well as breadth and height, to the screen. Its inventor, J. P. Berggren, is standing next to it. The other man is George K. Spoor, president of the old Essanay Company, who is sponsor for these "Natural Vision Pictures"



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is of flesh color material with mercerized pattern and drop-stitch stripe and edged with lace. For small figures.

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This model is guaranteed to stay down on the stout figure, to eliminate any roll of flesh at the waistline, to control the diaphragm and to flatten the back. Made of coutil with elastic panels and waistline section. Made up to size 40.

CERADINE, F.—Beautiful Corinne is 23, as high as my heart, which is five feet, three, and just 120 pounds in weight.

F. J. O.—Your boy friend in "The Merry Widow" was Roy D'Arcy. You can reach him at the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer studios, Hollywood. His next picture will be "La Boheme."

D. S. AND M. G.—Howdy, girls. Questions concerning Lloyd Hughes are yours? Allright I'll answer them. Lloyd of the shining teeth is in his twenty-ninth year. He is married to Gloria Hope. I'll see about his picture. Alberta Vaughan is going to be twenty in June. She's one cute cut up, isn't she? Alberta started on the Sennett lot, then did the Telephone Girl series and is now working on The Adventures of Mazie. Ernest Torrence's son, Ian, isn't a star but I suppose, like all these sons of Hollywood, he hopes to be some day. He's about seventeen. Jack Holt is nearly thirty-eight. Mrs. Holt is a non-professional.

G. L. F.—George O'Brien has only been in pictures about two years but with a face like George's they couldn't keep him down. Yes, that was Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man." Pretty Madge Bellamy will be twenty-three in June, she's five feet three in height and weighs 112 pounds.

A NORMA TALMADGE FAN.—Norma's certainly got a lot of you. She is only five feet two—though I think she looks taller, don't you?—she has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Norma will send you her picture if you write to her personally in care of United Studios, Hollywood.

A. M. G.—You call me a grand answerer. That's grand of you, Ann. Thanks. William Boyd, your crush, was born in Cambridge, Ohio, and educated in Oklahoma. He has one son by his first marriage to Diana Miller, three years old. He is now married to Elinor Fair and they will play together in "The Volga Boatmen." ZaSu Pitts is twenty-eight.

ALWA.—Must be nice and warm down there. Mary Astor's real name is Lucille Langhanke. She is now at the United Studios, Hollywood. May McAvoy's name is just that. Address May in care of First National, New York City. Billie Dove is Mrs. Irvin Willat. She is now travelling with her husband. Her maiden name was Lillian Bohny.

IVY R.—Go ahead and be in love with George O'Brien and his wife won't pull your hair. For George hasn't got one of those household treasures. George is twenty-six and he was born in Frisco. Write to him in care of Fox Studios, Hollywood.

MIBS.—You want to call me "Daddy" too? Isn't that sweet of you? Are you a blonde or a brunette? That always helps. Sure, I can answer questions about Harrison Ford. I get enough practice. Harrison is a grand actor and he could get more praise, for praise doesn't seem to spoil that boy as it does so many of the others. He's thirty-four and was born in Kansas City, Mo. He's not married, only divorced. Write to him at Paramount. Of course, I'm in my late eighties. That's what makes me so brilliant, that and my natural polish. Alberta Vaughan, the cutie, is just twenty. Now could that girl be anything but American? Behave yourself. She was born in Ashland, Ky. You promise to think more highly of me. I hope you are one of those kids whose word is valuable.

HELEN F. L.—Another query about Neil Hamilton. The boy's coming on. You can hear from Neil if you write him in care of the Lasky Studios, Hollywood. You admired his work in "The Golden Princess" did you? Well, then, we've got one thing in common, you and me.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 127 ]





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**W**ARM days will soon be here. And with them will come that dreaded annoyance, Excessive Armpit Perspiration. Surely you will not again spend unhappy hours of humiliation. Like every wholesome woman there are few things you dread more than armpit odor and unsightly perspiration stains.

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## How They Do It

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

the proper distance from the miniature (of course much closer than if it were a real building), and shooting from a lower level. The other is called timing. For example, if a miniature tree is to fall and the camera set-up is close enough and low enough to give the miniature the proper height when it is seen on the screen, then you must be careful of the speed with which it falls.

A little tree falls rapidly—a big tree slowly. And here is where the timing enters. Ultra speed cameras are used. The faster you crank the more pictures you get per second, and the slower the thing seems to move when you see it on the screen. You have all seen slow-motion pictures. These were made with slow-motion cameras, or what are more commonly termed ultra-speed cameras. And it is through this slow motion photography that the little tree is made to fall at the proper speed to be the big tree it represents, or the miniature stream is made to run at the proper speed for a giant river.

And so to get back to the fire which is still threatening "Our Nell." A torch is applied to the miniature tenement. At the proper count little invisible wires tied to window sashes are pulled and burning brands crash to the street below. And all the time the cameras, driven by motors at the proper speed, placed at the right distance from the conflagration and almost flat on the floor, are grinding away and recording this great fire.

**O**VER on some other part of the lot, and at any time which suits the director's convenience, T. Roy Barnes, with Miss Windsor in his arms, dashes through a black velvet door and down a street backed with more black velvet.

Two things must be remembered, however. The actors must come out of the velvet door at the right spot and at the right time or "count." This is necessary so that Williams can match up the fire negative, which is the background with action in it, with the negative of Miss Windsor and Barnes, which becomes the moving mat.

The remainder is simple, and is done by Williams and his printing process over at his laboratory.

On the screen you see Barnes dashing from a burning tenement with Miss Windsor in his arms while, in reality, neither of the actors has been close enough to a fire to singe a single eyelash.

Blanche Sweet's rescue of Colman in "The Supreme Moment" was worked out in the same manner as this, as have been most other burning building thrills in pictures made in the last few years.

Now for the destruction of Pontius Pilate's palace with the struggling mass crushed beneath, in "Ben Hur." Of course the palace was done in miniature, while the people did their acting out on the lot, where the street was built with a dead white backing. Again the timing had to correspond with that in the falling of the palace.

The throng of people was lined up and rehearsed. Two lines were drawn in the street a fixed distance apart—which represented the space where the ruins of the palace would fall, and the throng was sent dashing wildly down the street. At a fixed signal, all caught between the two marks fell flat on the ground. Those who had not reached the first line halted and registered terror. Those who had passed the second mark fled on, looking back and also registering terror. You see, those caught between the two marks were the people buried under the debris of Pilate's palace—those on either side had escaped.

Then came the trick printing with the two negatives, with considerable painting out of

those who had fallen flat between the two lines, and you have the palace falling on the panic-stricken throng in the street. The accompanying drawings will help you to visualize this.

The rescue of Doris Kenyon, which is also illustrated by the artist, was accomplished in this manner. One negative was shot of a very real and very steep precipice, the cameramen suspended on a platform far out over the edge to get the proper angle.

Another negative was shot of Miss Kenyon's horse racing madly along what looked like a fence—but what was the inevitable white drop. Doris and the horse had to reach a certain mark at a certain count—for over at the precipice there had been rocks and dirt released at a certain count—the horse had to rear, and Colman had to reach the frenzied beast, starting from outside the camera line, and he, too, must arrive on the right count. There could be no waiting for man or horse. They took it perhaps forty times before everything was exactly right, and then the two negatives (the precipice background and the moving mat) were ready for the printing wizard, and audiences got a great thrill.

You remember the mountain of water pursuing Conway Tearle in "The Great Divide." Of course they shot the torrent in miniature. Conway and his horse made their hairbreadth dash on a dark night and in an artificial rain-storm with nothing but a director threatening—then, although they did have quite a time making the steed climb a slippery and sloping wooden bridge, which was out on the back lot. Then up in Mr. Williams' laboratory, they finished one of the greatest thrills ever witnessed.

And the marvelous battle scenes in "The Big Parade." There were the big guns tearing huge craters in No Man's Land made on one negative, and the boys marched on and on and on in the other negative, and Mr. Williams brought them together in his printing laboratory. However, it was by no means as easy as it sounds, for this was one of the hardest pieces of moving mat printing ever accomplished.

**S**O critical is the public that the building, photographing and printing of these miniatures must be of the very highest type of workmanship obtainable. It might be interesting to know that this work in "The Big Parade" alone cost approximately \$70,000 for the background negative and the moving mat negative. The miniature battlefield was about one hundred thirty-five feet long and more than seven thousand miniature shells were fired in a period of forty seconds.

On another picture—"The Barrier"—which shows a fierce storm at sea, icebergs, and a ship caught and crushed in an ice floe, more than \$85,000 have been spent to create these illusions.

Mr. Waller, technical camera expert of the Famous Players Long Island Studio, had never seen a cyclone; yet he was instructed to produce one for D. W. Griffith's picture, "That Royle Girl." Mr. Waller did extensive research work on the subject, and then made one to experiment with. A scientific knowledge of the working of the law of gravity, by the way, is necessary to create this phenomenon of nature.

In the basement of the studio Mr. Waller connected up three vacuum cleaners. With three suctions of air and some dust, he made a tiny cyclone. This was photographed in slow motion so that the camera and technical crew might study the formation and activity of the cone.

From his observations of the film, Mr. Waller was able to prepare the series of wash drawings which, photographed in animated cartoon



fashion, represented the action of the cyclone's cone in this sequence of the picture.

Several hundred drawings had to be made, each one depicting gradually the advance of the cone toward the Inn, which it finally demolishes. These were photographed in rotation on motion picture negative, and this negative double exposed on the 180-foot miniature scene containing the houses and trees. Thus we got a very good illusion of the cone of a cyclone advancing over a village and sweeping houses and trees out of its path.

The animated cartoon idea was also used in "A Kiss for Cinderella," when the pumpkin and mice change into the coach and four. The first few feet of the sequence showed real mice and pumpkin; from then on 250 wash drawings of the gradual transformation were photographed in rotation and gave the impression of being animated.

Double exposures of one actor playing two parts is the oldest and most familiar camera trick to the fans.

Just recently, however, has it been perfected to the point where the actor's two screen shadows can light each other's cigarettes and shake hands.

Tom Meighan, you recall, did this in "Irish Luck."

AN invisible line from top to bottom divides each frame of the negative in half. One half at a time is exposed, photographing one half of the set.

Tom appears as *Lord Fitzhugh* on the left half, and as *Tom Donahue* on the right half. If you remember, Tom's two shadows are sitting side by side on a divan in the instance of the cigarette lighting. *Fitzhugh* leans over and gets a light from *Donahue's* cigarette. The illusion is perfect. But the cigarette from which his lordship really got the light was tacked onto a chair just outside the line, on the half of the set not being photographed at that moment. Only the lighted end of the cigarette projects into *Fitzhugh's* half of the picture.

Then when *Donahue's* half of the scene was being filmed, Tom leans forward and holds his cigarette in exactly the spot where the chair had been, the lighted end being *outside* his half of the picture. Think of the perfect matching this requires!

It is done this way. As *Lord Fitzhugh* performs on one side of the set, the director times his actions, counting the seconds out loud. He knows just where his lordship's right arm is, for instance, at the sixteenth second. When *Donahue* begins to perform on the other side of the set, his arm must be in a corresponding position at the sixteenth second. Tricky.

A thrilling moment in "Aloma of the South Seas," Gilda Grey's new picture, occurs when a shark eats a sailor. If you want this thrill you naturally have to take it synthetic.

The shark cost \$3,000. It was made of flexible rubber, and its insides consisted of a maze of electric wiring. Outside the body were several buttons which the actor could operate in his fight with the shark. It swims, wiggles its tail and bites electrically.

I guess most of the suffering for art is done by the actors who tie themselves into knots to create the illusion of paralysis, amputated legs and so on. John Gilbert is shown in the last reels of "The Big Parade" with an amputated leg. Jack Barrymore in "The Sea Beast," also does it. It is merely a painful process of strapping the foreleg back. In "The Street of Forgotten Men," with Percy Marmont, a very lucid expose of cripple fakes is shown. Marmont had his arm strapped to his back for hours at a stretch during the filming of this picture. It hurts the first fifteen minutes, Percy said. After that the arm becomes numb.

A vigorous massage is necessary to bring it back to life, but it doesn't feel normal for weeks, Percy says.

Lon Chaney has his tricks of deformity down so pat that they are almost painless to him now.



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moisture—"precious moisture" we call it—to all your skin. Enough for your body skin, because that is protected by clothing. But not enough for the skin of face, neck and hands, for this skin is always exposed. The result is that this exposed skin is almost always dryer, harsher, less smooth than the protected body skin.

It is easy to correct this. It is easy to supply the extra amount of moisture that the face and hands should have with Frostilla Lotion. Use it regularly on all exposed skin and you will keep it as soft and beautiful as the skin that is always protected.

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Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work, but was sticky and messy and burned and blistered.

Musterole has taken the place of the mustard plaster, without the blister.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or snuffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes to the seat of trouble.

**To Mothers:** Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio  
Jars & Tubes



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

them with Miss Daniels as *Iris*. Remember the scene where *Iris* takes a drink of water and a drop clings to her lips after she has set down the glass? That ought to make one of the loveliest close-ups yet seen in motion pictures. Or when she is lying in the bed asleep, her tawny hair tousled. That much for the beauty that Miss Daniels could attain. And how magnificently could she do that splendid climax! Bebe could give to *Iris March* that quiet dignity, that godliness, that orchidaceous loveliness that Arlen gave her.

Malcolm St. Clair is the director to bring the Arlenesque sophistication to the screen. And by all means let the picture be done in color, with *Iris*' green hat and yellow car.

D. BODEEN.

### Norma Not the One and Only

New York City.

I have long been an amused reader of the letters which the fans write to you under this department. Some of these letters offer sane and constructive criticism, but most of them seem to be written on the spur of the moment and to be guided by the emotions of the writers, rather than by their best critical faculties.

I am glad to note in the latest issue of PHOTOPLAY that you give proper praise and credit to Renee Adoree for her thoroughly artistic performance in “The Big Parade.” There was not a single false note or the slightest hint of the theatrical in Miss Adoree's touching portrayal of the little French peasant girl. I have read many reviews and comments on this picture, and, so far, you are the first to give her anywhere near the amount of praise that she deserves.

I was also very much interested in Adela Rogers St. Johns' article on Norma Talmadge as our one and only “great” actress. I agree very heartily with everything Mrs. St. Johns says concerning Miss Talmadge's beauty, intelligence, and ability to portray many widely different rôles; but I object to her saying that Miss Talmadge stands alone.

How can Mrs. St. Johns ignore Pauline Frederick? Here is an actress who can match Norma Talmadge any day for great performances. Who can forget the Pauline Frederick of “Madame X,” “Three Women,” and especially “Smouldering Fires”? That was a portrayal that Norma Talmadge would be proud to claim.

HARRISON AMES.

### Rambova Boosters

New York City.

As believers in fair play, we would like to thank PHOTOPLAY for its defense of Natacha Rambova in February's issue. Miss Rambova has been treated most unfairly by the majority of reporters and interviewers. They have placed her in a ridiculous light and made her seem petty by twisting her words spoken for publication.

We have commented among ourselves on the splendid, womanly manner in which Mrs. Valentino has conducted herself throughout the entire affair, and sincerely hope things will end satisfactorily for her through PHOTOPLAY's assistance.

May we assure Mrs. Valentino of our moral support and best wishes for a successful career?

THE BEBE DANIELS GIRLS CLUB,

DOROTHY LUBOW, President.

### More Barrie-Brenon-Bronson

Pittsburgh, Pa.

After seeing Mr. Herbert Brenon's triumphs with “Peter Pan” and “A Kiss for Cinderella,”

you cannot but marvel where this director has been hiding.

Those two productions were superlative. Who would have thought the plays of Sir James Barrie could be presented in an adequate manner on the screen? Without being able to make use of the brilliant dialogue of the speaking plays, Mr. Brenon seemed to get the utmost out of his material and preserving as far as was possible the delicious whimsy and humor of the great playwright.

Perhaps we shall be fortunate enough to see Mr. Brenon directing Betty Bronson in the rôle of the well-meaning but mistaken little daughter in “Alice Sit-by-the-Fire.” That would be delightful.

Mr. Brenon should make a wonderful picture of “Beau Geste.”

The moving picture world needs more productions like “The Dark Angel.” Show and find clothes, with ready-made plots, do not make drama.

ELINOR WESTLAKE.

### Yes, Name Her!

Annapolis, Md.

Here I come with a brickbat in one hand and a bouquet in the other. The bouquet is for Strongheart, the most intelligent and beautiful dog I have ever seen. And the brickbat I am going to throw at whoever is responsible for the pictures he has been playing in, and his supporting cast.

All the stars realize their popularity with the public depends upon the right kind of stories and parts. Just a few bad ones are enough to pull them down from the pedestal. The same applies to Strongheart. Just because he is a dog is no reason why they should be careless about his stories. He is a wonderfully intelligent actor—much more so than many of the clothes-horses that we have paraded before us.

And name the vamp that has as beautiful eyes as Strongheart!

Fans, as long as Strongheart can't talk for himself and get good pictures, let's do the talking for him.

BEATRICE ANDERSON.

### John's Gum Chewing Lyric

Detroit, Mich.

Hard-boiled Detroit is being revealed this month for what it really is—a truck driver with a heart of gold. The miracle? “The Big Parade.” Sobs and hankies and strong, supporting shoulders in the theater, lines a mile long at the box-office, general enthusiasm, some vitriol from the hundred percenters and even cheering newspaper editorials. The w. k. public is not the dumb-dora as advertised. We appreciate beauty and sound sentiment, and we can swallow a dose of truth sometimes.

I had never before realized the lyrical possibilities of chewing gum and hob-nailed shoes. We begin to see now that Sherman was right. And, at last, a “mother scene” that isn't mushy drivel, but sweet and quiet as it should be.

May Stallings and Vidor, John Gilbert and Renee Adoree inspire the rest. We want and welcome them, yea, even at two dollars a head.

FLORENCE J. ELCONIN.

### Critics Criticized

Lexington, Mo.

It gives me great displeasure to throw this brickbat at my favorite magazine, PHOTOPLAY. I have always been pleased with the fairness of your critics in their reviews, but recently I have had cause to change my mind.

For example, in the February issue under the Six Best Pictures was “Stagestruck.” Of



all recent pictures I sincerely vote that the worst. Neither did Gloria Swanson give an excellent performance. I thought "The Coast of Folly" was Gloria's most awful picture, but "Stage Struck" left the entire audience disgusted. How could such a picture be one of the best of the month when compared with "Mannequin" and "The Splendid Road," neither of which received that honor?

Come on, now, PHOTOPLAY—just because we all admire Gloria is no reason why all her pictures, good or bad, should be praised

OWEN CONEY.

### Hey! Directors

St. Louis, Mo.

D. W. Griffith would be easily the greatest director if he would only give the audience credit for a little more intelligence than it had in the nickelodeon days, and realize that it is not necessary to explain every action and to label every scene.

I have never missed a James Cruze picture and will not do so if I can help it. Lubitsch has what Griffith lacks, and vice versa. Rex Ingram is always good. King Vidor and Herbert Brenon have come into prominence with "The Big Parade" and "Peter Pan." Henry King returns to form with "Stella Dallas." Mal St. Clair and Clarence Brown are rapidly rising directors, but Monta Bell seems to have stopped by the wayside to take a rest.

I would like to suggest that the name of the director be featured more strongly in the exploitation of good features. Except in the cases of Cruze, Griffith and C. B. DeMille, the directors' names are seldom mentioned. The reviewers, of course, accord them all due credit, but the general public gives it all to the players.

A good picture is always one well directed. Therefore the name of the director should be a promise of future worthwhile pictures.

M. H. STANDISH.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 123 ]

### There is no Formula for Success

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

always get what I wanted. No one does. But I was taught that failure has its lessons, perhaps even more valuable, than success, and I have tried always to remember that and to profit by it.

I AM and always have been of intense vitality. My parents recognized this. They never used the curb. They never attempted to suppress my emotions. If I went to my father with enthusiastic accounts of something I had been doing, he was never too busy to listen. I was guided—never led nor driven. Any urge that I might have had for self-expression was always given free rein, even encouragement. That, I am convinced, was of infinite value in increasing my ability to express myself, and it is perfectly obvious what such ability means to an actress.

I know that because, as a child, I was never suppressed, never browbeaten, never ruled by fear, my mind was free from inhibitions and ready to go steadily ahead to whatever was in store for me.

My father was an army officer and we traveled a great deal from post to post. That, also, had its broadening influences and its educational bearing. At these army posts much of my life was spent outdoors. My father developed in me a fondness for outdoor sports—skating, riding and other exercises—so that, in addition to my mental capacities, I have him to thank for my robust body and usually perfect health. I imagine I was something of a tomboy, but I never was checked, and I can assure you that the liking for sports and the spirit of



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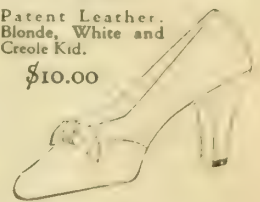
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*The Hair-Free Beauty of  
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The hair-free skin of her smooth, round arms was like the creamy petal of a rose—soft as velvet to his impulsive caress. All women were not like that—he knew. *She* knew that before she learned of NEET her arms were blemished with hair.

The wonderful thing about Neet, the dainty hair-removing cream, is that it is ready to use the moment you buy it. You merely smooth it on and then rinse away the unsightly hair. The liberal sized 50c tube can be had at almost every drug or department store. Call for Neet by name. Accept no substitute.

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# Neet

*The Hair Removing Cream*



## Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Kobi Co., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

## Golden Glint SHAMPOO

courage which were inculcated at that time have been of inestimable benefit to me in my screen career.

Another thing he did for me was to obliterate any self-consciousness. Why, when we were living at Key West and I was seven years old, I was asked to sing at a concert, and my parents told me that I showed not the slightest indication of stage fright. Is it necessary to say how much help that was to me later in life?

My father was transferred to Porto Rico and the beauty of that island is among my most vivid recollections. It was my father who pointed out this beauty to me and taught me to appreciate it. I was about thirteen then and my favorite diversion was riding. I rode with the young officers at the post, and they have told me that I never would take a dare. Any trick, any stunt that they did, I would at least attempt.

It was in Porto Rico that I made my first appearance on the stage. I had the leading rôle in "The American Girl," a little operetta given by my school. After that, my father was sure that, although I had not decided what my future was to be, it would be connected in some manner with theatricals, for I had enjoyed the experience thoroughly.

I AM called a well-dressed woman. That also is due, I think, to some innate quality, as is my love for the theater. As a child I was always crazy about "dressing up." Perhaps I had a great-great-aunt who was a modiste or a model; I don't know. Anyway, my favorite game was putting on one of my mother's dresses and going to call. I was never fussy about which of her dresses I used, the result of which was that, one day, after I had trailed her very best gown through the streets, she gave me two older ones and implored me to let the best ones alone.

Application, thoroughness, patience, concentration were all in my father's curriculum. One of his favorite quotations was: "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." That was elaborated to me until I understood that, when anything important was at stake, no detail was too insignificant to deserve attention. I have always found that to be true in my work, in my home, in the care of my children, in my dress, in everything in life that is worth while.

It has been said that my dress is distinctive. That means attention to detail, in addition to knowing what I want and what suits me—and that is self-expression. Of course, sometimes we make mistakes, but if we realize that mistake and profit by it, we have at least accomplished something.

All this early training of mine led me to one firm belief. That is, that if there is anything you want, you can get it if you go after it hard enough, if you use concentration and patience. And, above all, if you are sincere and honest in your desire. I want to go back a few years to prove that, in my own case at least, that is true.

When my father was transferred from Porto Rico, he was sent to the Philippines. My mother and I went to live in Chicago. One day, about ten years ago, my aunt and I went to visit the old Essanay studio. I was interested, asked permission to appear in a picture. In those days, when a director wanted a crowd in a picture, he called in his friends. The "extra" business had not been developed.

A few days after my visit I was sent for to be in "the mob." Even then, I believe, my years of training in self-expression were making themselves felt in my dress, so that I seemed a little different. Also, I suppose that my gray eyes—or are they green?—looking out of a face heavily tanned by the Porto Rico sun, made me somewhat noticeable. Whatever the reason, I was picked out of the crowd that first day to do a "bit." I think I handed a bouquet to the bride, or something like that. Anyway, I was immensely thrilled, and I decided then that I wanted to be in pictures.

In those days many of the studios specialized in comedies. I was determined not only to be

in pictures, but to play dramatic rôles. I had hoped and planned up to that time to be an opera singer. I had a good voice which had been tried out by a famous teacher in Chicago, who believed I could be a singer if I would work. I had been greatly excited over the idea, but the lure of the motion picture supplanted that desire.

I worked at the Essanay studio for several months and then went to California. There I sought Mack Sennett. I met him, and he told me to come to the studio three days later and he would have work for me. I didn't believe him, but I went, and found myself scheduled to play "leads" with Bobby Vernon in two-reel light comedies. This, by the way, was Sennett's first light comedy company.

I didn't want to do this work. I didn't want to play comedies, no matter how light they were. I had been playing nothing else in Chicago and I felt that my forte was dramatic rôles. Still, even in comedies, I was still in pictures, and dramatic rôles might come. I stayed there some months and then sent to another company, hoping for a change of work. But again I was told that I must do comedies.

Then, out of a clear sky, came my chance. Even before I started my first comedy with the new company—the Triangle—I was told that there was a dramatic rôle for me. I was thrilled through and through. I heard the story. The character I was to play had little to do except swimming and diving. I couldn't swim a stroke and never had made a dive in my life. Can you imagine my sensations?

But I wanted that rôle and I was determined to have it. I went to the Y. W. C. A. tank and told the instructor what I needed. For three days I haunted that place—and I was so frightened that every time the instructor tried to teach me anything, I jumped out of the tank. "This instruction doesn't mean anything," I told myself. "When the time comes that I must swim in the picture, I'll be able to do it all right."

So I reported to the director. I was led to the end of a dock and looked down, fourteen feet, to the black, oily water. It was a night scene, and that made it worse. I was to dive into that black water—and someone told me it was sixty feet deep—the idea of the scene being that I was to rescue a man who was attempting suicide.

I hinted gently that a "double" might do the dive. The director told me carelessly that I'd better do it myself; it would give me more "confidence." Confidence? The only thing it gave me was terror.

"Give me five minutes," I said, "and I'll tell you whether or not I'll do it."

For that five minutes I sat on the end of the dock and looked at that water. I pictured myself struggling in the mud, sixty feet down. I imagined everything that could possibly happen. And then, suddenly, my desire for this opportunity conquered fear and I realized that I couldn't give it up to another girl who would have more courage than I. Besides, I might not get another opportunity.

SO I told the director I would do it. He explained the scene to me, while I shivered with nerves, yet all the time telling myself quietly that I didn't feel as if I were going to die that night.

"Camera!" The leading man was called first while I waited like a race horse ready to go.

"Miss Swanson!" I ran to the end of the dock and plunged.

I've always wondered whether or not I was fully conscious when I did that. I don't know even now. All I remember is that I went down—down—down—to the bottom, sixty feet. At least, I imagined I went to the bottom, I was struggling—struggling to get to the top, like an animal that is thrown into the water for the first time.

In a second or so I came to the surface. It had seemed like hours to me, although, somehow, I had known that I would come up. There, a few yards from me, was the supposed suicide, paddling about comfortably. I looked



at him. And then I struck out and swam to him as if I had been used to swimming all my life.

But, strangely, I have never been able to do that since.

From that time I played in a brief series of dramas, all for Triangle. Then came the lucky break. Cecil De Mille had seen one of my pictures and he sent for me. He wanted someone to play a dramatic leading rôle in one of his pictures. I saw him. He said I would do. I was in the seventh heaven. And then Triangle got a ruling that I was under contract and couldn't leave. You can imagine how far I dropped out of my little heaven.

It took all my philosophy to carry on, but I did.

OF course, that lucky break didn't seem so lucky then, but it really was because Mr. De Mille remembered me. The chance came again, and this time, when I could go with him, the picture was a much better one than the first one I was to have been in. This second chance came when the Triangle broke up. Mr. De Mille wanted a leading woman for "Don't Change Your Husband," one of his greatest pictures, and I got the rôle.

My work with him was a revelation to me. Endless attention to detail and infinite patience were among his characteristics. I did the best I knew, and studied Mr. De Mille. Every picture I made with him taught me something new, and I acquired a thoroughness of technique which has been invaluable.

I owe Cecil De Mille an enormous debt of gratitude. He impressed upon me, as my father had, the necessity for concentration, for patience, for care of detail, and every picture gave me something of value, something I stored away for future use. The training was priceless, not only for what it taught me about myself and about picture-making, but also because it brought home to me anew what my father had always impressed upon me; that every experience in life contains some lesson by which it is well to profit.

I have never forgotten that. I never shall forget it. It is the same today as it was in my De Mille days. One can never learn it all, but there is nothing that happens that does not have its lesson.

If you can profit by those lessons, so much the better for you.

## Just an American Youth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

pretentious vehicle of a motion picture career.

Nine years ago Lloyd went into pictures. He is not old now. Just in the mellow part of the twenties . . . not too green and not too mature. And he knows the full value of the attainment he now enjoys. He worked for it—struggled for it—toiled for it . . . as everyone does who makes for his goal success in motion pictures.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, but after seeing several of Jack Gilbert's fiery screen performances, I have only one flaw to find with Lloyd. He seems to lack the necessary animation that sustains suspense and elicits applause. He lacks that fine flair for tempestuous emotion that sweeps the ladies into ecstasy. Every great lover of the screen and stage has it. Lloyd may achieve it later.

And, on the other hand, Lloyd may be wise in not cultivating it.

It may be that the greatest charm of Lloyd Hughes lies in the fact that he does not emulate the passionate procession of great lovers who rise to heights . . . and fall.

He walks steadily, slowly, loyally onward. As valiant as we are prone to picture the typical American youth.

And what is more gratifying than a glorified symbol of our youth?



*Can you  
still command  
his admiring glances?*

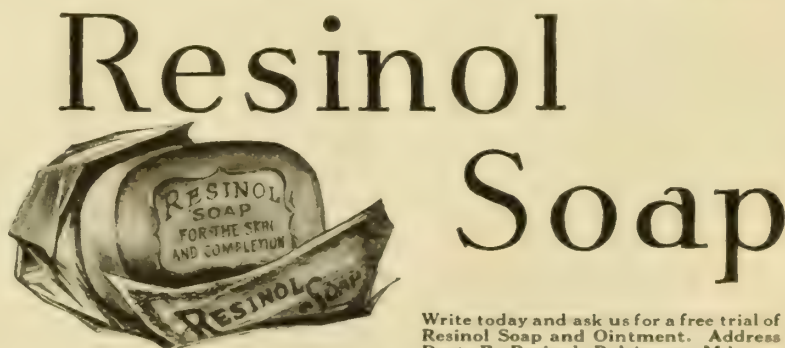
**D**OES your mirror still reflect a youthful radiant complexion? Ask yourself these questions. If the answer is "no," then you are being unfair to yourself. Every woman—no matter what her age—by observing the laws of nature in the care of her skin can prevent fading color, blotches, and other blemishes, and keep ever fresh the charm of youth to which she is entitled.

Thorough cleansing is the first step in creating or preserving complexion beauty, and among medical skin specialists, cleansing with a pure soap and warm water is the method most highly recommended.

**Start this simple treatment today  
and watch your skin grow younger.**

Get a cake of Resinol Soap at your druggist's. Every night with warm water gently work the thick, creamy lather of Resinol Soap into the pores of your skin. Then thoroughly rinse off your face and splash on a dash of cold water to close the pores. Within a week you will see the difference. A finer smoother texture in your skin—a softening and then a disappearance of those insidious little blemishes—a ruddier glow of health—a more youthful appearance in your whole face.

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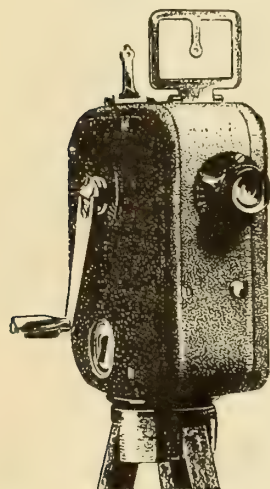


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## Manhattan Technique

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58 ]

of the girls get very artistic. I traveled all over the country and in Europe with them. I stayed two years."

"And after that the 'Scandals.'"

The corners of Louise's mouth curled slowly upward. "Yes," she said, in her quiet, lazy voice. "Immediately after. Fancy that." Faint lights of amusement revealed themselves in the depths of her eyes.

She is just nineteen.

"For my third picture," she explained, shifting herself languidly, "I'm supposed to play opposite W. C. Fields in 'The Old Army Game.' I've played with him before in the 'Follies.' Now they want me to play opposite him over there. But I'm not going to."

"But they've announced you in the cast," I protested weakly.

"Yes," said Louise, oh, so quietly. "I know they have. They think I'm going to play it. But I'm not. I don't want to play a part where I race around a funny man all the time. And I won't."

SHE hadn't disarranged so much as a lock of hair while making this declaration of war. She has magnificent simplicity. Louise will probably prevent the home-life of the Paramount studio from becoming monotonous before her contract is finished.

"I want to do things like Gloria Swanson," she confessed. "Most of these movie people"—she paused. She sought for a phrase. "They slaay me," she continued finally. "But I admire Gloria. I admire her career. She's

gone ahead and got just what she wanted. I like that."

Louise and Gloria may very well be sisters under the skin, only I doubt that the young Swanson had Louise's poise or Louise's exact knowledge of the things she was after. But the drive of ambition, the scuffing off of all unnecessary, cluttering things from the path of success, the magnificent, compelling charm of the complete, young realist, these are their common property.

Gloria, the magnetic, with her success as her bulwark, is definitely maternal.

Louise's bedroom is cluttered with dolls and a toy dog as big as *Nana*, the canine nursemaid of *Peter Pan*.

She explained that she was originally from Wichita, Kansas.

"Isn't the family thrilled by your sudden success?" I asked.

She looked at me carefully. She stirred the bedclothes faintly. "They don't know about it," she drawled. She waited and then smiled.

"My mother and father separated when I was a kid," she explained. "My father thinks I'm terrible."

Her black eyes were languid.

"In our family," she said, "it was everybody shift for himself." She smiled once more and waved her little white hand to indicate her apartment. It is a Park Avenue apartment, and in Manhattan there is nothing more utterly utter than a Park Avenue apartment.

"Well," said Louise. "I have."

## Your Name! What Does it Mean to Your Destiny?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

detracts from your power to study your own lesson and to profit from it.

Your birth number, in short, tells you the job you came on earth, to finish up. If you try to slack that job, it only makes it so much the worse for you. Whether you like it or not, it is up to you to do it. And if you know how to utilize the aid you may obtain from a careful study and a thorough knowledge of the influence of the name and birth numbers, you may put that job over with the greatest ease and satisfaction to yourself.

There are nine numerals on which Life operates. Each one is distinctive in itself and holds equal power for development and success. There are no lucky or unlucky numbers. It is lucky or unlucky according as you obey or break your numerical law—it is generally conceded to be unlucky when you are detected in breaking any law.

Each of these nine numbers has exactly the same meaning where-er found.

Each letter in your name has its number power. Added together and reduced to the common digit it gives you the numerical influence which surrounds you in this life and from which you obtain your help in emergencies.

It is merely, to use another illustration, like a man who has a commission to build a house. He is furnished with a blue print and a quantity of materials. He may build it as he pleases. Should he choose to put the attic in the front porch and the cellar in the dining room, he may do so.

But if he intends to make a success of that house and one which will be a joy to live in, he will work from the blue print and with the materials furnished him, regardless of what his neighbor is putting up on the next block.

So your blue print is contained in the power

of your birth number. Your materials are furnished you from the power of your name, as well as the amount of motive power you can put into the building.

The majority of our difficulties, to continue this simile, are brought on by the fact that we refuse to recognize the blue print as such and overlook the material at hand. We roam about looking for better material or for stuff that was never intended to be a part of the structure we were sent to this world to build.

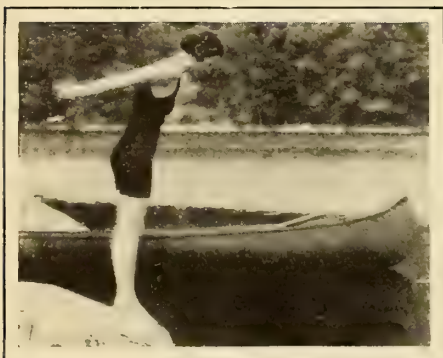
Simple enough when you understand it, isn't it?

YOUR life runs in cycles of nine. Every nine years, therefore, you may begin again, if you choose, to build more wisely. But unless you build with knowledge, the result will be as before.

If you study the law of numerology with the thought of finding the power of application and adjustment that will enable you to smooth your own path in life and to meet every event with courage and power and conviction, you will learn that there is strength in every number. If you are seeking for a "lucky number" that will give you an easy path to a selfish personal ambition, go to a fortune teller—they have plenty of them.

Keep in mind the fact that your baptismal name is never an accident. It not only gives you power on which you may safely call in times of emergency; but it tells you, as well, the history of your past lives. It is a true and unchangeable history of just where you stand in a cosmic sense and how much you have yet to learn before you attain the perfection that means the completion of your cycle of experiences.

Artists, musicians and other professional people often change their name for professional



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purposes. Such changes have a power and a purpose and they are only responding to an unconscious urge to get into the path of the greatest numerical power in their new career. You will often note that people who wish to get away from old associations and to break out an entirely new path, always change their name before entering the new life. Somewhere in that soul is the knowledge that a change of name will bring new contacts and new powers and new experiences. And somewhere in that soul is the unconscious desire to profit by those powers, even though it means a development through tribulation. But always the power of the name bestowed at birth is there to help, if it was but understood and realized. For this reason, in giving the name for name analysis, you must give the exact name bestowed upon you by parents at your birth—not the various names you have chosen since that time.

To change the name carelessly will bring about powers that we may not be ready to deal with. When it is done thoughtfully and prayerfully, it is because the spirit understands that the time has come to add new experiences and powers to those already possessed.

Your name may be your making or your breaking of fortune. It may take you lightly on toward the top of the ladder or it may present hurdles and obstacles that develop your soul as you surmount them. And anything that will give us any light on that compelling subject—OURSELF—is always interesting. It is this quality of curiosity that is always leading the best of us to try to peer into the future and to wrest from it our secret of success. We forget that the future will always take care of itself, if we take good care of the always fertile present.

THE minds that have become so scientific as to refuse to see anything not capable of being tested in cubes—or tubes—may term this curiosity to know more about oneself a form of superstition; but no amount of cold and impersonal science can entirely eliminate that urge of soul that seeks to know whence we come and whither we go—nor the itch to know more than the passing day may reveal to us.

The Bible, for example, contains many references to numbers and to the significance of names.

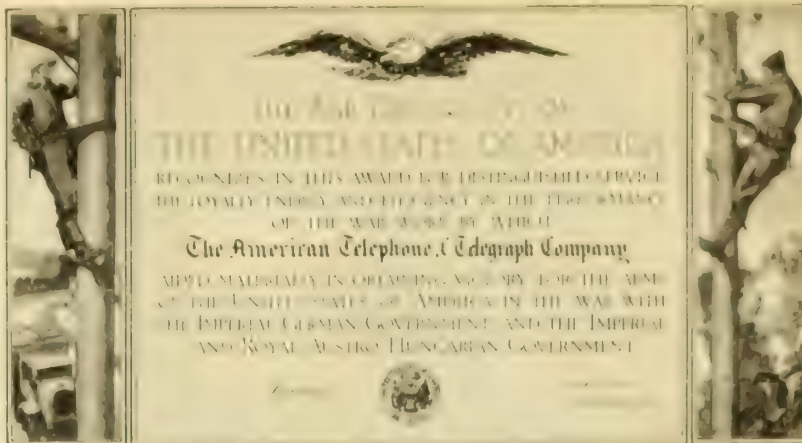
"And thou shalt be called by a new name," was said to the prophet Isaiah, 62—2. "Thou hast a name that thou livest," Rev. 3—1. "Neither shalt thy name be any more Bram; but Abraham," Genesis, 17—5. The names of Daniel and his companions were changed—for a purpose. Christ changed the names of Simon James and John, when it became necessary for them to take on new responsibilities as his disciples. Saul's name was changed to Paul.

As for the number seven, it has had many a cryptic significance attached to it. There are seven days of creation, seven days of the week, seven primary colors, the seventh year was the year of rest. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, there were seven years of plenty and seven of famine. In the destruction of Jericho, priests bore seven trumpets for seven days and seven nights about the city. There were seven noted raisings of the dead in Scriptures, and in the Lord's prayer there are seven petitions.

We are ready now for the first step in Numerology. Keep in mind the fact that Numerology will not foretell the future for you. But it will teach you how to follow the law under any circumstance and to obey the law is always a plan that will bring success and happiness in its train, whether that law be civic or moral.

I have told you that each numeral exists as a cosmic force. No matter where you find it, its number power remains the same. If you invoke that power, you must obey its law—or suffer the consequence.

Each numeral is also three-sided. It has a positive power, a destructive power and a negative power, according to your use of it. The number one, for instance, is always creative. It is a strong number. If you use it constructively, you will be always aided by its



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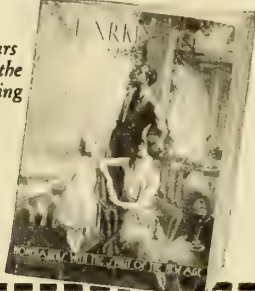
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creative genius, its impulse toward construction and its inflow of ideas. If you use it negatively, you will be confronted by conditions over which you fret and argue and shatter yourself vainly. It will use you instead of your using it. And if you develop its destructive form, you use the power of the one to become a menace to yourself and your community by your ability to fight and to antagonize.

The key, then, to your name power lies in the alphabet as allied to the numbers, as follows:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

The method of obtaining your name control number is easily mastered. Place each letter in your name over its corresponding numeral:

D	O	U	G	L	A	S
4	6	3	7	3	1	1
F	A	I	R	B	A	N
6	1	9	9	2	1	5

Add them as follows:

$$4+6+3+7+3+1+1=25=7$$

$$6+1+9+9+2+1+5+2+1=36=9$$

Reducing these to their final digit by adding 2 and 5, gives the number 7, which is the name power of Douglas. Adding the numbers from Fairbanks gives the digit 9. The power numbers of Douglas and Fairbanks added make 7-9-16, which reduced to its digit, gives us 7 again. Thus 7 is the name power of Douglas Fairbanks.

TO arrive at the numerical influence of his motivating urge or ideality, we add the vowels of both names. This is the innerurge that activates him in any emergency and it is this urge that should be followed in any perplexity, for it represents his individual power. The vowels will be added like this:

D	O	U	G	L	A	S
	6	3			1	
F	A	I	R	B	A	N
1	9				1	5

Adding these numbers gives us a digit of 3, a numerical influence that demands self expression in every event of his life. His birth date being May 23, 1883, we compute the numerical influence by ascertaining the number power of May and adding to it the numerical power of the day and the year, each of which is found by adding the figures and obtaining the digit of each. The months derive their numerical significance by their place in the progression of the months. When the cycle of 9 is reached with September, the digit is found for October, November and December. The following is the table of the months:

January	February	March	April	May
1	2	3	4	5
June	July	August	September	October
6	7	8	9	1
November	December			
2	3			

May being the 5 month, we add to this the digit of 23, which is also 5. The figures of 1883 added together give us a total of 2 as follows:

$$\text{May } 23 \text{ } 1883$$

$$5 \quad 5 \quad 2$$

Adding these figures together thus 5+5+2=12, which resolved to its digit, is 3. This gives Mr. Fairbanks the same destiny number as his ideality. Anything that he really goes after in earnest is bound to come his way, for he has but few difficulties to overcome, save in his

own variable disposition, which makes it difficult for him to make up his mind or to keep it made up. He should be associated always with people who will keep him to the line and in this instance he will do his very best work, as his instincts always bid him do. As the year 1926 will give him the influence of the number 1, it will have a most distinct significance to him and to his work. It means the beginning of a new cycle for him and it is in his power to direct this cycle in any way he wishes and thus to dominate his career for the next decade.

To sum up, you have been shown the method of finding your number power of both name and birth. The vowels of your name will indicate your individuality or motivating power in everything you do. It is the attitude, in short, with which you approach life. The sum of the vowels and consonants added together will tell you the aid that life will give you in meeting the problems of your destiny number. The birth or destiny number tells you the lesson you must learn in life and also shows you the influence each year will bring you and the manner in which you may use life and its opportunities to the best advantage. Keeping this key in mind, we will go on to the next name analysis, which is, of course, that of Mary Pickford.

You will recall that I cautioned you to give your exact baptismal name for an analysis—all of it, the discarded or disliked middle name and all. Mary Pickford having been born Gladys Smith, her name chart would read like this:

Gladys Smith  
April 8, 1893

Ideality	1
Aids	2
Destiny	6
1926	3

From this analysis, if the exact name and date of birth are given—and if not given correctly, then the analysis in any case is of no value whatever—we find the motivating urge of this name that of a 1. This indicates that she is of an unusually strong character, with a creative disposition and a capacity for management that would make of her a tower of strength in any field. She might, in fact, be a bit headstrong in her viewpoint, if she were not modified strongly by her aid number of 2, which gives her a tendency to seek a peaceful happy atmosphere and to create that atmosphere about her in her work. The creative 1 is always willing to lead her into any new path and because of its influence, she will always make a success in any work if she is permitted to work it out in her own way. She has great administrative ability and attracts influential friends, great honors and public success. Her mind works quietly and usually dominates in any undertaking with which she is connected.

Her destiny lesson is that of responsibility. She has early had to face much responsibility both for herself and for others and has a knack of managing affairs that makes her a friend to be desired. She will always attract money to meet her needs and those of the ones who depend on her and as she is a cosmic mother and seeks to protect everyone and everything that comes within her circle, she is invariably mothering some person or some ambition. This influence makes her keen for both work and play. She should work only six hours a day, for in this time she puts in her best work and after that, she is only tiring herself out without getting anywhere. In fact, if she gets overtired, she becomes fussy and petulant and needs plenty of wholesome recreation to keep her number powers well balanced.

WHEN she took the name of Mary Pickford she added a power that has brought many developing influences into her life although not always in a happy way. It was evident that there was a soul call for these experiences and it is very necessary for her to have some time to herself each day to restore the strength of personality that she gives out so freely and so



generously to all who call upon her. It also brought her conditions that made her face stern realities and much hard and unpleasant routine work, but it has greatly developed her spiritual strength. She is apt to keep her real inner problems to herself and to show to her friends only a pleasant and cheerful attitude. But very few people ever get very close to her real individuality. Her 1926 law will be that of expression. She will find herself putting into operation some plans she began several years ago and should have a most active year before her. She will be of much assistance in carrying out plans of her husband this year, as it will be his dominating year in which he will have much creative value, with danger of losing much of its power through argument with others who do not vision so clearly as he does. Her husband resents monotony in every form and demands constant action for his money. 1926 will see him maturing new ideas and entering into a restless and emotional period of setting in line these new ideas which will not always find favor with those about him. The tests of the coming year will demand all of his spiritual strength and if he will watch the October days, he can determine for himself just what problems he will have to meet during the coming year as they will be foreshadowed in the events of that month.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117]

### Ricardo's Far Away Fan

Victoria, Australia.

I'm afraid that the brickbat of "Babe" in the November issue is a feeble one. These days an actor cannot be of the Latin type without being accused of imitating Rudolph Valentino. From what "Babe" says one would think that Ricardo Cortez' wonderful smile and devilish eyes were part of Rudy's apparel that could be borrowed at a moment's notice.

TESS.

### In Defense of Norma

Tulsa, Okla.

You're all wrong, Mrs. St. Johns. Norma Talmadge is a good actress, but don't kid yourself that she is anyone else in her pictures but Norma Talmadge. And she is becoming more herself in every picture. She has enormous potentialities, but Miss Talmadge seems to be letting up. It appears to me that she has nothing more to strive for, and that's the reason. I'll bet you a nickel it wouldn't make a particle of difference to Norma Talmadge if she never made another picture.

ALTHEA DAVIS.

### Vilma Just a Pretty Blonde

Pittsburgh, Pa.

I can't see why all this hubbub about Vilma Banky. I agree with the reader who said she was just another pretty blonde.

We have a dozen blondes who are more attractive than Miss Banky. Take Laura La Plante and Blanche Sweet. Miss La Plante is young and not very well known; with the publicity break that Miss Banky has received because she was "discovered" in Europe, Laura La Plante would be as much discussed today as the Budapest beauty. And I do not think that Miss Banky will ever have the following that Blanche Sweet has. Neither does she seem a strong enough character to stage a successful comeback like Blanche did—if she ever had to.

I'm not saying Vilma Banky isn't beautiful or cannot act. She is and can. What I'm arguing about is the way people are raving without realizing that she got over first crack because she got such a good break by being "discovered," and cast in a good picture and with Ronald Colman.

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statesman can long hold his audience spell bound without this supremely influential magnetic force!

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*Acts like an anaesthetic  
Stops pain in 3 seconds*

**I**NSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

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Fastest Way*

## BANISH GREY HAIR

Wm. J. Brandt's  
Liquid

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Covers the grey, and restores the color to grey, faded, bleached, or streaky hair, leaving it Soft, Glossy and natural.

Works so well no one will know the color has been restored. Covers ALL the grey; covers ANY grey, no matter how stubborn or how caused.

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Eau de Henna is two liquids, one application. It colors at once. No mess. No pack. Does not shade off reddish as with many powdered Hennas.

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No experience necessary. Will not rub off. Not affected by sea bathing, sun, shampooing, or permanent waving. Will withstand tropical climates.

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You can put it on just where it is needed. Can be used where powdered henna dyes have been used. The shades blend in beautifully. Can be used over other hair dyes or restorers. Directions in English and Spanish.

Eau de Henna comes in colors: Black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown, drab, blond, auburn. Price postpaid \$2.50 or C. O. D. \$2.72. State color desired.

Order through your Druggist, Department Store or Beauty Parlor, or direct from us.

**HAIR SPECIALTY CO.**  
Dept. 19 D, 112 East 23rd St., New York

Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage.

## Hail and Farewell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

And she was tired of the country. So she married him. But he died.

The most important thing that happened to her in her youth, with the possible exception of the "too-beautiful girl" line with which she was ever afterwards to be labeled, was her marriage to young Laurence Converse. He was a good-looking young lawyer, whom I used to see around the courthouse. He had big, dark eyes, and very charming manners. His family was well known socially, and rather well-to-do.

Barbara fell in love with him and married him, all in white veils and orange blossoms, with dewey eyes and exquisite hopes.

And the next morning his real wife, with her three little children, walked into the district attorney's office and demanded that he be arrested for bigamy. He was. They dragged him away from his honeymoon with Barbara, and flung him in jail.

Perhaps it will show you something of the maddening quality of her beauty. Converse was a lawyer, an intelligent man. Yet he used his own name in his own town to commit bigamy that he might possess this too-beautiful girl. He said she had dazzled him so that he didn't know what he was doing.

It broke Barbara. Not the faintest suspicion of it had touched her. Always she has been like that, trusting, hoping, each new dream is going to measure up. She disappeared. Her father, whose devotion to her has been like the steady beacon of lighthouse amid dangerous seas, and I looked for her. It was part of my job, but my heart was in it, too.

While young Converse was operated upon in the belief that there was something wrong with his brain, even when he died, we searched in vain.

**A**T last we found her, in one little room in a cheap boarding house, sitting silent and alone by the window, with a newspaper containing the story of her bridegroom's tragic death upon the floor beside her. Ashamed, heart-broken, disillusioned. I shall never forget the look in her eyes as she turned them to us. I think she knew then what life might do to her.

She became a dancer. She married Phil Ainsworth. She married Ben Deeley. She married Jack Daugherty. Hundreds of other men tried to marry her.

You see? She was a honeypot. She was a candle-flame. A few women are like that.

And overnight she became the most sought-after star, the most famous beauty on the screen.

I have never known anyone so influenced by

her surroundings as Barbara La Marr. She picked up color like a chameleon. She couldn't say "No." She wanted to make everybody happy. She loved parties. She adored people. Her nature was gay—gay. Flattery caught her attention always. Beauty caught it, too. Luxury came as naturally to her as moonlight to a lover.

There is no tongue today among those who knew her best, to repeat an unkind thing, an unjust thing, she ever said.

There is no record in the memory of any one of her friends of kindness refused, of an appeal for help unheeded.

There is not a man, even among those whose hearts she broke beneath her careless foot, but was her loyal friend right to the end.

And there were men who have known her long and loved her well, who would have offered to take her place when death knocked at her door.

Doesn't that mean something—all that?

Her temptations were greater than those of any woman I have ever known.

**B**UT there was no littleness in her. And she had for all that charity which is now all she can silently ask of the world.

We have lost a bright and beautiful presence. We have lost the woman who might have been the greatest actress and most perfect beauty on the screen.

I have lost a friend.

But I shall just write upon the little stone I have set up in my heart beside the one with Wally's name upon it, the words of Edna St. Vincent Millay's, that bring me comfort—

What's this of death, from you who will never die?

Think you the wrist that fashioned you in clay,

The thumb that set the hollow just that way  
In your full throat and lidded the long eye  
So roundly from the forehead, will let lie  
Broken, forgotten, under foot some day  
Your unimpeachable body, and so slay  
The work he most had been remembered by?

I tell you this: whatever of dust to dust  
Goes down, whatever of ashes may return  
To its essential self in its own season,  
Loveliness such as yours will not be lost,  
But, cast in bronze upon his very urn,  
Make known him Master, and for what good reason.

## "The Exquisite Dolores"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

But while she was on the screen I was, as Mr. Christy said, entranced. Her loveliness is so different, so fragrant, so endlessly alluring. You never seem to get enough of her. When she's off the screen you wait impatiently for her return, and when she comes on, you have each time a new and delightful surprise in finding that she's even more exquisite than you remembered her.

Dolores Costello is the nineteen-year-old daughter of Maurice Costello, whom a lot of fans will remember as one of the first stars and matinee idols of the screen.

"And I nearly gave up pictures in despair," Dolores told me, "because I got so tired of everybody saying, 'Well, well, so you're Maurice Costello's little girl! I remember you

when—' It seemed to me I'd never get a chance of my own."

She started her professional career less than two years ago in the George White "Scandals." Then she went with her father on a location trip to Florida in an Alan Dwan picture and played a bit. Back in New York, she played a few small parts around the Paramount Long Island studio.

While she was doing that she posed for James Montgomery Flagg for the illustrations of Adela Rogers St. Johns' Hollywood novel, "The Skyrocket." Flagg selected her, he told her, because she fitted, more perfectly than anyone he'd ever seen, the description of the movie-star heroine as "very slender, but with no bones showing anywhere."



Why they let her slip by them at Paramount nobody knows, and they must have been pretty sick about it when they had to borrow her from Warner Brothers for "Mannequin," following her hit in "The Sea Beast."

Properly handled, Dolores Costello should mean a fortune to the Warner brothers. Will they do it?

The Exquisite Dolores! I like the sound of it.

She will tell you, demurely, shyly, that she isn't the Costello girl who went to a French convent. "That was my younger sister, Helene," is the way she says it.

But somehow you feel that it *must* have been Dolores. She looks like a princess of the blood royal, brought up in one of those marvelous old French convents where all the sisters had titles under their coifs, and who might now be kidnapped anytime by anybody from a Turkish sultan or a desert Sheik, to a Chicago gunman or the Prince of Wales.

Personally, I can think of no one who would be so well cast in the so difficult to fill role of the Princess of Wales. She would be perfect. She is certainly my candidate for the job.

In all Dolores has played the lead in four pictures. I have seen three of them and am now eagerly waiting for the fourth, "The Little Irish Girl," an adaptation of a play by C. D. Lancaster.

## Dissatisfied Beauty

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

Several years ago, she saw clearly the fate of the mere beauty. And she began then to develop herself as an actress.

Nothing infuriates her so much today as to have critics or audience consider her beauty before her work as an actress. She works as hard over every rôle she plays as though she were the plainest woman on earth. The few clippings I have known her to cherish were not those that hailed her as one of the great beauties of this century, but those that spoke well of some performance she had given, which noted some subtle bit of characterization.

When she was making "Are Parents People?" and "Trouble With Wives," she literally slaved to find business, clever touches, natural situations to fit into her rôle. Mal St. Clair, who directed them both, has told me that he never worked with any actress who gave such sincere concentration to her performances or who gave him, as a director, so much assistance in the portrayal of a rôle.

AND believe me, "The Grand Duchess" and "Sea Horses" shows the result of her careful study and preparation and her brilliant thought about them. They are parts as widely different as the poles and they show how she has grown as an actress and how her personality is developing to actually top her beauty. Whatever you do, don't miss "The Grand Duchess." You will see in Florence Vidor a "clothes-horse" beyond even Gloria, with a bit of devil equal to Pola's, enough sex-appeal to equal Vilma Banky, and the added charm of Florence's own distinction and intelligence. (Incidentally, she has never looked so beautiful, but please don't tell her I said so. She does get so furious about it.)

She will never acknowledge that she is beautiful, being a modest sort of person. But I happen to know that she sometimes thinks of beauty as a handicap, as something she must surmount and subdue if she is to do big things. She wants to be its mistress instead of its slave, that's the thing.

I went with her and a group of friends to run "Sea Horses" in a projection room at the studio the other evening. There was a great director, a well-known New York columnist, a



BUT—  
*she just doesn't belong!*

Do you remember, in one of the season's most popular books, the fine, brave girl who struggled so pluckily for an education at the University?

She had a really fine mind, was sympathetic and not unbeautiful. Yet men passed her by. Because, as they expressed it, *she just didn't belong.*

Why—with all her fine qualities?—

A few words reveal much. We read that there was always an ugly half-moon of stain showing under her arms, no matter how cold the day.

What a pity! To think that a little lapse like this, could rob her of her chance "to belong"!

Yet nothing was ever truer. The evidence of perspiration moisture and odor is a hopeless social handicap. And all because so many women do not understand that something more than soap and water, more than "home remedies" or simple temporary correctives, is needed.

You can be safe from that repellent clinging odor of

perspiration, from those ugly stains that ruin your clothes, *only if you use a really dependable scientific corrective.*

Millions have found it, after years of experimenting. Their one absolute safeguard is—Odorono, the Underarm Toilette!

Odorono was formulated by a physician for this very thing. It is the original perspiration corrective. Years of laboratory research have perfected its scientific action. Physicians and nurses depend upon it for hospital use constantly.

It is an antiseptic liquid, clean and clear and lovely to use as a toilet water. And the wonderful thing is, you need use it *only twice a week!*

It keeps the underarms and that "perspiring area" across the back dry and fresh and odorless. It protects your clothing—without any other precaution.

Get the twice-a-week Odorono habit. Its dependability is such a joy! Get a bottle at any toilet counter—35c, 60c and \$1 or sent postpaid.



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Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet for which I enclose 5c.

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*Note: If you would also like to try Creme Odorono, a delightful new creme which corrects odor only, send 5c additional*





## See the Beauty You Lose

Send coupon for a test

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I have seen countless girls multiply their beauty inside 30 minutes. And women seem to drop ten years. Just by using simple treatments which I have employed for long.

I cannot conceive of a girl or woman who will not employ them when she once sees the results. So I urge you now to let me send a trial treatment. See what beauty you are losing.

One is my White Youth Clay. Not like the crude clays of the past, but white, refined and dainty. Three clays in one, plus many other helps for your skin. One application will amaze and delight you. You will see ways to multiplied beauty, to new youth.

White Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The result at once is a rosy glow.

Then apply my Youth Cream. That includes a dozen of the best skin helps that science has discovered. Do this but once, and the results will be a revelation. You will have a new conception of your possibilities for charm.

All toilet counters now supply my White Youth Clay and Youth Cream exactly as I use them. They made me a famous beauty, they have kept my youth. I want them to do so for millions.

Let me send a trial treatment. The coupon will bring enough White Youth Clay and Youth Cream to show you what they mean. Also my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now in fairness to yourself. It may change your whole career.

### For Trial Package 57 P.P.

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10 cents for postage and packing, and you will receive a trial packet of both my White Youth Clay and Youth Cream.



### BATHASWEET!

For a soft, fragrant bath! A perfumed powder which softens and sweetens your bath. Makes your skin exquisitely soft, white and fragrant. A smart luxury for the bath, hand-basin, a dozen personal uses. In shaker tins: 25 cents, 50 cents, \$1. In glass jar: \$1.50. At drug and toilet goods counters everywhere. **FREE—a 10c can sent free on request.**

THE C. S. WELCH CO.

Dept. PD, 1907 Park Ave., New York

big studio executive, an important critic and myself. We had dined first at Mrs. Vidor's and I had watched her arrange the flowers for the table herself and do a dozen little personal things that only very thoughtful and considerate hostesses take time to do nowadays. During dinner we had discussed the authenticity of the records of Joan of Arc's trial, the relations between the editorial and advertising departments of big newspapers, early California architecture, Venetian glass, and the transplanting of sycamore trees, and the relation of art and commercialism to each other in motion pictures.

When the lights flickered up after "Sea Horses," the columnist, who had quite obviously fallen head over heels where Florence was concerned during dinner, said, "Mrs. Vidor, I've never seen you so beautiful."

Florence shot him one outraged look, turned positively pale with indignation and walked out of the projection room. And at dinner she

had been graciousness itself to some of his rather stupid and blatant opinions.

We consoled her. We told her it wasn't true. That nobody would notice how she looked because she gave such a fine performance. Which was partly true. We told her that the picture would do a great deal to establish her as a very fine dramatic actress, which was wholly true. The studio executive told her what a great future was unfolding before her. I believe he is right, and that she is going to win and hold a great place for herself, and it will be a credit to the industry and an honor to picture audiences if she does, because she is a fine and noble woman.

And just to think it all came about because she was a dissatisfied beauty. She has the spark of divine discontent that drives on and on. And she would have been a huge success at something if she hadn't been a beauty at all, if that's any consolation to her, and you can tell her I said so.

## The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

### THE DANGER GIRL—Producers Distributing Co.

IT is rather a pleasing sight to see Priscilla Dean again. You remember what a good crook Priscilla was, but wait until you see what a clever secret service lady she is. But there I go telling you what it's all about. However, that won't spoil the entertainment value for you, for there's enough suspense throughout to keep one guessing. John Bowers, Cissy Fitzgerald and Arthur Hoyt make an excellent support for Priscilla.

### COMBAT—Universal

HE who likes a lively romping tale crammed with action will enjoy this. A creature of brawn and muscle who blithely smashes all who dare oppose him—cracked crowns and shattered jaws are the trifling souvenirs he hands those who dare bar his path—and who is he?—the boss of a lumber camp, alias House Peters. There're fights from the start to the finish and, as an added attraction, a forest fire is thrown in. The youngsters will like it. Fair.

### DON'T—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE title speaks for itself. This is one of the most ridiculous and silliest pictures seen. The story wanders all over, and some of the comedy sequence—well, my dear, if you can laugh you're good. Sally O'Neil and John Patrick run around with a look on their faces as if they were wondering what it's all about. And at the finis you'll wonder too.

### THE TRAFFIC COP—F.B.O.

ONLY the admirers of Lefty Flynn will enjoy this, and the youngsters, too. Lefty and his big broad grin does his best with an impossible story. All about a good-looking traffic cop and a wealthy girl who falls in love with him. Needless to say the inevitable happens and everybody's happy.

### FLAMING WATERS—F.B.O.

IT looks as though F. B. O. went through their old pictures and picked out the thrill scenes from each one. Assembling them together they decided a good melodramatic story could be written around them. Instead this is one of the weepiest affairs of the poor old mother investing in fake oil stock, the runaway automobile, the hero regaining the money from the villain and making a fortune, and then the rescue of the mother and the gal from a blazing flood. Yes, my dear, the comedy relief is pitiful.

### THE FIGHTING EDGE—Warner Bros.

HERE is a melodrama with no pretensions but with scores of thrills. Laid on the boundary line between the United States and Mexico it concerns the operations of a ring who smuggle everything from hooch to undesirable aliens. Kenneth Harlan undertakes to foil them, aided by Patsy Ruth Miller. That involves them in dungeons, secret panels, fist fights and, of course, love. This is not art but it's exciting entertainment. The children can go.

### QUEEN O' DIAMONDS—F.B.O.

THERE'S not very much to recommend in this picture, but we think you'll live through it. All about a chorus girl who is unjustly accused of theft just as she was about to be assigned to a leading rôle. Her innocence is proven; she gets the part and her man and there's nothing else to do but call it a day.

### CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD —Parhe

A SERIAL—a red-blooded story of storm-tossed waters, of clever smugglers who know no law and hardy seamen who risk their lives in line of duty. It is the usual serial stuff with lots of action. George O'Hara is the handsome hero, Helen Ferguson the heroine, and Jean Jarvis plays the naughty schemer.

### THE COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS —Fox

ONE finds no amusing tricks of style to divert this from the commonplace. And such an absurd story. List to this—a cowboy meets a countess and falls in love with her. He plans to follow her to her country, so he organizes a Wild West show and travels to Europe. He meets her, saves her from the villain and wins her for himself. The smelling-salts, please!

### THE YANKEE SENOR—Fox

NOW, boys and girls, Mr. Tom Mix gives you all a treat and steps out in the rôle of a wealthy senor wearing white satin blouses with trousers to match. After the fashion show Tom decides to show how graceful he is and trips the light fantastic a la tango—at least that's what the sub-title called it. Then big-hearted Tom performs the heroic act and puts the villain in his place. Olive Borden, the heroine, is the most appealing and attractive member of the cast. Oh, yes, Tony does his stuff, too.



**WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD—F.B.O.**

WE are disappointed in Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino) for jeopardizing her screen career by accepting such an unsuitable rôle. Who can imagine the stunning Natacha as a neglected wife? We regret that the only credit due the lady is for a few fine sets and some pictorial beauty here and there that suggest her artistic touch. Clive Brook is equally miscast as a profligate husband and trifle in this exceedingly dull picture.

**Questions and Answers**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113 ]

**F. M. W., GOSHEN, N. Y.**—Anne Q. Nilsson entered the movies in 1911. She got a job in a picture starring Alice Joyce, who was a great friend of Anna's. Antonio Moreno began his film career in 1910. Lillian Walker was the blonde with the dimples who used to play with Maurice Costello. Mr. Costello is very much alive and sitting on top of the world since his young daughter, Dolores, made such a hit in "The Sea Beast."

**A. CURTIN, WASHINGTON, D. C.**—Colleen Moore married a smart Irishman named John McCormick (not the singer), who is an official of the First National Pictures Company. He produces Colleen's pictures, too. Her name is really Kathleen Morrison, and she was born in Port Huron, Michigan, August 19th, 1902. The McCormicks have no children. Colleen's next picture is from the comic strip called "Ella Cinders."

**E. M. D., PORT ARTHUR, ONT.**—How sweet you are, my dear, to an old man like me. Thank you. You shouldn't get into any arguments about how old is whom and how high is up until you have consulted this oracle. Listen carefully. Mary Pickford was born on April 4th, 1893. She is exactly five feet high. Cheerio.

**LEONARD E. EURY, BESSEMER CITY, N. C.**—You wish me to announce in these columns that you are frantically trying to organize a George O'Brien Club. Voila! It is announced. I wish you luck.

**M. S., NEW YORK CITY.**—Hello, hello. Herb Howe is Ramon Novarro's best friend. If you read Herb's pages you will often find little things about Ramon that none of the rest of us know. Ramon has dark brown hair and eyes. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall. He was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6th, 1899. He was born Ramon Samaniegos, but legally adopted the name of Novarro because it is a better professional name. His parents are Spanish.

**BEBE AND BUNNY.**—Why, oh why, will you make reckless bets without consulting poppa? Don't do it. It was Aileen Pringle who played in "Three Weeks," and Elinor Glyn who wrote it.

**OLAF HOGAN, HOUSTON, TEXAS.**—You especially will be pleased to hear what I have to say about our favorite, Alberta Vaughan. First, your question: She is nineteen years old. Now the news. She is finishing her last two-reel series called "Fighting Hearts," and is about to be featured in big pictures, with a nice raise in salary.

**P. A. G., SEATTLE.**—You know good players when you see them, don't you? The two you are curious about are Dorothy Cummings and Lawrence Gray, in "The Coast of Folly." Both fine troupers, aren't they? Betty Compson was the queen in the pantomime of "Beggar on Horseback." Greta Nissen played this same rôle in the stage production in New York. That's how she got her chance in pictures.

**Watch This Column***If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address***Gen. George Custer Lives Again**

Every American school-boy has read of Gen. George Custer, or "Yellow Hair" as the Indians called him because of his long blonde hair which swept down to his shoulders—and their eyes have popped and their pulses have hurried when they read of the deeds of heroism which followed Custer's great campaign among the Dakota Sioux.

It is one thing to read of these things, and quite another to see them re-enacted as they are in Universal's fine film, "*The Flaming Frontier*." And all the heroes and warriors who took part in those stirring episodes, live again and fight over the battle of the Little Big Horn.

You will see Gen. Custer, President Grant, Chief Red Cloud, Sitting Bull. You will ride with them into the plains of Montana where all the fighting occurred, and you will see such acts of courage as will thrill you to the core.

You will see HOOT GIBSON, the riding fool, as a daring lieutenant in Custer's command. You will see DUSTIN FARNUM as Gen. Custer, and a marvelous cast of wonderful riders. You will see Indians by the thousands and the Wild West even as it is today. Don't fail to see this picture because I know just what it is. Edward Sedgwick directed it.

Don't fail to see REGINALD DENNY in "*What Happened to Jones*" and "*Skinner's Dress Suit*," two refreshing comedies which give this splendid young actor all the chance he desires to show his talent. Don't fail to see "*The Phantom of the Opera*." When you see these plays, write me your opinion of them—show where they could have been improved.

*Carl Laemmle*

(To be continued next month)

President

You can have autographed photograph of Hoot Gibson  
for 10 cents in stamps.

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### Chewing Gum With a Purpose

Thousands upon thousands of new chewing gum users have been created in the last few months because of a new chewing gum "with a purpose." It is

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### The Chewing LAXATIVE

This tasteful way of using a corrective has met popular fancy for the reason that it performs regulation in more agreeable manner than older methods.

Feen-a-mint contains a tasteless laxative. When you chew Feen-a-mint you taste the sweetness of sugar, flavored with delectable mint.

Buy Feen-a-mint at druggists, 15c, 25c, \$1.00. (Somewhat higher in Canada.) Samples on request.

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## At Last—a Blonde Hair Shampoo!

Keeps Light Hair from Darkening  
—Brightens Faded Blonde Hair

When light haired people wash their hair in an ordinary way, a thin film of oil is often left on each hair, which collects dirt and dust, causing the hair to darken. That is why blondes should always use a special shampoo. For while light hair is always attractive, its beauty is lost just as soon as it becomes uncertain in color, dirty-looking and streaky. Blondex, the new Swedish light hair shampoo, not only keeps blonde hair from darkening, but actually brings back the true golden beauty to even the dulllest and most faded blonde hair. Makes hair fluffy, silky. Over half a million users. Fine for children's hair. Highly beneficial to both hair and scalp. It is not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Money instantly refunded if not delighted. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores.

# BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

## A Beautiful Bedroom Means a Beautiful Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

often necessitates all those rooms becoming a sort of general living room and the bedroom must be moulded into the general decorative scheme.

For a residence of this type I show the second illustration. The necessary sleeping arrangements have been dressed up. The board at the head of this couch, in itself an excellent example of "new art" craftsmanship, dignifies the bed and gives it an individual beauty. The actual bed has been created by putting a mattress on top a box spring, the spring being supported by four small wooden legs, which are concealed by the bedspread. This is a bit of decorative economy that may be useful in any home. There are many shops in New York, and I presume they exist in other cities, that will add legs to a box springs for an additional five dollars. Thus, without buying a real bed, is a bed of comfort and simplicity, evolved.

The bedspread and the pillow coverings are made of the same material. Any home seamstress can make similar ones. Incidentally, the white bedspread has gone the way of red flannel underwear. Don't use a white bedspread if you want a smart room.

The cult of the antique is growing. There can no longer be any doubt of that. If you are one of those fortunate people who have time and patience enough to shop for genuine pieces and the price to pay for them, you can create bedrooms of startling beauty. I feel the bedroom set from "The Song and Dance Man" is a beautiful room.

The bed is early seventeenth century English as are the two commodes on either side. The chest of drawers and the mirror are Italian of the same period and all four pieces are of carved oak. The two plaques hanging close to the doorway are Della Robbia ware in delicate blue and white and the door frame itself is developed in the same material. This blue is picked up again in the brocatelle hanging behind the bed and in the spread of the same material.

Scarlet and gold are introduced in the triptyches with their delicate paintings of the saints, that can just be seen in the wall niches above the bed.

A ROOM like this while giving the impression of great cost is actually no more expensive to outfit than the modern bedroom shown below from "The New Klondike." Here, in the latter, is the conventional modern bedroom suite of seven pieces developed in the finest materials and with the finest craftsmanship. Its retail cost is \$1,200. The wood used in the dresser, chiffonette, beds, dressing table, chairs and bench is solid mahogany, painted grey with a black border and decorated with flowers in red and green. To me such a room is less beautiful than a room furnished piece by piece, but if you like unit furnishings, a set of this character is perfect. Further it is comfortable. It will last for years, the drawers of the dresser and chiffonette will never "stick," the mirrors will never "wave" and it will always be exactly right for the purposes for which it was created.

To prove, however, that antiques can go wrong, I am including a Spanish bedroom from "Rosita." Pictorially it is satisfactory enough, but don't ever develop a bedroom like this and expect to sleep in it. The elaborate Spanish bed against two sets of elaborate hangings, the more elaborate bedspread dripping lace, the fussy polychrome candlesticks, the very detailed plastering, the tiles, one type for the floor, another along the base of the room, a third on the columns, none of these

## You Can Write For "The Movies"

If you are possessed of imagination and have the inclination to write—if you have your own ideas of the merits of present-day motion-picture plots and want to reap the rich rewards which producers pay for original scenarios—you will find your best source of information and inspiration in that splendid new book—

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### INSIDE SECRETS OF PHOTOPLAY WRITING

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make for repose. Wearying the eye, they in turn weary the mind and body.

And for the homemakers I want to add that if the true way to a man's heart is through the stomach, the way to his success is through the bedroom.

The man who is caught up on sleep is the man who catches and keeps up with the band wagon.

## Confessions of a Movie Critic

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68 ]

for his milk route, jumps into the game from the bleachers, and scores a touch-down for dear old Alma Mater. He tries to escape from his room after the game, but *Betty*, sweetest of the prom angels, nudges her father, and father, an alumnus, offers him a job selling bonds or something.

And there is the unsophisticated little country girl who determines to pay off the mortgage on the family homestead, and goes to the big city in a calico dress and a wrong impression. A year passes, and an original touch can be added by introducing petting parties, pocket flasks and swimming pools. And after a spectacularly successful theatrical career, she returns to marry the blacksmith's son, because she now knows the blight of Broadway.

\*\*\*\*\*

Any of the above, with variations, are good, strong, original situations which should sell easily. And as to whether you've gotta have a drag to get them accepted—well, even though I've thought up all these scenarios by myself and submitted them, none of the film producers seems to know a good, strong, original plot when he sees one.

### Came the Dawn

THEN, at the end of the year, every self-respecting movie critic looks over his files, and prepares an essay entitled "Looking Backward," "Motion Picture Past Performances," or "Requiescat In Pace."

After a great deal of research, I present the following list. Moreover, I find that if all comments on cinematic subjects of the past year were placed end to end, they would reach wherever it is that things placed end to end always reach.

One thousand and twenty-two discouraged bookkeepers (certified accountants, floorwalkers, or coat-hanger salesmen) left the cramped quarters of New York (Philadelphia, Upper Montclair or South Bend, Indiana) for the wind-swept spaces of God's own country. Four hundred and twenty Kentucky Derbies, sub, upheld the honah of five hundred and seventy-two proud Southern families; three thousand plots showed what was wrong with the younger generation; and ninety-four productions proved the curse of drink.

One hundred and five Apache solo dancers inspired eighty-six orchestras to play "*Mon Homme*"; there were twelve thousand railroad wrecks; nine hundred and forty-eight automobiles collided; six hundred and fifty-one dams burst; fourteen hundred ships were sunk; twenty-seven thousand Indians bit the Hollywood dust; and more than eighty-five thousand and thirty-three sub-titles read, "Came the Dawn."

Thirty-nine thousand pairs of shoes were worn out in fights at the edges of nineteen thousand five hundred cliffs. Nine hundred fools there were, who were led to ruin by eight hundred and ninety-one brunettes, and nine henna'd blondes. I counted three thousand mementoes to mother, and fifty-five panegyrics to pop. And seventy-five hundred thousand extras, carrying the same number of



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spears, spoke of having turned down one contract apiece with Cecil B. De Mille.

And the other day, in the same spirit of summary, a prominent producer, whose company, pictures and luncheons are the last word in the motion picture industry, gave a large and elaborate celebration in honor of the closing year.

Everybody was there. It was a brilliant occasion. At the long table, little tokens served as place cards, all in the spirit of good clean fun. And the guests included all those who have been to so many movie banquets in the past few years that they haven't had time to eat.

A photographer was stationed on one side of the room. Before serving the first course, a snapshot was to be taken, showing the film personnel in its lighter moments. Everyone assumed the pose of rigid nonchalance. The camera man looked across the line of newspaper and magazine writers, actors, exhibitors, and officials, and waited for his signal.

THE master of ceremonies arose. "There will be no speeches," he promised. Everyone applauded. "But I want to introduce to you the man who has made all this possible. The man whose brilliance and clearness of vision has made each of his pictures something to which the entire industry can point with pride. I take great pleasure in introducing Mr.—"

Loud applause drowned his name, as the Great Producer arose.

"As our toastmaster has just said," he began, "there will be no speeches." Loud applause. "We are here," he continued, "for an important purpose. It," he smiled, "will be served in a moment."

More applause. "But I should like to tell you," he added, "something of our company."

He did. And then he called upon another member of the organization who prefaced his remarks by saying, "You were promised that there would be no speeches—" faint applause—"which reminds me of a story about two exhibitors in Walla Walla."

He told it. An hour and a half later, the toastmaster nodded toward the camera. The photographer awoke, and adjusted his apparatus. "Everybody laugh and talk," he directed. "And look right into the camera."

I glanced about the table, and suddenly the realization came to me why the motion picture industry is as great as it is. I looked at the producer. He smiled.

"Say something," he encouraged.

And smiling into the camera, "I wish," I answered honestly, "the folks back home could see me now!"

## How to Be a Producer

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

producing units, a few stars and directors, and the run of the stock company at his disposal. And Irving Thalberg, today, is only 26 years of age.

We wanted to know how he went about achieving results. He illustrated with "The Big Parade."

This war-romance was turned over to him. He selected King Vidor to direct it and assigned Jack Gilbert to a role that suited him like an immaculate kid glove. Gilbert, to Thalberg, has "it" plus. He has fire, passion, romance. The character of the French girl went to Renee Adoree. Miss Adoree had been with M.G.M. for several years and during that time had achieved only mediocre success.

Mr. Thalberg vows Renee is a wonderful actress. She is a distinct type, as well as an individual. What she needed to prove this to the world was the right part. She got it in "The Big Parade."

The picture was put into production. The director, the players dropped in to see Mr. Thalberg from time to time. He pepped them



up, inspired them, sponsored enthusiasm in them, and they returned to work determined to realize what he convinced them could be done.

After considerable hard work, the picture was completed and given to Mr. Thalberg to pass judgment on. Every man and woman in the company were worn to the verge of exhaustion by the long hours and strenuous efforts put into its making. What would their 26 year old chief say?

"A great picture," he praised, "but the beginning and the end will have to be retaken."

They were in a way that heightened suspense and drama and drew the story closer to its theme. Today, this picture rates the finest production of its kind since "The Birth of a Nation."

Thalberg has a decisive mind, mellowed with imagination and fine sensibilities. He knows when a person is good or a picture is good. He gets a "hunch" when he is right.

That is the way he explains how he "discovered," though did not get, Norma Shearer, years ago. He saw Norma enact a small role, for which she received no screen credit, in a film cyclept "The Stealers." He tried to find her whereabouts but failed. Years later, he learned she was making a picture in Buffalo. He communicated with her, but they couldn't come to terms.

When he went with Mr. Mayer, Thalberg suggested Norma Shearer to him as likely star material. Mr. Mayer signed her on his say-so. You know the rest.

Mr. Thalberg is desirous of increasing his roster of players. He wants newcomers and more newcomers, for players must be developed to inherit the spotlight the older stars will vacate. In an effort to find talented novices and unknowns, M.G.M. devotes an hour every afternoon to making screen tests of those recommended by friends, agents, studio employees, even strangers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent yearly for these tests and Thalberg estimates if three or four possibilities are found among the hundreds who get a test, the expenditure is merited.

Though he emphasizes the need of newcomers, he pauses to deplore the hundreds of girls who pour into Hollywood seeking fame and fortune in the flicker world. There are approximately one hundred applicants for one picture job.

HE claims a screen aspirant cannot be a modern Laura Jean Libbey heroine because she is the exact image of Norma Talmadge, or Gloria Swanson, or Mary Pickford. Nor can her hope be realized through physical accomplishments or drawing-room niceties.

Mr. Thalberg points out that a screen hopeful should have something to GIVE before she can GET anything from this business. Norma Shearer gives freshness, youth, buoyancy to the screen. Renee Adoree, smouldering emotions, coquettishness, allurements. Conrad Nagel, cleanness, sincerity. Roy D'Arcy can exemplify the leering, suave hypocrite.

Just how talented girls from all parts of the country are to be given their chance to swell the picture ranks without throwing caution to the wind and swooping unknown and minus assets into the Cinema City is a problem even the astute Irving Thalberg cannot answer. Some day it will be solved and, he hints, that day is not far off.

So it was on this optimistic note that we departed Mr. Thalberg's presence, for a "presence" he is, despite the fact he is a human being—modest, brilliant, blessed with the rare gifts of humor, human insight, and brains.

### And He Didn't

"AND listen," counseled the producer's business adviser, "when you sign that bird up, I wouldn't pay him any more than I had to."

"Don't worry," said the producer, "I won't even pay him that much!"

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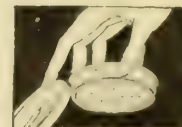
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"THE GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Alfred Savoir. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: *Albert Durant*, Adolphe Menjou; *The Grand Duchess*, Florence Vidor; *Grand Duke Peter*, Lawrence Grant; *Grand Duke Paul*, Andre de Beranger; *Prascovia*, Dot Farley; *Henriette*, Barbara Pierce; *Malard*, Brandon Hurst; *Blake*, William Courtwright.

**"IRENE"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by James Montgomery. Scenario by June Mathis. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Irene O'Dare*, Colleen Moore; *Donald Marshall*, Lloyd Hughes; *"Madame Lucy"*, George K. Arthur; *Pa O'Dare*, Charles Murray; *Ma O'Dare*, Kate Price; *Mrs. Warren Marshall*, Ida Darling; *Eleanor Hadley*, Eva Novak; *Larry Hadley*, Edward Earle; *Bob Harrison*, Lawrence Wheat; *Helen Cheston*, Maryon Aye; *Jane Gilmour*, Bess Flowers; *Mrs. Cheston*, Lydia Yeamans Titis; *Mrs. Gilmour*, Cora Macey.

**"DANCING MOTHERS"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: *Ethel Westcourt*, Alice Joyce; *Jerry Naughton*, Conway Tearle; *Killens Westcourt*, Clara Bow; *Kenneth Cobb*, Donald Keith; *Mrs. Massarone*, Dorothy Cumming; *Irma*, Elsie Lawson; *Hugh Westcourt*, Norman Trevor.

**"PARTNERS AGAIN—POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"**—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Abe Polash*, George Sidney; *Maurice Perlmutter*, Alexander Carr; *Hattie Polash*, Betty Jewell; *Dan*, Allan Forrest; *Schenckmann*, Robert Schable; *Rosie Polash*, Lillian Elliott; *Aviator*, Earl Metcalfe; *Pazinsky*, Lew Brice; *Sammell*, Gilbert Clayton; *Mrs. Sammell*, Anna Gilbert.

**"BEHIND THE FRONT"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Hugh Wiley. Scenario by Ethel Doherty. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Photography by Charles Boyle. The cast: *Riff Swanson*, Wallace Beery; *Shorty McGee*, Raymond Hatton; *Betty Bartlett-Cooper*, Mary Brian; *Percy Brown*, Richard Arlen; *Captain Bartlett-Cooper*, Hayden Stevenson; *Scottie*, Chester Conklin; *Sergeant*, Tom Kennedy; *Mrs. Bartlett-Cooper*, Frances Raymond; *Mr. Bartlett-Cooper*, Melbourn McDonald.

**"THE BLACK BIRD"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Tod Browning. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *The Blackbird*, The Bishop, Lon Chaney; *Fifi*, Renee Adoree; *West End Bertie*, Owen Moore; *Limehouse Polly*, Doris Lloyd; *The Shadow*, Andy MacLennan; *Red*, William Weston.



This Key girl can think of more smart ideas. Now she's got a "modesty hem." She carries a hem, a band of chiffon, in her vanity case and when she hears a brass band she snaps the hem on and struts forth. Photos reveal Kathleen without and with. The boy friend is Douglas Gilmore



**"MARE NOSTRUM"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Rex Ingram. Photography by John F. Seitz. The cast: *The Triton*, Uni Appolon, Don Esteben Ferragut, Alex Nova, *His Son*, Ulysses, Kada Abd el Kader, *Caragol*, Hughie Mack; *Fresa Talberg*, Alice Terry, *Ulysses Ferragut*, Antonio Moreno, *His Wife*, Dona Cinta, Mlle. Kithnou; *Their Son*, Esteban, Michael Brantford; *Their Niece*, Pepita, Rosita Ramirez; *Toni*, the Mate, Frederick Mariotti; *Doctor Fedelmann*, Mme. Paquette; *Count Kaledine*, Fernand Mailly; *Submarine Commander*, Andre von Engelman.

**"NELL GWYN"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Marjorie Bowen. Scenario by Herbert Wilcox. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: *Nell Gwyn*, Dorothy Gish; *King Charles II*, Randle Ayrton; *Lady Castlemaine*, Juliette Compton; *Mrs. Gwyn*, Sidney Fairbrother; *Toby Clinker*, Judd Green; *Dickson*, Edward Sorley.

**"THE RECKLESS LADY"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Philip Gibbs. Adapted by Sada Cowan. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Mrs. Fleming*, Belle Bennett; *Colonel Fleming*, James Kirkwood; *Sylvia Fleming*, Lois Moran; *Boris*, Lowell Sherman; *Ruth Hillier*, Ben Lyon; *Sophie*, Marcia Harris; *The Gendarme*, Charlie Murray.

**"DANCE MADNESS"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by S. J. Kaufman. Scenario by Frederica Sagor. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Photography by John Arnold and William Daniels. The cast: *Roger Halladay*, Conrad Nagel; *May Anderson*, Claire Windsor; *Bud*, Douglas Gilmore; *Valentina*, Hedda Hopper; *Strokoff*, Mario Carillo.

**"ROCKING MOON"**—PROD. DIST. CORP.—From the novel by Barrett Willoughby. Adapted by Jack Cunningham and Elliott J. Clawson. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Sasha Larianoff*, Lilyan Tashman; *Gary Tynan*, John Bowers; *Nick Nash*, Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Soya*, Laska Winters; *Col. Jeff*, Luke Cosgrave; *Side Money*, Eugene Pallette.

**"MEMORY LANE"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by John M. Stahl and Benjamin Glazer. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Mary*, Eleanor Boardman; *Jimmie Holt*, Conrad Nagel; *Joe Field*, William Haines; *Mary's Father*, John Stepping; *Mary's Mother*, Eugenia Ford; *The Uchlin*, Frankie Darrow; *Maids*, Joan Standing, Dot Farley.

**"THE AUCTION BLOCK"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Rex Beach. Adapted by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Bob Wharton*, Charles Ray; *Lory Knight*, Eleanor Boardman; *Carler Lane*, Ernest Gillen; *Mr. Knight*, James Corrigan; *Bernice Lane*, Sally O'Neill; *Robert Wharton*, David Torrence; *Edward Blake*, Forrest Seabury; *Nat Slauson*, Ned Sparks; *Homer Lane*, Charles Clary.

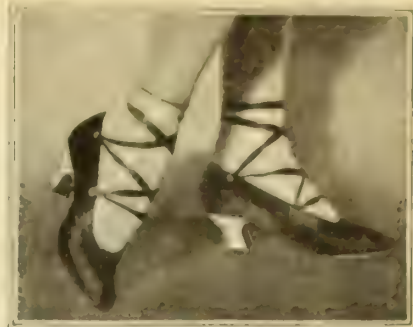
**"MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"**—PARAMOUNT.—Produced by Robert Flaherty. Depicts life in the South Seas. Cast consists of natives of the South Sea Islands.

**"THE MILLION DOLLAR HANDICAP"**—PROD. DIST. CORP.—From the novel by W. A. Fraser. Adapted by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by Scott Sidney. Photography by Devereaux Jennings. The cast: *Alis Porter*, Vera Reynolds; *George Mortimer*, Edmund Burns; *John Porter*, Ralph Lewis; *Phillip Crane*, Ward Crane; *Tom*, Tom Wilson; *Langdon*, Clarence Burton; *Jockey McKay*, Danny Hoy; *Matilda Porter*, Rosa Gore; *Alan Porter*, Walter Emerson; *Milkman*, Lon Poff.

**"THE BEAUTIFUL CHEAT"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Nina Wilcox

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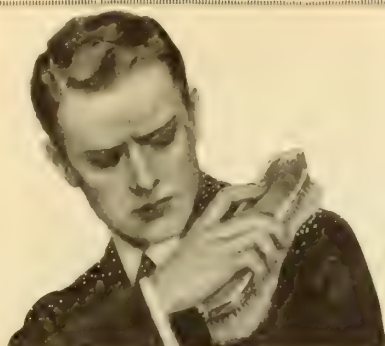
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Putnam. Adaptation by A. P. Younger Directed by Edward Sloman. Photography by J. J. Rose. The cast: *Mary Callahan, alias Mariza Chervoska, Laura La Plante; Jimmy Austin, Harry Myers; Marquis de la Pontenac, Bertram Grassby; Al Goldringer, Alexander Carr; Herbert Dangerfield, Youcca Troubetzkoy; Lady Violet Armstrong, Helen Carr; Dan Brodie, Robert Anderson; Mrs. Leland Bruckman, Helen Dunbar; Leland Bruckman, Tom S. Guise; Kate Callahan, Kate Price; Tom Callahan, Walter Perry.*

"THE CAVE MAN"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the story by Gilette Burgess. Adapted by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Mike Smagg, Matt Moore; Myra Gaylor, Marie Prevost; Brewster Bradford, John Patrick; Maid, Myrna Loy; Dolly Van Dream, Phyllis Haver; Mrs. Van Dream, Hedda Hopper.*

"FIFTH AVENUE"—PROD. DIST. CORP.—Story by Arthur Stringer. Screen version by Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Robert Vignola. Photography by James C. Van Trees, A. S. C. The cast: *Barbara Pelham, Marguerite De La Motte; Neil Hefner, Allan Forrest; Mrs. Claudine Kemp, Louise Dresser; Peter Hefner, William V. Mong; Allan Trainor, Crauford Kent; Natalie Van Loon, Lucille Lee Stewart; Nan Lo, Anna May Wong; Mrs. Van Loon, Lillian Langdon; Greenwich Follies Girls, Josephine Norman, Sally Long; Mrs. Petty-grew, Flora Finch.*

"THE DANGER GIRL"—PROD. DIST. CORP.—From the story by George Middleton and Stuart Oliver. Adapted by Finis Fox. Directed by Edward Dillon. Photography by George Benoit. The cast: *Marie Duquesne, Priscilla Dean; Wilson Travers, John Bowers; James, Gustave Von Seyffertitz; Henrietta Travers, Cissy Fitzgerald; Mortimer Travers, Arthur Hoyt; Pelham, William Humphrey; Organ Man, Clarence Burton; Henderson, Erwin Connolly.*

"COMBAT"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by J. G. Hawks and Edward Montagne. Adapted by J. G. Hawks. Directed by Lynn Reynolds. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Blaze Burke, House Peters; Ruth Childers, Wanda Hawley; Milton Symmons, Walter McGrail; "Red" McLaughlin, C. E. Anderson; Jerry Flint, Charles Hill Mailes; Half-breed, Steve Clemente; Sheriff, Howard Truesdale.*

"DON'T"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Rupert Hughes. Directed by Alf Goulding. The cast: *Sally Moffatt, Sally O'Neill; Tom Carewe, John Patrick; Uncle Nat, Bert Roach; Father Moffatt, DeWitt Jennings; Mother Moffatt, Ethel Wales; Marion Carewe, Evelyn Pierce; Abel Totem, James Morrison; Horace Moffatt, Johnny Fox; Nettie Moffatt, Dorothy Seay; Little Ben, Helen Hoge; "Big Bertha," Madeline Fields.*

"THE TRAFFIC COP"—F. B. O.—Story by Gerald Beaumont. Scenario by Jimmy Gruen and John Grey. Directed by Harry Garson. Photography by Gilbert Warrington. The cast: *Joe Regan, Lefty Flynn; Alicia Davidson, Kathleen Myers; Wm. Radcliffe Davidson, James Marcus; Mrs. Radcliffe Davidson, Adele Farrington; Marmalade Laidlaw, Ray Ripley; Harvey Phillips, Nigel Barrie; Tapioca, Raymond Turner; Jerry Murphy, Jerry Murphy.*

"THE FIGHTING EDGE"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the novel by Wm. McLeod Raine. Adapted by E. T. Lowe, Jr., and Jack Wagner. Directed by Henry Lehrman. Photography by Alan Thompson. The cast: *Juan de Dios O'Rourke, Kenneth Harlan; Phoebe Joyce, Patsy Ruth Miller; Gilette, David "Red" Kirby; Chuck, Heinie Conklin; Taggeri, Pat Hartigan; Bailey, Lew Harvey; Simpson, Eugene Palette; Hadley, Pat Harmon; Joyce, W. A. Carroll.*



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Before After



**"QUEEN OF DIAMONDS"—F. B. O.**—Story and continuity by Fred Myton. Directed by Chet Withey. Photography by Roy Klaffki. The cast: *Jeanette Durant, Evelyn Brent; Jerry Lynn, Evelyn Brent; Mrs. Ramsey, Elsa Lorimer; Mr. Ramsey, Phillips Smalley; LeRoy Phillips, Wm. N. Bailey; David Hammond, Theodore Von Eltz.*

**"CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD"—**PARME.—Directed by Will Nigh. The cast: *Ensign George Casey, George O'Hara; Doris Warren, Helen Ferguson; John Warren, J. Barney Sherry; Countess Zelina, Jean Jarvis; Con Malvern; Coit Albertson; James Courteau, Robert Craig; The Hunchback, James Mack; Deep Water Kelly, Joe Marba; Jack Denton, Roland Flander.*

**"FLAMING WATERS"—F. B. O.**—Story by Lloyd Sheldon. Continuity by Fred Myton. Directed by Harmon Weight. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *Dan O'Neil, Malcolm McGregor; Doris Laidlaw, Pauline Garon; Mrs. O'Neil, Mary Carr; Jasper Thorne, John Miljan; Midge, Johnny Gough; Mrs. Rutherford, Mayme Kelso.*

**"THE COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS"**—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Maxine Alton and Adele Duffington. Scenario by Charles Darn-ton. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Jerry Whipple, Buck Jones; Countess Justina, Helen D'Algy; Nanette, Diana Miller; Alexis Verlaine, Chappelle Dossett; Duke de Milos, Fletcher Norton; Slim, Monte Collins, Jr.; Edwin Irving Mansfield, Harvey Clark; Bosarri, Jere Austin; White Eagle, By Himself.*

**"WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD"—F. B. O.**—From the novel by Laura Jean Libbey. Adapted by John C. Brownell. Directed by Harry O. Hoyt. Continuity by Harry O. Hoyt. Photography by William Miller. The cast: *Margaret Benson, Natacha Rambova; Jerry Benson, Clive Brook; Jerry, Jr., Russell Griffin; Alec Clark, Johnny Gough; Vera Clark, Kathleen Martin; William Graves, Sam Hardy; Gloria Trevor, Kathryn Hill.*

**"THE YANKEE SENOR"—WILLIAM FOX.**—From the novel by Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: *Paul Wharton, Tom Mix; Manuelita, Olive Borden; Luke Martin, Tom Kennedy; Juan Gutierrez, Francis McDonald; Flora, Margaret Livingston; Don Fernando Gutierrez, Alec Francis; Doris Mayne, Kathryn Hill; Abigail Mayne, Martha Mattox; Ranch Foreman, Raymond Wells; Renegades, Eugene Pallette, Harry Seymour, J. Kranz.*

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"Folks," he said, "let me tell you the real story of the battle of Antietam.

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## Teeter Totter

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

impeccable evening clothes made his way to her.

"May I have this dance?" he asked. His voice and inflection were of the Avenue.

She glanced at him indifferently, and bent her head. He held out his arms and they glided out together. She did not know that he was one of the occupants of the flag-draped box.

"You are a perfect dancer," he murmured,—"you are wonderful!"

She made no answer, her eyes were searching—puzzled—hurt.

**MIDNIGHT.** The pausing of Time between the day that has gone and the day that is to come. In Mussolini Hall a breathless hush and the shuffling of feet pushing nearer to a flag-draped box. A slim, bored gentleman in impeccable evening clothes making an announcement.

"—And our first choice, ladies and gentlemen, for the honor of Film Queen, is—Miss Gianina Ferani!"

A brief silence, and then a roar of stamping feet, clapping hands, whistles, bravos. All eyes turned upward to the girl in the flag-draped box, standing so creamily, slenderly white. Her eyes were wide, a little bewildered. But her mouth was impersonal, fastidious, almost insolent.

And on a deserted corner past which taxicabs fled like stricken beetles, Roger Trenton stood clutching a newspaper. He had crumpled it, torn it, trying to make his mind focus on the damnable, unbelievable sentences that stared up at him.

"—Burke Trenton—suicide—following big crash—Wall Street firms involved—shady manipulations—exposure was imminent—William Eldridge, broker, heavy loser—"

The paper filtered through his fingers. It lay in the gutter. The name of Trenton stared up at him—from the mud.

Three days later Roger entered for the last time the wide, imposing doors of the William Eldridge Brokerage offices. He went quickly through the long lane of rooms towards the panelled mahogany door at the end, marked "William Eldridge, Private." He ran the gamut of hostile stares, and barely lowered voices.

"The nerve of him! Coming here! You'd think he'd never want to show his face around here again!"

They were right about it taking nerve. Roger Trenton never did a more difficult thing in all his life than to walk the length of those imposing offices, filled with the people he had politely, but effectively snubbed. He entered the private office without knocking. William Eldridge looked up questioningly, and when he recognized the unannounced visitor, his face went hard and blank.

"Well, Trenton?" he snapped out.

Roger stood before him very straight and tall, a certain dignity in his wan, tortured face.

"I came—" he said hoarsely, and cleared his throat. Speaking was not an easy thing. "I came to tell you, Mr. Eldridge—that what happened was my fault, only unconsciously. I don't want you to think that I was taking advantage of your kindness—or my position here—to betray firm secrets. I did talk about the business to my father. I can see now that I told him things that—well, that he used. But I had no idea that he was not—" again a painful pause,—"honest. Naturally I feel the responsibility of the thing keenly. I am not financially able to make full restitution for your loss, Mr. Eldridge. The house and the yacht did not belong to me. But I have sold my car, and my personal effects. Will you please believe that I would shoulder the whole thing if I could?"

He drew from his inner pocket a rather



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bulky envelope and laid it on the polished desk.

"That is all, sir, except that I am—sorry."

He turned abruptly and went out. He had reached the outer door before the surprised Mr. Eldridge drew the envelope to him and opened it. There was a neatly tied packet of bills. He counted them automatically. Five thousand dollars.

Then he came to with a jerk.

"Get Trenton! Call him back!" he commanded. But the wide halls were empty. Roger Trenton had gone.

Many things can happen in two years, physically—and mentally. Many things happened to Roger Trenton in two years of aimless, hap hazard drifting. He kept two things, his dog Bruiser, and his self respect. All else he discarded, even his name. It was not often that he was asked to give a name. But when the requisites of a temporary job demanded it, he registered as Roger Lafayette. At least his mother's name had not been sullied.

In those two years he learned several things; he learned about hunger and the tragedy of a suit that wears out. He learned to regard people as human beings. He learned that a great deal of kindness exists in unlikely places, and that the loyalty of a dog is a wonderful thing. He gained a smattering knowledge of dishwashing, boat landing, lawn mowing and ditch digging. He was a life guard for a season at a resort in Florida. Aimlessly he drifted out to California. He almost starved in Los Angeles, having spent his last two dollars getting Bruiser out of the pound and buying a license for him.

STILL drifting, he reached Balboa Beach, aquatic suburb of Los Angeles. His reasons for going there were vague. Both he and Bruiser loved the water. Besides, there was the chance that he might get work again as a life guard, or as an ordinary seaman in one of the coast plying boats. Roger swam with a natural and instinctive ease, and when he was far out beyond the breakers, floating on his back, staring up at the blue translucent sky, the world righted itself for him. He seemed to get a perspective on life. Two years ago everything had seemed dwarfed from the high altitude of wealth and "position." Then, after the crash, he looked up at the heavy tread of the world and found everything overwhelming; terrifying. He had to move on, scuttle out from under, or life would step on him. But out in the ocean, his body wrapped around by the warm swinging of the waves, he was at peace. He could see himself—and the world—eye to eye.

Bruiser had grown old but sturdy. He was undeniably a plebeian. Large bodied, yellowish, short haired, he loved smelly bones and garbage cans. The patch of black over his right eye had spread. He looked more than ever like a pugilist who had gotten the worst of the argument. But he had certain sterling qualities that were on a higher plane than his lowly birth would seem to warrant. He had, partly because of Roger's training in teaching him to bring in sticks from the water, and partly because of a mastiff strain in him, a flair for rescue work.

He had towed in one child at the Florida Beach resort, when the youngster had ventured out too far beyond the ropes. And he had been known to swim out along the ropes and tug at the skirts of ladies who were screaming more than he thought they would scream if they were only in fun, trying to get them back in shallower and safer water. He had gotten his picture in the paper, and had been awarded a silver medal. The medal he still wore on his collar. It had never been pawned or sold, despite the lean days on "the road."

It was he who was responsible for the second great climax in Roger's life. A movie company from Los Angeles came down to Balboa to make a shipwreck picture on the ocean. On the second day of their arrival, a sign went up on the director's office—a portable house that had been moved down upon the sands—"Wanted, expert swimmers."

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The highly tailored gentleman looked at him dubiously, with the curt insolence of those accustomed to command. Roger knew that look. He had used it himself in other days. Now, though it galled him, he was faintly amused by it. Two years do many things to alter one's viewpoint.

"YOU can swim, can you? Really swim. I mean? Can you dive? Jump from the deck of a ship? Too many of you loafers make believe you know what water is for the sake of horning in on five bucks for the day's work. Well—I'll give you a try. Be at the pier at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Here's your blue slip. Show it at the office."

That was all. No, not quite all. For going out of the office, Roger caught sight of the back of a man just entering. An elderly gentleman. The face was hidden. But there was something vaguely familiar in the way in which he carried himself. It was the carriage of an aristocrat. Roger heard the scraping of the director's chair as he rose hastily to his feet.

"Well, well, well!" he heard him exclaim, with the effusive heartiness of the underling to his superior. "This is a surprise! We didn't know you were coming down to watch the shipwreck scene—yes, sir, everything is going fine—we are going to use an old sailing vessel that has been condemned—burn it up—"

Roger passed out of earshot of the conversation.

The next morning at sunrise, as was his custom when unemployed, he took Bruiser down to the beach for a swim.

The ocean was blue, utterly calm, save for the gentle sliding rise and fall of great lazy swells. He was belatedly conscious of vague cries somewhere near him. He lifted himself, treading water. Near a small float, towards which he had drifted, a girl was struggling in a most peculiar fashion. She was splashing awkwardly, apparently trying to fight off something that clung to the brief skirt of her swimming suit. Roger laughed even as he shouted, and plunged towards her.

"Bruiser! Stop it! Let go!"

The dog obediently relinquished his hold and the girl swam with easy, decisive strokes to the little float. She lifted herself up on it, a slim dripping Naiad encased in a close fitting black suit with a boyish white belt. A plain black cap came well down around her face. She was breathing heavily, uncertain as to whether to be indignant or amused.

"Your dog—" she commenced as the young man clambered up beside her.

"Yes, yes, I know," Roger interrupted hastily, his eyes on the large yellowish dog who was paddling towards him, "I'm awfully sorry. He has a talent for life guard work. Whenever he sees a lady or a child out beyond what he considers a safe depth for them, he always tried to 'save' them. It's all right in theory, but rather annoying if a person can swim and doesn't want to be 'saved'."

He lifted the dripping Bruiser onto the float. The dog wagged himself happily, first at Roger, and then at the girl. He seemed to feel that he had accomplished a great deal. And, as a matter of fact, he had.

For when the two really looked at each other, there was an instant's breathless silence. And then—

"Gianina!"

"Roger!"

Their hands went out to each other, naturally, instinctively. They stood there, hand in hand, their eyes tranced, their lips smiling as they had smiled that memorable night.

"Why—what are you doing here—" she stammered—"I have wondered about you—that is, I—"

"Oh, I'm just around," he released her hands slowly. Without realizing it, he achieved the attitude of a young millionaire who is travelling for his health—or for his whim.

"The question is, what are you doing here? The last time I saw you was in New York, at the ball—do you remember?"

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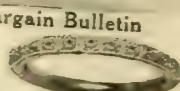
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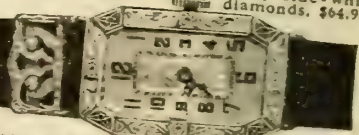
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"Oh, yes—" her voice still had a thrilled, breathless quality—"that was the night I was elected Film Queen. I left for Hollywood the very next day. Since then I have worked hard, and I have had a great deal of luck, as you see. I am still working in pictures, and my company that is here on location today. We are going to the shore to shoot tomorrow."

"Your company?" He stared at her, bewildered. "You are a star, you are."

"I am Gina Malotte." She said it with real simplicity. "They didn't take my real name because it sounded like an opera singer. So I took my mother's name, and that's it. I am not surprised that you did not recognize it."

He had been good to Gina. She was still exquisitely slender. Exquisitely poised, looking at her, one thought of rich Italian tapestries; fragile Venetian glass; trailing, silken, scented robes, and the dim glow of candles.

"Tell me," she plucked on. "Why did you go away that night? Were you ill? I looked for you, I—"

His breath caught in his throat.

"Did you, Gina, did you?"

SOMEHOW they were very close together. They were in a small isolated world of their own. The gently blue ocean stretched far out around them, made a protecting circle for their oasis of solitude. Somehow they were in each other's arms.

"Gina!" he said hoarsely.

She clung to him, lifting her tense face with its wide, glowing eyes.

"You won't go away again, Roger? Promise me? Can't you feel that we belong together? That we always have? I knew we would meet again. I knew it. And I have waited—no one else has ever touched my heart—somehow I knew that you would come to me. I am happy—happy—"

His mind was in a whirl. He could not think. Only the tremendous, immeasurable fact that they were together—again.

"I love you, I love you!" His lips crushed down upon hers.

"Yes, I know," she spoke as if in a trance, "I love you, too, Roger. I always have. There will never be anyone else for me—I will marry you whenever you wish it—"

Marriage! It was as if someone had struck him a violent, wanton blow. He came, reeling, out of his dream.

Marriage for him! A dèrèlict, a drifter! He whose very existence for the next few days depended upon the pittance he would receive for being an "expert swimmer" in—her picture!

"Gina! Listen to me!" he burst out. But even as he spoke, there came a hail from the shore. A megaphoned call that blared away his intended explanation.

"Miss Malotte! Come in! Ready to shoot!"

A perfect arc, and she was in the water. Roger could do nothing but follow her, his soul numb with horror and misgivings. Bruiser paddled happily in their wake. He was not a fast swimmer, but a steady one. He landed upon the sands soon after his master. He shook himself vigorously, jingling the silver medal on his collar.

The director welcomed them both with a smile that faded gradually. He belatedly recognized in the bronzed young swimmer, the shabbily dressed man who had applied for work the day before.

"Look here, Miss Malotte," he snapped out, "has he been annoying you? I tried to keep anyone from going in the surf—"

"Annoying me?" Her haughty brows lifted in surprise.

"Yes; I didn't know. These extras take lots of liberties sometimes."

He turned curtly to Roger.

"Get your clothes on, and be snappy about it. Be at the pier in fifteen minutes. The wardrobe man will give you a costume."

Gianina's widened eyes went slowly, unwillingly to Roger's face.

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"You are—working in my picture—as an extra?"

He nodded, trying desperately to think of what he should say.

"You are doing it because you—want to?" Her red, insolent lips were suddenly very white, waiting for the answer.

Roger smiled, a bitter, gentle smile.

"No," he said quietly, "I am doing it because I have to. I need the money. I am broke."

She straightened up as if an unseen string had jerked her. Outraged pride sent a flood of color rushing into her cheeks and lips. Her dark eyes blazed at him. She was regally unaware of the presence of the director, who uncomfortably withdrew to a distance.

"And you let me say—you let me believe—"

Anger and stricken pride made her incoherent.

He checked her with the slightest of gestures.

"I would have told you, Gina, in another moment. Before that—I could not think. I could only feel. Yes, it is quite true. I am penniless. I have been a tramp for the last two years. You left New York on the day after my father—died. There are details that I do not care to discuss. Before I go, let me tell you this. That night at the ball, I knew that I loved you. I wanted to marry you. And I left you because—I considered you and your father of a class beneath me."

She drew in her breath sharply. He went on, with quiet steadiness. "Never mind what happened after that. It was one of Fate's grim jokes—and the joke was on me. Now we meet again. Our positions are reversed. You are a famous star. I am a nobody. Like a teeter totter, isn't it? Up and down. It hurts your pride to think you admitted loving me out there. Well, it hurt my pride that night to think how nearly I came to proposing to you. There is probably a middle ground somewhere in life. But you and I won't find it. Pride—it ties us to our seats. We will go up and down—down and up. A teeter totter moves a great deal, but it doesn't progress. You don't understand me now. You won't unless your end crashes—as mine did."

He whistled to Bruiser, and turned away. Gianina looked after him dumbly, unable to speak or move.

HE had not gone far before the swift pad of steps on the sand behind made him pause, his heart beating with a sudden mad irrational hope. Gianina? No, it was the director. He had not overheard the conversation, but there was something in the attitude of the star that seemed to indicate a deep interest in the enigmatical stranger who had changed in his appearance overnight from a vagrant to a god. The director flattered himself on knowing the buttered side of bread.

"Look here," he said in a tone that was conciliatory without being too committal, "you aren't going to walk out of the picture, are you? We need good swimmers badly. Something got balled up in the Los Angeles office, and they didn't send us down enough extras for the shipwreck scene. We particularly want to pull it off this morning because Mr. Eldridge, our eastern chief, is here on a visit. You can really swim, I see that. And we could use your dog too for a human interest touch. I'll make it worth your while. I'll give you fifty dollars for the day."

"Mr. Eldridge," Roger said slowly, "William Eldridge of New York?" He began to laugh. The director stared at him.

"Well, what about it? Will you work or not?"

Roger's first impulse was to walk swiftly away. Fifty dollars for the humiliation of working as an "extra" in the presence of Gianina—and William Eldridge! His second impulse put a check on his rashness. Fifty dollars! Why, it was a fortune! And for only one day's work. Why not? Certainly he was familiar by this time with humiliation. He had thought himself beyond hurting. But there was still an open wound. Well, perhaps this day's cauterizing would cure it.

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"I'll work," he said briefly.

Two hours later the weatherbeaten derelict *Fulson* moved creakingly out of the harbor into the ocean under convoy of a puffing tugboat. The grimy sails billowed limply, for there was no wind. A convoy of pleasure boats and great flat camera barges tagged after like children following a hobo arrested by a policeman.

THE smelly old hulk had undoubtedly carried some curious cargoes in her time. But none more curious than this gathering of beaux and belles in stock collars and crinolines, their faces covered with pinkish grease paint, their apprehensive eyes rounded out with black lines and heavily beaded lashes.

Very much aloof on the stern, under a canopy marked with her name, on a canvas chair marked with her name, sat Gina Malotte. The spreading black crinolines but enhanced the delicate contour of her shoulders, and even the ghastly grease paint could not conceal the exotic beauty of her features. Neither could it conceal the furious unhappiness that was hammering at her heart. Her richly piled hair was ornamented by a single red rose. It lay close against her cheek, a match for the crimson of her tight-lipped, sullen mouth. Her eyes were all but shadowed by the drooping of her heavy lashes.

The horizon was a dark line of leaden gray. But the waves rose and fell with long slow murmurs of sound.

Roger, standing in the bow with Bruiser at his feet, moodily watched the swishing of the spray that leaped up around the prow like snowy arms of welcome. A last caress to the battered old bride of the sea. For even then the property men were laying lines of tow on the deck and were anointing the gunwales with kerosene.

The director rehearsed the extras again and again.

"When the fire starts, everybody run for the railing. Don't hesitate, jump! There will be lots of boats to pick you up. Let's make this snappy. The sky over there looks like rain. Hey!" he shouted to the captain of the tug boat, "what about those clouds over there?"

The man looked briefly.

"Low fog, I think, Mister. This ain't the season for storms. Of course anything can happen here on this coast, but it would only be a freak squall—soon over."

Far out from land, the tug boat disengaged herself with the air of a hurried young business woman glad to be rid of the task of leading a blind man across the street. There was an hour's delay while the cameras were set up on the barges, and while Gina Malotte rehearsed her scenes. Then the director went down the rope ladder to join William Eldridge, who chatted with the cameramen on the barge. Only the star and the assembled extras were left on the kerosene-soaked vessel.

"All right," the director bellowed, "that is where you will jump, Miss Malotte. Cast loose the old ship, boys! Get ready to touch the match to that tow. Ready, everybody! Camera!"

A frightened girl touched Roger on the arm. "I can't swim," she whispered through stiff lips, "I needed the money so badly—"

He forced himself to smile comfortingly at her.

"Don't be afraid," he said, "make your jump with the rest of us. There are enough boats out there to rescue an army—"

The sentence was never finished. Together with the scraping of a match, and the leaping of flame, came the sudden violent roar of the storm. No rain. Only wind. A "freak" squall. But it shook the old hulk with a mad twisting whirl that snapped the spanker boom as if it were a twig, and lifted the bow up from the snarling water to dash it down again amid a terrific crash of leaping spray.

Pandemonium. The wrenching of the careening ship, the flash of spray, the roar of the wind. Where was the convoy of boats? The great barge? No one knew. The air was filled with flame-shredded clouds of smoke, and

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By Madge Bellamy

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*Madge Bellamy*

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leaping, slashing buffets of foam. The hulk was being driven before the wind, helplessly rolling from side to side—the kerosene-soaked bulwarks flared up weirdly in the appalling grayness of the storm.

At the first impact of the sudden squall, Roger had fallen against a hatchway. A man tripped across his body, and another. The fiery ship was filled with panic; screams and shouts.

He heard his name called, desperately.

"Roger! Roger! Where are you?"

It was Gianina, scorched and disheveled, choking and panting, fighting her way to him through the thick smoke and the maddened, screaming turmoil.

"Roger!" she cried out to him, "if this is death, let us die together! You were right, I know now that nothing else matters—nothing. I love you—now—always—"

Gently he put her away from him.

"It isn't death, Gina; the rain will come, and I think the old boat will float. She has lived through worse squalls than this one. Come, Gina, we have to fight now. If we hang on until the rain comes—"

She looked at him once, her great black eyes stretched wide as if awakening from sleep.

"We can—we will," she said, tight-lipped.

THEY worked, they fought, those two, stilling the terrible panic. They went side by side, driving back the frightened, sobbing people, so grotesque and pitiful in their blackened finery. They argued, cajoled, threatened. They whipped the courage of the men, the pride of the women. Gradually there came something like order into the chaos of terror. The men began systematically to beat the flames with their plum-colored coats. The leaping spray helped to check the sluggish, but wind-fanned blaze. Roger had seized the wheel.

Grimly he clung to it, keeping the wallowing craft fairly before the gale. The women worked frantically, slapping at the blazing bulwarks with their heavy shawls. Gianina was everywhere. Her face was blackened, her hair streaming in disorder.

A great wave swept suddenly upon them, carrying away part of the starboard waist. In the swirl and lurch of the tortured ship, Gianina fell. The water sucked around her, drew her struggling frantically towards the splintered opening. Roger saw it too late. He cried out hoarsely. But even as he lunged forward, a yellowish body was before him. Bruiser, in his element. Someone to save! He caught the swishing skirts and slid half the width of the deck before he could twist himself so as to brace his body against a capstan. But brace himself he did, hanging grimly to the stout silk, his singed coat bristling, his eyes watering from the smoke. The girl caught at his rough neck, drew herself over against him. They clung there together. She waved her hand gallantly—"We're still here," she cried. She looked at that moment like the grimy, black-eyed Gianina who had fought the urchins of The Street.

Through the blinding curtain of smoke and spray, Roger caught the faint outline of land ahead. He set his teeth grimly. Their one chance was to run ashore—God grant that there were no hidden reefs.

"Hold on, everyone," he shouted, "we're going to crash! Keep your wits about you, everybody—Gina—hold hard—"

He flung his full weight upon the wheel. The ship swung sharply about. There was the grinding of a keel, the sudden lurch and shudder of the tortured hull. A tremendous lifting as a giant breaker carried them along. A sibilant rush of waves. The vessel slanted sharply to starboard. A yard arm snapped. It came hurtling straight at the wheel. Roger heard a scream—Gina's voice. The slashing of the belated rain. Then he was plunged in darkness.

Blackness and confusion. A delirium of pain. At last, a glimmering light and the murmur of voices. Gianina's face over him? No,

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surely not. It was but part of the dream. A wet tongue on his hand? No, that must be a dream, too. But at last, after lapses and expapses, the dream and the reality merged. His eyes and his mind opened together, clearly, unclouded. There were cool tinted walls about him, the fragrance of flowers, the splash of a fountain somewhere near at hand. And bending above him, Gianna's face, with eyes that were two black opals misted with tears.

"Gina?" he said weakly, and smiled.  
"Yes, oh, yes," she said in the hushed, trembling voice of one who has seen the gates of Heaven swing open in answer to prayer, "you are here with me, dearest."

But Roger moved his head painfully.  
"Bruiser?" he asked faintly.  
"He is here, too—everything is all right, you saved us all that terrible day."

He nodded, and smiled, and slept. Hours—or was it days—later, he awoke again. Gianna was there. Her face was thinner, her eyes seemed bigger. It may be that she had not slept or left him.

"Don't try to think," she said softly, as she saw the wrinkling of his forehead. "There will be so much to say later. Mr. Eldridge wants to see you—"

She laughed suddenly, very softly, a laugh that was almost a sob.

"Oh, my dearest, he told me about you, your wonderful youth-blind sense of honor! Don't you see, dear, you couldn't have learned anything about the inner workings of the business that would have caused them a severe loss? You were just a boy, with an exaggerated sense of your own importance—"

"Mr. Eldridge says you left something with him—he is keeping it for you—he has been trying for two years to locate you—"

"Gina—Gina—" Roger's hand went out gropingly, "am I really awake?"

She caught it against her lips, her cheek.

"**R**EALLY awake, my dearest—and so am I. Oh, Roger, I have learned so many, many things. That day when Death was looking us in the face, I found that I was no better, no worse, than the other frightened women around me. Death was not impressed because I was Gina Malotte. It has made me see people—and things—differently. I tried to live alone on the heights of my pride. I didn't know that it was such a shaky perch, that it could tumble down so easily—"

There came a thump on the bed, and the ingratiating lunge of a big yellowish body as Bruiser pushed himself between them. His tail wagged madly, his smudged eye was fixed adoringly on his master's face.

"Dear old boy," said Gina, stroking his rough head, "he never was troubled with false pride. He didn't waste his years as you and I did."

"All he knew was love. That's enough to know, isn't it?"

Roger's eyes closed contentedly.  
"It's the middle of the teeter totter, sweetheart. The place where nothing can hurt us or move us because we are there—together."

## Question of Sex Appeal

**W**E generally hear sex appeal defined as something that breaks hearts—which recalls an old Hollywood story. Mr. Ben Turpin and a young gentleman also in the comedy profession were engaged in their antics when an unhappy remark passed between them. Voices were raised; the pie throwing ceased to be in jest, and Mr. Sennett himself was hastily sent for to quell the disturbance.

"What the devil's the matter?" roared the master as he arrived.

"I leave it to you, if I ain't a right to fight him," said Turpin (he is the one of the crossed eyes), his voice breaking with emotion. "He says he has more sex appeal than I have."

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## Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]

parallel line. Then sit in a squatting position, bending knees sharply outward until the thighs and legs are doubled upon each other and the weight of the entire body is supported by the toes. Be sure to keep your upper body erect. Return to standing position. Repeat the exercise ten or twelve times in the beginning, night and morning, gradually increasing to twenty times.

While doing the squat raise the arms above the head when squatting, lowering them to the sides when standing erect. Then squat with arms raised to shoulder height sideways, lowered to the sides once more when standing erect. This exercise has many virtues. It is especially good for the hips and abdomen, it strengthens the muscles of the spine and the ankles, increases the flexibility of the knee joints and in combination with the arm movement helps expand the chest and develop the bust, arms and neck. It will give you grace and a better carriage. If possible, walk a couple of miles a day. Swimming would help you, too.

## ANNE.

Anne, I think fourteen is too young for dances and dates. I really do. It seems unfair for the boys to flock to visit your friends when they come home from school and then to come back to you when the school girls return to their seminary, but it is perfectly natural that they should do that. We all love novelty and rush after it and the boarding school girls, being less familiar to your friends, less an everyday occasion are bound to attract them for the time being. Don't worry about it, however. You're only a little girl yet and you certainly don't want to be thinking in terms of "steadies" at this time. I'm very glad you don't "neck" and I know the nicer boys will like you better because you are so sensible.

## L. E.

A receding chin is usually caused by faulty bone formation and it is a difficult thing to overcome. I have some chin and neck exercises, however, that I will be very glad to send you if you will post me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Do you know that one of the screen's leading actresses has a receding chin? Probably you have never noticed it for she lives up to that chin so beautifully it becomes an asset rather than a liability. She has great simplicity and charm of manner, wears extremely simple, girlish frocks and a very simple make-up. That, I think, is the best thing for you to do. While I still think you are pretty young to be worrying about boys, if the problem is really bothering you haven't you a girl friend whose manner toward the opposite sex you can imitate? In any group there are always girls who adapt themselves to boys as easily as a fish adapts itself to water and I think studying their technique is a distinct and legitimate feminine activity. It has been my experience that such girls are peppy, jolly, regular girls who "play the game" and I believe that is always the best attitude. You must remember, alas, that most boys are not "highbrow" and key your conversation accordingly.

## MRS. L. G. F.

I feel from your letter that you are worrying too much over your problem of neatness. Daintiness and good grooming are great assets, but really the means of securing them are not as difficult as you fancy. The best way to keep neat and clean when doing one's own housework is to have one or two sets of very inexpensive, simple costumes to wear during that time. Don't wear your old cast-offs, worn out shoes, torn dresses and such things if you can possibly avoid it. Big, enveloping aprons of

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gingham with long or short sleeves, low heeled shoes—the familiar "Mary Janes" which you can get for four dollars—cotton stockings and a dust cap of a light material, those will protect you from soil and altogether need cost no more than eight to ten dollars. In their way they will save you much on your regular clothing. For health and true cleanliness, the daily bath is a necessary rite. Systematize your housework, so that there is less of it to do and that it never gets to the point of real dirt. The facial creams and rouge you have been using are very good products. A rice powder in either white or rachel ought to "stay on" when put over a vanishing cream. To keep your youthful complexion, keep it clean. Use the astringents you are already using—the ice and the witch hazel. Drink eight to nine glasses of water a day. This helps your complexion as much as any one thing can. And don't fret. Beauty comes from inside out, you know.

MISS MAUDE K.

If giving your luncheon at a hotel it would be very attractive, and perfectly good form, to use table favors. Keep them simple. In writing your local paper about the party, by all means include your guests' names. If you feel you can afford it, I would advise you to entertain the young married couple who have been your hosts several times, as soon as you can conveniently arrange it. After all you owe them a social debt and the fact that the young man will not cooperate with you on it does not remove your obligation to the newlyweds. As a purely personal piece of advice, I'll add that I wouldn't invite that negligent young man to the dinner you give, however. Get someone else.

DIANA.

I am very sorry to say I have never been able to find sachet on the market that was already made up in little bags. Occasionally you can find them around Christmas time in the art departments of dry goods stores, but then they only come in twos or threes and the price is prohibitive. The sachet you have been using is very good. Plain, sweet lavender is very delightful and less expensive. For myself, I buy ribbon by the yard and sachet by the ounce and make up my own little sachet bags. Another easy method a friend of mine uses is to buy pleasantly scented cakes of English bath soap and slip them in her bureau drawers. She testifies it is very effective.

AN IRISH-AMERICAN.

A flesh brush is used to stimulate circulation, to rub off dead skin and very thoroughly cleanse the body. Whether or not such a brush would be beneficial to you is difficult for me to tell, not knowing whether you have a tender, dry skin or not. Do not use it on your face, but I think you might safely experiment on your body. A skin hearty enough to stand up under a flesh brush is very benefited by it. When using one, follow it up with a cold shower. The rouge you are using is quite satisfactory. You might experiment with one verging a little on orange. It is possible that would be more becoming.

JULIA S.

Your definition of yourself as victim of an "inferiority complex" is quite correct. You have got one of those pesky things, and I think it such a pity. Here you are a graduate of High School, earning your own living, and all worried because a rude boy went off with your chum. Oh, Julia! You stop that. Your letter reveals you have too many fine qualities to be made unhappy by a silly boy who is attracted to every new feminine face he sees. It's a fine thing you found out his flightiness now, rather than after you had grown too fond of him. Be a brave girl. Buck up and develop your own potentialities.

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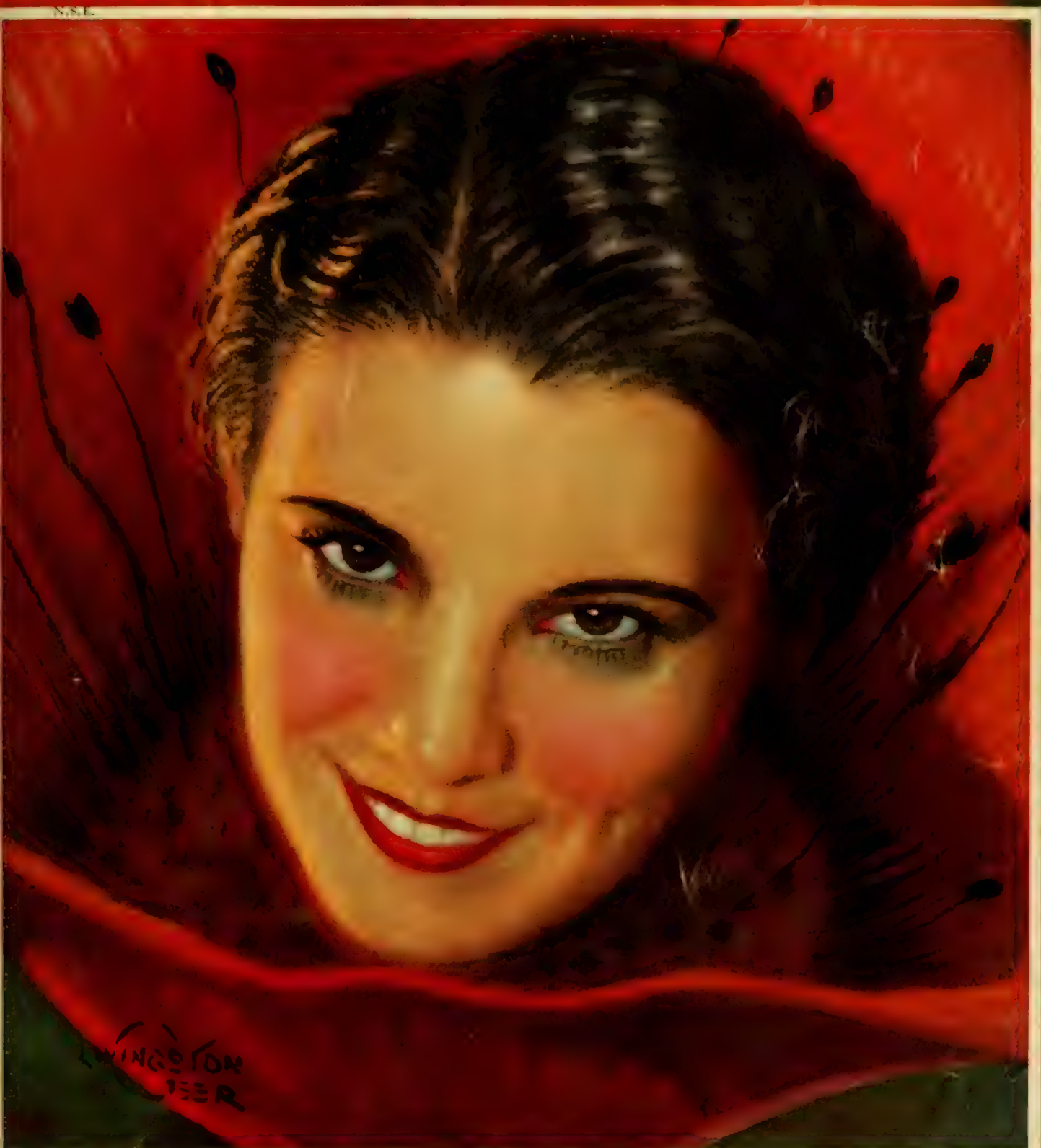


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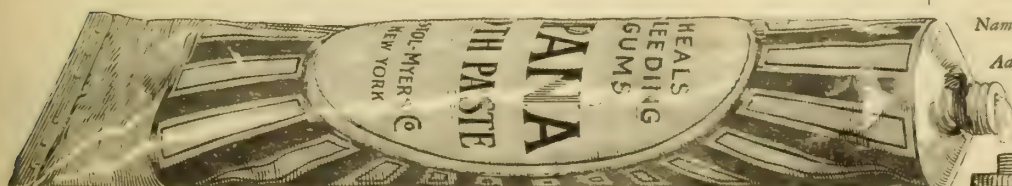
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With Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Story by Fannie Hurst, author of "Mannequin," the \$50,000 prize story. The untamed lady has a pretty face, twenty million dollars and an ungovernable temper. Picture Gloria in that plot!



Bebe Daniels in  
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Richard Dix  
in

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# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXIX

No. 6

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**AMERICAN VENUS, THE**—Paramount.—We think this is great entertainment. Esther Ralston and Lawrence Gray are romantic figures against a background of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant—in color. (March.)

**ANCIENT HIGHWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A passable story of the timber lands with Jack Holt preventing the villain from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

**ARIZONA SWEEPSTAKES, THE**—Universal.—A snappy Hoot Gibson western with some novelty and good comedy situations. (February.)

**AUCTION BLOCK, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Charles Ray is the man about town in this picture. There are a lot of laughs throughout, and you'll enjoy this. (April.)

**BEAUTIFUL CHEAT, THE**—Universal.—Very amusing at times, but nothing to get real excited about. (April.)

**BEAUTIFUL CITY, THE**—First National.—The story not up to the Barthelmess standard. Contains good atmospheric shots of New York's tenement district. (January.)

**BEHIND THE FRONT**—Paramount.—A satire on the lives of the buddies "over there." Slapstick comedy with enough kick in it to make one realize that Sherman spoke the truth. (April.)

**BELOW THE LINE**—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. (December.)

**BEN HUR**—Metro-Goldwyn.—The undying drama of Christ interwoven with the story of *Ben Hur*, the young Jew who aimed to serve him. Ramon Novarro is at his finest. A picture everyone should see. (March.)

**BEST BAD MAN, THE**—Fox.—Unsuitable for Tom Mix. A flimsy plot but Clara Bow makes it endurable. (February.)

**BEST PEOPLE, THE**—Paramount.—An entertaining story of a son and daughter of the hoipolloi who insist upon marrying a chorus girl and chauffeur, believing that love is the only thing. (January.)

**BIG PARADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—See this if you have to pawn your shirt. One of the finest pictures ever made. A thrilling love story against the World War background with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. (January.)

**BLACKBIRD, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Lon Chaney is at his best in this picture. He wears no make-up. Don't pass it up. (April.)

**BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES**—First National.—Let the gas go out and use the quarter to see this. You'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny, with Lois Wilson in the role of a flapjack flipper at Childs. (Feb.)

**BLUE BLAZES**—Universal.—A fair Western with Pete Morrison as the star. The usual riding, shooting, conflict and love. (March.)

**BOBBED HAIR**—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are ably assisted by Louise Fazenda. (November.)

**BRAVEHEART**—Producers Dist.—Rod La Rocque's first starring picture, and a good one. The romantic tale of an Indian in love with a white girl, played by Lillian Rich. (March.)

**BRIGHT LIGHTS**—M-G-M.—Charlie Ray as the country bumpkin again, and Pauline Starke a smart chorus girl. Good entertainment. (February.)

**BROADWAY LADY, THE**—F. B. O.—Pretty good story with Evelyn Brent as a chorus girl with a heart of gold who marries into society and is innocently involved in a murder. (March.)

**BUSTIN' THROUGH**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western. (December.)

**CALGARY STAMPEDE, THE**—Universal.—The best Western in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts that will thrill you. (December.)

**CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD**—Universal.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Reginald Denny. (November.)

**CALL OF COURAGE, THE**—Universal.—Art Acord as a lazy cowboy, just for a change. The picture is helped by the dumb efforts of a dog and a horse. (November.)

**CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD**—Pathe.—The usual serial stuff, with lots of action. (April.)

**CAVE MAN, THE**—Warner Bros.—Another silly vehicle featuring Matt Moore and Marie Prevost. Not the fault of members of the cast, but in the ridiculous story. (April.)

**CIRCLE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak tea society drama. It is neither interesting nor real. (December.)

**CLASH OF THE WOLVES, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Rin-Tin-Tin makes another big hit, this time in a beard. A good story. (January.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

**CLASSIFIED**—First National.—Don't miss this one. Corinne Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful," proves she can act, in this unusually entertaining comedy-drama of a New York working girl. (January.)

**CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE**—First National.—Leon Errol of the collapsible knees, and Dorothy Gish as his shrewish wife make this a fairly amusing comedy-drama. (February.)

**COAST OF FOLLY, THE**—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in a modern role. In fact, Gloria in two modern roles—that of mother and daughter. Her work in this picture will be much discussed. (Nov.)

**COBRA**—Paramount.—Disappointing to Valentino fans. Rudy is not rightly cast in this and Nita Naldi is entirely unbelievable. (February.)

**COMBAT**—Universal.—He who likes a lively romping tale crammed with action will like this. The youngsters enjoy it. (April.)

**COMING OF AMOS, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Rod La Rocque, as a big diamond man from South Africa, and Jetta Goudal, as a Russian princess in a Cecil B. De Mille romance of the Riviera. (November.)

**COMPROMISE**—Warner Brothers.—A good cast, Irene Rich, Pauline Garon and Clive Brook, in an inadequate story. Fairly entertaining. (January.)

**COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE**—Asso. Ex.—Good acting of Betty Compson as a modern Portia make this a passable movie. (March.)

**COUNT OF LUXEMBURG, THE**—Chadwick.—George Walsh, as a penniless count in the artists' colony of Paris, marries a beautiful actress without seeing her. Fairly entertaining. (February.)

**COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS, THE**—Fox.—One finds no amusing tricks of style to divert this from the commonplace. And such an absurd story. (April.)

**COWBOY MUSKETEER, THE**—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler looks fine and rides well in this Western, which is presented with snap and clearness. (February.)

**CYCLONIC CAVALIER, THE**—Rayart—Reed Howes, the star, is handsome—but that's about all. A melodrama of one of those South American revolutions. (November.)

**DANCE MADNESS**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Nothing new in the plot, but it establishes Conrad Nagel as a splendid comedian. It's too sexy for the children. (April.)

**DANCING MOTHERS**—Paramount.—Story of a gentle wife who would a-flapping go. Result, a lot of complications. Clara Bow's performance is beautifully handled. Alice Joyce and Conway Tearle are in it. (April.)

**DANGER GIRL, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Priscilla Dean as a clever secret service lady in a good mystery yarn. She has able support from John Bowers, Cissy Fitzgerald and Arthur Hoyt. (April.)

**DARK ANGEL, THE**—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Fitzmaurice and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. (November.)

**DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX, A**—Davis Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (Nov.)

**DESERT'S PRICE, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones is always interesting, although this film play has not much originality. Plenty of good fights. (February.)

**DESPERATE GAME, THE**—Universal.—A mildly amusing Western of a college cowboy. (Feb.)

**DON'T**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The title tells you. Don't. It's a silly picture with the story wandering all over. (April.)

**DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS**—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones. Weak on story. (Dec.)

**EAGLE, THE**—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino in three fascinating roles, a Russian lieutenant, a bandit and a French tutor. Pretty good Valentino fare. Vilma Banky is lovely. (January.)

**EAST LYNNE**—Fox.—This decayed old melodrama is almost interesting with such a fine cast and beautiful backgrounds. Alma Kubens, Edmund Lowe and Lou Tellegen play the principals. (March.)

**ENCHANTED HILL, THE**—Paramount.—The shop-worn Western plot, brightened up by the presence of Florence Vidor and Jack Holt, and capable direction. (March.)

**EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff. (Dec.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 ]



# CECIL B. DE MILLE'S

## PRODUCTION

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By LENORE J. COFFEE  
Adapted From Konrad Bercovici's novel  
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VICTOR VARCONI, JULIA FAYE,  
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# Brickbats & Bouquets

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## LETTERS FROM READERS

### \$25.00 Letter

Tacoma, Wash.

It amuses me the way so many "nice" persons deplore the tendency to exploit "sex" in the movies, when we consider the success of the films that show that very thing. Why deplore sex? That much maligned element has as much right in the films as any other, and is just as interesting when rightly handled.

It would be very hard to convince me that the younger generation or any generation for that matter, can be corrupted by the films. I will admit that I have seen things that might start my son asking embarrassing questions, but never have I seen a thing in the films that upset my Puritan conscience to the extent that I bolted for the door. Besides, with the aid of reputable movie magazines it is easy to pick out film fare for a child.

The great portion of the public seems to love anything that has a risqué or spicy flavor. Why this is I do not know. Freud could possibly explain it. Naturally, producers with an eye to business try to satisfy that demand. But when we turn to literature, don't we find the same thing? Did Shakespeare ever write a Pollyanna play? Did Anatole France, Dumas—Balzac, or any number of other great writers attempt to put the soft pedal on?

The films furnish too much entertainment, both artistic and educational, to be continually picked on. It is time the so called mental giants give them a rest.

P. R. MOTTAN.

### \$10.00 Letter

Nottingham, England

This is neither a Brickbat nor a Bouquet, only a suggestion! We English all love your beautiful country, whatever our other differences may be, but you never really gave us a high standard film with great scenic effects. Why not Longfellow's "Hiawatha"? This most beautiful series of pen-pictures has thrilled us English people from our school days. Why not let us see, through the medium of the film, "The curling smoke of wigwams, and the rushing of great rivers"? We islanders, with our hundred odd miles of cultivated country, and the sea, do not know what a real forest or waterfall or river is. The Negro and the Oriental, we see everywhere, but to your country is given only the "noblest of savages," the true American. Save us something fine by which to remember the Indian, give us a thoroughbred Red man (not a half civilized monstrosity the real Indian would scoff at) in a real Indian legend. The memory

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

of such a film will remain in our minds long after Valentino and the other "idols" have faded into things forgotten.

We want a just representation of the aristocrat of the uncivilized races, to counter-balance the impression of the "Buffalo Bill" rubbish we had in the crude old days.

Please, America, just one film for us who can never see your beauty or share your grandeur.

S. E. K.

### \$5.00 Letter

Astoria, L. I.

With the passing of Barbara La Marr, the screen has lost one of its most beautiful, talented, and lovable actresses, and probably one of the most misunderstood. Only the other evening I was reading about her aspirations to come back to the screen with roles which would show the real side of her beautiful nature. The next morning I was staggered by the news that the Grim Reaper had taken her away to find the peace which always seemed to be denied to her in life. To those of us who have always been her true admirers it always seemed that Barbara never did have a chance to show her splendid possibilities. Even in her most hectic roles there always seemed to be a wistfulness in her eyes which bespoke her dislike for the part she was portraying. She was too great an artist to let that feeling creep into her characterizations. She seemed, in all her beauty,

more suited for the role of Good Samaritan than Salome.

Now she has gone to Eternal Peace. It will be a long, long time before another personality of the screen will replace her in the hearts of her fans. To many of us she will always remain as a memory of a beautiful and good woman; a splendid actress, risen to the heights which few attain.

PHOTOPLAY, do not forget her. Render her tribute by publishing her photograph not once but many times. Tell us about her life with that fairness and kindness so characteristic of your magazine—and, please boost her work in "The Girl from Montmartre" when it is shown.

MANUEL BLAKE.

### Boy, You Don't Recognize Sex

Washington, D. C.

That a picture may be at once interesting, worthwhile, and amusing without displaying sex-appeal, rip tearing dramatic effects, or nonsense comedy was soundly proved by the "Grand Duchess and the Waiter," with Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou.

The splendid pair and their director deserve the best in praise. So does whoever told Florence Vidor how to bob her hair and the bored Menjou how to acquire that joyous alertness, so long wished for in stars—as well as waiters.

The whole picture was carried through with its artistic perfection. True art can be as well displayed in simple vehicles as in heavy tragedy. The same genius who wrote "Hamlet," created "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I am overjoyed to see that someone has shown an appreciation of this on the screen. May we have some more delicacies such as the "Grand Duchess and the Waiter."

M. M. P.

### Hey, Eleanor, Lookit This!

Union, N. J.

I have yet to decide whether I have been impelled by Eleanor Boardman's charming beauty or her undeniable talent as an actress, to utter these words of praise in her behalf.

I recently had the pleasure of seeing her in "Memory Lane." In this picture she is the personification of romance, the modern goddess of love. Her performance deserves the highest of praise. She simply glanced through the scenes with the grace and poise of a Grecian goddess. All combined, these qualities make the picture a delightful treat.

CHARLES LAUDANO.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 15]



# “he came swiftly toward her!”

SHE was a terrible temptation to him—as she would have been to any man. And Zara suddenly realized that the door was shut and locked—and that she was alone with him in the room.

She stood perfectly still and watched him warily—wondering what mad thing he would attempt to do.

He came swiftly toward her, clasped her in his arms and passionately kissed her mouth.

“Zara!” he murmured hoarsely. “Do you think I am stone? I tell you I love you—madly.”

“Animal!” she hissed and struck him across the face.

\* \* \* \*

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“She drew back panting, and deadly white.”

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

**EXCHANGE OF WIVES, AN**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Two couples flirting madly with the dear old marriage tie. Lew Cody, Creighton Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree shine. (December.)

**FIFTH AVENUE**—Producers Distributing.—A story of New York. There's a certain sophisticated twist to the plot that makes it inadvisable for children to see. (April.)

**FIGHTING EDGE, THE**—Warner Bros.—A melodrama with no pretensions, but with scores of thrills. This is not art, but it's exciting entertainment. The children can go. (April.)

**FIGHTING HEART, THE**—Fox.—George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are great. (Nov.)

**FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—A highly amusing comedy of the vicissitudes of married life during the first twelve months. Many of the incidents will strike home. Matt Moore is funny and pathetic. (March.)

**FLAMING WATERS**—F. B. O.—It looks as though F. B. O. went through their old pictures and picked out the thrill scenes from each one. (April.)

**FLOWER OF THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—Jo Hergesheimer's special story for Pola proves a dud. Negri fans will like parts of it. (December.)

**FLYIN' THROUGH**—Davis Dist. Co.—Al Wilson, the stunt aviator, provides a flock of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

**FREE TO LOVE**—Schulberg.—Clara Bow as a reformed crook does her best with an impossible role. (March.)

**GILDED BUTTERFLY, THE**—Fox.—Alma Rubens bluffing her way through society and Europe without any money. If you're fussy about your film fare you won't care for this. (March.)

**GOLDEN COCOON, THE**—Warner Bros.—An unconvincing story about politics, with Helene Chadwick crying through reel after reel. (February.)

**GOLDEN PRINCESS, THE**—Paramount.—A charming story of California in the days of the gold rush. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (November.)

**GOLDEN STRAIN, THE**—Fox.—A worthwhile photoplay of Peter B. Kyne's story of the boy with the yellow streak. (February.)

**GOLD HUNTERS, THE**—Davis Dist.—A fairly interesting Curwood melodrama about a trapper who finds the map of a lost mine. (January.)

**GO WEST**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Hardly a comedy because hardly a laugh. Yet the picture is very interesting. "Brown Eyes," the cow, gives a fine performance. (January.)

**GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER, THE**—Paramount.—Sophistication and sex at their merriest are here. Yet so beautifully is it all handled it is safe for everyone from grandma to the baby. (April.)

**GRAUSTARK**—First National.—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. (November.)

**GREEN ARCHER, THE**—Pathe.—A stirring chapter play with more thrills than Sherlock Holmes. Worth following. (March.)

**HANDS UP**—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy in the civil war. Right funny. Marion Nixon and Virginia Lee Corbin make adorable heroines. (March.)

**HAUNTED RANGE, THE**—Davis Distributing.—Ken Maynard, a newcomer, joins the "heavy ridin' brigade." Just another Western. (November.)

**HAVOC**—Fox.—Showing the disastrous effects of the war on London society. A dismal drama is relieved by George O'Brien. (November.)

**HELL'S HIGHROAD**—Producers Distributing.—Cecil B. De Mille again gives the low-down on the lives of the rich. Leatrice Joy is starred. (November.)

**HER SISTER FROM PARIS**—First National.—Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman and George Arthur make this one of the funniest comedies of the year. But not for the children; oh dear, no! (Nov.)

**HIDDEN LOOT**—Universal.—A straightforward story with Jack Hoxie as a deputy after a gang of crooks. Fine for the children. (January.)

**HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN**—Warner Brothers.—A good plot is ruined to make a slapstick holiday. Matt Moore massacres the title role. (Nov.)

**HIS SECRETARY**—M-G-M.—The story of the ugly duckling better done than ever before. Norma Shearer unbelievably homely for a few feet, then her own ravishing self. (February.)

**HOGAN'S ALLEY**—Warners.—We hate to say it—but don't go. A hash of every Bowery story ever made with Patsy Ruth Miller mimicking Annie Rooney all the way through. (February.)

**INFATUATION**—First National.—Dull and uninteresting. But Corinne Griffith fans will go anyhow because it's worth anybody's quarter just to look at her. (March.)

**IRENE**—First National.—Colleen Moore pleases again. George K. Arthur's work is one of the outstanding points of the picture. (April.)

**IRISH LUCK**—Paramount.—Tom Meighan in a good old Irish yarn with some gorgeous shots of the Emerald Isle itself—and Lois Wilson. (February.)

**ISLE OF HOPE, THE**—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (November.)

**JOANNA**—First National.—Well, Dorothy Mackaill is always good, but she almost gets snowed under this impossible story. (February.)

**JUST SUPPOSE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess is a prince of Europe who falls in love with an American girl, played by Lois Moran. Very mild entertainment. (March.)

**KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE**—F. B. O.—Not worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Gene Stratton, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December.)

**KING ON MAIN STREET, THE**—Paramount.—A dandy picture, with the suave Adolphe Menjou as a European king on a holiday in New York. And Bessie Love doing the Charleston. (January.)

**KISS FOR CINDERELLA, A**—Paramount.—Barrie, Betty and Brenon, the incomparable trio. A beautiful fantasy of the little slavey's dream of marrying a prince. (February.)

**KNOCKOUT, THE**—First National.—If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. (November.)

**LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN**—Warner Bros.—A very smart film version of Oscar Wilde's sophisticated play. (February.)

**LAST EDITION, THE**—F. B. O.—An exciting story of the inside workings of a great metropolitan daily, with Ralph Lewis as foreman of the press room. Good. (December.)

**LAW OR LOYALTY**—Davis Dist. Co.—Again our friends, the Mounted Police, struggling between love and duty. Fairly interesting. (December.)

**LAWFUL CHEATER, THE**—Schulberg.—Clara Bow, masquerading as a boy, makes her personality count in spite of a far-fetched story. (February.)

**LAZYBONES**—Fox.—A real characterization of a small town fella given by Buck Jones in a well told story. Fine supporting cast. (January.)

**LET'S GO GALLAGHER**—F. B. O.—Introducing a new Western star, Tom Tyler. The boys will like him. Good fights, stunts and rescues. (Dec.)

**LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Interesting for its historical sidelights on early New York. Marion Davies does a dual role. (Jan.)

**LIVE WIRE, THE**—First National.—Johnny Hines in the title role. Lots of "gags" and rough-neck comedy. (November.)

**LORD JIM**—Paramount.—A fair translation of the well known book with Percy Marmont giving a good performance. If you don't know the book, the picture is a pretty good melodrama. (January.)

**LOVE HOUR, THE**—Vitagraph.—The heroine goes to Coney Island and wins a millionaire. It's one of the silliest pictures of the year. (November.)

**LOVERS IN QUARANTINE**—Paramount.—The younger set will think this hot stuff. Their elders may be amused. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford, good. (December.)

**MADE FOR LOVE**—P. D. C.—Arabs, a wicked prince, an indifferent fiancé, and some mummy excavating make this interesting. (February.)

**MAN FROM RED GULCH, THE**—P. D. C.—Harry Carey makes a pretty good Bret Harte hero, playing the good Samaritan in the desert. (February.)

**MAN ON THE BOX, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Spend a good evening with Syd Chaplin. (December.)

**MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE**—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan goes to Sing Sing for a crime he didn't commit. It's Meighan at his most noble. (November.)

**MANNEQUIN**—Paramount.—Somewhat disappointing as a Fannie Hurst prize story directed by James Cruze. (February.)



**MARE NOSTRUM**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A not so satisfactory film from the man who directed "The Four Horsemen." (April.)

**MASKED BRIDE, THE**—M-G-M.—Mae Murray as an Apache dancer and the toast of the Paris cafes. Mae can dance, nobody will deny that, but rather disappointing after "The Merry Widow." (Feb.)

**MIDNIGHT LIMITED, THE**—Rayart.—Gaston Glass and Wanda Hawley make a good team in this railroad melodrama. Above the average. (February.)

**MIDNIGHT SUN, THE**—Universal.—The story of an American ballerina in Russia, grand dukes and moneyed power behind the throne. (February.)

**MIDSHIPMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rather juvenile story, but it brings back Ramon Novarro, and that's enough for most fans. (December.)

**MIKE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A Marshall Neilan bag o' tricks. Fairly amusing through the efforts of Charlie Murray and Ford Sterling. (March.)

**MILLION DOLLAR HANDICAP, THE**—Producers Distributing.—A thrilling story of the race track. Splendid entertainment. (April.)

**MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Paramount.—The plot consists chiefly of the daily tasks of the natives in the isles. (April.)

**MY LADY OF WHIMS**—Arrow.—Clara Bow again as the carefree flapper who defies Papa and goes to live in Greenwich Village. Pleasing. (March.)

**MYSTIC, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Aileen Pringle gives a good performance in this melodrama of a fake fortune-teller. (November.)

**NELL GWYN**—Paramount.—The first of the English productions that will meet with approval in America. Dorothy Gish gives a remarkable performance. (April.)

**NEW BROOMS**—Paramount.—It won't sweep you off your feet, but it might do to put in an evening. Everybody overacts but Bessie Love. (January.)

**NEW COMMANDMENT, THE**—First National.—It's "Thou shalt not doubt." Wealthy boy, artist's model, misunderstanding, war, and the thrilling love scene in months. (January.)

**OLD CLOTHES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—The last time you will have to look at Jackie Coogan without a haircut. Maybe that's worth a quarter. (January.)

**ONLY THING, THE**—M-G-M.—Conrad Nagel with sex appeal! And a mustache. Eleanor Boardman in a blonde wig. An Elinor Glyn story of a princess forced to marry an old king. See it. (February.)

**OTHER WOMAN'S STORY, THE**—Shubert.—A tiresome story that might have been a good mystery melodrama. (January.)

**OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER, THE**—Universal.—A whale of a climax in this melodrama with hero and villain fighting to the death in an aerial bucket. (Feb.)

**OUTSIDER, THE**—Fox.—An intriguing story of a mysterious healer who puzzles London medical circles. The crippled daughter of a physician is restored to health, and love enters. Jacqueline Logan is excellent. (March.)

**PAGE THAT THRILLS, THE**—First National.—Beautiful Mary Astor wasted in this silly story. (Dec.)

**PAINT AND POWDER**—Chadwick.—The good little chorus girl becomes a star and marries the producer. Just fair. (December.)

**PALACE OF PLEASURE, THE**—Fox.—Edmund Lowe kidnaps Betty Compson, a gay senorita of vamping tendencies. Nothing to get excited over. (March.)

**PARTNERS AGAIN**—United Artists.—Another Potash and Perlmutter. Delightful, as usual. (April.)

**PEACOCK FEATHERS**—Universal.—An intelligent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well directed by Sven Gade and capably acted by Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis. (November.)

**PERFECT CLOWN, THE**—Chadwick.—A very bad comedy with Larry Semon. Might have been funny in two reels. (February.)

**PLASTIC AGE, THE**—B. P. Schulberg.—The college set is carrying on again. The usual jazz drama, with Clara Bow and Donald Keith. (December.)

**PONY EXPRESS, THE**—Paramount.—James Cruze directs another great story of the West. Wonderful acting by Wallace Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Ernest Torrence. (November.)

**PRINCE OF BROADWAY, THE**—Chadwick.—A wow with the boys and prize ring enthusiasts. A defeated fighter stages successful come-back. Many famous fighters introduced. (March.)

**PRINCE OF PEP, THE**—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge as a young doctor who loses his memory and becomes a modern Robin Hood. Some good stunts. (March.)

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I have proved in thousands of cases that magnetism is not limited to a gifted few. *Everybody has it.* The only difference is that some know how to use it—while in others it lies dormant, unused, unsuspected.

Personal Magnetism is not a fad, not some new psychological theory. It is you, your manner, yourself—made magnetic. No leader of men has long survived without it. No great orator or musician or actor can hold audiences spellbound without it. No business man can win outstanding success without it. No woman can be really charming without it. It is greater by far than wealth, than good looks. It is you, made magnetic! It is you, with a personality so fascinating and irresistible that people are drawn to you as steel is drawn to a magnet!

### My Method Releases Your Personal Magnetism

No long course of study. No tedious mental exercises. Not the slightest inconvenience or self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the

vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities. A principle that never fails to work, because it conspires with Nature to make you the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

The fundamental principles of Personal Magnetism have been put into a beautiful extra large-size volume under the title of "The Cultivation of Personal Magnetism." This book gives you the key to a magnetic personality in only five days—or it costs you nothing. That is my free proof offer to you.

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### What Is Sex Magnetism?

That magnetic influence that draws one man to one woman—forever, irresistibly! That strange, never-failing spark that awakens love! That power that no one can resist—you have it. Everyone has it. *But do you use it?*

Ralston University Press,  
Dept. 9-J, Meriden, Conn.

All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only \$3.00, in full payment, or return it without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ]



# Men! Here's a Contract

**I GUARANTEE**  
To Give You New Hair in  
30 Days or My Treatment  
Won't Cost You One Cent

*Alois Merke*  
Founder of Merke Institute.

**New Hair  
In 30 Days  
— Or No Cost!**

**Don't Fear Baldness! I'll Grow  
New Hair For You In 30 Days—Or  
The Trial Costs You Nothing.**

*By Alois Merke*

That's the story! And no strings attached! Maybe your hair is falling out rapidly. Maybe it is nearly gone. Yet I guarantee my new scientific system will give you a new head of hair in 30 days, or no cost to you.

I've found that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead but dormant—asleep. Oils, scalp massages, and ordinary tonics failed because they treated only the surface skin. You don't rub "growing fluid" on the bark of a tree to make it grow; you get down to the roots. And that's exactly what my system does! It goes beneath the surface, bringing nourishment direct to those dormant roots, which soon grow healthy hair again. In every home where there is electricity—in YOUR home—without the least discomfort, this remarkable result is possible, or no cost to you.

## Here's Your Contract

I've treated thousands at the Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., New York, many paying as much as \$500 for results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now you may secure the same results in your own home for just a few cents a day. Many people are bald, yet very few of these cases are hopeless. That's why I offer you this contract—if within 30 days you are not completely satisfied, say so. And your money is instantly and gladly refunded.

## Send For Booklet

Let me send you a wonderfully interesting free booklet describing my simple effective treatment. Just mail coupon. You want hair a month from now; send that coupon TODAY. Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 395, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTE, Inc., Dept. 395  
512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

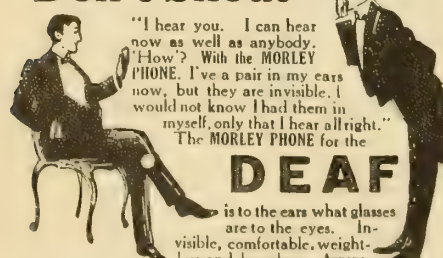
Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book, "The New Way to make Hair Grow," describing the Merke System.

Name.....  
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

City.....State.....

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

**PROUD HEART** (title changed from **HIS PEOPLE**)—Universal.—One of the finest pictures of Jewish emigrant life we've seen. Schildkraut, *perc*, contributes a great performance. (December.)

**QUEEN O' DIAMONDS**—F. B. O.—There's not much to recommend in this picture, but we think you'll live through it. (April.)

**RECKLESS LADY, THE**—First National.—Another mother love theme, with Belle Bennett and Lois Moran. Good entertainment. (April.)

**RED HOT TIRES**—Warner Brothers.—Just a mix-up of good, bad and indifferent comedy, played by Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. (November.)

**RED KIMONO, THE**—Vital.—Avoid this picture. It is a very stupid version of a good story by Adela Rogers St. Johns, and not worth anybody's time. (March.)

**REGULAR FELLOW, A**—Paramount.—(Reviewed under the original title, "He's a Prince"). A gay burlesque of royalty with Raymond Griffith as a prince with democratic ideas. (November.)

**RIDIN' THE WIND**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson disappoints. He rescues his brother from bandits, returns the stolen money and wins the girl. (December.)

**ROAD TO YESTERDAY, THE**—Producers Dist.—Catch this picture for the gorgeous train wreck. The story is a little muddled but fairly entertaining due to the reincarnation theme. (January.)

**ROCKING MOON**—Producers Distributing.—A good story with a new and interesting background—an island in Alaskan waters. Laska Winter is the outstanding member of the cast. (April.)

**ROSE OF THE WORLD**—Warners.—Sincere performances by a good cast, but an unconvincing story. Not very worthwhile. (January.)

**SALLY, IRENE AND MARY**—M-G-M.—An extremely interesting story of chorus girl life, with a splendid cast and a goodly sprinkling of laughs and tears. Sally O'Neil is a knockout! (February.)

**SATAN IN SABLES**—Warner Brothers.—Lowell Sherman is a bad Russian grand duke. Pauline Garon is a little rose from Montmartre. (December.)

**SCANDAL STREET**—Arrow.—An interesting picture because of movie studio atmosphere. Story of a movie actress and her husband who are both starred at the same studio. (January.)

**SCARLET SAINT, THE**—First National.—A very dull story and inexcusably sexy. (February.)

**SCRAPPIN' KID, THE**—Universal.—A conventional Western with Art Acord. Fair. (February.)

**SEA BEAST, THE**—Warner Brothers.—The exquisite Dolores Costello overshadows John Barrymore and the thrilling tale of *Moby Dick*, the white whale. Almost unbelievable, we know. See for yourself. (March.)

**SEA WOLF, THE**—Ralph Ince Prod.—A well-made picture of Jack London's famous novel. (Feb.)

**SEVEN DAYS**—Producers Distributing.—The famous farce is given splendid production and it is well acted. Eddie Gribbon is very amusing. (November.)

**SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Paramount.—Leave the dishes in the sink. If you miss the first of this, you're lost. A corking comedy-melodrama with Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts. (January.)

**SEVEN SINNERS**—Warner Bros.—A hilarious crook story with Marie Prevost and Clive Brook heading a good cast. (February.)

**SHIP OF SOULS, THE**—Asso. Ex.—Lillian Rich and Bert Lytell in a story of the north where men are driven mad by the silence and solitude. Only fair. (March.)

**SIMON THE JESTER**—Producers Dist.—A hodge-podge story about a clown with a broken heart, played uninterestingly by Eugene O'Brien. (Feb.)

**SIX SHOOTIN' ROMANCE, A**—Universal.—Another conventional Western with Jack Hoxie winning an unwilling bride. (March.)

**SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT**—Universal.—Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante screamingly funny trying to teach some society folk the Charleston. (Feb.)

**SKYROCKET, THE**—Associated Exhibitors.—The best picture about motion picture people so far, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce's debut on the screen. Adapted from Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel of the same name. (January.)

**SMILIN' AT TROUBLE**—F. B. O.—A nifty picture with Lefty Flynn as a civil engineer working on the construction of a dam. (February.)

**SOME PUNKINS**—Chadwick.—Charles Ray in his old hick role is fairly amusing. (February.)

**SONG AND DANCE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—Tom Moore and Bessie Love in an interesting story of back stage life. Bessie does the Charleston again. (March.)

**SON OF HIS FATHER, A**—Paramount.—One of the dullest pictures on record, from a Harold Bell Wright story. (December.)

**SOULMATES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A highly unconvincing romance between an English lord and a plebeian lady. Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe play unsuitable roles. Not worth while. (March.)

**SOULS FOR SABLES**—Tiffany.—A great display of feminine finery and a story of fair value. Good for grown-ups. Claire Windsor and Eugene O'Brien head the cast. (November.)

**SPLENDID CRIME, THE**—Paramount.—A commonplace crook drama, without humor to lighten it. (February.)

**SPLENDID ROAD, THE**—First National.—A colorful drama of the Gold Rush of '49 with Anna Q. Nilsson giving a fine performance. (February.)

**SPORTING LIFE**—Universal.—A new version of an old melodrama of life in the fighting, racing and spending circles of London. (November.)

**STAGESTRUCK**—Paramount.—A rip-snortin' comedy with Gloria Swanson juggling cups in a cheap restaurant and taking correspondence lessons in acting. Lawrence Gray is great as her boy friend. (Feb.)

**STEEL PREFERRED**—Warner Bros.—William Boyd stands out in this fairly entertaining comedy-drama of strong men and steel. (February.)

**STELLA DALLAS**—United Artists.—An almost perfect picture, with one of the greatest performances ever given to the screen—that of Belle Bennett in the title role. (December.)

**STELLA MARIS**—Universal.—Mary Philbin in a dual role; that of a deformed slavey and a beautiful cripple girl. A lovely story. Do not miss it. (March.)

**STEPPIN' OUT**—Columbia.—A brisk comedy with Ford Sterling as an errant husband. (February.)

**STILL ALARM, THE**—Universal.—Has all the ingredients of an entertaining picture. Drudging wife leaves her husband and elopes with charming villain. (March.)

**STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN**—Pathe.—A good Larry Semon comedy taken from the stage play, full of the Semon gags that youngsters enjoy. (March.)

**STORM BREAKER, THE**—Universal.—A good story, some consistent character studies and excellent sea atmosphere make this a fine picture for adult entertainment. (November.)

**SWEET ADELIN**—Chadwick.—Charles Ray, the country boy, goes to New York and makes a hit singing "Sweet Adeline" in a cabaret. Full of delicious bits of humor. Mighty good. (March.)

**THANK YOU**—Fox.—The performance of Alec Francis as a small town minister is the only redeeming feature of this film. (December.)

**THAT ROYLE GIRL**—Paramount.—Carol Dempster will surprise you in this. It's a peppy story of a misguided youngster in the cabaret world of Chicago. Something entirely new from D. W. Griffith. See it. (March.)

**THREE FACES EAST**—Producers Dist.—Drop everything and see this corking mystery play of the English and German secret service activities during the war. Jetta Goudal is wonderful in it. (March.)

**THREE PALS**—Davis Dist.—An uninteresting story, badly played and badly directed. (January.)

**THREE WISE CROOKS**—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Brent tries to rescue the picture from mediocrity by some good acting, but to no avail. (December.)

**THUNDER MOUNTAIN**—Fox.—The old feud story, refreshingly told, with fine humor. (December.)

**TIMBER WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones doing his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November.)

**TIME, THE COMEDIAN**—M-G-M.—Worth seeing for the good performances of Mae Busch and Lew Cody. (February.)

**TONIO, SON OF THE SIERRAS**—Davis Dist.—A pretty good story of the by-gone West. (Feb.)

**TOO MUCH MONEY**—First National.—Lewis Stone in slapstick comedy—can you imagine it? But he actually puts it over. Rich man pretends he's poor so wife will come down to earth and be human. Good. (March.)



**TOWER OF LIES, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A worthwhile picture spoiled by a too-conscious effort to achieve art. Well played by Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer. (November.)

**TRAFFIC COP, THE**—F. B. O.—Only the admirers of Letty Flynn will enjoy this. And the youngsters, too. (April.)

**TRIPLE ACTION**—Universal.—Rightly named; enough action for three Westerns. Rides, flights, parachute jumps by a sheriff. (January.)

**TRUE NORTH, THE**—Griffith Prod.—A splendid scenic novelty of Alaska and Siberia with plenty of thrills. (February.)

**TUMBLEWEEDS**—United Artists.—Bill Hart returns to the screen in a story of the days when the Indian territory was thrown open to settlement. (Feb.)

**UNCHASTENED WOMAN, THE**—Chadwick.—Theda Bara returns to the screen in an unsuitable story and with bad direction. (March.)

**UNGUARDED HOUR, THE**—First National.—Doris Kenyon is disappointing in this tale of a young lady who sets out to capture a woman-hater, said woman-hater being none other than Milton Sills. (February.)

**VANISHING AMERICAN, THE**—Paramount.—In spite of its weak points, this epic of the American Indian is very worth while seeing. Richard Dix gives a fine performance. (December.)

**VOLCANO**—Paramount.—Fine entertainment, with Bebe Daniels as a girl who believes she has black blood in her veins, and is forced to renounce her love of the white man. Ends happily. (March.)

**WAGES FOR WIVES**—Fox.—A nice little comedy-drama based on the idea that Mr. and Mrs. should split fifty-fifty on the husband's salary. (Feb.)

**WALL STREET WHIZ, THE**—F. B. O.—All right for the young boys, who aren't particular about sense and logic. An absurd story with Richard Talmadge doing unnecessary gymnastics. (January.)

**WANDERING FIRES**—Arrow.—Constance Bennett and George Hackathorn save this picture from the cheap sentiment of Wallace MacDonald's acting. (Feb.)

**WEDDING SONG, THE**—Producers Dist.—Don't pass up this exciting crack yarn. Leading lady is a lady of shady reputation. (February.)

**WE MODERNS**—First National.—If you aren't bored with flapper pictures, by this time you will enjoy Colleen Moore in the French flapper. (Feb.)

**WHAT FOOLS MEN**—First National.—A nice little picture, with Lew Stator. Introducing a new hero, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December.)

**WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES**—Universal.—A pinch of a comedy with Reginald Denny, Marion Nixon and ZaSu Pitts. Lots of suspense. (Dec.)

**WHEEL, THE**—Fox.—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Mahlon Hamilton in a good screen version of a popular play. (November.)

**WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD**—F. B. O.—Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino) describes best in an unstable role. Clive Brook is equally miscast. (April.)

**WHY WOMEN LOVE**—First National.—A good sea story with a number of thrilling episodes. (Dec.)

**WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Irene Rich is the victim of a plot that contains all the old movie hokum. (November.)

**WINDING STAIR, THE**—Fox.—A passable romantic melodrama that falls short through colorless performance given by Alma Rubens. (December.)

**WITH THIS RING**—Schulberg.—Just one of those sexy affairs. If you're broad-minded and over twenty-five—all right. (November.)

**WOMANHANDLED**—Paramount.—Worth breaking a date to see. Richard Dix in a sparkling satire on the Great Open Places, with lovely Esther Ralston in it. Peachy. (March.)

**WOMAN OF THE WORLD, A**—Paramount.—An entertaining story of an Italian Countess who comes to Iowa to visit relatives, with Pola Negri in her most dangerously devastating mood. (February.)

**WRECKAGE**—Banner.—A fairly entertaining melodrama made worthwhile by performances by Mae Allison and Holmes Herbert. (November.)

**YANKEE SENIOR, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix pleases again, especially the children. Olive Borden, the heroine, is most appealing and attractive. (April.)



## From Drudgery to \$3800.00 a YEAR for - DRAWING

Just a few years ago Lloyd Shirley had a small-pay clerical job with no future. It was drudgery. He liked to draw, but could not quit and go to art school. One day his wife read a Federal School ad, and sent for "Your Future," telling about the Federal Course.

Mr. Shirley enrolled, studying evenings. In just a few months he accepted a position as artist for a paper company, at a better salary. He's been climbing steadily since—read his letter:

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning \$3800.00 a year and I have just started. This commercial drawing is work I love to do. If it had not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time, and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would never have gotten out of the rut I was in. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

## Send for "Your Future"

Mr. Shirley is typical of hundreds of Federal Students who have gotten out of the rut, doubled and tripled their incomes in a short time. If you like to draw, and have a little ambition, read "Your Future" and find out what amazing progress you can make with the right art training. Use the coupon now.



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I enclose 6c in stamps for "Your Future."

Present  
Age.....Occupation.....

Name.....  
Write address plainly in margin.

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We give 3 free lessons with each new instrument. They start you. Teach yourself. It's great fun practicing because you learn so quickly. Even though you have failed with some other instrument, you can learn the Buescher Saxophone. And it will make you the most popular person in your set. 6 days' free trial in your own home, any instrument. No obligations. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Send now for beautiful free literature. A postal brings liberal proposition.

Address:  
**Buescher Band Instrument Co.**  
1503 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana



## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

### Is This a Cactus?

St. Louis, Mo.

That the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde type of role fits Lon Chaney well, and that Lon Chaney seems best adapted to it is unquestioned in my opinion, but granting it so, what justification is there for this consistent stereotyped performance?

The name Lon Chaney has become associated with the Poe series of uncanniness. Of course, I'll take a Frankenstein any time to anything else but I fear we are going to become tired to Hydes, masqueraders and cripples, particularly placed in weak plotless stories.

The last of Lon's stories were purely vehicles for Lon and not Lon for the story.

This is a cross between a bouquet and a brickbat and is not intended to praise or blame. Come on now Chaney and take the bluebird for happiness. OLIVER D. MEYER.

### For Better Stories

Piedmont, Canada.

The people who select stories to be filmed should be told what's what. It is most unfair to take one's revenge out on the actors and directors.

Who picks the story in the first place? And why does not the "picker" use his business sense? If a great novelist writes one good screen play, does it follow his next one will be as good?

Sometimes a screen story is so beautiful that we come away another person. We can't remember the troubled thoughts we had when we went in. Some of the beauty clings to us still. We imitate, in our rooms, the little artistic touches seen in the "movie" room. We find ourselves trying to be brave as the

hero in the play. . . . That's when we have been to a MOVIE! But when we come away from "trash" we wonder where they got the story.

In every big city there should be an office where stories from sober people were looked over, accepted or rejected. What a wealth of novelty that might find!

The bit of land with the solitary elm tree has a little house farther back on it, where I am writing this. We are going in a party to see "Stella Dallas" if it comes as far north as this. We are 46 miles from the great city of Montreal. We must go through dangerous hills to go to our only picture house and it takes us a long time. Do you blame us if we do a little cussing when we are disappointed?

Best wishes to PHOTOPLAY and all the lovely people who cheer us up here in the silent hills. MISS AIMEE DWYER.

### "His People", Again

Los Angeles, Calif.

The director of "His People" is to be congratulated on his clever handling of a story rich in human interest and heart throbs.

The whole thing could have so easily been overdrawn, but it was all so sane and real, one could imagine oneself in the lower East side of New York.

Just a simple tale of Jewish parents with two sons.

Please give us more stories of this sort free from sex suggestion, just natural everyday people who live and let live.

Rudolph Schildkraut gave a performance that seemed perfect. Everyone in the audience understood the heartaches of Mama Cominsky. What more can be said of real art?

LEOTA HOLDEN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]



# Naive--or Nervy--



"No other actress on the cinema today could play this character with the artistry and faithfulness of interpretation that Norma has put into the role."

—David Belasco

"I never made a picture I like better."

—Norma Talmadge

A



# -True or Tricky?

Can YOU solve the riddle of Kiki, the adorable waif?

WHIMSICAL gamine of the Paris gutters, fighting for luxury, fame and love.

Is she only artless, a clever actress, or an accomplished temptress?

Handsome young Renal wonders, as roguish Kiki skips saucily about his luxurious home . . .

You'll wonder too . . . until pranky, plucky Kiki plays the most breath-taking trick of all in her nervy, gallant gamble for the man she loves!

See lovely Norma Talmadge in "Kiki," her greatest success, with Ronald Colman as the baffled lover . . .

It's the peppiest, punchiest Paris Picture ever screened.

Elaborately filmed from the famous Belasco production of this play which ran two years on Broadway!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK . . . . . presents

## NORMA TALMADGE "KIKI"

in with  
**Ronald Colman**

Screen story by . . . . . HANS KRALY  
Based on the stage play "Kiki" written by ANDRE PICARD  
and adapted by . . . . . DAVID BELASCO  
A CLARENCE BROWN Production



# First National Picture





# Three hundred and fifty-two Stars at Hollywood



WHERE THAT PERISHABLE POSSESSION, A BEAUTIFUL FACE, IS WORTH MORE THAN STOCKS AND BONDS . . .

*say they find this soap "splendid". "wonderful for their skin".*

**HOLLYWOOD**—a city of fairy tales!

Here some little working-girl suddenly finds herself a princess—wearing sables and diamonds—dining off gold plate.

Here a penniless vagabond becomes, almost overnight, the owner of a palace and a fortune.

Two pass-words open all the doors at Hollywood—youth and beauty.

Radiant, youthful beauty — nowhere else has it ever been at such a premium—won such huge material rewards. Gathered together in this one spot one sees more young lovely faces than anywhere in the world.

How do the stars at Hollywood take care of their skin? How do they keep it smooth, soft, exquisite?

We asked 480 stars at Hollywood what toilet soap they select for the

care of their skin, and why they prefer it.

Three hundred and fifty-two—nearly three-fourths—answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*"

"UNTIL I USED WOODBURY'S I could not use any soap on my face, but this leaves my skin as soft as a baby's."

"WOODBURY'S makes the skin so soft and smooth!"

**Now—the New, Large-Size Trial Set!**

The Andrew Jergens Co.,  
505 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed see please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited,  
505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

"SPLENDID after removing grease paint."

"MY SKIN CHAPPED EASILY—so I started using Woodbury's and have had no trouble since."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

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Russell Ball

## *New Pictures*

FLORIDA, land of languid beauty and real estate. Its romantic charm has been perfectly captured in this beautiful scene from "The Savage," a forthcoming First National production featuring May McAvoy with Ben Lyon and his rabbinical beard.





M. I. Boris

**J**UST a real nice guy. That's Lawrence Gray. Only a short time on the screen he's won the distinction of playing twice opposite Gloria Swanson. After being together in "Stage Struck," Gloria chose him for her conqueror in "The Untamed Lady."





Spurr

VERA REYNOLDS used to be a Sennetter. Her eye could catch a custard pie with the best of them. Then her face caught Cecil de Mille's eye and launched a contract. Two years of hard work under his direction and now Vera's being starred





Seely

**T**HERE has always been a spring-time freshness about Anita Stewart. A veteran of Vitagraph, she free lances now, and loves particularly films that take her on long location jaunts to foreign lands. Her newest picture is "Rustling for Cupid."





Richee

THE discovery business rages so hard even Gloria Swanson went in for it. Above, Arlette Marchal, whom she found in Paris. Her recommendation was all Arlette needed to be Paramount imported. You'll see her soon in "The Cat's Pajamas."





Ruth Hariett Louise

**T**HE Country Boy is learning city ways. All slicked up, Charles Ray is back, on the Metro lot, playing the man and playing it well. "The Auction Block" proved that. Charlie slipped badly for a while, but he's learned his lesson.





Richee

**C**HARMING Margaret Morris will be Douglas MacLean's heroine in "That's My Baby." Margaret's a Minneapolis girl who rose from the extra ranks to a long-time contract with Paramount. Her greatest chance was given her by "The Best People."





## Why swords flashed in Beauty's garden

"Why," demanded the Lady Joan in disapproval, "are you two trying to kill each other in my garden?"

The gentlemen maintained an embarrassed silence.

"Ah, Michael," she exclaimed, spying her faithful gardener peering from behind a tree, "step forth and explain this scene."

"Please, Your Ladyship," said Michael, "it all started with Lord Ormond saying that your beauty came from beauty soaps and lotions that he had brought you from the far East. Sir Harry said His Lordship lied in his teeth. Then . . ."

"Sir Harry, you are quite right," interrupted the lady, smiling, with heightened color, and turning to the handsome young nobleman. "I never trust anything upon my face but Ivory Soap! Will you walk in the garden with me?"

**D**OES it surprise you to learn that the finest treatment you can give your complexion is really very simple? That just about all your skin needs is—*soap and water cleansing*? This is what the physician, the dermatologist, the skin specialist will tell you. These authorities go further and say that more elaborate treatments are usually useless and frequently harm the skin—by making it sensitive, enlarging pores, or relaxing tissues.

But just *any* soap will not give your skin the perfect cleansing it requires. You need a gentle soap that protects delicate texture and bloom—a soap of unquestioned purity—Ivory. With good health and Ivory Soap—so safe that physicians almost universally recommend it for babies—the care of your complexion becomes a very simple matter.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

## IVORY SOAP

99 1/2 % Pure & It Floats

DAINTY NEW GUEST IVORY  
PRICELESS— 5 CENTS





# PHOTOPLAY

May, 1926

## Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

WHAT is William Fox going to do with "What Price Glory?" and "Seventh Heaven" and other big Broadway theatrical successes that he has corralled for pictures? Will he duplicate his flat failure to give us a screen production that carried the spirit and the success of the stage version of "Lightnin'," and the inadequacy of "The First Year," which did not live up to expectations?

If these four are not ideal screen material, what is? All successful plays are not good screen material. Not by a jugful. But all four of these are, and we would be delighted to see Mr. Fox retrieve himself with the two that are now going into production.

THERE is a growing tendency among producers to look askance at stage plays. Few of the big money makers have come from that source. But there is still a theory, gradually weakening in the light of experience, that a successful stage play would make a successful movie.

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION" had been produced on the stage under the title of "The Clansman," from Dr. Dixon's novel. But it was no tremendous success, nothing comparable with the popularity of D. W. Griffith's epoch making film. "Hearts of the World" was an original screen story. So was "The Big Parade," "The Ten Commandments," and most of Douglas Fairbanks' successes. "The Four Horsemen" was a novel, as was "The Covered Wagon," "The Sea Hawk," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." "The Miracle Man" was a short story, and "Over the Hill" was a theme taken from a poem.

Doesn't it prove that, after all, it is not the source of the story, but the intelligence, the craftsmanship, the treatment, and the showmanship, that make the picture?

Whatever they say, it is the man at the head of the production forces that makes or breaks a picture. There is a very small group of men in the whole industry who are directly responsible. They choose the stories, regardless of their origin. They select the directors and casts. They have entire charge of the production and the last word with the finished film.

ONCE asked Louis B. Mayer who was responsible for a number of hits recently turned out on the

Metro-Goldwyn lot. Was it his directors, was it his brilliant supervisors, Thalberg and Rapf, or who or what?

"Well," he said, "Thalberg and Rapf are the finest men in the business, but I know whom the home office blames for the bad ones. It's Louis B. Mayer." He said it. And Marcus Loew picked Mayer.

THE trade mark in pictures has come to mean just as much as the trade mark of a soap or a canned soup. And like these commodities, no amount of advertising can make them popular unless the quality of the product lives up to the advertising. Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn, First National, Universal, Pathe, Producers Distributing Corporation, Fox, United Artists, stand for varying standards of quality in the public mind. Every picture you see under one of those trade marks affects your judgment of that banner. All the advertising in the world would not convince you of the superiority of any of them if you were to see a long line of poor productions.

Fortunately, the American public is growing in tolerance with its increasing knowledge of the intricacies of production, and it will come back for more punishment time after time. Then, two or three good pictures renew the faith in the trade mark and the enthusiasm for more pictures.

ONCE sat in a conference at the Bankers' Club in New York with four Wall Street men who were considering the purchase of one of the big film companies. The only reason they didn't buy it was that they could not, for any amount of money, secure the services of a producing head. They had almost closed with one at a salary of a quarter of a million a year. Then they all began to give their opinions of how pictures should be produced. That producer picked up his hat and started to leave.

"But we are not through yet," said one of the bankers.

"I am," said the producer. "You couldn't pay me enough money to stand the gaff of producing pictures with four men telling me what to do. Too many cooks spoil pictures as well as soups."

THE productions of any company are just as big or as small as the man at the top.



# Synopated Heart

WHO filches our purse needs will explode, for the lining is bare. Who filches our heart trespasses, for East is East and West is West and even in pictures the Coast-lines should not knot.

But they do, for the other day—

We were enjoying an asterisk argument with an unseen telephone operator who insisted we had waited only nine and a half minutes for a number, while we insisted ten was correct. Suddenly, the door of our office, which in nowise resembles John D. Rockefeller's, swung wide and in pranced Boy Cupid, a cunning gill of mischief with guileless eyes and Singer Midget bow and arrow.

"Hello," saluted our visitor with moonshine infection.

"For cryin' in low. How are you, Cupe?" We shook hands and placed the receiver on the desk.

"I feel like the last rose of autumn and spring has just came. Think of my being so low when mortals are being knocked for bars of Lohengrin marches."

"What's on your cerebellum, T. N. T.?"

"I can't make heads or torsos of the movie stars," he deplored. "No sooner did I decide Connie Talmadge would marry Buster Collier than she springs a nifty and yesses Captain Alastair Mackintosh from Scotland."

"Scotch über alles," we murmured.

"Cut the split infinitives," he wailed. "I'm all bewildered. Do you know anything about the flicker favorites' romantic doings?"

"Cupe," we elucidated, "what the Oracle was to Athens, we are to Movieopolis."

"I can see modesty is at the root of your poverty," he psychoanalyzed.

"But girl, not all my secretaries and file systems can keep abreast of these picture whatnots. Why don't you scribble what you know and help me check up?"

"Have you five tons of asbestos in stock?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now go to the movies, Cupe, and call again tomorrow morn. Goo'bye and look out for the subway crowds."

We slip a sheet of typewriter, but our es discordantly.

"Hey . . .," we pick it up. . . . and if you think you waited more than nine and a half minutes for that number you're the loon's shadow," the operator was finishing.

"Right you are, Gloria Swanson. Take a sleeping potion, ole bean, and nightmare over your signals. The War's just beginning."

Silence, except for noise everywhere. Our fingers gallop over the keys. They spill:

Synopated heart strings, a racing romance of the cinema folk which we hereby dedicate to a palpitating world with malice toward none and fun for all.

Be there man amongst you who, to himself, never has exclaimed: My ideal is a jewel and my fingers yearn to be of the butter-and-egg variety, but canst not, for Rudolph Valentino has breathed into Latin type life and love; King

Words  
by Dorothy Herzog  
Music  
by the Spheres

Vidor has immortalized "The Big Parade"; and the perfect lover is made only by a sagacious press-agent.

There may be an un-common conception amongst many that the picture cavorters are individual dots in an individual art. The common conception should be they are heterogeneous bodies, good mixers and, oft-times, good stayers. Look ye to your newspaper headlines.

Boy Cupid rants and raves over the w. k. game of heart throbs as played in cinema-land. Therefore—

We raise the asbestos curtain of love and reveal to you first that rare cosmopolite triumvirate: Rudolph Valentino, Pola Negri, and Charlie Chaplin.

Let the syncopated heart strings jazz forth romantic bars. Prosit! The play is on.

Charlie Chaplin bemoans he is not a lad of pleasure but just plain poisonous. The gentle sex bows to his artfulness and the fire in his eyes. He may be the Pagliacci of the silver sheet, but he is an Adonis in continuity.

While footing it debonairly in Germany, he met the smouldering Pola Negri. Flint struck spark and evoked a blaze. Pola came to America to hunt big game and eagles as an avocation, and Sharlee rushed her *a la* the famous Yale-Harvard football game of whynot. Newspaper scribes flocked to their Elysium where *charlotte russe* reigned supreme and chicken was *a la* comedy king. Throughout the world, enthusiastic readers absorbed the story of La Negri and her Sharlee.

At the peak of the delicious suspense, Sharlee betook himself to his studio and his projection room, whilst Pola snapped ringed fingers and *fini* to an 8,000 mile romance of hurricane force but puny endurance.

The world refused to do its stuff on its pivots until Sharlee eventually started "The Gold Rush"

and Lita Gray skyrocketed into prominence. She did more than skyrocket. Lita had a screen mama who knew that two and two, added or multiplied, made four.

Mexico and marriage. Pola continued arating game of While Pola popu-

Hollywood and captivated Rod La Rocque, "Craney" Gartz, William Haines, and Dr. Daniel C. Goodman, Sharlee welcomed an infantile Junior to his family and Rudolph Valentino endeavored to obliterate his second matrimonial mishap.

La Negri's piercing slate-gray eyes espied the suave Rudy, appraised him, and sparkled with pleasure. What cared she for the blank cartridge report that Valentino and Vilma Banky were linked together by casual gossip in a 101 degree Fahrenheit way? Piff, nothing.

Did Rudy care when we popped the question at him: "Is it true?"

"What?"

"That you are among the elect? That the divine Pola has crowned you?"



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# String

The wedding march is a jazz tune in Filmland. Every little marriage has a triangle all its own

He shrugged, oh, so Latin-ish and un-Cicero-ish. "I do not know. I do know that I shall not marry again."

So he returned from New York to the Coast, after a gay vacation on Continental soils. And he was nearly met in Albuquerque by the tempestuous Pola. We say nearly. La Negri was enticed back to Los Angeles in time to avert too many newspaper headlines.

Hollywood promptly fell into a state bordering on hysteria. Could it be true? Sh-h-h, hark. Pola and Valentino go a-visiting the Gouverneur Morris in Coronado Beach. As suddenly, they disappear.

"Hear they've hastened to Mexicali, Mexico, married, and are honeymooning in the Palm Springs, Calif.," exclaimed a news-maddened city editor of a L. A. paper.

Oh, dear, how perfectly luscious. Precisely Rudy's Odyssey when he eloped with Natacha Rambova. Foiled again. Truth is not stranger

than fiction; only more expensive. So it is, Vilma Banky again heroines for Valentino in his new picture, "Son of the Sheik." Rumors are rife. Poor Boy Cupid . . . Sharlee is now a married man with a Junior in the family and a second offspring due to arrive. Rudy and Pola continue jazzily on their syncopated heart string route, with junctions up and down the lines but tracks barring the perfect understanding.

We fade-out and -in to Constance Talmadge, reckless daughter of a cautious family. La Negri stoked her way into men's hearts. Connie danced, chided, and entranced her reign there.

Connie's fluttering life is one heart milestone after another. She chucked Irving Berlin to run away and marry John Pialoglou five years ago via the double wedding, yes with Dorothy Gish and James Rennie on the successful receiving end. Berlin was floored for the count. He chirped up when Connie lost interest in her husband and a separation, followed by a divorce, occurred p. d. q. John resumed his Beau Brummel activities on the street called Broadway.

Connie betook herself West, where she annexed William Collier, Jr., better known as Buster. Buster was a laugh a second. They had hilarious times together for almost four years. Marriage was around the next week. Buster was younger than Connie, but that was a trivial detail.

After one of her cyclonic visits East, Irving Berlin, with hopes burning high again, saw Connie off. Farewells made him melancholy. "What'll I do, Dutch, when you are gone?" Dutch is Connie's nickname, originating because of her blue eyes and blonde hair. "By jove, that's a great title for a song," Berlin caught himself saying. So he wrote "What'll I Do," dedicat-



ing it, it has been reported, to Connie.

Gradually, he forced himself to lose his intimation for the charming, though frosted, Connie. He proceeded to fall headlong in love with Ellin Mackay, daughter of the big Postal click and collect man. He bombshelled a slumbrous world by eloping with Miss Mackay. A month and a half later, Connie sprang a ditto surprise by taking on a second "worse half" in Captain Alastair Mackintosh, "unoccupied professionally" member of a wealthy Scotch family. Connie halfway confesses to having met her latest about three years ago through William Rhinelandier Stewart, an ex-society swain of hers.

That, however didn't minimize Buster Collier's forlornness at being left a romantic orphan, as badly floored by Connie's unexpected desertion as Irving Berlin had been, so many years before. Was Connie's sudden mar-

riage inspired by Berlin's ditto? Boy Cupid, check up your files.

We iris-out and -in to Florence and King Vidor. Florence, years ago, was just a little girl in Texas, where men are men and women—well, ladies. King Vidor, a youth with tortoise glasses and genial manner, arrived in the home town to shoot a picture. Would the Texas 400 extra for a thrill? They would and did.

King espied Florence, slim, girlish, beautiful. Florence espied King, good-looking, self-possessed, capable. Palps. Love at first sight. Marriage. The girl with a comfortable roof over her head left it to gamble with her husband; career and thousands versus flop and pennies.

Florence was a lovely flower devoid of tropical warmth. King missed this yet lived in happy domestic isolation until one day—

Well they just separated. Who can tell just why? After all there are just two people in the world who know the inside of any marriage—the man and the woman. The real trouble rarely ever gets to the judge. Everybody likes Florence.

King is hard to know, but when you do know him he's a regular citizen in addition to being one of the few directors with brains and balance.

He met another girl, tall, slender, moody. This girl came from Philadelphia, which also boasts the Liberty Bell and Wanamaker's. She strived for a career in pictures. King appreciated her ambition and her talent. Sympathy. Friendship.

King had moved to new quarters. Florence, with their little daughter, remained in the house that had once been home. Months stumbled by. All [CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]

**I**F John Brown, the Millville, Pa., street cleaner, is divorced by Mrs. Brown, 50 people hear of it; if a local celebrity of Chicago is involved in an escapade, 100,000 people are interested. If a film star is divorced the whole world wants every detail. Picture folks live under a giant spotlight of publicity. Their hearts, broken or blissful, become the hearts of humanity



# As an Actor Frank Godwin



I didn't hear Anna. I was steeped in Histrionic Art. Being tender-hearted, I hated to think of putting Jack Barrymore and Lon Chaney in lesser places

## By Himself

EVERY man and woman harbors, secretly or otherwise, the belief that he or she could, if given the chance, be a truly great actor or actress. But I—I am as one set apart—one singled out by the gods and placed instantly at the top. No "breaking in" for me—no "lean years" about which the stars write—not I. One day I was just a plain, plodding illustrator—the next I was a leading man playing opposite a great star.

None of them have anything on me—no sir!—I know how it all feels—except the salary—I never quite got to that—I was a plain plodding illustrator again too soon.

But listen—here's how it happened:

One warm, rainy Sunday evening Hezi Tate, Hollywood's reddest-headed director, called for me at the hotel and asked me if I would like to go to a party.

"Yes," says I. "All right," says he. "Step this way."

Whereupon I was ushered or whisked (or whatever it is) into his car and we sallied forth into Hollywood's seething lanes of traffic. After ten narrow escapes from Eternity (my nerves were all shot from orange juice anyhow) we stopped before a house on a hill.

"Roadhouse?" I asked. "Jimmy Cruze's," said Hezi Tate, and we went in. There were a great many people there, but just what they were all doing, I'm not sure, but they were moving about a great deal.

Hezi introduced me to as many as he could stop (Hezi knows as many people as Howard Chandler Christy). The ones I remember were Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, James Cruze, Lew Cody, and—

gosh! I don't know how many others. Anyhow, very suddenly somebody, some lovely female voice cried, "Frank Godwin!" I hid behind an overstuffed chair, but instantly remembered it was just a party and there wouldn't be any process servers there, and the thought stole over me, "Somebody here knows me."

As I slowly rose from behind the chair I saw from whence came the voice—and—to show my skill at repartee—I—without an instant's hesitation replied, "Anna Q. Nilsson!"

And I was right. You see Anna used to pose for me in

the days when artists' models charged fifty cents an hour and usually got a quarter, so the artist would have a quarter left to eat with.

They do most things quickly in Hollywood. I don't remember any conversation between that meeting and a few moments' later when I had been rushed to another room, hurled into a chair before a mirror and was having my hair curled by Betty Compson and Anna Q.—My hair is very peculiar. James Montgomery Flagg says it is black marsh grass—so I knew they couldn't make it worse. I had been cleanly



Jim



Hezi



Betty

**M**EET Frank Godwin. The boy threw a wicked brush for years in Philadelphia and New York until he fell for the California climate. Now he's painting portraits of Los Angeles society folks with his expensive oils. A lot of the movie gals were models of his in days gone by, and Frank is one of the favorites of the colony. He was a flop as an actor, but he likes the folks, and every month will see his work in *PHOTOPLAY*. Incidentally the kid can write like a veteran.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

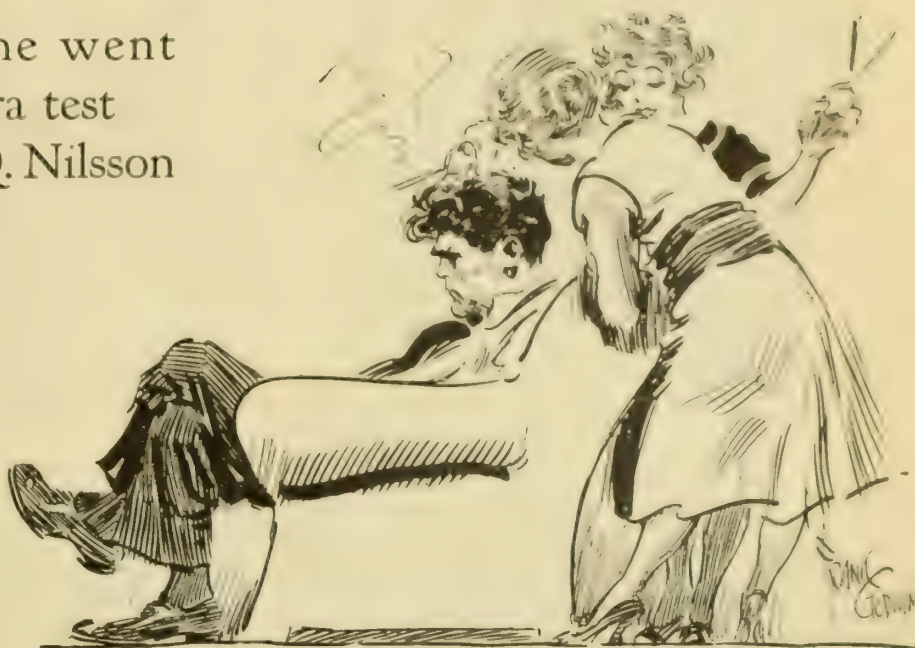


# Proved to be a Fine Painter

That was after he went  
through a camera test  
inspired by Anna Q. Nilsson



Me



I was having my hair curled by Betty Compson and Anna Q. when Anna said I was just the man for the lead in her next picture



Anna Q.

shaved just before leaving the hotel, so I felt more or less sure they would not insist on much more than the hair curl.

Even if they had meant to do more, they couldn't have, as at that point I was ordered by big Jim Cruze, in his most authoritative "director" voice, to come out, have a chest expansion contest with him.

I figured this was something an initiate had to go through with, and obeyed. We put ten dollars on the outcome and I won. Hezi Tate was the judge—I don't think he was prejudiced—well, anyhow I had my coat off and my hair curled and I'm pretty big and—well, anyhow, very suddenly Anna Q. said: "Say! you're just

the man for the lead in my new picture." Well! I felt that, up to the moment, my masculine pulchritude had never been fully appreciated and I began looking for a mirror so I could enjoy it as well as they. But Anna continued, "He's a tramp."

I stopped looking for a mirror. "At any rate," I said to myself, "it is an opportunity for some fine acting." And I began to feel better. "Come to the studio tomorrow morning," Anna said. "You'll have to have a test, you know."

A test! what could that be? It sounded very ominous. I went home and dreamed of being tested. I was dropped from a balloon, run over by a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

Peter B. Kyne and H. C. Witwer watched me and Anna get tested





# Why Women

Being a frank talk with the screen's most sophisticated gentleman anent women, love and other annoying things

By Ruth Waterbury



Women will read this anyway, but the man who can read it and not call up his barber and his tailor is pretty far gone

ONE day Chaplin produced "The Woman of Paris." The next day there was a new screen type. He was the sophisticate, the gentleman whose heart is not necessarily made of gold nor as big as all outdoors; the gentleman who does not necessarily marry the poor girl nor who is not unusually fond of his dear old mother; but a gentleman, nevertheless, and gifted with sex appeal.

Adolphe Menjou was that gentleman. Adolphe is still that gentleman, only a little more so. And Adolphe in the last two years has developed a feminine box office public second to none.

These facts being what they are, I went to Famous Players studio to ask Mr. Menjou why women so definitely liked sophisticated men, which in effect was only another way of asking him to explain his own popularity.

He was sitting in the studio lunch room in evening dress. He had been playing the *Devil* all morning for Mr. Griffith

and he explained he thought it absolutely essential for the *Devil*, if he was to have any trade at all, to be sympathetic and charming.

Adolphe was, and is, both. He sat there, quite the correctest thing these eyes have beheld in years. He was What the Well Dressed Man will Wear.

His lunch was what the intelligent man will eat. His epigrams were what the well-trained man will say to a lady whom he desires to interest. He was so perfectly put together it wouldn't have surprised me at any moment to hear him commence ticking.

"Why do women like sophisticated men?" I demanded.

"What do you mean by 'women'?" countered Mr. Menjou. "Every woman is different from every other woman."

"I mean the women who go to see your pictures."

"Oh! That's as simple a matter as good grooming."

He was perfectly groomed.

There was not the smallest bulge in the bosom of his fine dress shirt. There was not the faintest wrinkle in the folds of the hand-made French linen handkerchief that was tucked in his cuff. His fine, white tie was knotted with faultless precision. The buttons of his waistcoat and his studs were of jade and diamonds. His very smart cigarette case was of thinnest gold and opened like an

envelope. His watch was water-thin, of platinum, edged with sapphires and monogrammed A. M. in tiny diamonds.

"If we must have a discussion about it," he continued, smiling from the depths of his charming, tired eyes, "we must work from the supposition that women, as a class, are superior to men. They are great realists and know more accurately than men what they want from life.

"Now, the wise woman, the woman of the world, is not so interested in *being* out with a man as she is in *being*

"**W**ARS are won and fortunes squandered, but at the end of the day's work the most important question still remains, 'Who are you going to have dinner with tonight?'"

"**I**NTENSE love, so real that it is fairly abject in its force, annoys women. A woman is pleased with the kiss of devotion, but the kiss that really thrills her is the one that she is quite sure doesn't mean love at all."

"**M**EN and women, both, go on chasing romance until the end of their days. When we get too old to chase it in fact, we chase it in fancy. Every woman has her dream lover, no matter how many or how few her husbands."



# Like Sophisticated Men

seen out with a man. She is aware that she can not afford to be seen with a man who appears ordinary. Only the sophisticated man realizes how important is the line of his shirt, and the choice of his collars and cravats, to the lady whose interest he could command. Clothes make the man as much as the woman. When a woman sees a man dressed correctly, she likes him. Not for himself. For herself. She wants other women to see her out with such a man. She knows that will raise her stock among her feminine friends.

"Another thing. There is a great deal said about men being interested in a woman who is mysterious. Well, women are even more interested in a man who is mysterious. Most men bore most women to tears, or matrimony. The sophisticated man has sense enough never to tell all he knows."

He paused to eat a piece of pound cake.

"All real success is founded on failure," he stated. "The intelligent person learns something from each mistake. The next time he knows what to avoid. Success founded on any other basis is ephemeral."

"Real sophistication is success. The true sophisticate is the person who has adjusted his life so that it brings him comfort, amusement and delight. About the sophisticated man there is always the hint of mystery and of disappointments he has gracefully forgotten."

"You mean disappointments in women?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Menjou. "No other disappointments really matter to any man."

We smiled, at one another. "Romance," the star said, "can not last. Love can not last. I do not mean to be cynical about it. It seems to me these are only facts to be faced. Though, understand, that I am differentiating between romance and love. They aren't one and the same thing."

"Then you think," I asked, conscious of the thin ice upon which I was treading, "that all marriages are foredoomed to failure?"

"Oh, no." Mr. Menjou shook his head. His gestures are as subtle off screen as on. "No, indeed. With marriages that last an emotion grows up between the man and the woman. It may be friendship. It may be gratitude. It may be mutual de-

pendence. But it is neither romance nor love. Those two always depart, early."

"But we all want love. We all need love," I insisted.

"Ah, yes," said the too wise Mr. Menjou. "I agree. And one thing always remains with us. No matter how often we lose love, the eternal urge to pursue it lasts. Wars are won and fortunes

squandered, but at the end of the day's work the most important question still remains, 'Who are you going to have dinner with tonight?'

"Men and women, both, go on chasing romance until the end of their days. When we get too old to chase it in fact, we chase it in fancy. Every woman has her dream lover, no matter how many or how few her [CONTINUED ON PAGE 1-6]



It was three years ago in "A Woman of Paris" that Chaplin gave Menjou his opportunity. Menjou reciprocated by giving the screen a new type. Edna Purviance was the girl



# CLOSE-UPS *and* LONG-SHOTS

Satire, Humor and  
Some Sense

By Herbert Howe

**B**EVERLY HILLS, Cal.: Everyone's writing the diary of a modern Pepys, so here goes one of an old-fashioned boy:

Peggy Hopkins Joyce dropped in at my igloo Sunday evening just as the church chimes were pealing "God Be With You Ever More." That is, she didn't exactly drop in; we all but had to take the screen door off its hinges to get her diamond through. Peggy's face isn't her fortune alone. Her hands must be worth about a couple of million each. I don't mean the diamonds either. They are beautiful pointed slimmish hands which she always carries palms up either because the diamonds are too heavy to turn over or to facilitate further contributions, I know not which.

Ivan and Adela St. Johns and Pat Powers, the producer, came with her. Ivan got hooted by fans for writing a story about Peggy calling her an old-fashioned girl. But Peggy really is very old-fashioned—as old-fashioned as Eve. George Jean Nathan says Peggy was born a couple of centuries too late; had she been vouchsafed the world when kings were kings she would have been a Pompadour and ruled a European nation. But what would Peggy want of European nations today—they're all bankrupt. She's done very well as it is with this nation; she's married most of it, and—a very pretty collection of engagement rings she has to show for her kindness.

**U**PON twitting our Adela about her attempt at suicide, namely, her article on "The One and Only Great Actress," I was taunted for not coming back with The One and Only Great Actor, Adela pointing out that she was courageous enough to follow up my list of the ten most beautiful women with one of the ten fairest boys. I parried weakly that there would be no suspense in an article by me on The One and Only Great Actor, as everyone would know who it was, by the title, without reading the article.

"Oh, I mean besides Ramon Novarro," said Adela.

But there is only one Allah and all the rest are prophets, I argued. As a matter of fact men are so much brighter than women that we have several great actors whereas, according to Adela, who in the next incarnation will be the Archangel Gabriel, there is only one great actress. For, in addition to Novarro, there is the Chaplin boy whom I consider very good;



When Sam (Goldwyn) read the script after agreeing to loan Colman there was hot spluttering of telephone wires

Emil Jannings, John Gilbert and Eric Von Stroheim, the terrible meek.

**I**'VE firmly resolved to resist all temptation of naming the greatest, from henceforth. After seeing "The Big Parade" I sent the Howe Medal (not to be confused with the Valentino button) to John Gilbert. Then I saw Novarro in "Ben Hur" and ripped off all the medals General Pershing gave me for my wonderful imitation of a soldier while oversea. This confusion could be avoided very easily, I feel, as it is with circuses. I always liked Barnum and Bailey's, but I always knew Ringling's was the greatest show on earth because it said so on the billboards.

**B**Y the way, have you noticed that it is now Reginald Denny, the *Incomparable*, according to advertisements? Just a little while ago it was the *Incomparable* Alla Nazimova. Alla was forced into retirement by the child labor law when she grew too young to play grown-up parts.

**T**HE day Joseph Schenck moved into the Pickford-Fairbanks studio I helped him house-warm by accepting my invitation to lunch with him. Mary and Doug are off for Europe, leaving Norma and Constance Talmadge on the lot to take care of the studio cat, mow

the lawn and keep the stages scrubbed.

I don't know whether it was a special occasion or just movie extravagance but they had chicken, and I ate up the profits on two Talmadge features, being in competition with Ernst Lubitsch, who, being from the Warner Brothers studio, had not lunched for a long time and was so affected by the rich viands that he signed up with Mr. Schenck after the third piece of pie. (The lunch was then charged up as overhead on his first production.)

**M**R. SCHENCK told how he landed Jackie Coogan for Marcus Loew at a time when every other producer was bidding for him. There was a deadlock in the bidding, each magnate having offered Jackie a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for each of four pictures, making a total of five hundred thousand for the contract. Mr. Schenck didn't want to out-bid them as he felt a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per picture was enough spending money for the kid. Yet he had to offer some superior inducement. What



# Peggy Hopkins Joyce pays Herb a visit. And he, too, thinks she is old-fashioned—as old-fashioned as Eve

he did was offer five hundred thousand dollars in advance on the entire four, and Pa Coogan, who likes to count the eagles before they're hatched, snapped up the offer. Thus the story of Jackie's half million dollar "bonus" that enabled him to pay off the mortgage on his roller-coaster and keep his paw in spats for another year.

I ASKED Ernst how he prevailed upon Sam Goldwyn to loan Ronald Colman for the heavy rôle in "Lady Windemere's Fan."

"Oh, maybe I paint the part a little pink when I tell Sam," grinned Ernst, "and maybe I forget to tell what the other characters do except walk in and walk out."

Anyhow, when Sam read the script after agreeing to loan Colman there was hot spluttering of telephone wires.

"Why didn't you tell me it was a villain you want him to play?" thundered Samuel.

"Villain?" repeated the innocent Ernst in a weak voice. "My English is so bad I have difficulty to explicit, ya."

There was a conference (there always is in Hollywood when two or more people get together and refuse to answer the telephone). Mr. Goldwyn's representative, Mr. Lehr, demanded to know whether or not the rôle was that of a villain.

"Villain?" queried Ernst. "I do not know what is villain. He love a beautiful girl if that is villain."

Mr. Lehr pondered for a time and then, with inspiration, "Does he make a sacrifice?"

"Ya, he lose the girl," said Ernst.

That settled it, he evidently was not a villain, and Ronald was loaned for the production on condition that Ernst use a credit line to the effect, "Ronald Colman—through courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn."

So faithful was Ernst in carrying out the letter of the contract that in directing Ronald he would say, "Mr. Colman you walk across the room—you stop by table—you pick up book—then you look into the eyes of Miss McAvoy, by courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn."

WHICH reminded me that I received a letter from a stenographer asking could I get her a chob as Ronald Colman's secretary, and if not could I employ her myself, I being Ronald's only rival in her opinion. She said she thought I'd be interested when I saw her as she was a combination of Alice Terry and Corinne Griffith. I felt I'd be interested, all right, but not for work, and I didn't know just how she'd take dictation otherwise. Anyhow, being nothing if not fair, I passed the letter on to Ronald, and thus the Colman-Gilbert controversy becomes the Colman-Howe.



"We're old pals," explained Doug, lovingly. "I knocked his teeth out." "Sure," beamed the Mexican affectionately

passed and Doug, disillusioned as to Christianity, went out with a back-to-Buddha expression on his countenance.

Just as we were about to re-enter Doug's high-powered chariot there was a horrendous bellow and Doug turned to clasp a Mexican around the neck. The gentleman was of tenderloin cut with huge gold tusks springing out of a grand canyon grin.

"We're old pals," explained Doug, lovingly. "I knocked his teeth out."

"Sure," beamed the Mexican affectionately.

He had been a member of Villa's army and was engaged by Doug for a fight scene. Taking the matter seriously the doughty bandit proceeded to strangle our star in the best Villa fashion, whereupon Doug with a murmured apology knocked the gentleman's front teeth down his canyon. The gold teeth are Doug's Christmas present to the hero, who in Sonoratown is now known as the boy with the million dollar smile—because he smiles eighteen karat all the time.

Such are the little acts of star's charity which you do not hear about.

WE went over to Charlie Chaplin's lot to see the circus scenes for the new picture. I'd heard that Charlie had learned to walk the tight rope, and sure enough there he was, in person (no doubles), walking a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

AFTER lunch at the Pickfair studio Doug Fairbanks invited me to go with him and his guest, Anthony Asquith, down to Chinatown to celebrate Chinese New Year's, which occurs on Buddha's birthday. Had Buddha lived he would be a little over four thousand years old or about the age of Fanny Ward (though of course he would have looked older).

There was a dragon dance in progress on Main street, Chinatown. One China boy danced inside the dragon's head and another celestial did a slow motion Charleston in the tail. It was a very solemn rite until Doug observed that the dragon looked like Lon Chaney.

A Chinese youth then observed that Doug looked like Doug Fairbanks and on the strength of the resemblance took us to the Joss house, where punk was burning at the shrines and *hors d'oeuvre* was spread out for Buddha's refreshment.

When we left we gave the old sacristan a couple of dollars whereupon he genially hauled forth a box of cigars from behind the altar and said, "Have one." He also gave us each a sack of nuts and a bunch of firecrackers.

Having done so well we hurried across the plaza to the old Mission church. I dropped a quarter in the box and lit a candle. Doug did likewise with an expectant look, but no cigars were



# That Stockholm Venus

By Myrtle West

GRETA was very worried. A frown corrugated her brow. Blonde hair swept back and curled, in Byronic style, about the collar of her bright red jacket.

She was more worried than she had been when she attempted, with disastrous results, to use her first English word.

The word had been "Hell!" Final and unrelenting. It could not be disguised.

But how was Greta to know that the cheerful sounding English word—spoken brashly by a shipboard companion—was taboo even in polite Hollywood poker circles?

How was she to know the effect of her word upon Ricardo Cortez when he gallantly questioned:

"And what do you think of Hollywood?"

Said Greta, tossing her head in her quaint foreign way:

"Ah, he-ll!" And the double "l" lurched, song-like, up the scale in the manner of Swedish-born people. Like Anna Q. when she is agitated. And Greta Nissen.

Today Greta Garbo was very much worried indeed. Worried over a problem that assumed monumental importance.

"Vhat vill all the peoples do vhen Culver City, Los Angeles and Hollywood are all one beeg city? It vill be verry nice to have such a beeg city. But vhere vill they all poot their motor cars?"

It was an overwhelming question.

Would double-decked boulevards solve the problem? Perhaps.

"Ja? Maybe! Thanks God!"

Greta Garbo has been in America three months. Three amazing, flurried, bewildering months. Haste to do this. Haste to do that. Greta cannot understand the relentless hurry to do things. In her Stockholm—where there are several brothers and sisters—one does not rush. One has plenty of time. But, of course, this is America. This is Hollywood of which one has heard so much.

Hollywood of which returning travelers have glowed and gloated over. Such fine restaurants in which to eat! Such beeg ballrooms in which to dance. Such beeg hotels in which one can live forever, almost, without stepping out once. Eating, sleeping, dancing. All under one roof.

Ja, they have beeg hotels in Europe, but the hotels there do not seem like American hotels.

Hollywood is not quite as Greta expected. She had visioned a combination Valhalla and Paradise. It is lovely, however, and she is glad she is living in . . . Santa Monica. Santa



The lovely Garbo startled Hollywood by using her only English word, "hell," to express all things. But the Metro officials didn't reprove her. They had seen her in "Torrent" and were too busy shouting "Halleluia!"

Greta Garbo has jumped from Sweden to stardom in a single film

Monica where the broad blue Pacific crashes against the palisades like her own northern seas against the mainland, filling fjords with salty water.

Greta has no desire to join the vacuous circle of teas, dinners and dances into which the favored newcomer is invited. Besides, she has no time for men . . . or love. This, by her own admission.

Instead of a Hollywood bungalow she lives at a Santa Monica hotel in a little colony of her fellow countrymen who consist of the so-called "Swedish invasion." There is Maurice Stiller, the director whose Swedish-made pictures attracted the attention of Louis B. Mayer to both director and star. There is Lars Hansen, known as the John Barrymore of Sweden, and his wife, who was formerly in pictures in Europe. There is Benjamin Christianson and there is an art director from her own country, in addition to several others of equal importance.

A "little Sweden" on the banks of the Pacific. Quite inviolable from the attacks of Hollywood's social set. Quite happy in their enjoyment of the new land.

"Are you not foreign? Ja?" queried Greta, her fascinating mouth laboring over the unfamiliar words.

"No. But half English."

"So-o-o! What is the other half?"

"French and Irish and Scotch."

"Scotch?" quoted Greta. "Ja. I have heard of Scotch here. It is what you say pro . . . pro . . . pro-hee-bee-shun!"

And now Greta is learning to ride horseback. She is learning the Argentina tango so she may dance it with Spanish Antonio Moreno in also-Spanish Senor Ibanez' novel, "The Temptress," which she hopes will be directed by Swedish Mr. Maurice Stiller.

"Da-da-dum-de-de," chanted Fanchon of ballet fame as Greta and Tony dipped and swirled about the floor in the intricacies of the dance.

"Now dip! Now turn!" called Fanchon, and Greta stopped, puzzled.

"I do not know the vord 'deep.' Vill you tell me please?"

She is a tall girl. Long-limbed like so many Scandinavian women, but with slender grace that is not always seen in that race. Blue eyes, a lengthy blonde bob, a fascinating mouth.

A face that you would remember long after the body had crumbled away.



# Peter B. Kyne's Prayer

By  
Peter  
B.  
Kyne



If hokum draws the heart up into the throat, if it brings a joyous laugh, or a sympathetic tear, it is no longer hokum. It is Art

ately sets about to write or paint or talk or act down to what he conceives to be a certain level of mediocrity is worse than a fool. He is an arrogant ass. The plain fact of the matter is that such

things aren't done, because nobody can do them. The creative instinct is a distinct urge to the best, not the worst. It is an urge that may not be stifled.

When some producer turns out a picture that is of the "tried and true" school of architecture, when it is banal and foolish, when it represents life as it is not, when it violates all the canons of intelligence and good taste, I say that producer is turning out the product that HE LIKES. He thinks it's great and because he has rotten bad taste and more than fifty per cent of humanity are like him, he appeals to their intelligence unconsciously and not because he is deliberately trying.

His plea that he gives the public what it wants is pure swank. He would have you believe he is a smart fellow.

Boobs always strive to appear intelligent, and to the other boobs they may appear intelligent, but to the intelligent they are never in disguise. An intelligent man will conceal his ignorance, not parade it.

Do you think that the world's two greatest editors—George Horace Lorimer, of the Saturday Evening Post, and Ray Long, of the Hearst magazines, waste their time fiddling around trying to select manuscripts that will please their subscribers? Not so. They are too smart for such foolishness. They select stories that please them, and the devil take the public. If the public doesn't like the mental pabulum they select for it the public may go hang. Being intelligent men they select stories and articles that appeal to intelligent [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

**D**EAR God, bless the public and send them good pictures. They're so much smarter and so much more appreciative of good things than the wretches who decry their intelligence. And send the motion picture people editors, not just people who assume that title.

Good Lord, look down in Thy mercy and send them editors with editorial ability; then create a confusion of tongues as Thou didst at the Tower of Babel, so that no moneyed jackass may tell the editorial editor how terrible he is, to the end that the picture will be made over the owner's protests, prove a success and forever silence the yawp of producer, director, star and motion picture press agent.

Let there be no more fiddlers playing violins.

**T**HIS morning while crossing Twenty-third Street in a taxi the

driver made two attempts to turn up Fifth Avenue. From two of New York's finest he received a furious "bawling out." As he wended his way over to Madison Avenue to make his left turn he looked back at me and said:

"Honest, mister, dese cops are crazy. Every one o' dem, s'help me. Dey'se crazier'n hell!"

I agreed with him that they are—crazy from trying to make morons obey traffic regulations! Somehow, the incident impelled me to a consideration of the motion picture industry and its crazy efforts to make pictures for the delectation of taxicab drivers.

From time to time in trade magazines I read the old complaint that pictures are what they are because the public creates a demand for that sort of picture; that when the public shows indubitably that it desires better pictures the producers will give them better pictures.

For the twelve years I have been prowling around motion picture lots—a sort of cinema John The Baptist wandering in the wilderness—I have had to listen to a world of this sort of twaddle from men whom I verily believe do not possess sufficient story intelligence to pound sand in a rat-hole.

The thing that is done best in the industry is the gentle art of passing the buck, and the public is the rightful receiver when some thin dull story, badly made, performs the flop any intelligent person who gave the story a reading knew it would perform. The low order of intelligence of picture patrons is blamed for the fizzle.

This is the most monumental buncombe. The fact is that every time a producer makes a picture he is doing his best to make the best picture it is possible for him to make. Nobody deliberately does his worst when he is creating something. He just cannot help doing his best, and when his best is the other fellow's idea of the worst, he blames the other fellow. I have always believed that bad taste in pictures has its inception in the studio.

Any creative artist, be his grade however lowly, who deliber-



# STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



The whole 47 of Hollywood's younger set threw a party to celebrate Thomasina Mix's fourth birthday, and got very spiffed on chocolate cake horses and candy hay. Thomasina paused just long enough to pose with her dad and her pet beau, Bill Hart, Jr.



The reddest head in all Hollywood. That's Peggy Blake's. Peggy does bits for First National, but where she really shines is in Technicolor. That process washes most girls drab. But Peggy, under it, glows as golden as her salary

**R**ICHARD DIX always has a story to tell. This is his latest:

A young stenographer became very much annoyed and worried because her employer kept staring at her feet. Continually his eyes were glued to her shoes.

She confided her troubles to the man across the hall, who offered her employment in his establishment. She accepted. After working in the new position for a week, she noticed her new employer was just as captivated by her pedal extremities as was her other boss. Finally she asked what caused the stare.

"Well, my dear lady, you will either have to stop wearing patent leather shoes or you will have to wear bloomers!"

**T**HERE is no doubt about it. Living in an atmosphere of stars and temperament, one is bound to assume their ways. Take, for instance, Madame Helene who conducts the futuristically decorated cafe at the gate of the United Studios.

Recently she opened a wayside inn and, for the benefit of her picture patronage, printed a neat little line at the bottom of her studio cafe menu:

"Madame Helene's Rose Villa is now open to her public."

"Her public" had a sense of humor and the line disappeared the next day.

However, Madame may be forgiven. Anyone would be who concocts such ambrosial date *forte*.

**N**O month is complete without a bright remark from Vilma Banky. She makes life in Hollywood worth living. Vilma is attempting to learn

Americanese . . . slanguage . . . and the other day at one of Mrs. Clarence Brown's celebrated teas, Vilma overheard a flapper commenting on her weariness.

"I'm so darned tired, I feel like a corpse!" wailed the flapper.

Vilma made a mental note.

The next night she was a member of a very high-browed gathering.

An appropriate time to flaunt her newly-acquired phrase.

"Oh!" she breathed, as only Vilma knows how. "I'm so tired—I feel like a body!"

Explanations were immediately in order.

**A**ND the other day I was talking to Ray Coffin, who gently feeds the ravenous press with news about the beautiful Banky. Ray, of course, had at his tongue's tip one of Vilma's famous remarks.

She had not been playing in a picture for some weeks and was overjoyed to hear she would soon wear the greasepaint as Valentino's leading lady. She rushed to Ray:

"I am so-o-o glad I am to work. I will soon have much publicity stuffs for you now!"

**F**IRST Inquiring Extra: "What sort of a story is this thing that Herbert Brennon is going to make. . . 'Beau Geste'?"

Second Well-informed Extra: "It's about Beau Brummel's youngest brother . . . a wise-cracking guy who used to go around spilling funny stories. Finally some egg in

the French court started to call him 'Beau Geste' which is 'froggie' for jest."

Whatever the title may convey to the uninitiate, this story of the Foreign Legion in Africa promises to be one of the biggest specials that Brennon has ever made.

**C**LARA BOW now takes her bow for establishing a new fashion in the colony and her beau approves. But at that we stop. It really should be "beaux". . . Clara has so many doting swains.

The fashion is to have a dog to match the color of your hair. And trotting after Clara about the studio nowadays is a very charmingly mannered chow dog of auburn hue. A color that blends admirably with Clara's glinty locks.

Florence Vidor, Virginia Valli, Alma Rubens and others of the raven-haired crew will have to buy some jetty spaniels, but Mary Carr, with her snowy hair, is the only actress I can think of who is privileged to carry a French poodle!

**P**ATSY RUTH MILLER almost proved the claim that her parents made daily when, after a hurried consultation, doctors agreed that Pat had the measles. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are always contending that "Pat will never grow up" and that "she is just a little girl."

The Warner brothers, too, were mightily worried that their star must needs be isolated for a period of weeks and delay the picture that Pat had been toiling day and night in.

But the next day the rash had disappeared and the doctors agreed it must have been hives. Pat had been indulging in the season's first strawberry shortcake.



# EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Seeing Lillian Gish being loving during "The Scarlet Letter" Metro-Goldwyn are happier, for they had their own trouble getting Lillian to put torrid temperature into her "La Boheme" scenes. Here is Lillian sending hot looks at Lars Hansen



Fair and slightly cooler Leatrice Joy here goes in, heavily, for winter sports. Fancy breaking the ice in the heart of Los Angeles! It's a new skating rink out there that Leatrice is descending upon and the ice is made fresh each morning from ammonia

**A**BOUT the hardest thing in the world to do is to make a comedian smile. And Douglas MacLean is no exception. Altho "Buster" Keaton does win the Benda mask for the world's most solemn face.

Doug, for years, had been trying to duplicate a very natural smile that a photographer had captured. The other day by chance he met the same photographer.

The following day found Doug all posed for a picture. But the grin wouldn't come. It looked too artificial. The photographer despaired and finally said:

"Look to your left, Mr. MacLean."

Doug looked.

"Now look at me!"

Doug looked and chortled—openly.

The photographer was posed with a toy monkey on his head. A trick he used to tickle the kiddies' humor.

And Doug's next picture is "That's My Baby!"

fire brigade) that the trio could locate by wire.

It was saddled and on a huge placard was written "Buckaroo," the name of Bebe's favorite horse.

The extension ladders of the town were all in use, so Bebe didn't have her canter after all. But she's waiting to get even with the three.

**S**HE was a high-priced vaudeville headliner. He was an equally high-priced picture star. Their names I won't mention. It wouldn't be nice, you know.

On her first night at the local performance, Friend Husband was present. He became very incensed at his wife's position on the bill.

"Unless you give my wife a more prominent place on the program I shall do something drastic!" he thundered with his best silent drama gesture of eloquence.

"Can't do it." This from the exasperated manager.

"Then she will not appear tomorrow night!"

"Can I depend on that?"

**O**F course Henry Victor denies that he said it, and claims it occurred to a sight-seeing British friend of his. I have my doubts. But before I tell you what it was, let me introduce Henry Victor, one of England's most popular leading men who abandoned British stardom to pursue a shining spot in Hollywood's firmament. A countryman of the illustrious Colman and the worthy Brook.

This friend was on his first visit to Hollywood studios and was particularly impressed with the immensity of the Universal Studios at Universal City. But, alas, the name would not stay with him.

And to make matters worse he was continually referring to the studios.

He wanted to mention it again. The name was gone. A superhuman effort to recall it—and:

"I say now! How far is it to . . . to . . . Eternal City?"

**O**F course everyone in Hollywood knows Noah Beery and his fringe-like haircut, which is necessitated by the legion of character rôles he plays. Everything from hoss traders to faro dealers and back again to desert prospectors. And every r'le calls for hair—long and oiled—curling about his ears and neck.

At the opera—at the orpheum—at the horse show—at cafes—Noah—in his Beery bob—and Mrs. Beery are seen.

**A**LL of which is a preamble to Norma Tallmadge's wail, when, after gazing covetously at Connie's sleek head—fresh from Jim's nimble shears—she said:

"I'll be glad when 'Kiki' is over, so I can have my hair cut short!"

With sisterly devotion Connie looked at Norma's wildly fuzzed "Kiki kut" and consoled:

"But it looks very nice when you wear a hat, dear."

"Oh, yes it does! Only yesterday at the Montmartre Ona Brown mistook me for Noah Beery!"

**B**EBE DANIELS' friends mourned when she left Hollywood after a pleasant sojourn of almost six months. But those who wept most were the equestrians who cantered with Bebe on Sunday mornings.

Some of them put their heads together—Jimmie Cruze, Betty Compson, his wife, and Jack White—and when Bebe's train arrived at Albuquerque there awaited the biggest brawnier white horse (a member of the local





Here's a helpful hint against the next time you don't know where to put things. Estelle Clark, in fun, hangs musical instruments on her Charleston garter. Not to be undone Charles Ray uses his as support for comb, watch, pen and lighter



That's a feather fan Esther Ralston's got wound around her finger. Most stars have to encounter so much hot hair. But Esther simply slips her fan in high. The feather pinwheel turns, an idle icy breeze results and Esther keeps her cool head

I WONDER how Flo Zeigfeld can continue to glorify the American girl when all of his beauties have apparently heard the siren yodel of the esteemed M. Greeley and gone to Hollywood. The latest to follow the Royal Road to the films is Peggy Fears.

Which reminds me of the story about the slightly inebriated individual who was presented to Peggy at a cafe the other evening.

"This is Peggy Fears . . ." introduced the introducer.

"Peggy fears who?" challenged the unsteady newcomer.

Another cinema newcomer who is basking in a lion's share of the limelight is pretty Pauline Pane who, accompanied by a retinue of servants and what is reputed to be three millions, is cutting a wide swath entertainment-wise in the film colony. Her dinners and gowns are attracting much comment. Pauline is English and pretty with cuddlesome ways.

HE was a recent addition to our films. From Sweden. One of his first purchases was a radio. But it did not work. So he took it back to the shop. Said he:

"What is the charge for this battery?"

"One and a half volts," obliged the dealer.

"Pardon, please. I do not understand American exchange. How much is that in Swedish money?"

IT was a dark and stormy night. The wind whipped the sea into an inky fury. Huge spotlights swept the shoreline and paused to rest on the pier where a drenched woman lay on the rough planks and a water-soaked man desperately poured an amber-hued fluid between her lips.

It was a motion picture in the making, to

be sure. But the stinging salt-charged air and the beating waves and the drenched garments on the man and woman—Seena Owen and Joseph Schildkraut—were very real. The picture was "Shipwrecked."

Suddenly from out of the watching crowd dashed a little man in a very large derby hat. He ran to the emoting two and snatched the glass of amber-hued fluid from Schildkraut's hand. And sniffed it.

"Huh! It's a good thing for you it's only tea!"

And they say we are not enforcing prohibition.

THE Puritan fathers would have pulled their long faces longer if they could have been resurrected for a day and conducted to the set where Lillian Gish is gelatinizing the famous "Scarlet Letter." Dimpled Puritan maidens in demure bonnets and voluminous aprons pulled cigarettes of the "filthy weed" from beneath aprons and puffed happily between scenes. And a few rolled hosed limbs were visible when a Priscilla or a Prudence thumped the pseudo-New England turf with feet Charleston-mad.

AND speaking of "The Scarlet Letter," it brought the re-union of two Griffith players who had not been together before the camera since 1918, when Griffith co-starred them in "The Great Love."

The initial screen appearance of these two Griffith players was in "The Birth of a Nation."

They are Henry Walthall of "Little Colonel" fame and Lillian Gish.

In "The Scarlet Letter" Lillian plays Hester Prynne and Walthall is her husband.

HOLLYWOOD is full of Griffith discoveries now that Dick Barthelmess has rented a home on Whitley Heights and intends to make it his residence for at least a year while he

makes a number of pictures. This to the delight of Bill Powell, who is one of Dick's closest friends. And also to the joy of Ronald Colman and Charles Lane—four handsome Eveless men who are eyed with speculation—and chagrin—by the fair sex.

And Charles Emmett Mack, another Griffith protege, is also a permanent resident of the west coast.

"How do you like the sunshine and flowers of California, Charlie?" he was asked the other day.

To which Charlie snorted: "Haven't seen 'em yet!"

His latest rôle is "The Unknown Soldier" and he has been wallowing in the mud of a mock No-Man's-Land for so long that even his lashes are gummed with clay.

"I VILL be glad," said one beautiful member of the so-called "foreign invasion," "when I am a beeg star like Lillian Gish. Then I will not need publicity and to have peectures taken shaking hands with a prize fighter."

HE was the dramatic critic of a large New York paper. She was Patsy Ruth Miller, who, because she is pretty and witty and eligible, is the engagement-bait for every visiting notable who escorts her to a premiere, whether he be married or single.

They were approached by a reporter, who thought he spied another engagement rumor. But he was outwitted by her companion—once a reporter—who was apparently cognizant of Pat's engagement-strewn path. Said he:

"I'm Herman J. Mankiewitz of New York. Out here to do some stories for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But neither Miss Miller, Mrs. Mankiewitz nor myself care to have an engagement announced."





Bob Leonard missed his miss, Gertrude Olmstead, to whom he's engaged to be married. So he traveled 3,000 miles to see her just for four days. Gosh! what devotion. Remember when Bob was Mae Murray's husband and director? So do we



Here's Connie Talmadge and her new husband, Alastair Mackintosh, upon their return to Hollywood after their three day honeymoon. Observing the fate of others, Capt. Mackintosh never got engaged to temperamental Connie. He just married her quick

IT was at the last Sixty Club dance.

Priscilla Dean, on the arm of one of her many aviator suitors, glided by the table at which sat Ward Crane, all alone.

She stopped and murmured:

"Poor Ward! You look so lonely!"

Says Ward: "Don't worry about me, Priscilla. Save your pity for Buster Collier."

(That afternoon Connie Talmadge, whom Buster has been more or less hopefully squiring for the last three years, had quite suddenly and without warning become the bride of Alastair William Mackintosh.)

THE other day I was having lunch at the studio with Ernest Gillen and a very attractive young lady (I won't tell you her name as some day she may be considered for a lead in a Glyn picture and I don't want to hurt her chances).

At the lunch table I had solved for me one of Hollywood's most baffling problems—namely, why does Madam Glyn look upon the world in general through half-closed eyes?

"Easy," says the pretty girl who was lunching with us, "she has developed her famous squint from continually looking for IT."

RAYMOND HATTON has at last achieved his greatest ambition—to play the rôle of a gentleman with sex appeal.

For twelve years Ray has labored before the klieg, playing every type of character except one which would allow him to occupy the center of the screen in the rôle of a great lover.

In "Behind the Front" he finally is given credit for having the elusive It made famous by Madam Glyn.

In the scene Wally Beery and Ray are talking about the girl who professes to be in love with them both. Ray, posing as the martyr, says to Wally:

"You take her. She loves you. You're so handsome!"

"No," replies Wally, not to be outdone, "She's yours. She loves you because you've got sex appeal."

SPEAKING of actors scoring heavily, reminds us that Jack Holt actually did just this in the recent polo tournament at Del Monte, when he played on the victorious Midwick team.

During the tournament a scare was thrown into Holt's producers when word was received from Del Monte that the star had been hit in the head by a hard-driven polo ball.

It knocked him unconscious and left a wound in his scalp, but Jack recovered sufficiently to continue play with his team.

OVERHEARD at a Hollywood party.

"How do you like it over at Warner Brothers?" one of the guests asked the Great Lubitsch.

"Oh, fine," said Lubitsch, "only sometime I hope when I get half way through a picture and she is going good, they will forget to say to me 'hurry up, Mr. Lubitsch, we have to get it in the mails by Tuesday.'"

IN "The Isle of Retribution," which James Hogan is directing for F. B. O., the script called for a skunk.

Hogan left it up to Johnny Burch, his assistant, who is considered an expert with animals, having served more than a year's apprenticeship under Larry Trimble, who can do everything but make an animal talk.

Hogan felt quite safe about the skunk, as did the cast, including Lillian Rich and Bob Frazier. They all had confidence in the resourceful Burch.

So the assistant director rented a deodorized skunk.

But after they got the skunk on the set and reached for him in his cage it was conclusively proven, to everyone's dissatisfaction, that the operation was a dismal failure.

The explosion of a mustard bomb couldn't have cleared the stage quicker and it was hours before work could be resumed.

THE influence of motion pictures has been felt throughout the entire world. It has reached even to the Chinaman, it would seem.

During the filming of "Eve's Leaves" at the De Mille studios, the restaurant man heard there would be more than 200 Chinamen used in the picture. So he got ready to feed them—laid in a supply of rice, chop suey, chow mein, etc.

Just before lunch the first day they worked, Tom Gubbins, who supplies the Chinese talent, dropped into the commissary and the proprietor smilingly informed Tom that he was ready to feed his Chinks.

Tom listened patiently and then told the restauranter that he had better throw out all the Chinese junk and stand by with plenty of ham and eggs. Pictures and picture salaries, it seems, have changed the Chinese around Hollywood. They don't crave rice and such things, anymore, but insist on the best in American cookery.

They leave the chop suey and chow mein to the tourists, who visit Los Angeles' Chinatown.

FRIENDS of Reginald Denny were given a tremendous scare during the fierce storm which recently lashed the Pacific coast, wrecking wharves and piers and causing heavy loss in shipping circles.

Reg and a couple of friends left San Diego in his thirty-four foot power boat, the "Barbarine," shortly before the gale hit the Pacific. They were on a fishing trip and were bound for Ensenada, Mexico.

Frantic wires from Universal officials showed Denny and his guests had failed to make Ensenada and for several days they were given up for lost.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]



# Some New Bobs

Who said bobbed hair lacks variety? Not the movie stars. Merrily they bob and bewilder. Esther Ralston's newest cut is trimmed out underneath, slicked flat and softly curled



Pola's "orchid bob" bloomed and faded—fortunately. Now she wears a loosely coiled rope of hair about her distinguished head and lets her bob grow much longer at the sides



Maybe Clara Bow is getting tired of playing flaming flappers. Certainly Clara's newest coiffure is reminiscent of the days when grandma was a girl. Banged and bobbed, Clara gives it the modern name of "gigolo"





By Faith Service

Illustrated by

Harley Ennis Stivers

Lilith Flame was a professional temptress. But she discovered she couldn't work at it after hours



# False Faces

They both wore the masks Fame had provided.  
Then Love began some face lifting

THERE are no two ways about it, the folks from East Machias, Ohio, would have described Lilith Flame as "outlandish." What they would have said about Lilith Flame's boudoir only the fallen angels can know. And if they could have come in upon a characteristic pose in Lilith's life, when she was ensconced before her triplicate mirror, doing things to her face, they would have felt that they had been damned to gaze upon Original Sin, unasked and certainly ashamed. They would have gone back home to do penances and to shrive their souls alive.

Lilith was the last meaning of the word "ultra." She had raised the art of Being a Woman to the more than nth degree. She had made the term "vampire" obsolete. Her face was an ivory oval set too daintily for flesh and blood belief upon a slim column of alabaster. Her hair was as wicked as old bronze,

holding amber and absinthe lights. Her eyes were slanted, Oriental-wise, thus proving that all men are brothers or have been at one time.

She wore gowns that can only be described by the word "inconsiderable" with the addenda of their considerable cost. Her press agent said of her, "She is Lilith-before-Eve, the First, the everlasting Temptress. She was born on a lotus leaf in a jade backwater of the Nile. She incarnates a Peruvian orchid, the last day of Pompeii, the love of the archangel, Israfel, and she is to be seen in her latest super-special 'More Scarlet Than Sin' at the Royal Imperial Theater, October ninth," etc., etc.

Lilith's boudoir was a fitting frame for such dark beauty. The French windows were shrouded in black velvet, palls holding the body of the light. The walls were metallic gold and hung with fantastic sketches done by Russians and Futur-



ists and matted in lacquer red. The rug was deep black silk velour. An ivory chaise-longue was piled with the pelts of furred animals and the feathers of Oriental birds. Exotic cushions, black velvet with gold tassels, languished upon the floor. Little tables of perverse shape and decadent color were here and there, bearing a samovar like a distorted gold god, decanters of Venetian glass, priceless Tanagras, nudes in bronze and marble and terra-cotta, secretive boxes after the Florentines. A bowl of orchids gave a sullen, sulphurous note over the Italian marble mantel and the innumerable sons of Buddha, in cloisonne and gold, spat incense from nooks and crannies.

The piece de resistance of the room was the dressing table. Which bore the conventional phalanxes of cold cream jars, vanishing cream jars, mascara pencils, rouge containers, lipsticks and lip salves, powder bowls, tonic lotions, astringents scented with lemon, almond and guava, skin bleaches, tweezers, razors, depilatory powders, combs, nets, pins, essences, attars, perfumes, toilette waters and a large ivory skull for the decent interment of loose hairs. Also a pleasant little pastille burner in the shape of a modern crematorium.

It is perhaps a startling statement to be made, here and now, but it must be said—Lilith Flame was honest. By which is meant more than at present meets the eye.

It is not to say that Lilith was unnecessarily honest. Extravagantly honest. She did not slip off the silken, slumberous, seductive sheath of Lilith Flame and announce to a thereby disillusioned world that "I am NOT Lilith Flame . . . I am

Mildred P. Means from East Machias, Ohio, born of a father who 'traveled' for a rubber goods concern and a mother who spent her life in bearing eleven children of whom I was the unwanted sixth. (Not even a seventh daughter—not even).

She did, of course, nothing of the kind. For what would have been the advantage? The public would have been deprived of their strongest fillip, their most subtle intoxicant. And Lilith Flame would have been deprived of the two thousand five hundred dollars that was her weekly stipend for being . . . Lilith Flame. She would have been coincidentally deprived of her Ifota-Fraschini, her town Packard, her Park Avenue apartment, her Great Neck estate, the services of her personal maid, secretary, chauffeur, press agent, Jap butler, cook, French laundress and Heaven knows what all. To any practical person the inadvisability of such a step will be only too apparent.

She would be deprived, too, of Gaillard De Koven.

And now we come to the gist of the matter.

Lilith was in love. She was ardently, passionately, eternally and tragically in love. She was also honestly in love. She not only loved Gaillard De Koven as woman loves "but once," she also admired him, respected him, looked up to him, revered him.

A bad situation.

And she wanted, oh, so badly, to be honest with him. When he took the words of her under-paid press-agent out of that young man's indigenous pen and said to her, "You are Lilith-before-Eve, the first, the eternal siren," she felt like beating a tattoo upon his irreproachable shirt front, like crying out loudly raucously, "No! No! I am Mildred P. Means of East Machias, Ohio." She felt like adding humbly, a suppliant, "Ah, Gaillard, love me . . . love me anyway . . ."

But she knew that he wouldn't.

Gaillard was a cosmopolite, a man-of-the-world, to the manner born. He was a cynic. A skeptic. A Neo-something-or-other. A modern. There was finesse in every inclination of his sleek head, in every



Her mad, wild boudoir was  
where she donned the false face.  
But tonight she was in love and  
longing to be simple





Lilith could have been honest with Gaillard DeKoven except for her past. It was spotless. That was the trouble

intonation of his exquisitely modulated voice with its nice suggestion of the best English accent. To him, Lilith knew, a woman was an episode, the stanza of a poem, the cadence of a song, the petal of a rose. Gaillard De Koven was, in a sense, Lilith over again, her complement, save in the mere matter of sex and wearing apparel. He was the last son of the old De Koven family, founders of New York, of whom none were left, nothing indeed save a few ancestral portraits staring at blind storage walls. Impoverished and curious he had turned to the movies and the movies had taken him into their large, upholstered, luxurious arms to the tune of two thousand a week and royalties. As a munificent exchange for this beggarly hospitality he had given them the *distingue* De Koven name and the princely shadow of the last of the De Kovens for the omnivorous appetites of their public.

Interviewers wrote articles about him titled "The Real Aristocrat," "A Blue Blood Comes to the Screen," "The Last of the De Kovens in 'The Last of the Mohicans,'" and other apt things. One enterprising publication illustrated the interview with a drawing of a family tree, rather cloudy about the branches, but a tree, none the less.

Producers rubbed their abdomens and said, "Well, that's the type we need—the real stuff. Old family. College bred. Distinguished presence. Knows how to wear evening clothes and enter a room. A gentleman. A FIND."

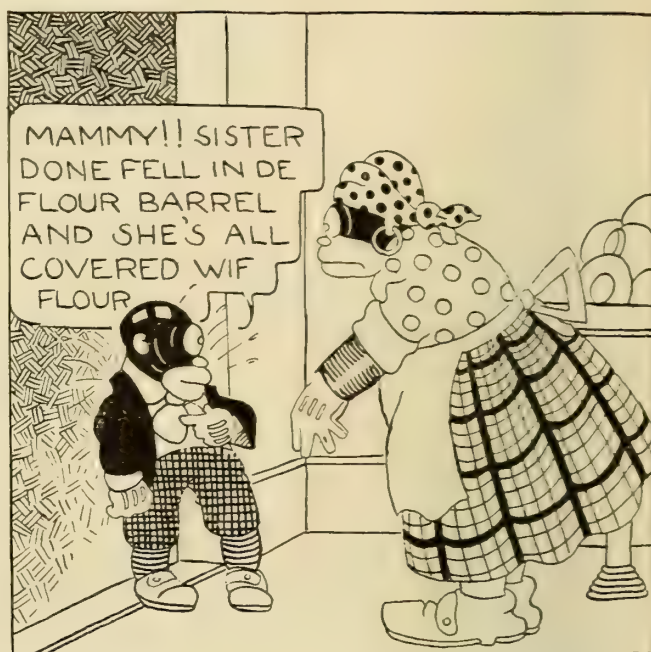
Gaillard proved himself to be the true aristocrat, too, in other ways than tonsorially. For he was also the democrat. He didn't object a bit to mingling with the sons of families who would never have been received by the De Kovens. He told Lilith that, "Just at first . . . things like that . . . rather a rub . . ." But he had come out of it beautifully. Suavely and beautifully. He said that he "put it all down to experience." He got so that he didn't mind a bit. "When in Thespia do as the Thespians do," he said rather vaguely.

LILITH was in agony. She wanted to be honest with Gaillard. That is, she didn't want to, but she felt that she would have to be. Hideous visions of what would happen when he discovered the truth haunted her sleepless nights and made her director ask her if she was taking "proper care of herself."

If she should ever become his wife—Mrs. [CONT'D ON PAGE 96]



# What Movies Do These



**H**ERE is a contest that is starting in New York City and will, within a few months, extend itself to every large metropolitan city in the country.

Nothing has ever been offered for the entertainment of devotees of motion picture theaters which rivals it in scope or prize money opportunity. It is open to everyone, from grandma to the little folks, and many, many thousands of dollars in cash prizes and other prizes, to be offered by individual theaters, will go to the ones who solve these delightful puzzles.

This will be conducted by one of the largest newspapers in your city in co-operation with the motion picture theaters.

It was devised and prepared by the editorial staff of PHOTOPLAY, but will be presented in the newspapers and theaters.

It is amazingly simple, but it will require that you use your memory and knowledge of pictures and your knowledge of picture plays and players.

Excerpts from forty of the best motion pictures of the last few years will be shown in the theaters, one a day. They will show all the famous stars in their finest films, and in action, with typical excerpts from these plays, and it will be up to you to guess the name of the plays and the name of the star. In addition to that, all you will have to do is to write, in fifty words or less, your criticism of three or five of those particular pictures or your idea of the theme or the moral of that number of them.

Every day, after the con-

Get into practice to win one of the Big Cash Prizes soon to be offered by newspapers and theaters in your city

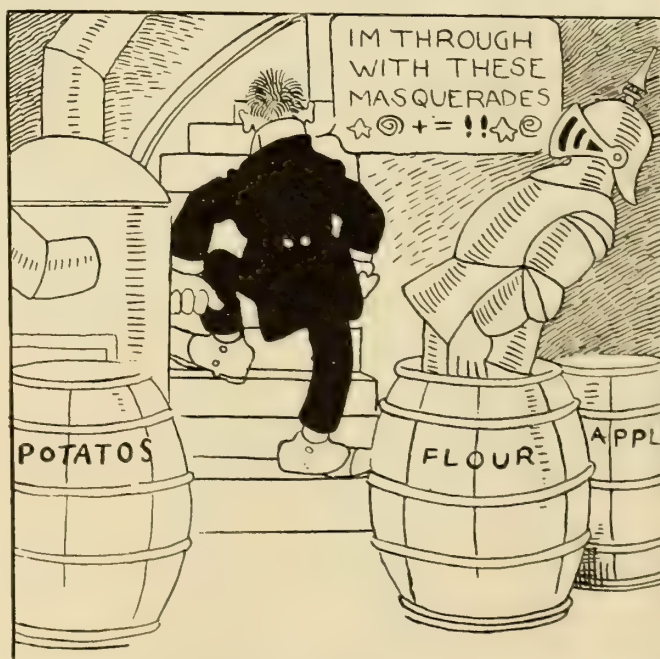
test starts in your city, your theater will run the scenes from one picture with titles which furnish clues. The same day a cartoon appears in your newspaper which is a further clew. The titles of the films you see in your theater every day for forty days are a delight in themselves, and it will furnish you a world of fun to try to guess the pictures. The theater managers, the newspapers and the whole industry are co-operating to make it one of the most amusing contests ever offered.

It starts in New York with over a hundred theaters showing the films every day and the *New York Daily Mirror* running the cartoons and the names of every theater giving their patrons the entertainment, in addition to their regular program, and paying \$10,000 in cash prizes.

It has no connection whatever with the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE \$5,000 cash prizes which this magazine offers every year to its readers and which starts in the next, the June issue of PHOTOPLAY. You can win in one or both contests.

After the contest starts in New York it will be extended to city after city, and you should ask your newspaper or theater manager when it will appear in your community.

The cartoons which appear in the newspapers are drawn by McManus, the famous comic artist whose work is familiar to many millions of people, and the delightfully funny titles of the films were prepared by Robert Sherwood, the famous motion picture critic, and editor of *Life*.





# Cartoons Represent?



Theater managers have hastened to arrange for the daily use of the film on its entertainment value alone, not to speak of the publicity the newspaper gives their theater, and the tremendous interest of motion picture fans who will try to get the correct answers and win the big cash prizes which are being offered.

In addition, it will stimulate a more intense interest in pictures, their stories, technical qualities and in the stars shown.

In the end it will furnish for the motion picture industry the most complete ballot of public opinion of pictures ever assembled.

It will express, for the first time, a great symposium of public criticism. Heretofore the box office has been the producers' only method of judging public taste. Here is an opportunity for them to profit by the real voice of the people they are attempting to serve.

If you live in New York, or vicinity, buy a copy of the *Daily Mirror*, that brilliant tabloid paper that has such a tremendous circulation in that territory, and get all the details. Or ask your theater manager. Out of the scores of theaters running the contest there you will find one in your vicinity. If you see pictures anyhow, why not see them where you have a chance to put thousands of dollars in your bank in your name. It is no work at all. It is the finest kind of clean and entertaining amusement. It is ten times as fascinating as the cleverest cross-word

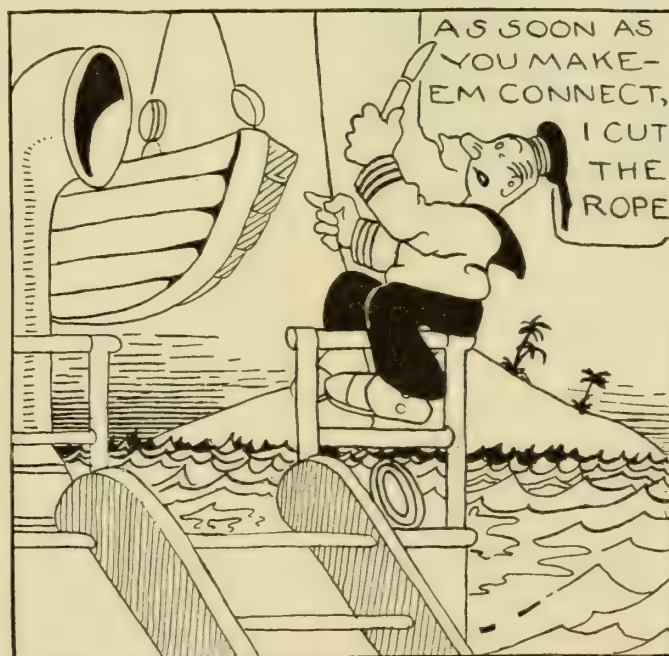
Starts out with \$10,000 in Prizes in New York City. Ask your Theater Manager when you will get your chance

puzzle you ever attempted to solve.

Join in the contest at your first opportunity, and ask your theater manager when you will get a chance at it. There are scores of prizes in addition to the big ones, and you have as good a chance as the next one, more so if you have been a reader of PHOTOPLAY, and have kept in touch

with the march of picture events.

Everyone is eligible for this contest, except members of the staff of the theaters, the newspapers concerned, and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The editor of PHOTOPLAY will head the boards of judges, which will also include the motion picture editor of your newspaper, and a board of three representative citizens of your community.



Every member of the family may participate. All answers will be judged strictly on their merits. The first filed will have no preference over the last one which is received before the expiration of the time limit. But the full details will be given in your local theater and newspaper.

Every city will have its own cash prizes—\$10,000 is the prize money for New York City alone.

The next time you visit your theater, ask them when it will be available for you and your family.

If you neglect getting in on this great contest, you may be throwing money away.

Come on in. The Money's fine.

Write PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, for any additional information you may want.





**THE BAT**—United Artists

**E**EEEEEE! "The Bat!" It's thrilling. It's chilling. It's a scream of laughter and spookiness. Your spine quivers and your hair stiffens every moment.

Perfectly written, originally by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood and scenarized by Julien Josephson, this Roland West production is simply superb. Each detail dovetails properly into every other. Lights flash, guns are fired, secret panels swing, and the laughter and the creeps alternate till you chew your fingers in excitement and delight.

The involved plot is centered around a criminal with the bat as his trademark and his operations in a Long Island household. Beyond that we refuse to tell. But when "The Bat" flies in your neighborhood, don't fail to see it and take the youngsters, if it's not too late at night.



**LA BOHEME**—Metro-Goldwyn

**K**ING VIDOR'S version of Henry Murger's short stories of the Latin Quarter of Paris from which the Puccini opera was suggested, is a picture of striking beauty, wonderfully directed by Vidor and acted with much skill by John Gilbert. The theme is simple, as delicate as the tension of a lyre, and tells the story of *Mini*, a seamstress, and *Rodolphe*, a struggling playwright, against a colorful and romantic background.

A note of tender pathos pervades the entire piece and the ultimate tragedy is too heartrending for words. Lillian Gish is seen in another of her wistfully appealing but familiar characterizations. Renee Adoree, Karl Dane and George Hassell are included in the cast.

This production is a triumph for Metro-Goldwyn, for Vidor, and for John Gilbert, and will prove a real joy.

# The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

*A Review of the New Pictures*



**THE BLACK PIRATE**—United Artists

**A** ROISTERING tale of the Spanish Main is "The Black Pirate," and I pity the man whom it does not waft back to the days of his boyhood, when he dreamed of himself climbing aboard the pirate craft and cleaning the seas of the bloodthirsty buccaneers, "Yo, ho, ho—fifteen men on a dead man's chest." Into it the ever-youthful Doug has injected the very spirit of boyhood romance and adventure, and it would be a hard-hearted parent, indeed, who would not willingly advance the price of the tickets for every youngster in the family. Incidentally, they should include themselves in the entertainment and adventure.

The entire picture is done in colors, not the usual colored photography, but soft tints that delight the eye and emphasize rather than detract from the story value. Nothing has ever been done in colors on the screen that approaches it in beauty and uniformity. The year of experimentation and study that has been put into this phase of the production has been well repaid. In it, Mr. Fairbanks, for the first time in motion pictures, has secured the beautiful effect of mural paintings.

The plot? What do you care about that? It's all about pirates, with Doug, single-handed, capturing a huge galleon to prove he's a good pirate himself. Imagine that!

Billie Dove is the beauty in distress, captured by the toughest pirate that ever slit a throat or scuttled a ship. Donald Crisp runs away with the acting honors, and it is a delight to watch the way in which Doug gives way to him on the screen and lets the audience enjoy Crisp's characterization of an old Scotch pirate. Go see "The Black Pirate."



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE BLACK PIRATE    THE GREATER GLORY  
THE BAT                LA BOHEME  
LET'S GET MARRIED   TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

## The Best Performances of the Month

John Gilbert in "La Boheme"  
Lucy Beaumont in "The Greater Glory"  
Greta Garbo in "The Torrent"  
May Allison in "The Greater Glory"  
Louise Fazenda in "The Bat"  
Anna Q. Nilsson in "The Greater Glory"  
Edna Mae Oliver in "Let's Get Married"  
Donald Crisp in "The Black Pirate"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 108



**THE GREATER GLORY—First National**

AS opposite as the pages on which their reviews are printed, is the appeal of this splendid picture to that of "The Black Pirate." No bounding tale of adventure is this. Just the story of an Austrian family before and after the war, a story that, while it makes no pretense of being a preaching against war, carries a message that will be carried away and pondered by all who see it.

It is the work of June Mathis, that brilliant woman who had so much to do with the success of "The Four Horsemen," and it is an artistic monument to her ability. The action takes place entirely in the city of Vienna, and was adapted from Edith O'Shaughnessy's novel, "The Viennese Medley." No battle scenes are dragged in for the sake of box office effect. No insincere attempt is made for the so-called "punch" or "thrill." It is one of the most sincerely produced pictures ever presented to the American public, one of those rare pictures that you can stand seeing twice.

Briefly, it is the story of an aunt and her family of nieces and nephews, broken and impoverished by the war, and their struggles for a bare existence, and through it run two love stories of surpassing sweetness. Never has a picture of foreign locale been made with more faithful atmospheric effect. It is Vienna itself, and never for one second is the illusion lost.

The picture is significant, too, in that it brings May Allison back to the screen, after a few years of absence, and her work is as sincere and lovely as the picture itself. Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle give the best performances of their picture careers. You should not miss this picture.



**LET'S GET MARRIED—Paramount**

RICHARD DIX and Gregory La Cava should never be separated. "Womanhandled" proved that they had a delightful sense of humor, and in this latest offering they have again presented the story with a gay humor. Its fun is airy and a trifle flighty. The picture starts out with an unusual amount of wit and action which keeps its pace right to the finish, the laughs coming fast and furious.

It's all about a wealthy man's son who is continually in hot water. He falls in love with a sweet, unsophisticated girl, and from then on he does everything to try and make a hit with her. Of course, as you might have suspected, the girl is Lois Wilson.

Don't miss it—it's a sure cure for the blues and the kiddies will enjoy it too.



**TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP—First National**

THIS picture takes Harry Langdon's doleful face and pathetic figure out of the two-reel class and into the Chaplin and Lloyd screen dimensions. Not that he equals their standing yet, but he is a worthy addition to a group of comedy makers of which we have entirely too few. Langdon has graduated and this picture is his diploma. "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" will introduce him to a wider public, and the public which followed his two-reel career will be doubled or trebled. The boy's good.

Harry plays a kid hobo, who enters himself in a trans-continental hiking contest. He's just got to win the race to win the gal, who is his inspiration, and Harry believes that all's fair in love and war, and he's in both. He isn't exactly on the level in the race, but you should worry about his sporting morals.





**THE TORRENT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer**

**M**ONTE BELL stands well in the foreground of those directors who can take a simple story and so fill it with true touches that the characters emerge real human beings and the resulting film becomes a small masterpiece.

Such work has he created in "Torrent," and for fans who are slightly grown-up this picture will be a vivid delight. Greta Garbo, the new Swedish importation, is very lovely.



**THE UNTAMED LADY—Paramount**

**T**HIS is an awful disappointment. Story by Fannie Hurst, direction by Frank Tuttle and starred by Gloria Swanson, and the whole a total washout! The story simply never gets anywhere. It concerns one of those untamed darlings, a spoiled baby first, a spoiled debutante later, who breaks numberless hearts by dropping twenty-carat engagement rings on football gridirons.



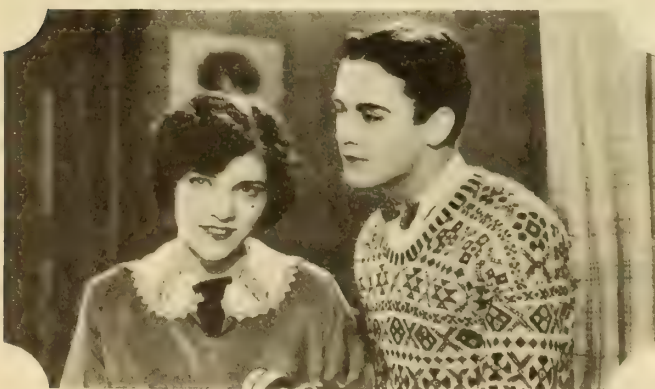
**THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS—Metro-Goldwyn**

**T**HEY must have told Benjamin Christianson, the Swedish director, that hokum was king. As a result "The Devil's Circus," his first American made picture, has everything in it from a trick dog to the crippled girl who walks. The picture has strength and the power of several scenes—the night march of the caravan, the girl's defilement and her fall from the trapeze—lift it above the mediocre.



**THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS—Universal**

**S**EE this by all means. If the movie-going public of New York City is any criterion as to the comedy value of a picture, then this will be a wow throughout the entire country. They went wild over it—and how they howled and screeched! The plot is filled with all the old hokum about the Jews and the Irish but, nevertheless, it brings out the loud guffaws—even from the blasé.



**FASCINATING YOUTH—Paramount**

**H**ERE are the sixteen graduates of Paramount's school of acting showing how well they've studied their lessons. Byron Morgan wrote them a story that's not so very much—all about a kid who runs his father's summer hotel to winter success. Sam Wood provided direction that saved it. The sixteen are peppy, gay and youthful, and their spirit gets across. It's good entertainment.



**OH! WHAT A NURSE—Warner Bros.**

**S**YD CHAPLIN should go back to trousers. Enough is enough. His latest contribution to film humor is of the slapstick variety, with much horse play and low comedy. Most of the gags are screamingly funny, but after "Charley's Aunt," Syd in petticoats again gets to be an old story, even though he does it remarkably well. Splendid entertainment, especially for the youngsters.





**THE NEW KLONDIKE—Paramount**

**Y**OU have all heard about the real estate boom in Florida - but wait until you see what actually happens. Ring Lardner, who knows his laughs, was commissioned to write this story for Thomas Meighan, with the result that it is one of the most interesting of Meighan's vehicles. Some very amusing situations are developed, and there's a young fellow, Paul Kelly, whom you'll like.



**THE DANCER OF PARIS—First National**

**E**VERYONE became excited when they heard that Michael Arlen had written an original story for the screen. But great expectations were not realized in spite of all the nudity, jazz, bachelor apartment parties and love scenes. Dorothy Mackaill does as well as could be expected in a very cold rôle. Conway Tearle is the male attraction. Not for children.



**SEA HORSES—Paramount**

**T**HE story gets off at a slow start and continues its snail-like pace until the fourth reel. Then we have fights, a typhoon, a storm at sea and what-not. Florence Vidor is the young lady who goes in search of her husband, who is wasting his life on a tropical isle. Into her life comes a brave he-man, Jack Holt. Not as snappy as the usual Alan Dwan production.



**THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—Fox**

**A**THRILLING melodrama centered around the flood of 1889. It is apparent that the flood is the most important sequence in this picture, and around it the story was written. Besides the thrilling flood scene, this serves to introduce a very charming young lady, Janet Gaynor, who is easily recognized as one of the season's best "finds." The remainder of the cast is excellent. It's worth-while.



**THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE—First National**

**N**EVER has Barbara La Marr looked more beautiful than in this, her last production before her death. This is by no means the best of Barbara's work, but her beauty alone will suffice the most critical fan. The story is incoherent and every now and then wanders off for itself. It's all about a masked dancer. If it is only to gaze on the fair loveliness of the gorgeous Barbara once again, see it.



**MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Paramount**

**B**EBE DANIELS was a graduate from the comedy ranks and this picture is reminiscent of the early days spent in serving her apprenticeship. The only missile missing is the famous custard pie. All the old gags used in two-reelers are found here, even to the old familiar chase through the hotel lobby by the cops. Will go over big with the children.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 124 ]





## The Lark of the Month

"DORIS," said May Allison, "I know a place down on Fifth Avenue where we can get some nice little frocks at wholesale. Let's go down there and pick up a few."

"Sounds good to me," said Doris Kenyon. "Let's go."

Next morning after the last scenes of "Men of Steel" were shot, the two beautiful blonde buddies (rivals for the affections of Milton Sills in the picture) were trying on dresses in the models' dressing room of the wholesale place. In the tiny room four mannequins were shifting from one frock to another as the head salesman called out the numbers of the designs and the girls passed out into the showroom and paraded in their best mannequin style. Grouped around were a dozen or more out of town buyers, order books and pencils in hand.

"Four twenty-nine and six seventy-four," yelled the salesman through the door.

"Hey, you two have them models on," said one of the girls. "Dare you to go out and model them for the customers."

"Game?" said May. "Why not?" said Doris.

So the two strutted out, and up and down the floor, hands on hips, and swinging slowly around so that the customers could get every detail of the dresses.

Inside the dressing room the girls were giggling their heads off at the idea of two high salaried movie stars pinch hitting for them.

Doris and May made the biggest sales of the day. But they were terribly disappointed. Not one buyer tried to date them up for dinner.



# Big Boy Blue

Kind hearts mean more than coronets  
and a level head more than genius.

Monte Blue proves it

By  
*Dorothy  
Herzog*



Monte as *Danton* in "Orphans of the Storm"

CAME the dawn, but to us who reposed blissfully in the arms of Morpheus 'twas a mere rumor.

Came low noon. And so, up with the alarm in time to dash pell mell to the Algonquin and keep a luncheon engagement at high noon with Monte Blue, the lad with the "four out of five have it" smile, the six feet three of animated framework, and the breezy good humor of him who can afford to disdain dyspepsia advertisements.

As a rule, be it whispered, a flicker star is a mere mortal who draws his salary via check and never remembers if it is hawf pawst two or haaf paast two. Like Heinz' culinary repertoire, the picture world has its fifty-seven varieties, ranging from beans to mincemeat to applesauce.

Big Boy Blue, however, is old fashioned. He talks honestly about his past, laughs at his hardships, and says nothing about a person unless it be something nice. Furthermore, he treats all women chivalrously, bank account and position to the contrary.

Why, Monte actually has the temerity to admit he dug his way from obscurity to electric lights. On third thought, perhaps this is because he is Irish on his mother's side, and French and Cherokee on his father's.

Monte proved with nary a contradiction his old-fashionedness by meeting us on time. Not having seen him for years, we shot him one gimlet look, the kind recruited by every adroit movie heavy, and realized gladly he was the same old Monte of the infectious smile and warming friendliness. He may have a starring contract, a beautiful wife, a bank account large enough to make a gang of wolves unhappy, but he's the same old chap of pre-affluent days.

"GOSH, you haven't changed a bit," we volunteered. "Not even married life has done it."

He stared agog. "Why should it?"

Of course we had no sprightly retort to this. We thought of a darb the next day but, hie ho, the sun had done a fade-out and an iris-in so 'twas too late to elucidate.

Without more ado, we trailed a waiter to a corner table for two and dispersed numerous packages to his best inconvenience and that of the sustenance he proceeded to usher in.

"Monte, tell me about your wife. Is she sweet?"

"Who, Jimmy?"

"No, your wife."

"But Jimmy is my wife. Her stage name was Tova Danor, but her real name is Tova Janson, so I call her Jimmy. She's a darling," and his eyes out-confectionaried anything in a bakery window. "I met Jimmy while working with Mae Murray in 'Peacock Alley.'"

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 120 ]



As dependable, true and fine wearing as the color from which he takes his name, Monte Blue is a real Horatio Alger hero. He went in the movies as a laborer. He has remained to star



# Hollywood's Real Hermit

This is the  
first interview  
Harrison Ford  
has had in  
years

Which is his  
own fault  
exclusively.  
He treasures  
privacy



Remote . . . aloof . . . living in a little world comprised of his mother, his sister, his books and a few intimate friends, Harrison Ford is the true Hermit of Hollywood, if not of motion pictures

**A** MAN lives on a hilltop in Hollywood who is called Peter. His hair is snowy and long. His feet are bare and ruddy. He carries a gnarled stick—a distaff, for the story's sake. His companions are a mild-mannered white dog—sometimes quite clean—and three donkeys. About their mild manners, I cannot vouch.

Occasionally he sallies forth in a one-mule shay labelled "Plant Food." Origin of name unknown.

More often he is to be found where Hollywood's scandal is brewed. At Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard. At the sending station of the grapevine telegraph, consorting with the crowds—passing a bandying word to his acquaintances—who are legion.

He is called Peter the Hermit.

In his hilltop tent with the crazy stovepipe belching a frayed strand of smoke, he gives occult and spiritual advice to the care-

*By Myrtle West*

worn, love-worn and movie-worn pilgrims who wend their ways to his hermitage.

Peter the Hermit of Hollywood. But, really, he is not the Hermit of Hollywood.

The real Hermit of Hollywood is Harrison Ford. Not only the Hermit of Hollywood, but of the entire motion picture world. Harrison Ford is entitled to the name of Recluse of the Reels.

You never see him lunching at the Montmartre of a Saturday noon.

You never see him coasting down Hollywood Boulevard, hanging halfway out of his roadster in the manner of affluent chauffeurs and picture personages who want to be observed.

You never see him at the premiere of the latest spectacle, dodging spotlights in the manner bridesmaids do the bridal bouquet (not at all)!

If he dines at the Montmartre it is [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]





Bull

**S**HE'S an exceptional girl, Marion Davies, exceptionally beautiful, blonde and brilliant. Ambitious, too, which isn't the way of most beauties. "When Knighthood was in Flower" put Marion in the leading ranks. Now she's the favorite of the Metro lot.





ONCE in a while we'd like to see Corinne Griffith smile. A languid lady, no matter how lovely, becomes monotonous in time. You're next is "Mlle. Modiste," Corinne, and won't you please remember you are too talented to let yourself be beautiful but blah?





Freulich

NOT beauty of piquancy or personality, or camera trick or lighting is Mary Astor's but the beauty that the old Greeks knew and immortalized. Red gold hair, deep brown eyes, perfect skin and John Barrymore to play opposite—oh, what a kind, kind fate!





Waxman

**S**HE'S quite the newest of the stars, is this pretty Olive Borden. She likes to look like a vamp, but she's really just a kid and a little, cute one at that. Across the page is her story.



# Chicken—Southern Style

Referring to Olive Borden and to the meals her mother cooks.

Both are considered nearly perfect in Hollywood

By

Madeline Mahlon

**A**LL young picture actresses should be just nineteen. They should have long dusky hair. And lashes that curl, darkly, like the curve of an archer's bow.

They should have brown eyes, of course. But, essentially, they should have bodies molded as softly as an exquisite figurine.

Like Olive Borden's.

Can you imagine a girl who actually looks that way? And who is not the least perturbed about it. Who is quite as unaffected as an April day? Although some April days do seem a bit vain as they half-timidly thrust their opening blossoms upon one.

On second thought one can't speak of April days and Olive Borden in the same breath. She is more like an August day in Tahiti. Or at least she appeared that way. She was wrapped, when I met her, like a gaily-foiled south sea doll, in a piece of bright calico, and her tiny bare feet were soled in grass sandals. Frederick O'Brien, author of "White Shadows of the South Seas," would have approved.

And, too, all promising young actresses should have a genuine southern accent—not one studiously acquired—and be able to say "corn" and lose the "r" in the soft folds of sound.

Like Olive Borden.

Poor Olive! She had so many "discoverers." Almost as many as did America with descendents of Vikings, Vespucci and Columbus all wrangling. Olive had Paul, the cameraman—and Milt and Jimmy, the press agents—and Bonney of the casting office, and a flock of others waving calendars to prove they discovered her prior to anyone else. And now the Fox Company thinks it is a discoverer.

That's the way with beauty. A homely girl is never discovered unless she concocts a savoury sauce and then some man hurries along and pops her off to his kitchen where she makes herself homelier by steaming her face over more savoury sauce.

Olive . . . blessed with the diplomacy of her southern ancestry! It was Paul, the cameraman, who gave her needed hints about her make-up, and Milt and Jimmy, the publicists, who gallantly introduced her to the press, and Bonney of the casting office who gave her helpful encouragement. And so on. A charming way to divide the honors and see that each one gets a comforting piece of the cake.

But no matter who discovered Olive, she has always had her speculative, albeit youthful, eye on pictures as a likely occupation. And when she was very young Mother Borden used to take her to see Jane and Katherine Lee. Then when Olive was sixteen—a luscious southern peach of Norfolk, Virginia—there came a bid to the Annapolis Prom.

It meant a new dress, as mother pointed

out. Also new slippers, because at the last "hop" that doltish college youth, who thought he was tripping on air, had actually been dancing on Olive's dainty feet. The Borden—just mother and daughter, for Dad died when Olive was a baby—were not poor. Nor were they wealthy. They were at that brave stage where dollars are counted twice, and a roast, after the third day, is made into stew.

So Olive, with the bright vision that is youth's, suggested that from the Prom she go to New York and break into pictures.

Mother Borden, with the hardy fortitude that is a mother's, sagely shook her head.

"Not that way, my dear. We will do things correctly. If you want to go into pictures, we will go to Hollywood. But it will be the Prom or Hollywood. Which?"

Olive's first opportunity in Hollywood was a bit in a Christy comedy where she was to imitate Lila Lee. Now her acting instructions had been nil. And what she knew about acting was sketched from the Heave and Smirk School of Emotion. She romped all over the stage and grimaced into the camera. The director was tired . . . and frank. Brutally so. "You'll never be an actress. Go back to school. Go anywhere! But go away!"

Mother invested their small savings in a candy shop which went the way of bad investments, but not without a vigorous struggle to thrive, with Olive back of the counter [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



Olive in her first character role—a half-breed girl on a southern archipelago. The scene is from "Yellow Fingers"

**I**T is not my business to make predictions. But once in a while valour gets the better part of discretion.

At the present moment I am irresistibly moved to call your attention to one Olive Borden. Not so long ago, I believe, she and her mother ran a little candy shop and home-cooking lunch room, where the Hollywood folk gathered to eat. But today, Olive is skimming up the ladder and looks to me like one of the best hits of star material since Shearer and Banky dazzled fandom.

If—have to put that if in—if little Olive can be taught not to do trick things with her mouth, she is going to be a riot. She is exquisitely beautiful, she has an adorable figure, she has fire and appeal, she has possibilities in the acting line.

IVAN ST. JOHNS.





Charles Rogers of Kansas



Josephine Dunn of New York



Charles Brokaw of New York

# Screen Cubs

By Katharine Zimmerman

A New York screen critic tries to go on record as making three discoveries.

We shall see.

*"We're junior stars of '26  
"We'll be like Swanson, Joy and Dix,  
"Camera! Camera! Zis! Boom! Fratz!  
"ZUKOR! LASKY! BALABAN! KATZ!"*

SO far the sixteen graduates of the Paramount School of Acting have been carefully hand-fed by fairy god-papas and god-mamas, on experience filtered through the gauze of wisdom. Henceforth they are going to take pot-luck with less fortunate brethren in the field of screen endeavor, and the probabilities are that they will rattle around for some time until each finds his proper level.

This rattling process is a disconcerting affair at best. It strains with impartial zeal on talent, temper and spinal vertebra. It calls for a level head and steady feet. It is as impersonal as an address to a double-tailed tree toad. It implies courage, grit, stability and all the optimism of the man with the wooden leg who said he "could keep his socks up with thumbtacks."

They are a good-looking group, these eager youngsters of Paramount's selection, but comeliness never made a Pickford nor a moustache a Menjou. Their talents have been graded to a certain extent in the mills of Astoria, but it still remains for them to manifest—pardon the vulgarity—the spunk to endure. How many of them will fall by the wayside affords interesting, if a trifle morbid, scope for speculation. (At this point we catch a fleeting echo of the Paramount cheer, accredited to the soaring imagination of our learned contemporary, Miss Rose Pelswick.)

The problem of selecting from these sixteen survivors two or three names that may go down to cinema posterity is as fraught with complications as the question of deciding how many angels can dance on the point of a pin. Is there, blushing unseen among them, a potential Dix, a second Swanson, an out-Chapliner of the great Charles himself? From their initial co-operative effort, "Fascinating Youth," through which the graduates pace with all the earnest endeavor of a tom-cat on a barbed-wire fence, we were at first inclined to give a gloomy negative. Then we remembered how another learned contemporary beat us to it in the "discovery" of Harold Lloyd. Wherefor, in a reconnoitering and more humble spirit, we turned again to a contemplation of their antics. And, behold, we were rewarded. We "discovered" Buddy Rogers.

Charles Rogers has been a cub before, it seems. His previous incarnation was as a budding journalist in Kansas, but ere he could win spurs as a knight of the silver pen, the trumpets of Paramount sounded, and young Rogers came out of the West. We decided to "discover" Rogers, not on the strength of his aesthetic appeal or his bubbling boyishness, but principally upon evidences of that indefinable quality that distinguishes a natural actor from a marionette. His inexperience is vast, of course. But behind all the ear-marks of directorial dictation there lurks something in the method and presence of the lad that all the king's horses and all the king's men could not inject into the person of Rogers—or anyone else. Personality, perhaps. Or character.

At all events, against a background of fifteen other likely youngsters, he looms like a frigate among sailing smacks. He has a winning smile, expansive and expressive, and inclining quite distinctly in the direction of juvenile leads. Three years, peradventure, and if his energy endures, Broadway should see his name in lights.

In the home-wrecking category, Josephine Dunn, of New York and eighteen summers, may with time and careful training make a niche for herself in films. She has allure and grace, and very promising ocular, if not emotional, control. An encouraging note in her work is the glimmering of a latent comedy sense, hypodermic humor that gets under one's skin—so rare an attribute in moviedom today that a bare suspicion thereof warrants microscopic analysis. If gentlemen do indeed prefer blondes the fair Josephine may yet go far on the wings of a screen type.

The valedictorian of the class, Charles Brokaw, twenty-six and an honor graduate of Ohio State University, will bear watching, too. He is of the fifty-seventh soulful variety, possibly the aftermath of a season of *Romeo* to Jane Cowl's *Juliet*. In appearance he effects a fetching compromise 'twixt Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert. While there seems no imminent necessity for getting hysterical in this direction, Brokaw has the air of a hard worker about him, and dogged plugging away might eventually land him in the leading man class.

So much for our "discoveries." There may be talent undreamed of in our philosophies that seethes unharnessed among the other thirteen. In that case they have but to give us a well-bred horse laugh and refuse to be [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



# Face Your Age

By  
Elizabeth Sears

The second of three articles on the fascinating subject of numerology. Everybody's doing it

[ To be concluded ]  
next month

**T**HE birth date is as important in the study of Numerology as the knowledge of your correct baptismal name. You may fudge on your birth date when giving your name for analysis; but you get no accurate information if you do. And just for the ones who prefer to say "over thirty" let us look over the laws of the destiny number and show you how to work it out for yourself in the privacy of your own room.

While your name reveals the secret of all you have accomplished in other lives, the record of what you have done and the list of the influences that are of help to you, your birth date alone will tell you exactly what experience you are to gain on this plane and in this life.

This birth path or destiny is unchangeable. It is fixed and immutable and not to be put aside. If you refuse to learn your lesson, you won't advance. You may obtain a more helpful vibration or new materials with which to work out your destiny by changing your name to gain another vibration; but the tests of your birth number must be met, face to face, fully and without shirking.

If this destiny digit indicates that you must face and conquer poverty, trials or difficulties of any kind, it is up to you to meet this issue squarely and get it over with—just like having your teeth out.

The digit of your destiny number will indicate not only your need for development; but the power you possess for drawing to you materials for the development. It is the average of your soul and its power is always about with you. This is the strength that comes to you when you think you are at the "end of your string."

Sometimes we term it "reserve strength," and so it is. But it might be used daily and freely, if we knew the secret of that strength, instead of waiting until we do not know which way to turn, from ignorance of this natural law.

Knowing the power of this destiny number, you may determine for yourself whether or not your difficulties are meant for development or are caused by your own careless negligence. If your destiny number, for instance, is a 7, and your ideality number is a 5 or a 2, you are not going to have an easy time making your adjustments with life, for the latter are social numbers and will not do harmonious team work with the sombre 7 willingly.

If, on the contrary, your destiny number is strong and harmonious with a corresponding ideality influence, everything in life will come to you easily and overcoming difficulties should not permit you as much credit as should go to the poor chap whose numbers do not work together



Adolphe Menjou is endowed by nature with great abilities. "How will he use them" asks Miss Sears

so harmoniously. That is, providing you work with the positive side of your influence.

If you have strong numbers and remain on the negative plane, you have so much more to answer for in the way of talents unused. And some day you will have to pay for the neglect. You must harness your ambition in any case, with determined effort, if you expect to get the most out of any number influence.

If you will learn to use every experience that comes to you on your destiny plane wisely, you will soon make friends with your mistakes—and avoid further ones. It is useless to stew over past mistakes. Far better to label them as warning posts for pitfalls for the unwary and pass on to the better road. For your destiny number will always draw you to the places in which you must fulfill the highest need of your life. It is responsible for the brave ones who are walking along a path of poverty to learn their lesson, as well as for the ones who have climbed to the highest peak of financial success. It brings within your circle the people whose influence must bear directly upon the work you are to accomplish.

Your destiny number is divided into three periods. These govern three phases of your life. Let me illustrate by an example of a woman I know who was born on January 25th, 1880, and

who spends much of her leisure time in wondering why she hasn't advanced further in the world of art.

The month digit being 1, she was under this influence of strong dominant and creative power until her 25th year. She demanded her own way in all things and was most aggressive and headstrong. The creative influence of the 1, would have aided her greatly in her ambition for an artistic life, if she had used it wisely and grasped every opportunity it afforded her for development.

About the age of 25, she came under the influence of the digit of the day of her birth, the number 7, obtained by adding the 2 and the 5. This subjects her to the reserved atmosphere of the reflective and reticent worker who finds expression difficult.

She is neglecting to utilize the attractive power of this number to its greatest degree. 7 is always a number of great power of attraction, if used with faith and serenity. When she is 50 she will come under the influence of the number 8, which should surround her with active, scientific mental atmosphere. The total destiny number is 7 and she should endeavor to attract to her the opportunity to serve the world as a higher teacher, understanding that she must endure much opposi-

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 135 ]



Gloria Swanson, according to the rules of numerology, will, this year, complete an ambition she has been holding for a long time. What is it?



# The Boy Director

By  
Dorothy Harden

Watch  
this  
kid's  
smoke.  
He's  
the lad  
that  
made  
"Behind  
the  
Front"



On the set he is older than the character man, and rules the cast he joked with only a few minutes before with an iron hand

**A**FTER all, does it really matter?

It was Tuesday, which doesn't matter, but it really was Tuesday. The noon hour had passed, as noon hours have an annoying way of doing. Therefore, we footed our avoirdupois to the Algonquin hostelry where that "Regular Feller," Edward Sutherland, had promised faithfully he would come from "Behind the Front."

We raced a fat man for the only empty chair in the lobby and beat him by a foot. We gazed around triumphantly, anticipating applause, and discovered Mr. Sutherland sitting next to us with an inscrutable expression on his face. We say inscrutable because it happens to be one of our favorite words.

Beginning a new paragraph honestly, Mr. Sutherland's expression wasn't inscrutable at all. It was fearful.

"I can't be interviewed today," he announced. "I am thinking."

"Very well and O.K.," we said agreeably, "but don't overdo it."

Whereupon, much relieved, we hied ourselves to a quiet restaurant around the corner. A glum headwaiter offered us a table near the door. We didn't want the table near the door. The headwaiter became glummer and more insistent. It looked bad for the city's peace. Eddie put his hand in his hip pocket. The headwaiter hastened to take us to a quiet table in a corner. Eddie drew forth a handkerchief. The headwaiter's face resembled an unripe persimmon in search of a victim.

"Good work, Eddie," we applauded.

"I can't get rid of this cold," he returned. We sighed and forgot to be philosophical.

Silence, while we pored over a menu card that looked like a newspaper gone daffy. The waiter appeared castaneting silver. We ordered. Somewhere, new motion picture companies were being organized. New stars were being made. Old stars were

signing checks. Life is like that. Life is a comedy and all the world seeks its laughs on the other feller.

Edward Sutherland knows it. Eddie is the boy director on the Famous Players lot who, off the set, radiates the roguish allure of a "Peck's Bad Boy" in the act of getting away with it! On the set, he is older than the character man, and rules the same cast he joked with only a few minutes before with an iron hand.

That's Eddie Sutherland, the youth who made "Behind the Front" and gave Famous Players its biggest box office smash in months. Eddie hails from a well known stage family. His mother was Julia Ring, sister of Blanche and Frances Ring, who is none other than Mrs. Tom Meighan. His father, Al Sutherland, managed his own company in London, and it was in Lunnnon-town, thirty years ago, that young Sutherland came into the world.

As a youngster, he fluttered back and forth across the Atlantic, attending sixteen schools during his nomadic boyhood, finally ending at the Brookline, Mass., High School.

"Did you graduate?" we queried.

He smiled, a bit ruefully. "Never graduated from anything in my life!" Which, though interestingly restless and youthfully cynical, is not exactly true.

Eddie speaks French and German fluently, and when it comes to scientific fighting, there isn't a man his weight who can equal him in a ring. Graduation stuff? Piff, my deah.

Of course, Eddie followed in the family footsteps and crashed into the footlights. That went oke, but later he lined-up with Helen Holmes and her train serial company (please do not confuse with seals) at \$15 a week, plus \$5 extra every time he doubled for Miss Holmes. He has worked as propman, cameraman, film cutter, assistant director for Charlie Chaplin, actor, and now, director.

Eddie's aunt, Blanche Ring, gave him his first stage job. Recently, he reciprocated by giving her her first screen engagement in his new production, "It's the Old Army Game," starring W. C. Fields.

Eddie is the kind of youngster, even today, who can do favors for others but can't accept them. It used to burn him up, at the time he was directing his in-law uncle, Tom Meighan, in "Coming Through," to think that casual gossip credited Mr. Meighan with putting him over as a director. As a matter of fact, Eddie and Tom had snappy set-tos, both having minds of their own. Eddie figured he was the director and he wanted to carry on, accordingly. Tom had other ideas. They made only that one slicker, together.

Though once married to Marjorie Daw, he was made a court-bachelor years ago and premeditates no matrimonial venture in the near or distant future. What he does premeditate is eventually to direct pictures that reflect life shorn of "gags" but not devoid of humor. Features [CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]





MISS ELINOR PATTERSON is the beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Medill Patterson and a great granddaughter of the late Joseph Medill, who founded one of Chicago's most distinguished families.

Miss Patterson made a brilliant debut in Chicago's society but after one season determined to go on the stage. After a winter of training in a dramatic school she was chosen for the part of "The Nun," shown in the oval, in the famous Reinhardt-Gest spectacle, "The Miracle." She plays her part with inspiration that marks the true dramatic gift.



## MISS ELINOR PATTERSON daughter of Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON

**A** DEBUT as gay as a burst of jazz! Teas, balls, the opera! Heavenly for a year, but after a season I turned to something more substantial—the theatre! You know what that means—just when one is slaving one's hardest one has to appear one's best! For the skin which is doubly taxed by society and professional life and which must be kept clear and free from weariness, Pond's Two Creams are perfect."

*Elinor Patterson*

**E** LINOR PATTERSON is an artist born. With a background of wealth, position and aristocratic family traditions, all the tendencies of her life have been to accent her beauty and feminine charm in a purely social way.

But with determination almost paradoxical in a body of such fragile and exquisite blonde beauty she turned her steps from the too easy path of social success and directed them to the often stony road

*tells how a doubly taxed skin  
can best be cared for*

that leads to stardom in the theatre.

But however far her art may carry her, Elinor Patterson will never be just an actress. Wherever she goes she is drawn into social life. Her charm and beauty and her family's prestige make this inevitable. So she has to be doubly prepared, to appear before the world which sees her across the footlights, the world which sees her on the ballroom floor.

**H**ER lovely skin with its rare petal texture, its flush of unfolding youth, its trans-

parent delicacy, in spite of the double strain put upon it, must be kept in all its present perishable loveliness—imperishable!

Miss Patterson believes this end can be achieved by the following use of Pond's Two Creams:

For cleansing your skin, apply Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, before retiring and frequently during the day. Leave it on a few moments. Wipe off with a soft cloth or tissue, repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water. For a delicate, smooth finish, a firm powder base and protection against dirt and weather, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after every daytime cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.



THE TWO CREAMS the younger set is using

**Free Offer:** Mail this coupon for trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams and folder of instructions.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E  
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# The Sight That Failed Her

Or, circumstances, more baffling than artistic temperament, over which the Great Director had no control

By James Clarke

**C**ECIL DEMILLION was about to realize his life-long ambition. He had erected a set larger than ever before—it fairly dwarfed the pyramids or the Woolworth Building, and ran neck to neck with the German war debt.

If you get what I mean—this set was a wow—a set than which there was no whither.

A non casual observer, after giving his eyes a twenty minute trip around its circumference, would probably say that it was the living room of John D. Mostlybuck's summer or, perhaps, winter home. If he did say this and Cecil heard him he would say he was right, except that John Mostlybuck's middle initial was not "D," since his name is Waldemar, which begins with a "W," as in the word "Waldemar."

"Are you ready?" shouted Cecil through a megaphone, specially built for this one big scene by the United Steel Corporation, with supports supplied by Trustem Bridge Co., Inc. Five minutes later the echo came bounding back, closely followed by a faint, far distant "Let 'er go."

"Are all the long distance phones installed for the conversation scene across the room?" "Have all the waiters been equipped with motorcycles for the banquet scene?" "Are all the rolling conveyors installed for carrying the glances around the room?"

Thus question after question boomed from the gigantic horn, until the vast room became a great bedlam of cannonading that made strong men quake in their boots, or even in their stocking feet if they were unfortunate enough to be caught in that state.

Suddenly from a corner of the room far removed from Cecil a speck appeared. Seizing a handy pair of field glasses (Cecil was a great hand to have lots of glasses around either full or just drained) and placing them to his eyes in accordance with

an old custom, he perceived that the speck, was, forsooth, two things, a horse and a rider. Barring accidents they should reach him within ten minutes and meanwhile he held his breath (this is believed to break all previous records at breath holding and will be presented to the next meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union for confirmation).

Exactly ten minutes later, daylight saving time, the erstwhile rider was at Cecil's feet, or perhaps, for accuracy, we should say, "foot," as Cecil had one foot neatly supported on a chair, as was his wont.

"The worst thing possible has happened," the courier managed to gasp after swallowing hard twice and gulping once.

"Spare no details," came back Cecil, after steeling himself with stolen courage.

"You remember Lotta Lukes, if I'm not mistaken,"—this from the half portion of the above mentioned speck that wasn't the horse.

"You are not mistaken," Cecil assured him. "I do remember her. She is the leading lady in this, my greatest and best production."

"Well," gulped the messenger for the third time by actual count, "that's just the trouble. It's all off, she can't play in this setting."

"T'll she can't," from Cecil, "Ain't she the greatest movie queen that was ever good to her mother and liked to roll up her sleeves and cook?"

"That may all be, but she can never play in this picture." And then he fairly shouted.

"WHY, SHE'S NEAR SIGHTED!"

The pallbearers were six of Cecil's most intimate associates and business friends.



After viewing a film super-production the cozy little flat for two does seem a little crowded



# Gone . . . that "all-in" feeling!



"I AM A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN. I began to get worried when my skin lost its freshness. I was desperate. One day in school a friend offered me one of her Fleischmann's Yeast sandwiches, which she told me were tasty and beneficial. I began to eat Yeast sandwiches. In two weeks I was feeling better; in about three my skin had regained its natural freshness. Now, I feel and look as a girl of seventeen should. The credit is all due to Fleischmann's Yeast."

ANNA WALDRON, Bloomfield, N. J.



"AN ATHLETE and former physical director of the Cincinnati Gymnasium, during the war I served as director of an aniline dye plant. When I returned to my old active work, I was not fit; I suffered from an acid stomach. Then I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. I no longer suffer from acidity of the stomach . . . And I enthusiastically recommend Yeast to the men who come to me to be kept fit."

FRANK MILLS, Cincinnati, Ohio



**THIS FAMOUS FOOD** tones up the entire system— aids digestion— clears the skin—banishes constipation.

*Constipation banished—  
skin and stomach disorders corrected  
glorious, invincible vitality once more  
with the aid of one simple food*

**NOT** a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

Let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 17, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO I began to feel all out of sorts and generally run down. I attributed this condition to constipation and overwork. I am an osteopathic physician. I began taking 'Fleischmann's Yeast.' I am now in fine physical condition. My constipation is gone. And I am recommending Fleischmann's Yeast daily to many of my patients."

ERNEST M. HERRING, D. O., New York City



# The Clothes of a Perfect Day



Later afternoon, to contrast with the greyish-green ensemble, Corinne dons this outfit—a white felt hat, a Russian coat embroidered in pastel colors and boots of soft, white kid



Morning, afternoon and night. In three costumes beautiful Corinne Griffith shows a delightful and complete wardrobe for the smart girl. The ensemble above is for morning and early afternoon



Corinne's evening cloak is of ostrich, graduating black, grey and white; her gown of coral satin embroidered with sunbursts of silver, slippers of silver, stockings nude tinted. Evening clothes like these suit any occasion, clime or season



A lavender horsehair hat perfect for formal afternoon teas or informal dinners





UNKNOWN BEAUTY

## *There are thousands like her*

THESE days—when delightful women familiar to Fame are endorsing this cream and that rouge or perfume—we take secret joy in the knowledge that countless beauties, *unknown* to greatness are using Tre-Jur Compacts and Tre-Jur Face Powder. . .

And finding in them, the final touch to Charm.

For the name Tre-Jur has become the popular Symbol of Loveliness—and its use by beauties famed and beauties unsung, is not only habit, but Fashion.

Tre-Jur Compacts have captured the Feminine World for three quite simple



reasons . . . They are designed for supreme convenience. They are exquisite in their form and contents. They represent greater value than any compacts in America. Speaking of Value—do you know Tre-Jur Face Powder? Exquisite in quality, silken soft—in a lovely box of generous size—at 50c.

Sold at your favorite store or sent by mail from us. Compact refills are always available.

HOUSE of TRE-JUR, Inc. 19 W. 18th St., N.Y.  
22 Rue La Lande—Paris

# TRE-JUR

FACE POWDERS AND COMPACTS





Ten years ago Huntley Gordon varied his stage work with posing for collar ads, and thereby earned the title of "one of the original collar ad men." The cinema beckoned—now Huntley is the screen's most misunderstood man



Back in the good old days Jack Mulhall divided his time between the stage and the model's platform, and his likeness decorated many a signboard advertising the latest cravat. Nowadays Jack is one of our most popular leading men, often seen opposite the Talmadges

# Model Young Men

They're in the Movies Now



Illustrators saw Reed Howes as the typical American youth—athletic and handsome—and he posed for many collar ads. Three years ago he abandoned the starched collar in favor of the sport shirt model and became a handsome daredevil of the screen

Masculine necks are usually mere collar racks—and not what you'd call pretty. But Mathias Kemp won his first fame as the possessor of a perfect neck, which he obligingly encircled with a popular make collar for pictorial purposes. Now Matty is in the Universal stock company



What the Ziegfeld Follies are to beautiful young girls, the collar ads are to handsome young men. William Lawrence is another model young man with classic profile who got a chance in pictures after he had appeared many times before the collar ad public



# "How should I wash clothes made of Rayon?"

## women ask us

One woman writes: "Last week I purchased two lovely rayon undervests at a very attractive price. Now I want to know how to wash them since I have heard that rayon is hard to launder. Won't you please tell me if it is safe in Lux?"

**R**AYON is a new kind of textile fibre, the first man has succeeded in creating. It is entirely different from silk or wool or cotton. And more sensitive to laundering than any one of these three!

To help women avoid unfortunate experiences with washing rayon, the largest soap manufacturers in the world—the makers of Lux—experimented in their laboratories till they found what they believe is the safest way of all to care for it.

When rayon is wet it loses a great deal of its strength (some grades more than others). This strength comes back as soon as the fabric dries. Any treatment

but the gentlest most careful, seriously affects the delicate fibres.

Never wring, never twist, never rub rayon. Rubbing with cake soap may ruin it. For when wet the fibres are temporarily weakened so that even light pressure may break them apart.

The safest, gentlest way to wash rayon is in sparkling, bubbling Lux suds! With Lux there is no rubbing to harm delicate fibres. You know from using Lux for your silks and woollens that it won't harm the most fragile thing that water alone won't injure.

Follow the directions in the panel when you next wash rayon—they tell you the safest way. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

**NEVER** were underthings more exquisite, more delicate in colorings than this season! Many of the new vests and knickers are of rayon, the artificial silk which has grown so enormously popular. Many of the new stockings, too, are made of rayon. Launder them the safest, gentlest way of all—the Lux way!



### The Safest Way to Wash Rayon

Cut out these directions  
—follow them next time

**WHIP** up a tablespoonful of Lux in lukewarm water. Take off your rings—the prongs might tear the wet fibres. A rough finger nail, too, may catch in the fabric and cause damage.

Plunge your underthings into these fluffy bubbling, *pure* Lux suds. Swirl them about, gently pressing the suds through the fabric. *Never* rub with a cake of soap! Then squeeze out the suds—never wring—and rinse several times in lukewarm water.

To dry, wrap the garment in a towel and squeeze out as much water as possible, do not twist. Then spread on a towel and pull into shape or hang the garment lengthwise over a clothesline or rack. *Never* use clothespins. *Never* dry in excessive heat. For rayon garments which require pressing, iron across the weave with a warm, not hot, iron.



Now  
the big convenient  
package, too



# Girls' Problems



## Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

### Her Letter

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

I am a business girl and I am troubled with the problem of always being tired. My health is perfectly satisfactory, but I simply haven't any pep. What shall I do about it? I work in a small office as a typist. The work isn't very hard, but I put in eight hours daily there. I would like to walk home, but I never feel up to it. I never feel up to doing much of anything, but I'm only twenty, and I hate going home every night and staying in like an old lady. Can you tell me a cure for this?

### My Reply

Energy conquers all things.

I would like to have this as a wall motto for every ambitious girl. Energy conquers all things.

It is unlike any other quality in the world. The more you use the more you have. You have only twenty-four hours in each day. You have only one life to live. But your energy, your pep or vitality, is limited only by your demands upon it.

If you don't make yourself work hard, you won't. If you don't make yourself stir, you'll just sit. And then along about fifty, you'll wonder where your life is and why you didn't get the lucky breaks like the other fellow.

There has never been a really peppy human who has staged a lasting failure. Such persons may make mistakes that cause a temporary failure, but you can't keep them down. They rise to the top as inevitably as a cork in an ocean. It is impossible for a girl filled with vitality to stay ordinary.

I make these statements flatly to you, little Miss Tired Typist, because I know from observation and practice that they are true.

Provided there is nothing organically wrong with a person, there is no reason that they have to be always tired except that they are lazy and want to be tired. The tiredness then becomes an excuse from further exertion.

First, then, go to the best doctor in your town and have a physical examination. Don't come away comforted with a liver pill. Get his real opinion. All good doctors are worth talking and listening to.

Even if he tells you there is something out of plumb with your internal arrangements, you

don't have to accept that as defeat. There never was a sicker man than Robert Louis Stevenson, who found the gigantic energy to become a very great author. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, went on to triumph, burdened with a hunched back and a crippled foot. The list of such people is limitless.

But taking you at your word that your health is good, I must urge you to make it perfect. When I say the more energy you use, the more you have, I do not mean that you can work all day in your office and dance all night at a smoky cabaret and have additional

Play hard each day. Choose for your recreation something in which you are really interested, and if possible make it one of the open-air sports. Try to plan each day so that it holds a little laughter for you. If you can't laugh at anything else, laugh at yourself. That can always be done and it's very healthy, too.

When you move, move with snap. When you rest, do so completely. Don't be a self stopper. Nobody ever heard of a flat tire being the life of the party.

When you leave your office and you feel tired because you have been working with your brains all day—at least, I hope you have—do, by all means, walk home briskly. The blood will start flowing through your veins and before the first mile is passed, you will feel so refreshed, you'll hardly believe you're the same person.

Finally, train your imagination to expect big things of you. Raise your standard high enough and you'll run to keep up with it. It is better to burn your candle at both ends than never to light it at all.

MICKEY OF IDEALS.

Mickey, I think the very best thing you could do is follow your brother's example and show your love for your parents. If you really want to go to college, be prepared so that you could work your way through whether it is necessary or not. It isn't harder for girls to work than it is for boys. Girls just think it is, that's all. You write a very good letter and I think it is quite possible that you could learn to be an excellent journalist, but don't choose the profession thinking it's an easy one. It's a very hard one.

JEAN LEE.

For five feet, 7 inches, if you are about 20 years old, the correct weight is approximately 135 pounds. With your light brown hair, greenish blue eyes and fair complexion you can wear white relieved with some other color; black not especially good; golden brown; blue; blue gray; darkest purple; no red; pale pink and soft rose; bronze. Straight line dresses have the effect of making one appear taller but a girl of your height can wear any model she chooses because long slender lines are very fashionable.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

## Getting "Pep" Is This Month's Problem

Write me your problems. If you desire a personal reply in matters that need understanding rather than rules, I will be glad to send it. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

I have had printed for you directions for obtaining any desired improvement in your appearance—advice on diet, reducing, increasing weight, care of skin, general health. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for them.

pep. But if you will intersperse mental with physical energy, you will get the added vitality. As far as that goes, I do believe that a half hour with the Charleston is more beneficial than a week with a bottle of sulphur and molasses.

Common sense applied to health is the finest energy force. One's destiny is not half so much in one's stars as in one's diet.

Eat simply, regularly and not too much. Drink all the water you can. Get all the fresh air you can. Fifteen minutes a day of exercise may very well mean an extra thousand dollars a year in earning capacity. Take a daily bath. Get eight hours' sleep, with at least a half hour of it before midnight, as many nights a week as possible. These are sane safeguards of vitality. When you work, work hard. Dawdling uses up twice the energy that the drive to win does.





©1925 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.



DEVELOPER

**L**ANVIN—Paris, created this  
Bridal Gown especially for  
COMMUNITY PLATE, "the silver of brides"

Lovely as the wedding march on muted violins,  
Community Plate is as much a part of the  
wedding as the bride's bouquet . . . A sea-  
blue chest, filled with gleaming silver for six  
covers . . . Slim silver teaspoons . . . A lace-  
like pastry-server . . . all in the finest plate  
. . . Which is your choice? . . . The chest is  
\$37.75. The teaspoons are \$3.75 for a set of  
six. The single piece may be \$4.25.



# Some Descendants of America's Oldest Families



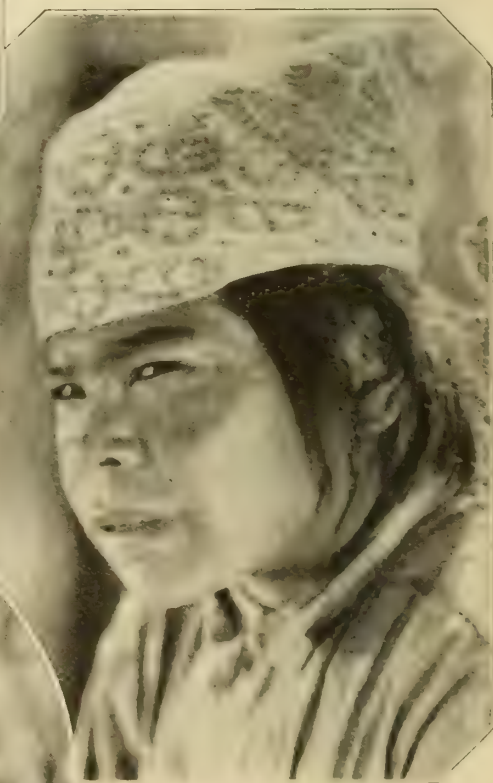
Red, white and blue. Monte has kept his picturesque Indian name, which means Blue Mountain. Monte was placed in an orphanage near Indianapolis, when his rail-roader father, half Cherokee, failed to return from his last run



Twenty-five per cent of the little red corpuscles that animate Edwin Carewe are Chickasaw Indian. His grandmother was a full-blood member of that tribe. Mr. Carewe produces and directs good pictures for First National



Maybe her Cherokee ancestors would have called her "Princess Rippling Locks." Some people call her Mrs. Rudolph Valentino No. 1. But she is winning fame under her own name—Jean Acker, in Cecil De Mille pictures



This is not Priscilla Dean or Barbara Bedford. It is Princess Leaping Deer of the Dakota tribe of Sioux Indians. She was discovered pounding maize by Jack Hoxie's company on location near Deadwood, S. D. The Princess is now in Hollywood studying movie contracts



Manhammer's son. Not until he has distinguished himself in the eyes of his tribe can this little Navajo boy have a name of his own. Because of his distinguished performance of Nasja in "The Vanishing American," we have christened him "Good Actor"



# Only 2 Women in 10 Today

*still employ the hazardous hygienic methods of yesterday*

8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have adopted this new way which solves woman's oldest hygienic problem . . . by ending the insecurity and uncertainty of old ways . . . and by providing easy disposal.



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Graduate Nurse

THE rigid exactments of modern social and business life demand a new hygiene for women. Days are too precious, too full, to be lost . . . or interfered with by even natural complications.

For that reason, you will find much more than simply a mere convenience in this new way. It will make a great difference in your life.

Gayest, filmiest frocks may now be worn without a moment's thought. Social demands are met in confidence. One lives every day . . . unhandicapped. The uncertainty of the old-time sanitary pad has been supplanted with a protection both absolute and scientific.

## *Factors that changed the hygienic habits of the world*

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton, covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new

secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

### *Easy disposal—simply discard*

[ There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment. ]

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, your peace of mind, your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

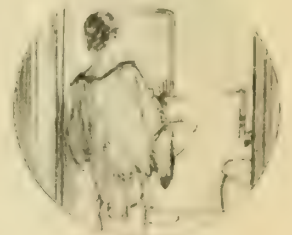
Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

### *You can get it anywhere, today*

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy. Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed free on request. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

## Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



- ① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



- ② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



- ③ Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"  
**KOTEX**  
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:  
65c per dozen  
Kotex-Super:  
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



# One in 10,000

Raymond Keane, just 19,  
is the luckiest lad  
in Hollywood

*By Dorothy Spensley*



**Y**OU want to tell him not to forget his rubbers. And to be careful when he crosses the street. I guess you call that "the maternal urge" that rests in every woman's heart. Even in the most calloused ventricles.

And, too, he makes you think of Romance—with a capital "R," riding a white charger. Romance . . . and Spring . . . and birdies . . . and Corot trees . . . and sulphur and molasses.

He has only played in one picture. He played his part with spirit and with youthful fire. Reminiscent of the days before Valentino discovered how invaluable he was. Unheralded talent is usually that way, until it begins to wonder how the world struggled along without it. And with that a change, for it loses its charm and attempts sophistication and artifice.

But before he begins to mug and smirk . . . which I hope he never does. . . I want to tell you about Raymond Keane. About the astounding good fortune which brought him into a leading role after less than two months' residence in Hollywood. And a beginner, too, without a bit of stage background.

Raymond looks like a pot-pourri of Jack Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Joseph Schildkraut, Ricardo Cortez, Rudolph Valentino. Like all the raven-haired male contingent. "But more like Jack Gilbert in the tearoom scene," he naively confided. And yet quite with

**Raymond Keane never starved, never struggled, had no influence, knew nobody, but in his second appearance before the camera he was a leading man**

a charm of his own, which must be personality with a dash of Madame Glyn's favorite ingredient.

The girls' guild is going to approve of him. The flappers will be torn between maternal solicitude and romantic yearnings. The maternal urge will wreath carmined lips with a benign smile and a glint of unhallowed romance will glitter in many a girlish eye. Truly a deadly combination.

This, of course, if he doesn't decide that he knows more than the director and others of the studio faculty. Raymond has every opportunity to become a striking screen success. He has youth. He is just nineteen . . . and, by his own admission, very experienced! He has personality. He has charm of appearance. And photographic beauty. Whether he has the perception to see the wisdom of maturer judgment is to be seen. I only hope he doesn't start to chew the scenery in lieu of acting!

Raymond is not old enough to realize how fortunate he is. Youth seldom does. He has, at nineteen years of age, a very comfortable five year contract with Universal Film Company, and his first picture, "The Midnight Sun," has given him a role that displays his personality to a decided advantage. It is a picture of lavish costumes and continental splendor and sets off the dash of youthful Raymond like black velvet and diamonds.

He came from Denver eight months ago. An only child—artistically inclined. He is a violinist and has made numerous public appearances in that city. He was given several days work as an extra in Norma Talmadge's "Graustark," which Dimitri Buchowetski was directing. Buchowetski was to make a Russian picture upon completion of the Talmadge story and he saw in Raymond the youthful hero of his next story. He talked with the boy and Raymond's next screen appearance was in a leading role opposite Laura La Plante.

It really should not have happened. It is too good to be true. It is too glowing a precedent. It happens only once in ten thousand times—and when it does happen it buoys up the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



Only nineteen, and playing his first love scene, with Laura La Plante before him, and three boils on his neck





# Will others he meets outrival you in natural charm?

The allure of natural skin beauty, as thousands  
will tell you, follows a simple daily care

**P**ALMOLIVE is a beauty soap  
made solely for *one* purpose;  
to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics,  
it has supplanted French soaps  
by the score. In beauty-wise  
Paris, Palmolive is the "im-  
ported" soap.

Blended of cosmetic oils, fa-  
mous since the days of Cleo-  
patra. Palmolive is made to be  
used freely; on the skin.

Remember these facts when  
tempted to risk an unproved  
soap on your skin.

**T**O be charming today, one strives  
for *natural beauty*. All of modern  
beauty culture is directed to that end.

Every day, on every side, one sees  
the result . . . beauty that stands in  
contrast to the artificial allure of yes-  
terday.

Skin care has become a simple mat-  
ter, with cleanliness and healthfully  
open pores its basis. Natural beauty  
thus is safeguarded and protected.

The rule is one anyone can follow  
with little effort or bother . . . just the  
daily use of the soothing lather of  
olive and palm oils as embodied in  
Palmolive.

*Natural beauty . . . the daily care  
that fosters it is this:*

Wash your face gently with sooth-  
ing Palmolive, massaging it softly  
into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then

repeat both washing and rinsing. Let  
the final rinsing be with cold water.  
If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply  
a touch of good cold cream—that is all.  
Do this regularly, and particularly in  
the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish.  
But never leave them on over night.  
They clog the pores, often enlarge  
them. Blackheads and disfigurements  
often follow. They must be washed  
away.

## *Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the  
treatment given above. Do not think  
any green soap, or represented as of  
olive and palm oils, is the same as  
Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so  
little that millions let it do for their  
bodies what it does for their faces.  
Obtain a cake today. Then note what  
an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**PALMOLIVE**

Retail  
Price **10c**

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until  
you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*





*A rich, vivid rose! And without having to tint the nails first!*

# Cutex brings out a New Liquid Polish with A DEEP ROSE SHADE

**DECIDEDLY DEEPER**—actually a rich, vivid rose!

When the vogue of gleaming tinted nails first intrigued us, everybody thought they were ever so nice. Then as everything in the whole world of fashion became more brilliant and scintillating, these gleaming nails took on a deeper and ever deeper hue.

Now, to meet this new vogue in polishes, Cutex brings out a liquid polish in a Deep Rose shade.

No need to tint the nails before polishing. Cutex Liquid Polish, Deep Rose, is itself a rich, vivid color. And it can be made still deeper by simply applying a second coat after the first has dried.

**TODAY** fashionable women hardly feel they have completed their toilette



## *Try this Smart New Shade!*

Mail coupon with 6c for extra generous bottle of the new Deep Rose shade, Cutex Liquid Polish.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-5  
114 West 17th St., New York City  
I enclose 6c for bottle of Cutex  
Liquid Polish, Deep Rose.

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until their nails take on the rosy hue and sophisticated brilliance that this new Deep Rose shade, brought out by Cutex, gives.

## *An Effective Choice for Evening*

Particularly is the new shade effective under artificial lights—when pale tones fade into dullness and warmer more exotic colors are their most radiant.

See how its rich, vivid tones, against the sparkling background of fashionable evening affairs, give a special emphasis to shapely finger tips.

Cutex Liquid Polish in the new Deep Rose is the same price as the same polish in the natural pink you already know—35c at all drug and department stores. Other Cutex preparations also 35c each. Sets containing every essential for the home manicure are 35c to \$5.00. Or see the special offer.

NORTHAM WARREN—New York, Paris, London



# A Bit of Europe in Hollywood

*There is an old world  
charm in the home that Pola Negri  
has designed for herself*



Above — Pola  
in her drawing  
room. With  
its rich up-  
holstery, its  
paneling and  
its crystal, it  
is more of a  
Continental  
salon than an  
American liv-  
ing room

To the right—  
A glimpse of  
the hallway.  
The severe  
light-colored  
walls are  
warmed by the  
liberal use of  
heavy velvets  
and brocades



Mirrors and gleaming candelabra  
contribute to the beauty of the  
dining room

Below — The Patio  
with its pool and its  
graceful plantings is  
one of the beauty  
spots of the home



The garden is formal, as befits the  
general design and style of the  
house itself





## Finer things

A good looking comb, like a good looking home—or a good looking automobile—inspires a pride in possession.

Ajax combs command a certain admiration for their beautiful, sleek black appearance—for their modishly distinctive lines.

Perhaps that's why women who know insist on Ajax combs for themselves and for the members of their family. Or perhaps it's because Ajax combs in addition to being good looking are good wearing, good for the hair—good!

Ajax Combs are sold through leading department, drug and specialty stores everywhere and manufactured by

THE VULCANIZED RUBBER CO., Inc.  
251 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK



# AJAX Combs

**LETHA LANE.**—Where do you lead? Your first appearance among my fans. Why, Letha, why have you neglected me in this fashion? Ruth Roland has auburn hair, dark blue eyes, her height is five feet five and a half, she was born in San Francisco in August, 1893, and her disposition is wonderful and full of real estate. Colleen Moore is twenty-four.

**D. A. D., TEXAS.**—Yes, that's the way you spell Virginia Valli's name and she works at the Universal Studios. Virginia is separated from her husband. She is just twenty-six, in fact she had her birthday one day last month. Claire Windsor is playing in "Bardleys, the Magnificent." No, Ramon is not married. The cute girl in "Speed Wild" was Ethel Shannon. Colleen Moore's next picture is called "Ella Cinders."

**EDNA S.**—Well, Edna, you don't have to send money for the stars' pictures, but they do appreciate it if you do. The cost of mailing fan photographs is almost prohibitive, particularly for the younger stars and if you'll send them a quarter they will send you the photo pronto and be very glad to do so. Anna Q.'s middle name is Querentia. Don't ask me what it means. I'm not sure even Anna knows. Ben Lyon is twenty-five.

**R. M. CHEERIO.**—Your friend Percy Mar-mont is indeed a fine actor. He is about 35 years old, but praise be, he's not married. Do you want further proof he's a smart man?

**JUST ME.**—Just I too. Just you will tell you that the one and only Rudy has black hair, brown eyes, is five feet eleven, weighs 154 pounds and can be reached at the United Studios. Don't let anyone know I told you.

**MISS C. P.**—So I always sound cheerful to you, C. P.? That's a good girl. I always am cheerful. In fact, I go cheering around until they now have me in a sound proof vault. People knock Jack Gilbert? Who says so? T'aint true. All I get is questions and praise about him. Jack's a grand guy. I know where-of I speak. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is one inch under six feet and weighs 160 pounds. His address is in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Ronald Colman, Jack's nearest rival, is the same height, weighs five pounds more, has the same color eyes but black hair. He is at the United Studios, Hollywood. Send there for your pictures. Ramon's real name is now Novarro, but he had to get it legally changed to that from Samanegos. Tell teacher she's all wrong about Ramon's hair. He wore it in here to the office the other day and it's perfectly grand. Good luck, yourself.

**MISS C. C.**—So it's answers you crave! How we would get along! For it's questions that I live for (and by). A photo of Leslie Fenton? Send your quarter to the Fox Studios. Leslie is twenty-four, but if he's married, he keeps it very quiet.

**OPERATOR N. Z.**—Dear old chap, you're most welcome. You can't be too familiar with me. It can't be done. Marion Nixon was born in Superior, Wisconsin, she's five feet two, weighs 100 pounds, and has chestnut brown hair and brown, but not chestnut, eyes. Ethel Clayton is going to return to the screen soon though the name of her pictures have not yet been announced. Thanks for liking our book. We think it's good, ourselves.

**C. S. W., JR.**—First time, eh? Come on in, the page's fine. Yes, that's Betty Bronson's real name. You can get a picture of her from the Lasky Studio, Hollywood. I don't know for positive about Doug, Jr., and Betty, but my scouts tell me there's a powerful amount of sparking going on between those two. Ask Betty to come out to Little Rock? Boy, it's difficult to get that girl out to a soda, much less to Arkansas.

**L. W.**—We haven't seen any pictures of Mahlon Hamilton lately. Have you? I'm sorry, but I never heard of Bonnie Adair.

**E. W. B., AURORA.**—Rudy's "Four Horsemen" was first released and that is what made him most popular. "The Sheik," one of his populars, was a later picture.

**ANNA G. W.**—You can reach Leatrice Joy in care of De Mille studios. The sparkling Leatrice has black hair and brown eyes. Her next picture will be "Eve's Leaves." Use your own imagination. Doug Fairbanks' first wife was Beth Sully, now Mrs. Evans. You don't think we give Ben Lyon enough space? Sorry. I'll try and fix it up for you.

**D. A. H.**—Your two little friends, Alberta Vaughan and Larry Kent both hang their hats at the F. B. O. Studios. And that's where they get their mail.

**E. T. F.**—Write to Paramount Studios, Pierce Avenue and Sixth Street, Long Island City, N. Y., and they will give you full information regarding the Paramount school, when the next course begins and all that. I understand they were chosen chiefly from photographs, and then from screen tests. A chap five feet seven has more chance in the movies if he's a couple of inches taller, though that is just the height of Dick Barthelmess and an inch taller than Raymond Griffith. Ronald Colman is five feet, eleven, Novarro, five feet, ten. Outside of height the most essential qualifications, I should say, are the ability to screen, to learn, to act, and to know who to sass.

**FRANCES G., ILLINOIS.**—You saw Jack Gilbert in "The Big Parade" and now you want his address. Write Jack in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.

**MR. RUPERT ROOT.**—Ramon Novarro is just twenty-seven. No, no, Ramon is not divorced. The boy never got married. The "Midshipman" was mostly made at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. "Ben-Hur" was made in Rome and Hollywood and grand it is. Write Ben Lyon in care of First National, 383 Madison Ave., New York.

**RUTH, ELLA AND DOT.**—Three little girls from school, are you? Sweet, sweet, sweet. You adore Connie Bennett. What good taste you children have! Connie is daughter of Richard Bennett, the famous actor and sister to Barbara Bennett, the dancer and her mother is Adirenne Morrison, also a famous actress. She was born in New York City just twenty-five years ago and educated abroad.

**BROWN EYES.**—You are not blue, are you? Yes, your dope on William Haines is correct. Bill is just twenty-six, tall, six feet tall, and handsome, ah very, with black hair, brown eyes and unmarried, though I don't know how that happens. His latest pictures are "Memory Lane," "Sally, Irene and Mary" and "Brown of Harvard." You can get his picture by writing to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City.

**C. N. AND V. N.**—One of you is a cleaning fluid and the other is just a good friend, I take it. Who ever told you that applause about Rudy. Rudy's just thirty-one, not 42. Ricardo Cortez is nearly twenty-seven and so is his wife, Alma Rubens. He is six feet, one, his hair is brown and his eyes black all the time. His next pictures are "The Torrent" and "Volcano." Glad you wrote. Do so again.

**PUPPY.**—You gay young dog. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans. Ramon does not seem to be in love. He seems to be perfectly happy. May McAvoy is twenty-five and unmarried, while Billie Dove, twenty-two, is married to Irvin Willat, the director. No, no, Fido, I never get tired.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



"See how easy it is!" says Reginald Denny as he and Laura LaPlante give an exhibition of the Savannah Shuffle. Miss LaPlante is dancing in slippers of Skinner's Shoe Satin. The scene is from "Skinner's Dress Suit," a Universal Picture.



## Millions of Dancing Feet

TO the rhythm of orchestra, radio and phonograph, the world over, people are dancing. And nothing so supplements the beauty of a gown as the lustre of a satin slipper.

Millions of dancing feet—gliding, turning, shuffling—and no material stands up under this severe test like Skinner's Shoe Satin. With all its style and smartness it meets the needs of those who must regard economy.



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## "Beauty is easily lost —through neglect"

says HELENA RUBINSTEIN

**T**O POSSESS beauty, and to lose it, is truly the greatest of all follies!

Signs of neglect, such as fine cross-weaving lines, blackheads, a slight droop of the chin, oiliness, large pores, quickly become exaggerated and detract from the fresh charm of youth.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, known the world over as the originator of scientific beauty culture, has prepared, after years of research, a number of special aids to beauty. The world of fashion has long profited from these methods, which are now available to you—for Mme. Rubinstein's greatest desire is to bring beauty to every woman.

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**Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream**—for cleansing, for molding out the "tired look" about the eyes and forehead, for soothing and protecting the skin. *This wonder-cream is unsurpassed for all normal skins, and at the same time is the only cleansing cream beneficial to an oily, pimply or acne-blemished skin. "Keeps youth in your face."* Creates a charming smoothness, and is an excellent powder base. 4 oz. 1.00, ½ lb. 2.00, lb. 3.50

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PALM BEACH

LONDON



Leatrice Joy, with the beauty, the charm and the temperament of April

## The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

**I**N Hollywood they call Leatrice Joy, Letty, the chameleon.

It all depends upon the circumstances, the background and the clothes she wears, the type of work Leatrice does.

You can't make a star with electric lights. It is only those whom the public makes who achieve lasting stardom. The public made Leatrice. The public loves her. From Goldwyn to De Mille, including her brilliant performances in "Manslaughter" and "The Ten Commandments," Leatrice has had one of the strongest fan followings. Right now she is having a slump in her work. She needs a change.

Leatrice was born in New Orleans, was queen of the Mardi Gras, and star in "The Folly of Revenge," a fearful film made by a local company called the Nola Film.

It was their first and only, but it decided Leatrice on her career. She shipped to New York with her mother, registered at all the

studios and got her first chance with Maurice Tournier.

He was making "The Pride of the Clan" with Mary Pickford. Mary wanted to rest during a rehearsal and Tournier, looking over the extra girls to find one to take the star's place, saw Leatrice.

It was Leatrice's opportunity and she grabbed it. She acted the Pickford part all over the lot. She did it so well Tournier remembered and put her in his next picture as a salaried player.

To Paramount to make a series of Black Diamond comedies she journeyed and then westward to Hollywood. Her first real part came in "Ladies Must Live." That won her a Goldwyn contract, then one, still existing, with Cecil De Mille.

Today Hollywood wonders about her shattered romance with John Gilbert. They married when Jack was a minor star, only to be divorced before their baby was born.



RICHARD DIX  
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You'll like it too, because it combines style with ease and comfort. Virgin wool knitted fabric holds its shape without wrinkling. Newest colors and mixtures. And the price surprisingly low.

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Our maiden aunts used to remark that unusual excellence was never the result of chance and here is King Vidor demonstrating same. King, knowing that tempo, the quality of timing, is one of the most important things in a picture, keeps a metronome on his desk to tick rhythms for scenes and music

Later came word from Denny over the wire that all were safe. They had been driven into a small Mexican port, which was without telegraph service, by a shortage of gasoline.

They laid over until after the storm and then continued their fishing trip.

**WE** have a good many laughs handed us in the picture business every now and then. Here's the best one I've had this month.

Down at M-G-M they are making Hawthorne's American classic, "The Scarlet Letter," a thrilling story of our Puritan Fathers, as Lillian Gish's next starring vehicle.

And who was selected to direct this American classic? Victor Seastrom, the talented Swedish director.

For her lead, Miss Gish has Lars Hansen, known as "the Barrymore of Sweden." He portrays the typical early American.

But is this so funny? The greatest life of Lincoln I ever read was written by an Englishman.

**DURING** the recent labor troubles in Florida, which had the railroads practically paralyzed for a time, Tom Geraghty had a Paramount company making a picture there. He wanted to get back to New York with his troupe but railroad accommodations were not to be had.

As a last resort, Geraghty got the governor of Florida on the phone and said:

"If you don't get us transportation, we'll leave your old state flat."

Tom neglected to state whether they expected to walk or fly. Anyway the threat had the desired effect. The Governor fixed them up with a special train and after crossing and recrossing Florida so many times they

were dizzy, the company finally reached New York.

**AS** I sit here at my trusty typewriter, a telegram is thrust into my unwilling hand. It is from C. B. De Mille and announces that he has just named Jetta Goudal his newest star.

Certainly speaks well of Mr. De Mille as a "lion tamer," for this is the same Jetta who is suing Paramount for breach of contract and they allege they couldn't handle her.

Evidently Cecil knows how to handle these people with temperament. Wonder if his system is the same as that of Dimitri Buchowetshi who, when he hits the temperamental snag, simply develops so much himself that there isn't any room on the stage for the artist's temperament.

**"HOW** do you like my new hat?"

So Colleen Moore hailed me the other day over at the studio.

I looked it over carefully, for I am proud that Colleen should value my opinion in millinery.

"Great," said I. "Prettiest thing I ever saw you have on. And that dress too, it's very becoming."

"Glad you like them," said Colleen. "My husband, John McCormick, likes them too. They're part of my wardrobe for 'Ella Cinders.' The hat cost three-eighths-five and the dress \$42.00 even, in a department store basement."

And still women try to tell you they dress for men.

**DOUGLAS MACLEAN**, who has had his down starring unit for some years and is now releasing over Paramount, had a new experience recently.

Naturally a star out on his own gets pretty used to running things according to his own ideas, and coming and going about when it suits him. Doug wasn't any exception.

Until he hired one William Beaudine to direct him.

The second day of the picture Doug arrived leisurely and smiling at quarter to ten.

He was confronted by an irate director breathing fire.

Beaudine looked at his watch. "It's quarter to ten," he said coldly.

Doug consulted his, and agreed.

"The call was for nine thirty" said Beaudine. "And when I say nine-thirty, I mean nine-thirty, and not quarter to ten. I'm just as lazy as you are, you know. But I get here at nine-thirty and I guess you can."

Doug has. And the consequence is that "That's My Baby," the new MacLean picture, promises to be a riot. It's one of the best things Doug has ever done.

**THE** Sixty Club, which is the Hollywood film colony's exclusive dancing club, had a costume ball recently, and it was a huge success. Marion Davies started the fashion of costume balls, and we bid fair to be quite overwhelmed by them.

Elinor Glyn and Eric von Stroheim were the judges and some very gorgeous prizes were awarded.

The prize for best and most beautifully costumed couple went to Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino. They wore Spanish costumes, both in cloth of gold, and they certainly looked stunning. When they took the floor together and did a glorified tango they were a sensation. The prize for the most beautiful costume went to Dorothy Cummings, as a spirit of the Red Cross, and the most humorous to Ruth Roland, who wore a whole circus outfit in a little tent around her waist and on her hat. [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 92 ]



This, boys and girls, is Verne Porter, chief editor of Paramount's story department. Verne just loves to get big, wonderful scenarios from amateurs, so mail that story you have about Aunt Minnie to him at Paramount's eastern studio, Astoria, L. I., and help keep him busy and happy





Specially posed by  
Virginia Valli, star  
of "The Man Who  
Found Himself."

— Paramount



## Leadership--Quality's Reward

INTO every art or craft there sooner or later comes a recognized leader—a product admittedly supreme in quality, a standard by which the world may compare values. This position Traub engagement and wedding rings hold firmly, and have held continuously, since decorated rings for the marriage ceremony first rose on the tide of popular favor. There is but one Genuine Orange Blossom ring. It bears, always, the trade mark of Traub, which sheer merit has established not only as a criterion of wedding ring fashion, but as a measure of value and a guarantee of satisfaction as well. The most reliable jewelers everywhere carry Traub rings, offering a wide variety of styles in both wedding rings and engagement mountings, all featuring the beautiful Orange Blossom design.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," free on request

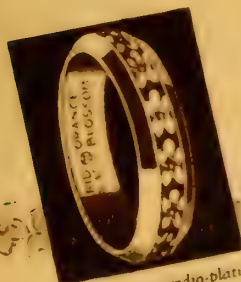
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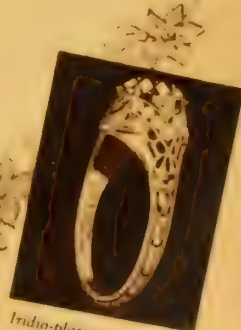


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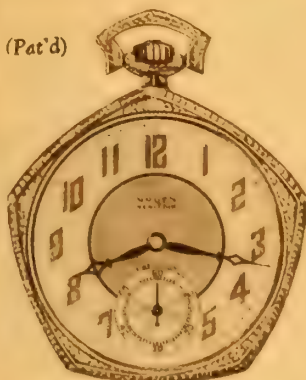
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## For Queen Elizabeth there was no finer gift

When the mighty Earl of Leicester sought a gift for Queen Elizabeth in the hope of winning her favor, he could select nothing finer than a guild watch.

In those days, guild watches were the ornaments of princes. Only a few could afford to own them.

Today, guild watches, far more accurate, and far surpassing Queen Elizabeth's in workmanship and design, can be purchased at moderate prices in every American city and town.

Yet even now there is no finer gift. Everywhere, a Gruen Watch, made by a modern guild of watchmakers, meets with prompt appreciation.

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the Gruen Guild Watches pictured here, as well as many other exquisite examples of modern guild artistry.

Their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

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# GRUEN GUILD WATCHES



# Poor Percy

The most persecuted person in pictures

Here he is in "The Street of Forgotten Men." (center circle)  
Lookit that agony!

"Lord Jim" (below) tortured pitiful Percy some more. In that he lost everything—except his honor



Percy Marmont has suffered more than any other man for his success. *Mark Sabre* in "If Winter Comes" did that to him. *Mark* proved Percy the best heart-broken man in Hollywood



In this shot (lower left) from "Alcma of the South Seas," he seems even to have lost his razor. But he gets his salary every Saturday

For sheer suffering, horror and fear operate your optics on this still from "The Legend of Hollywood." Percy was perforated with poison for this plot. Poor Percy!



Here, just to prove he can do it, is Percy cheerful. This is Percy outside the studio. But observe Stalky, the pup. Doesn't he look kind of unhappy to you?







Betty Blythe

## Betty Blythe

Endorses the  
P. N. Practical Front

"**B**EAUTY of figure is largely a matter of the proper support—a support which at all times adapts itself perfectly to the body. The P. N. Practical Front, with its Comfortable Elastic Feature, fills this requirement surprisingly well," says Betty Blythe, now starring in "Chu Chin Chow."

Stars of the stage and screen whose prestige, popularity and livelihood depend greatly upon beauty of form, find that the Comfortable Elastic Feature\* of Practical Front Corsets moulds body lines into beauty lines; brings support without restraint; and gives a fresh fitting each day.

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**P.N.**  
**Practical Front**

The Custom-Corseted Look



With many a star has Eugene O'Brien clinched in the final fadeout but never with Gloria Swanson. Now the two will be together in the little Marquise's next picture, "Fine Manners," in which Gloria plays a hard-working chorine of a burlesque show

## Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83 ]

Others present included Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Cedric Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Jane Winton, Douglas Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Dorothy Wallace, Count Carillo, Madeline Hurlock, Norman Kerry, Ward Crane, Kathleen Clifford, and Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Reach (Agnes Ayres).

**DICK BARTHELMESS** turned to a lady at a Hollywood dinner party the other evening and said, "Have you one of these new electric ice plants in your new house?"

The lady beamed upon him, and went into a long and very detailed description of this and other features of said new house.

I cornered Dick afterwards, however, and demanded an explanation. "You didn't know that lady, and you didn't know she was building a new house. What's the idea?"

"Well," said Dick, with his nicest smile, "I've discovered that the way to be a social success in Hollywood nowadays is to ask every lady about something in her new house. They all have them. It hasn't failed yet."

Maybe that's the explanation, but anyway Dick is having a social triumph in Hollywood. He hasn't been here in a long time and everybody is so glad to have him back.

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN** is getting just as bad as any other proud father. He will now tell you all about how little Charlie, Jr., whose age is still reckoned in months, recognizes him when he comes home from work, how he says "Da-da" and other brilliant remarks like that. I have never before seen Charlie so enthusiastic about anything as he is about his handsome little son. Really, the baby is a perfect darling. If only the next one, whose

arrival is now very imminent, will be a girl, and give Charlie a daughter, I believe he will begin to know the only real happiness he has ever had.

**LITTLE Bill Hart**, who is going on four, went to visit his father the other day. His father and mother are divorced, you know, and little Bill lives with his mother, but he goes for a few days now and then to stay with Bill Hart.

When he got ready to go and big Bill was telling him good-by, emotion overcame the father, who adores his son. Turning his head aside, he said, "Son, will you kiss me good-by now, and go back to your mother?"

The child regarded him gravely a moment and then said, "I'll kiss you good-by, Daddy, if you promise me not to cry. You're too big to cry."

**MOST** of the Hollywood people who have seen "The Sea-Beast" were amazed at the lack of technical skill shown in portraying the famous white whale, Moby Dick.

With the present tremendous advancement in camera work and trick printing, it does seem that much more could be done with the sequences of the battle between the whale and the man. As they are, they are most inadequate.

And in passing, we do hope that John Barrymore, the greatest stage actor of our generation, isn't going to get a complex for doing mad scenes. He imported one into "Beau Brummel" without a great deal of cause or authority, and he has done a bit of "Jekyll and Hyde" in this new one, which it seems to me detracts from both story and characterization.



Even the trying light of afternoon does not dim the woman who uses her correct tone of Pompeian Bloom for the desired note of color in her cheeks.



The blonde with very fair skin finds a natural tone for her cheeks in the Light Bloom or the new Oriental tint.

# Perfectly Natural

Pompeian Bloom gives your cheeks a color exquisitely natural

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

I RECENTLY overheard one of my friends say to another: "You, for one, need no rouge, my dear. What lovely natural coloring!" But the truth was this—like thousands of other women, she had found a rouge that gave her cheeks the exquisite natural coloring of a girl in her teens. That rouge is Pompeian Bloom.

Today women everywhere realize the necessity of using rouge that matches perfectly their natural skin-tones. And when they use the right shade of Bloom the wholly natural effect is achieved.

From the shade chart you can easily select the particular shade of Pompeian Bloom for your type of complexion.

## SHADE CHART for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom

**Medium Skin:** The average American woman has the medium skin-tone—pleasantly warm in tone, with a faint sugges-

tion of old ivory or sun-kissed russet. The *Medium* tone of Pompeian Bloom just suits this type of skin.

If you are slightly tanned, you may find the *Orange* tint more becoming. And sometimes women with medium skin who have very dark hair get a brilliant result with the *Oriental* tint.

**Olive Skin:** Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the *Dark* tone of Pompeian Bloom. If you wish to accent the brilliancy of your complexion, the *Oriental* tint will accomplish it.

**Pink Skin:** This is the youthful skin, most often found in blondes or red-haired women, and should use the *Oriental* tint.

**White Skin:** If you have this rare type of skin, use the *Light* tone of Bloom.

**Special Note:** An unusual coloring of hair and eyes sometimes demands a different selection of Bloom-tone from those above. If in doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Bloom, 60c (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

*Madame Jeannette*  
Specialiste en Beauté

## SPECIAL OFFER

1/3 of a 60c box of Bloom,

the 1926 Panel, with three valuable Pompeian samples—all for 20c

THIS generous offer of Bloom gives you an opportunity to really know how good is this popular Pompeian product. For 20c you get 1/3 of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom, valuable samples of Pompeian Day Cream (protecting), Night Cream (cleansing), Beauty Powder, Madame Jeannette's beauty booklet, and the famous 1926 Pompeian Panel entitled "Moments That Will Treasured Be, in the Mint of Memory." This panel was executed by a famous artist, and is reproduced in full color. Art store value 75c to \$1.00.

Tear off, sign, and send

Madame Jeannette,  
THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES  
2911 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, 1/3 of 60c box of Bloom, Beauty Booklet and other samples.

Name.....  
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City.....State.....

Shade of rouge wanted.....  
This coupon void after Nov. 1, 1926.







## Famous Beauties make themselves more beautiful with TANGEE

*For Tangee  
changes color  
to blend with  
each complexion*

**YOU'LL** hardly believe it until you try it—but this remarkable make-up actually changes to one shade on blondes and another on brunettes . . . It will give you just the color you need whether you are blonde, or brunette, or in-between.

This makes Tangee unquestionably the finest make-up you can buy.

**Tangee Lipstick** gives blush-rose lips—and is waterproof—frictionproof—permanent—and absolutely harmless.

**Tangee Crème Rouge** is greaseless—spreads easily—blends perfectly—and does not fade or rub off.

**Tangee Rouge Compact** is a chic little gun-metal case with puff and mirror containing the same color magic in caked powder form.

Don't put off having beautiful color! Clip this ad and put it in your purse to remind you—or—see the coupon . . .



### Introductory Offer

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full size Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous free sample of Tangee Crème Rouge, and (3) "The Art of Make-up" written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer's name will be appreciated.)

Dept. 84, THE GEORGE W. LUST CO.,  
417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



A babe in arms at twenty-three years. That's Harry Earles. Harry, a midget, has Peter Pan licked. He may smoke black cigars, draw a man-sized salary and have a career, but he never grows up. He got his big chance in "The Unholy Three" and now he's just Douglas MacLean's kiddie in "That's My Baby"

**THE** Beverly Hills bridle path on a Sunday morning is becoming a really lovely sight, and in time if things keep on will compare favorably with Rotten Row in London, or the famous Golden Gate bridle path in San Francisco.

Not a little of its gay appearance and interest is furnished by the number of well known screen celebrities, who turn out every sunny Sunday.

Recently I saw Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix riding, on two gorgeous looking horses. Mrs. Mix brought her riding clothes and boots back from London, and her white whipcord breeches, orange vest, and tan hat gave her a tremendously smart appearance. Virginia Valli and Julianne Johnson were riding with Norman Kerry, whose roan is quite the envy of all. Julianne sticks to the very severe black habit and the horse-show black derby. Florence Vidor and Catherine Bennett were riding, accompanied by George Fitzmaurice. Mrs. Vidor is an exceptional horsewoman, and rides with all the dash and daring of the typical Southerner. Her habit is tan, and she wears a smartly tied stock, and a severe tan riding hat. Dorothy Mackaill, whose English origin comes out in pronounced fashion when she gets atop a thoroughbred, was riding with Jack Mulhall. She affects the sleeveless coat, and wore no hat at all, for which no one who has ever seen her shining blond hair can blame her. Fred Thompson and Frances Marion, after a morning in their tanbark riding ring, came down for a canter on the path.

**COLLEEN MOORE** had a housewarming for her new studio bungalow the other day. It was grand food and lots of fun, for dozens of girls were packed into the small space, and everybody talked at once and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Norma Talmadge came in from her bungalow next door, with very little on, I must say, as she was doing some intimate scenes from "Kiki." Constance was there, too, very smart in one of those new three piece wool sport frocks. Blanche Sweet and Bessie Love—the inseparables—came together. Bessie in a sleek, severely tailored dress of the kind she

is now affecting, and Blanche moaning because she hasn't been able to find a new way to cut her hair. Florence Vidor had on a purple hat, that I am sure would rival Iris March's green one if only there were a Michael Arlen to describe it. Mrs. Harold Lloyd looked adorable all in white. Mrs. Tom Mix had on the most fascinating sport wrap with a big fur collar, and a canary silk hat, after the famous gigalo model. Dorothy Devore sported the most abbreviated hair-cut Hollywood has yet seen. Frances Marion arrived in a brand-new blue town car, with a little seating space in back looking like a velvet-lined jewel-case. Ruth Roland, Claire Windsor, Lois Moran, Virginia Valli, and lots of other people I can't remember were there.

Colleen declared it was a farewell for the bungalow as well as a housewarming, for she is going to move her dressing quarters over to the new First National studio and take the bungalow right along.

**FLORENCE VIDOR** was reading from Louisa M. Alcott's classic "Little Women" to her seven-year-old daughter, Suzanne.

She came to the part where the mother of the four "little women" was giving her girls advice about the future, and saying that the proudest and happiest thing that can happen to a girl is to be chosen as a wife by some good man.

"Pooh," said young Suzanne, "I don't think that at all. I may get married, or I may not. But the proudest thing that could happen to me would be to be an architect, and that's what I'm going to be anyway."

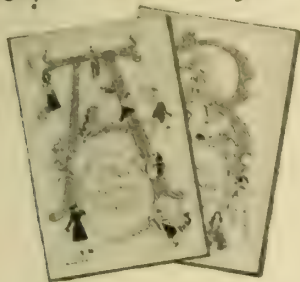
**NATURALLY**, the opening of any John Barrymore picture in Hollywood would be an occasion. But the opening of "The Sea-Beast" was remarkable for a number of exciting events. First of all, Barrymore himself was present and made a speech which reminded all the old-timers present of his illustrious father, Maurice Barrymore, conceded by everyone to have been the wittiest man of his time. Secondly, Marion Davies, who acted as hostess, made a public speech and did it charmingly. And thirdly, Jack

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]



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*These two booklets  
may prove to be your  
Free! ticket to Hollywood*



*This may be your CHANCE  
to visit the DREAM CITY free!*

## Conditions of Contest

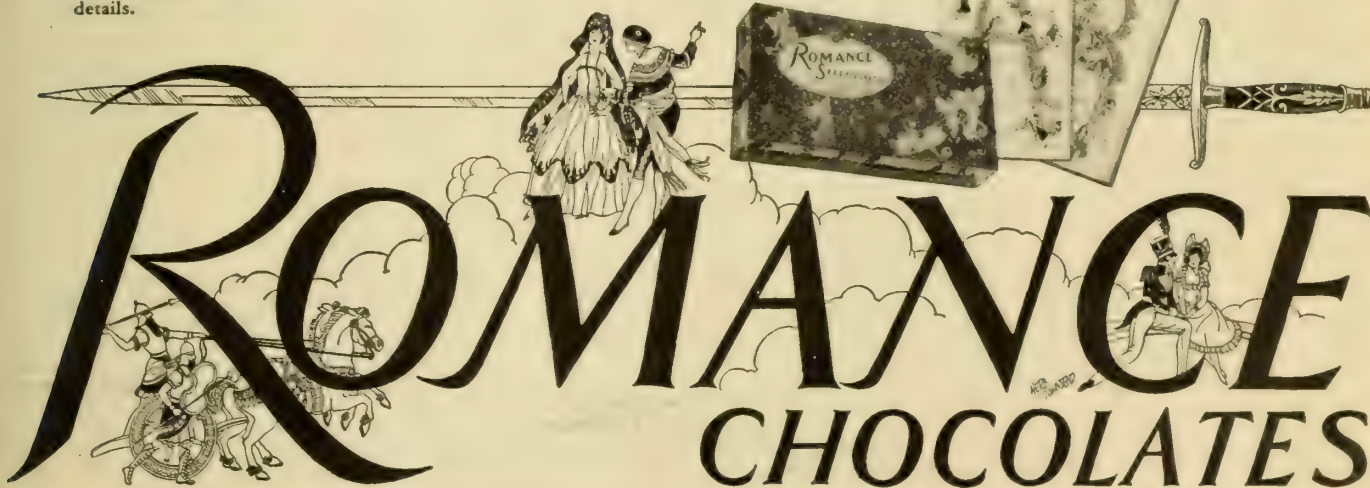
1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
2. Send each solution under separate cover, addressed to "Romance-Hollywood Contest," care of Cox Confectionery Company, No. 159 Orleans Street, Boston 28, Mass.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of "Photoplay;" the Motion Picture Editor of "Liberty;" and Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of "Motion Picture Magazine."
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner—a friend—receive a free Round Trip to, and a week's stay in Hollywood. There are 200 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today—it gives all the details.

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COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY  
159 ORLEANS STREET, BOSTON 28, MASS.





Gaillard Paterson De Koven—if she should ever be the mother of his son—a De Koven—and he should come to find out that the menial blood of Means mingled with the blood of the De Kovens in the person of their son—what then? Oh, what then?

There was, too, a weary, abstract desire in Lilith's heart to be honest with Gaillard for honesty's sake. It would be nice to be able to be herself, to say to Gaillard, "Here I am, for what I am, take me or leave me—"

But if he should leave her—

LILITH was fundamentally honest. She had never deceived herself about herself. She had known, back in East Machias, that as Mildred P. Means she hadn't a chance, not a chance in the world. She knew that you could call a garden rose a garlic and nobody would believe you. The rose would have its price just the same. But she knew, too, that you couldn't keep on insisting that the remote, singular moon is green cheese for fear that people might begin to think it was, might disdain it. The fact that, as Mildred P. Means, she had youth and slenderness, ivory skin, red lips, meant nothing at all. Lots of girls in Preemby's Dry Goods Emporium had the same qualifications and what did it get them—Preemby's Dry Goods Emporium and, maybe, a young man from the Leather Goods Factory. She knew, also, that she had no brains. That is, none to reckon with as weapons against the world. Biologically, it was likely that there was something spongy and gray in her beautifully arranged cranium, but having said so much you had said it all.

No, the only thing that she could do was to step from East Machias, a different person. She took six steps. The first was to borrow money from her reluctant and unconvinced mother. The second was to go to New York as Lilith Flame. The third was to have her dark hair touched up to a bronze aureole. The fourth was to present herself at the X-Elent Studios clad in a costume that the female instinct, in lieu of a brain, had dictated to her. The fifth was to appear in a picture as a lady crook with taking ways. The sixth—but the world is in replete possession of the facts about the sixth.

There had been four years of efflorescent glory. Fame. Money. Family gratitude. Pride. Thrills. Excitements. Sensations. Love affairs. Yes, there had been love affairs—now and then. She had slept soundly through these mere titillations of the senses. She had played them as one plays an indifferent game, abstractedly, for the mere fun of gaming. Then she had met Gaillard De Koven.

They had played together in a picture. She had fallen violently in love with him. Surely in love with him. Humanly in love with him. No doubt about that.

One day, on the set, they had been playing a love scene, to the wail of violins and the threadbare voice of the director. Gaillard had muttered to her, face toward the camera, "I love you—beautiful among women—I love you—" He had added, face away from the camera, "I mean it, Lilith-before-Eve—I mean it."

In that moment Lilith's past existence, struggle and glory alike, faded into a dim, forgotten prologue to this crowning moment. In that moment, in those words, the very face of life was bared to her, glorious and awful. In that moment her honesty struggled and was born.

The director said, "That scene was damn good. Camera!"

Lilith was dressing to receive Gaillard. The facial ritual was complete. And Katy, the personal maid from West (not East) Machias, was manipulating the two silken loops that did duty as fasteners. Katy was

from West Machias and had come up in the world with her mistress. She had never quite got used to things, but she was trained to do her duty and keep her mouth shut and she had learned these A's and B's of starchy servitude.

Lilith said, anxiously, "How do I look tonight, Katy?"

"You look good, Miss, real good—"

"Oh, Katy, not good—don't say that—that word. It makes me remember what—what I have got to do—"

Katy ignored the reprimand. She knew that it wasn't Mildred P. Means speaking, but only Lilith Flame who had to say things like that in order to earn her salary, and as God was her judge Katy Toomis wouldn't have had anything happen to Lilith Flame's salary. What the little Toomis' at home would do without Lilith Flame's salary Katy Toomis didn't know and couldn't imagine.

"Are you aiming to get married, Miss Lilith?"

Katy inquired, dusting a mere veil of powder over the gleaming shoulders.

Lilith lit a gold-tipped Russian cigarette. She blew distorted frailties into the carved, reflective mirror. "Marriage—" she mused aloud, "Yes, I suppose I am, Katy—I never thought I would come to it—I have always

## Cautious Griffith

"HUNGRY" is his name, because he likes raw meat—fresh—anywhere. "Hungry" is a lion and he has a lion's share of the plot of Ray Griffith's new picture "Wet Paint."

"Come on, Mr. Griffith. Get acquainted with 'Hungry.' He'll eat out of your hand," said his trainer. "Yeh!" Ray replied. "And he'd just as soon eat out of my leg!"

said, and meant, that marriage is not for me. It will interfere with my career. It will disillusion some of my fans. It is—bad business. Back in East Machias I thought of marriage as dish water and whining children in dirty rompers, shrieking—here in New York I thought of marriage as reeking with another woman's perfume; as the hot glare of the divorce courts—discontent—but now—now I know better—marriage means being together for all of your lives—oh, Katy, think, for all of your lives—"

"Yes'm."

"It would mean Gaillard and me, never to be parted. Oh, Katy, come in tonight and see him. Come in on some pretext or other before we leave for the night club. I want you to tell me that I am not mad, that I haven't had star-dust thrown in my eyes, blinding me—Katy, there is nothing in the world real to me but Gaillard—"

"No'm."

A bell tinkled, muffled, mournful. The padding, noiseless feet of Takio merely suggested that the plaintive call was being answered. Lilith murmured, "Gaillard—" and Katy retired on disciplined, orthopedic shoes.

"We have an hour before we need to go." Gaillard was sitting beside Lilith on the furred chaise-longue.

"Yes."

Lilith's voice was hushed, low. When she spoke to Gaillard she felt as though she was speaking in a chapel, bathed in stained glass glory, at orisons—

"This room is thick with dreams of you, Lilith. Marvelous the way it breathes you, suggests you, everywhere. I could come into this room alone and evoke your lovely presence—you would be here, beside me, beautiful and strange."

"Not strange, dearest. Not strange to you."

"Yes, strange, and I like it to be so, Lilith. Some men—but some men are amateurs, blunderers. They want to see a woman in the glare of sunlight, ugly and white. They want to know all of her secrets, penetrate all of her mysteries. And most women—well, there is no mystery to most women. They are as frank as bobbed hair and middy blouses. They are about as uninteresting. Lovely, there is one, only one old-fashioned thing I want of you, and that is—to marry me. I want to put a slave-chain of beaten gold around your silver ankle. I want to bind you with metal chains, to immerse you in Moroccan walls—centuries ago—and now, now again—"

Lilith felt her honesty turn and square itself, bluntly. Its crude, unavoidable head seemed to be reared, looking at her, waiting. It seemed to be saying to her, articulately, "Well, Mildred, what are you going to do now? Are you going to lie to him? Are you evil enough to lie in the very face of Love?"

The thing which she called her honesty but which was, in fact, her conscience, a conscience reared in Sunday School, on the old testament where the God of Israel was an avenging God, besieged her. The voice of her conscience, a raucous, ugly voice it had—cried out, "Come Mildred, down with the mask—false face—false face—false face—"

"And now again, as in ancient Babylon—queen and slave—king and Ptolemy."

"False face—false face—false face—"

"Gaillard, I want to tell you something. I have a confession to make."

"How strange your voice sounds, Lilith. Hard. Loud. As if you hate me."

"Maybe it does. I don't know. One thing I do know, I love you. Not hate. Love. But because I love you . . ."

"My beautiful, my child, confessions are out of date, they are obsolete."

"I know. I know all that. And they are nobody's business. But there comes a time—this is one of them. There is something that I must tell you. Don't stop me, now that I have found the courage."

"If you mean—do you mean that you already have a husband? It won't matter, Beloved. Don't distress yourself. I would scale a higher wall than that of a husband."

"No. No, not a husband. Oh, Gaillard, I am not—not what you think I am."

"You have a Past? Ah, Lilith, Lilith-before-Eve, you could not have so fascinating a Present if there had not been a red and fruitful Past. I am man of the world enough to know that. I know that there must be strangely flavored roots to bear such swooning flowers. Life loved you first, let us put it like that. Life loved you first and gave you lotus hands, pale skin like dreams and eyes like sleeping jewels—ah, well—"

"You don't understand. It isn't that—that kind of a thing. You are making it so awfully hard for me. Can't you—can't you try?"

"Awfully—what odd words you are using today, my Love. 'Awfully'—Gaillard gave a little shudder as if the colloquialism grated upon him ever so little more than he could bear. "Let us not speak of this again," he said, taking her cold hand, stroking it, speaking in his smooth, persuasive, best De Koven voice, "it is past—it is gone. It is what you are that matters. I see the soul of the lonely steppes in your inscrutable eyes. I see the

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 109 ]



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LETITIA HADLEY

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PHO. 5-26

## Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 ]

Barrymore hailed his leading lady, Dolores Costello, as the coming great artist of the screen.

The audience was an exceptionally distinguished one, one large party coming direct from a dinner at Marion Davies' home.

Marion herself wore a frock of rose chiffon, trimmed with little ostrich feather sprays, and very long as to skirt. It was most becoming and when she got up on the platform she looked rather like one of those rose and gold rosebuds herself. But her friends experienced untold agonies of nervousness for her, because you know under stress of excitement, Marion sometimes does stammer just enough to be fascinating. But she sailed through with flying colors and was given a tremendous ovation.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin were there, Mrs. Chaplin in soft blue velvet, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix were in Miss Davies' party, and Mrs. Mix wore a frock of moonlight satin, covered with iridescent crystals and rhinestones and a cape of ermine. Elinor Glyn was in white satin, and Dorothy Mackaill in white and jade green. Dick Barthelmess had little Barbara Bennett—daughter of Richard and sister of Constance—with him, and she wore green georgette. Bill Hart was there, and Lionel Barrymore, and Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Julianne Johnson—oh, it was really very exciting.

**L**ITTLE Thomasina Mix, who celebrated her fourth birthday recently, is her father's own daughter.

Tommy has a small, very black spitfire of a Shetland pony, appropriately named Tony, Jr.

The other afternoon Tom took her out to the ranch and was giving her a riding lesson in the tanbark ring. Tommy was enjoying it immensely and Tony, Jr., was behaving with meek propriety.

But quite unexpectedly a newspaper blew over the wall and lit at Tony, Jr.'s feet. Tony immediately began to buck like an unbroken broncho. Tommy hung on for four or five jumps, and then little Tony gave a specially wild buck and Tommy was flung into the air and lit in the tanbark.

She sat up, unhurt but very much scared. For a long moment she stared at Tony, Jr., her lower lip trembling. Then she rubbed her hand across her eyes, got up resolutely, and stalked across the ring and remounted without a word. Moreover, she took a firm grip on the reins and for the rest of the afternoon she walked Tony, Jr., around that ring like a veteran.

Thomasina had her fourth birthday party at the beautiful new Mix home. There were 40 children present, and on Tommy's right sat young Bill Hart, Jr. He and Tommy are great pals.

**I**T'S a shame that so few people get a chance to appreciate Pola Negri's enchanting wit. Off the screen, this famous dramatic actress is one of the most amusing and delightful of women.

Just after the papers had given so much space to Pola's hurried trip to Albuquerque, New Mexico—you will remember that she arrived there from the west on the same day that Rudolph Valentino's train was due from the east—Pola had a few friends to dinner at her house in Beverly Hills. Rudy was among them.

After dinner, she ran a news reel for them. But what a news reel. Pola had assembled it, cut it, and written all the titles herself and it was a knockout. First she had taken cuts from her own latest picture, "A Woman of the World," showing her descending from a

train and being met by some man. By titles, Pola explained that this was a picture of her arriving in Albuquerque and being met by a reporter. And some of the questions she had the reporter asking were riotous. Other cuts from Rudy's "Cobra" followed, with more titles, and at the finish some hastily shot scenes to complete the story.

If that news reel ever got out it would be worth a fortune as a comedy feature, for its witty titles and humorous conception. It isn't every great actress who can so charmingly take a small joke on herself.

**C**ONSTANCE TALMADGE is now Mrs. Alastair William Mackintosh.

The youngest Talmadge was married to Captain Mackintosh, a wealthy Briton, at the magnificent home of Jean de St. Cyr, in Burlingame, a fashionable suburb of San Francisco, in the presence of her immediate family and the closest American friends of the bridegroom.

And to Connie goes the prize for knocking the Hollywood motion picture colony absolutely dizzy with surprise. In this little town where everybody knows everything, nobody had ever heard of Alastair William Mackintosh, nobody even knew that Constance had an acquaintance by that name, until three days before the wedding, when the engagement and date of the ceremony were announced simultaneously.

Behind the story of the simple wedding, at which Norma Talmadge was matron of honor and William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr. best man, lies a delightful romance quite worthy of the screen's greatest heartbreaker, and from all accounts this distinguished young Scotchman and soldier is well fitted to have won the girl who is said to have had more proposals than any other screen star.

Alastair William Mackintosh is a member of a very ancient and honored Scottish family and is said to be a man of large fortune. He was at one time equerry to Princess Beatrice, mother of the Queen of Spain and, was a Captain in the British Army during the war where he earned a record for splendid service. He is also an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales.

He first came to America three years ago and met Constance Talmadge through his most intimate friend, William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., who was at that time an aspirant for the hand of the fair Constance. Since that time, it appears, he has wooed her quietly but persistently, especially after she refused young Stewart and the much rumored match in that quarter was definitely off.

**M**ACKINTOSH has been frequently in America since. He and Constance have met in New York when she was there. When she wasn't, Mackintosh came to visit the St. Cyrs at Burlingame. Mr. St. Cyr is William Rhinelander Stewart's stepfather.

He arrived a short time ago. Constance and her mother were at the near-by Hotel Del Monte. Two days after his arrival Constance had promised at last to marry him, and three days later she became his bride.

At the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck (Norma Talmadge), Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, mother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge), Mr. de St. Cyr and William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr. The bride wore an afternoon dress of grey chiffon, and a small gray hat with a trailing feather held in place by a jade ornament.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh honeymooned at Del Monte.

But the additionally important thing is this—Constance Talmadge has but three more pictures to make under her present contract. It's been rather a question in Constance's





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**M**ANY women never realized how much trouble dandruff could be—until they bobbed their hair. So they brush, brush, brush, all day long.

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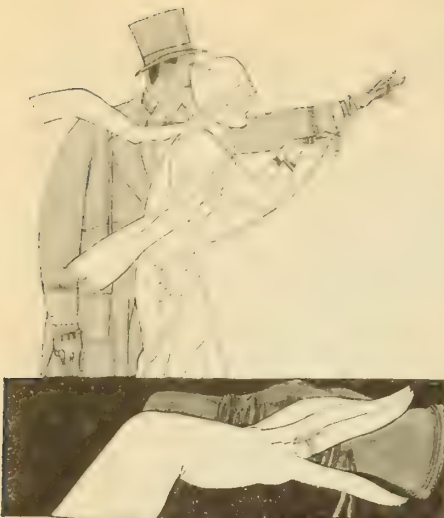
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# GLAZO

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mind whether after that she would make any more or not. This wedding probably means that after these three pictures the screen will lose its most enchanting comedienne. Constance loves exactly the sort of life young Mackintosh can give her abroad and it is his desire to live in his own country.

**WHAT** I want to know is, what good did it do Connie to get back her American citizenship? You remember she lost it when she married the first time to John Pailoglou, wealthy Greek cigarette manufacturer of New York.

Since that time Constance has been reported engaged to several distinguished gentlemen, including John Charles Thomas, Irving Berlin, William Rhineland Stewart, Jr., Irving Thalberg and Buster Collier.

Even her best friends had no inkling of her approaching marriage and Hollywood is still trying to recover from its amazement and looking forward to meeting the lucky man.

**AGNES** AYRES hopes that Justice, that blindfolded goddess who carries her scales with her, will be present when her suit for \$93,000 against the Producers Distributing Corporation comes to trial.

Agnes wants Justice, of course, but her scales are going to come in very handy, for Agnes—who is suing the producing company for breach of contract and several other counts—will have to prove to the court's satisfaction that she had not let herself become fat and therefore violated the clause in her contract which gave them the right to break it if she suffered any "facial or physical disfigurement materially detracting from her personal appearance." And when the contract was broken nearly a year ago, they claimed that Old Lady Poundage had crept up on Agnes and covered with fat the beauty that made her famous.

It will take a judge with the wisdom of Solomon, the discernment of Paris and the diplomacy of a Chesterfield to decide the case. And, in the meantime, Agnes sews on a tiny layette in her Hollywood home, awaiting Doc Stork's visit.

**I** CALLED the press agent to verify the story. And the p. a. was aghast that I even repeated it. Said it would dispel the romantic glamour surrounding the actor if it was told—especially in view of his next picture, steeped in love and intrigue and youth.

But here it is anyway. I'm mentioning no names.

An old doorman in the east who knew the actor in his stage days heard that the actor was to play a youthful rôle in a current picture. The old man wired the actor, so the story goes, and said:

"Congratulations on your ability to play a character rôle."

To which the actor replied:

"I am not playing a character rôle. It is a juvenile part."

Said the old doorman:

"That's what I mean!"

**DOUGLAS** MACLEAN believes in keeping on the good side of Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, benign purveyor of downpours, so when he started filming "That's My Baby" he called upon Father Ricard, the famous weather forecaster of the Santa Clara University, whose duties will be to collaborate with Director William Beaudine. Whenever the Father sees rain in the offing, he will advise Beaudine, who will arrange the "shooting schedule" so the company will work in the studio on the stormy days.

Doug says his plans are not going to be "all wet."

**COMMODORE** J. STUART BLACKTON is apparently out to lag the whip-cracking honors of Douglas Fairbanks, if the facts alleged in a suit for \$25,000 damages filed by Lieut. Gerald de Merveux are true.

It seems that de Merveux, who is a world war hero, and who has been teaching the fairest of Hollywood the art of fencing, claims that Blackton, one of the founders of Vitagraph and now associated with Warners, flayed him with a horsewhip. Blackton admits the whipping and says it was provoked by an angry attack de Merveux made on Mrs. Blackton.

Wonder if the Commodore can flick the ash from the cigarette of a man five yards distant like Doug can?

**"WHY** the apple in the center of your display window?" Bill Powell inquired of his tailor.

"Vell, I ask you, Mr. Powell, where vould the clothing business be if not for the apple?"

**THE** latest in syncopated proposals occurred when Bob Leonard, accompanied by a sorrowing saxophone, a wailing violin, a blaring cornet and an agile jazz leader, asked Gertrude Olmstead to become his wife. To his plea the music played "Then I'll Be Happy" and burst into a rollicking "Yes Sir! That's My Baby" when Gertrude answered in the affirmative.

Of course Bob's, who is a director, didn't need the jazz accompaniment to give him courage, but it happened that Gertrude was going to New York for eight weeks to make a picture and rather than run the risk of losing Gertrude to a New Yorker, Bob made sure by plea and ring that she would become Mrs. Robert Leonard upon her return.

Which settles definitely the rumors of a reconciliation between Bob and Mae Murray, who, until last spring, were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard.

## Why Women Like Sophisticated Men

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

husbands. It is the same the world over." From somewhere in the studio there came the sound of an orchestra playing an old French ballad.

"There it is," said Mr. Menjou, "the eternal love song, always and everywhere. Yet even the most sophisticated admits that love changes. All of us have names for various grades of love—puppy love, calf love, childish love, maternal love. We clutch each love fiercely, thinking there isn't any more. Yet there always is.

"Now, intense love, love that is so real that it is fairly abject in its force, annoys women. Small attentions flatter women. Burning

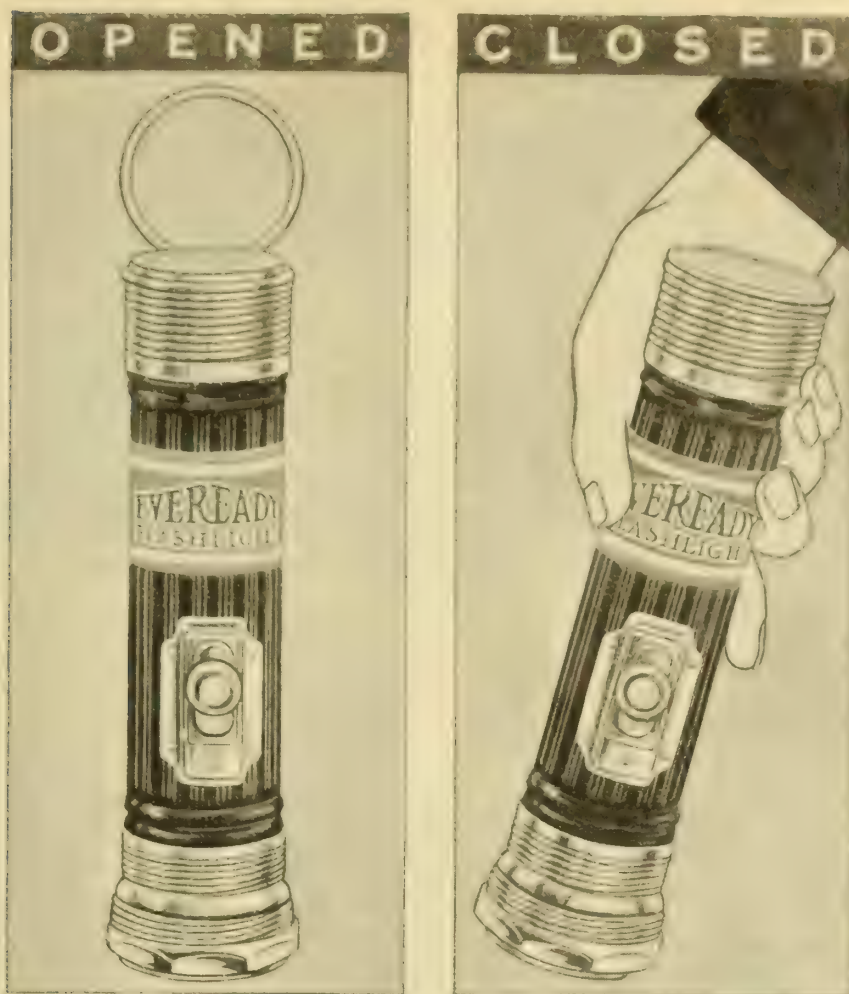
fidelity irritates them. A woman is pleased with the kiss of devotion but the kiss that really thrills her is the one that she is quite sure doesn't mean love at all.

"The sophisticated man knows that every woman possesses something that is individual and fascinating. It may be her hands; it may be her eyes; it may be the way she holds her head. But it makes every woman worth time and attention."

"Why, then, if love is fleeting, does the sophisticated man, knowing all he does, end by marrying a half-educated doll?"

The Menjou eyes twinkled. "Consider what you've said," he ordered. "The sophisti-





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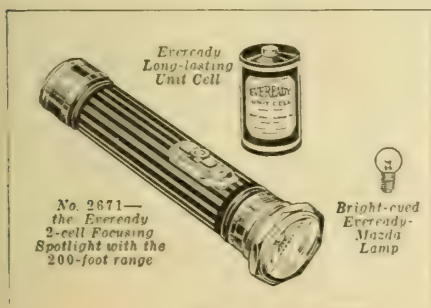
Eveready Flashlights also have the safety-lock switch, which prevents accidental lighting and wasting of current; octagonal, non-rolling lens-ring; handsome, beveled, crystal-clear lens, etc.

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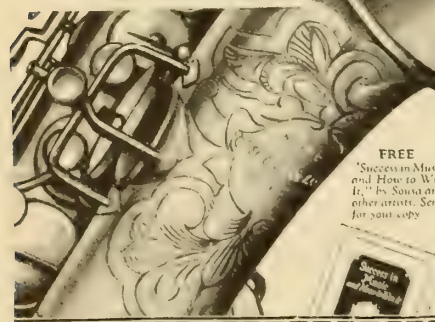
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cate ends with the baby doll—because he has been disappointed with the other types. He looks at the baby doll's pastel prettiness and he says to himself, "My dear, there is nothing about you that can fool me. I'll just have you about to gaze at your thoughtless loveliness and know that I can't get hurt any more."

"AH, we all admire the sophisticated attitude," he said. "The reason we people here in America admire it particularly is because it is foreign to us. We are accused of being dollar chasers but we are actually more impressed by manner than wealth. Go into the most expensive restaurant in New York, our richest city. Let a gentleman enter who wears his dinner clothes correctly, who wears, say, a small mustache and a monocle, and the eyes of every woman present will follow him. He may not possess a dollar but his appearance makes him eligible almost anywhere. Behind him may come the usual American business man. He may be worth sixty millions. But the women present will pay little attention to him as an individual. They will bow to his millions but not to his mind. The sophisticated man suggests leisure and wealth. In this country where most of us have to work for everything we get, we

are impressed by the man who can get along by doing nothing at all charmingly. The woman living by the same method does not interest us so sharply. We are more accustomed to her. Women in America until recently have been our only leisure class."

Griffith was calling and Mr. Menjou rose to go. "Two things I want to do before my screen career is over," he said. "One is a picture with Gloria Swanson. We've got the story—a tired man of the world and a tired woman of the world going away, each of them to a little mountain hotel to forget their disillusion. They meet and then..."

"What?"

"The inevitable love. It always happens. But Gloria and I can't do it. Not now at least. The star system..."

He shrugged.

"And then," he continued, his eyes lighting. "I want to do a costume picture—without gestures. I want to show that people have always been the same. Just because they lived three hundred years ago they didn't walk differently. That picture is my big ambition. Always existence has been the same—love and life and death. Always down the ages the romance search has been on—with the same result."

## Peter B. Kyne's Prayer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

subscribers, nor do they arrogate to themselves, like the boob picture producer, the attribute of infallibility. Mr. Lorrimer manages to please 2,500,000 purchasers of the Saturday Evening Post weekly and has been doing it for 10, these many years. Mr. Long, with Cosmopolitan, is making fast strides toward pleasing 2,000,000 Cosmopolitan readers monthly. If we figure, conservatively, that three persons read each issue of the magazine which one person purchases, it will readily be seen that these two gentlemen are able to find more intelligent persons in these United States than the movie editors are.

I repeat: Nobody knows what the public wants and it is sheer hogwash to claim such infallibility. I am just completing a novel. Now, I KNOW this novel will be a best seller. That is not arrogance nor is it conceit, but a prediction based on past performances. I KNOW, out of an experience of seventeen years that I cannot please the public and that I do not know what the public wants, but I know mighty well what I want, and I want exactly the thing I create, whether it be good, bad or indifferent, according to the critics who assume to make pronouncements. I know that if the job pleases me, it is going to please a sufficient number of people of my grade of intelligence, and that number will be sufficient to place me out in front and make me a very satisfactory living.

I have done a great deal of public speaking. I have had the so-called intelligentia listen to me, the people who aspire to what they call the better things of life; the Rotary clubs, the Optimists clubs, the dens of Lions, the women's clubs, the literary clubs, troops, labor unions and high school cadets. In a word the same audience that patronizes motion pictures. I have never found the audiences dull or stupid; I have never found it necessary to talk down to the level of their intelligences. I have always insisted upon titulating my own intelligence in making an address and the interest, approbation, smiles and applause of my audience is never niggardly. The audiences I have talked to are as quick to sense irony, satire or delicate, unctious humor as they are to respond to a story of the two famous Irishmen, Pat and Mike. I love audiences. They're kind and they're intelligent and very wistful.

Motion pictures, with the exception of a few,

fail of their primary mission which is to entertain. That is because the people who make the pictures do not know how to entertain. To be an entertainer is to be something of an artist. Charley Chaplin always entertains me. I laughed at "The Gold Rush" until I wept. I went there for a hearty laugh and it was worth more to me than the price of admission.

I see where Charley's artistic foot slips occasionally, where he blabs the note, where he achieves bathos rather than pathos, but I think it would be mean and unsportsmanlike to mention that, to be hyper-critical, because he doesn't pretend to infallibility; he gives you so much that is joyous, wistful, artistic, great that the minority report just isn't worth bringing in. He fulfills his duty to the people who trust him. He gives them their money's worth, and he is tremendously concerned with doing just that and not at all with a consideration of what a marvelous artist Charley Chaplin is.

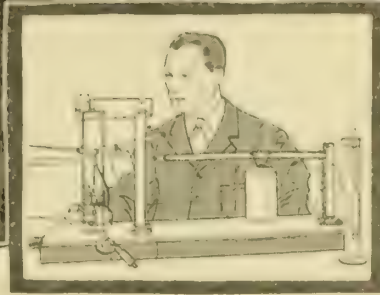
HE is a success because he is a gifted man in his line—a real genius—and like all men of genius he keeps his eye and his thoughts on the job for the job's sake. He makes no pseudo-magnificent gesture, no hollow promise that explodes like a pricked toy balloon. He has established an honest basis of quality, his trade-mark stands for something, we all know it, we believe it and we patronize him and wish we could patronize him oftener than we do.

What bally rot to say that when the public evinces a distinct desire for better pictures the alert and gracious producer will supply him just that! What arrogance! How the devil does the producer know he can do that? If he could the idiot would do it now and not wait to be prodded into action by a public which is, indubitably, inarticulate.

Any man, in any line of endeavor, who isn't striving upward all of the time is already on the toboggan and how pitiful to see him strut when he doesn't even know he is headed for artistic oblivion! I could never write down to the literary level of True Stories, but the readers of True Stories can and do adventure on my literary level. Sometimes I read True Stories myself just to keep touch with my job! Sometimes one finds a gem of literature wasted there! Yet, is it wasted? Who shall make such a pronouncement and cease to be fair and humble?



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The motion picture industry has everything to make fine productions with, except good taste, an instinctive sense of artistry, which is ability to differentiate between bathos and pathos, humor and slap stick, the graceful and the ungraceful. They have no ability to express tenderness, humor, pathos, drama, even if they feel it, but when occasionally somebody succeeds in expressing even a modicum of these great human emotions on the screen how certain, how instantaneous, is the response from the emotionally starved boobies. Yes, people want entertainment, they want their emotions stirred, they want to be lifted for an hour and a half out of life with its bald, brutal and blatant realities, into a world of make-believe—the wonderful world of make-believe that lies even in the brains of the emotionally inarticulate.

Cynics keep up their reference to hokum. I don't know what hokum is, although I am told I employ hokum no little. Thank God for that. I would use more of the same if I knew how. If hokum draws the heart up into the throat, if it brings a joyous laugh, or a sympathetic tear, it is no longer hokum.

It is Art.

And I can't tell you what Art is, although I have a sneaking impression that if it ennobles and uplifts, if it "gets" me under the fifth rib, Art is present.

Some months ago Mr. Louis B. Mayer asked me to write a story to feature Miss Lillian Gish. I asked him what type of story he required for her and he said he didn't know, but that it was certain she would have to suffer a lot. Alas, poor Louis!

I know him well!

## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

M. V. B., PEORIA.—Bobby Agnew is not married which they do say is mostly May McAvoy's fault for Bobby has been in love with May for a couple of years now which is a lifetime in Hollywood.

C. H. H., TOLEDO.—Raymond Hatton is still with Paramount. His latest picture is "Behind the Front," and it's a wow. Tom Mix is 38 years old. Mary Brian is an American, bless her, and just 18. I like 'em eighteen. Jack Pickford was born in Canada August 18th, 1896. Mary was born there, too, three years earlier. But even at that she's ten years younger than husband Doug Fairbanks.

MAYA LASERRE, CUBA.—Gracious Senorita. You hablo mucho good English. Eugene O'Brien is not married. I'll say he is still popular—he is playing opposite Gloria Swanson in her new picture, "Fine Manners." You think Norma Talmadge is too sweet to play Iris Storm in "The Green Hat?" Well, well, that depends on how sweet you think Iris was. She was awful good company, anyhow.

J. H., BROOKLYN.—You and me both. Alice Joyce is a peach. Also a lady and an actress. She was born October 1st, 1890. Alice is five feet, 7 inches tall and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Tho you'd never believe it she was born in Kansas City, Mo. Once upon a time Tom Moore was her husband. Now Mr. Joyce is James Regan, son of the famous hotel man, and they have two lovely daughters.

D. D., SAN FRANCISCO.—Yes, William Haines played in "A Slave of Fashion." His next picture is "Brown of Harvard." Bill was born on New Years Day in 1900, at Staunton, Va. Warner Baxter's birthday was March 29th, 1891 and took place at Columbus, Ohio. He has just finished playing with Gilda Grey in "Aloma of the South Seas." Yep, that's his real moniker.

GRACIOUS, PENNSYLVANIA.—Well, I guess the psychologists would say that we all need some form of expression for those pent up feelings of ours, and if we aren't able to get shet of them in a symphony or a poem, why we just write in a diary or to some sympathetic friend. That's me. Tell me all. But, Gracious, don't ask me why your favorite story is changed when it comes to the screen. I'm sorry if the picture version of "So Big" hurt you! 'Tis said it hurt the producers also, in their box office.

G. M. L., BERKLEY.—All right. I'll answer your threat by telling you the bad news: William Boyd just married Elinor Fair, his leading lady in "The Volga Boatman." Sure

he's a coming actor. He started coming twenty-six years ago when he was born in Cambridge, Ohio. For schooling, he went to Oklahoma. There's those as thinks he resembles Wally Reid in looks and screen personality.

GEORGIA, NEW YORK.—Clive Brook is another one of those tall guys being five feet, 11 inches tall and weighing 150 pounds. His hair is brown and he has grey eyes. He's nearly 35. Clive was an English stage actor. He is under contract to Warner Brothers now. Don't weep.

R. L. Z., KANSAS CITY.—Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 6th, 1901. As I have already stated several times this month that is his real name. Ben is six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. All the girls in Hollywood like Ben, so why not you?

ADORA H.—Not a movie fan? Oh, Adora, how can you? You must be to make me happy. Your friend, William Powell, is a fine actor, but he's not a star as yet. He is thirty-four, married to Eileen Wilson, and an American. You're welcome.

A DISAPPOINTED FAN.—Don't be. I'm sure the star didn't mean to snub you. He's darned busy and gets tons of mail and undoubtedly although he has appreciated your cards and notes, he just hasn't had time to write you. That really does happen, you know, but the stars appreciate your interest just the same.

S. R.—You say you want us to publish a few facts about Ronald Colman. Fer heaven's sake. Don't you read this here book? We don't do nothing else but. Ronald, Ronald, Ronald. So the cry rises. Howsomever, I'll tell it all over again, just for you. Ronnie is five feet eleven, 165 pounds in weight, brown of eye and black of hair, and separated.

G. J. — Ricardo Cortez' new picture "Volcano"—it was originally called "Martinique"—was reviewed in the March issue and will be released to the fans in April. He is over six feet, one inch over. I'll try to see that you get a picture of him in PHOTOPLAY very soon

BUBBLES.—I don't blame you for wanting to know about Lois Moran and Doug, Jr., after seeing their love scenes in "Stella Dallas." Those were young love scenes all right. Lois was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., 1900. She has danced in the Paris Opera ballet and "Stella Dallas" is her first picture. Young Doug was born 1910 and his first picture was "Stephen Steps Out." Of course, you know who his father is



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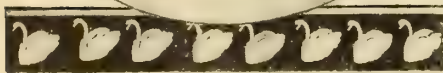
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B. G.—You say you are mine until the detectives find me out. Oh, B. G., will you desert me then? How cruel. How cruel. Don't be. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., thirty-one years ago. He played on the stage for a couple of years and started in pictures in 1921, since which time he certainly has traveled fast in fan hearts. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, twenty-five years back and went on the stage as soon as she could be carried there. She started in pictures when she was eight.

BLUE EYES.—Your friend, Brown Eyes, is with us this month, too. How old does that coon get in whose age one does things? I've always wanted to know. Rod La Rocque is in his twenty-eighth year. He weighs 181, is six feet three, brown haired and black eyed and not married. Rod's just a regular guy, born American and all that. I think he'd probably write you if you gave him the chance by writing him in care of the De Mille studios.

D. R., COVINGTON, LA.—I love questions. Why should I be hard on you, particularly when you want to know of Ramon? Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6th, 1899. He's been in movies since 1917. His people are very high class, indeed.

VIRGINIA M., MICHIGAN.—How do you do yourself, Virginia? You want Betty Bronson's picture. Well, send that starlet a quarter, in care of the Lasky studios, Hollywood, and you will receive her likeness. Yes, that's her real name. 'Twas the other Moore that was married to Mary Pickford, Owen, not Tom. That eighteen-year-old darling, Mary Brian, is not married. Don't know how she escaped, but she has so far. You can reach Gloria at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City. That's her own name, unless you want to call her the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray.

A. M.—You love Norma Talmadge? And who doesn't? Norma uses her maiden name on the screen but in private life she is Mrs. Joseph Schenck and has been for several years.

VIRGINIA COTTER, GEORGIA.—No, Alice Terry has not dropped out of the movies. Alice is all over the place in husband's newest picture, "Mare Nostrum." Alice is 28 years old. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6th, 1899. No, visitors are not allowed to visit the motion picture studios to watch the actors do what they call work.

M. J. D., ILLINOIS.—Richard Barthelmess is a New Yorker. He's one of the few residents of that village who was born there. May 9th, 1897 the date was. Mrs. Dick is Mary Hay, now playing in "Sunny" a musical comedy in which Marilynn Miller, Jack Pickford's wife stars. The Barthelmess home is broken up, however. Mary and Dick live apart and their baby visits each of them six months of the year.

R. D., CHICAGO, ILL.—Well, our editor had Harrison Ford interviewed just to make fans like you happy. Read it up in the front where all the swell writers show their stuff. Poor me, they push back here among the advertisements. In case the interviewer forgot any details, I'll tell you, being a big hearted guy, that Harrison was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1892. He is five feet 10 inches and weighs 157, has brown hair and eyes and a divorce.

HELEN AGNES, SAN FRANCISCO.—You usually pronounce Natacha Rambova's name by calling her Winifred Hudnut or Mrs. Rudolph Valentino but if you insist upon getting up in your Russian, here's the dope. Na-tash-a (accent middle syllable) Ram-bov-a (accent middle syllable). Ronald Coleman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England. No, Ronny won't let anything spoil him. He's a wise guy, he is. Doris Kenyon was born in Syracuse, N. Y. She's a minister's daughter.

QUEENIE, CONNECTICUT.—Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 9th, 1897. Trinity College was his alma mater. He was married to Mary Hay, the pint sized musical comedy star, but they are separated now. They have a little girl three years old.

VIOLA ARMSTRONG, OHIO.—Baby Peggy was born October 26th, 1918 to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Montgomery, which makes her full and sober name Peggy Jean Montgomery. In "The Family Secret" Gladys Hulette played Peggy's mother and Edward Earle the father. Baby Peggy has an older sister who is not as good as Peggy in the pictures.

MARION AND THELMA.—Well, you can judge how popular I am with the girls when they will tell me even their ages. Neil Hamilton and Betty Bronson are a pretty pair, they are. Have I seen Bessie Love do the Charleston? Right in my office. And how! Bessie returned from Europe some time ago and is in Hollywood making "Lovey Mary."

A. A.—Another good girl gone matrimony. Esther Ralston was married in December to George W. Frey. Esther and Jobyna Ralston are not related. Only sisters in art, that's all. Esther has blonde bobbed hair and Jobyna has long brown curls.

H. S. F., YONKERS.—George Billings played Abraham Lincoln in the picture of that name. Ruth Clifford was Anne Rutledge and Nell Craig was Abe's wife. In "America" Neil Hamilton played Nathan Holden and Carol Dempster was Nancy Montague. Now you won't need that history book.

GLADYS, MT. OLIVER.—Marion Davies was born in—I hate to admit it—Brooklyn, N. Y. Marion's one of those wonderful blondes an old guy like me dreams of. Her hair is spun gold and her eyes are blue as the lake of Killarney. And yet she's not married. There are a few things in this world I don't understand and that's one of them. Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich. Her hair is dark brown and her eyes—now listen. When Colleen winks her eyes shine just like a traffic signal—on one side she's one color and on the other another for one of Colleen's eyes is brown and the other is blue. Smart gal, Colleen.

COLLEGIATE CONNY.—Bennie Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga. February 6, 1901. He grabbed his education in Baltimore. He played on Broadway for five years and then went into pictures. In May, 1923 Ben played his first movie part in "Potash & Perlmutter." He is not married. He lives with his mother and sister, like all nice, wise boys do.

THE ROVER, CLEVELAND.—So you are going to write to me every month? Goody, goody, a new customer, asking nice new questions about heights and dates and things. And will you ask as many questions every month as you have this month, Rover? If you do, won't my life be just too sweet! Anyhow here goes for this month. Claire Adams was born in Winnipeg, Canada, September 24th, 1898. She is five feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds, has chestnut brown hair and brown eyes. Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., May 3rd, 1906. She is five feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds, has auburn hair and dark brown eyes. She is not related to Gertrude Astor, for that isn't Mary's real name or Gertrude's either. Gertrude was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and is about 30. She is five feet, 7½ inches tall and weighs 138 pounds. Blonde hair and grey eyes. That sweet man'selle, Renee Adoree, was born in Lille, France, and is about 25 years old. She is five feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Brown hair and blue eyes. Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29th, 1905. She is five feet, 3½ inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Brown hair and brown eyes.





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**CALIFORNIA STUDIOS**, 1420 Beechwood Drive.  
 William J. Craft directing "The Silent Flyer" with Malcolm MacGregor and Louise Lorraine.

**CHADWICK STUDIO**, 6070 Sunset Blvd.  
 Scott Dunlap directing "Winning Futurity" with Cullen Landis and Clara Horton.  
 Natt Ross directing "April Showers" with Alexander Carr and Mary Alden.

**CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO**, 1416 La Brea Ave.  
 Charles Chaplin directing "The Circus" with Charles Chaplin and Merna Kennedy.  
 Joseph Von Sternberg directing "The Sea Gull" with Edna Purviance, Raymond Bloomer, Eve Southern and Gayne Whitman.

**CHRISTIE STUDIO**, 6101 Sunset Blvd.  
 Bobby Vernon, Walter Hiers, Jimmie Adams and Neal Burns, all working on two-reel comedies.  
 E. Mason Hopper directing "Up in Mabel's Room" with Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford.

**CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO**, Culver City, Cal.  
 Production will soon start on:  
 "The Clinging Vine" with Leatrice Joy.  
 "Sweet Pickles" with Vera Reynolds and George K. Arthur.  
 "Young April" with Joseph and Rudolph Schildkraut.  
 William K. Howard has completed "Bachelor Brides" with Rod La Rocque and Elinor Fair.

**F. B. O. STUDIOS**, 780 Gower St.  
 James Hogan directing "The Isle of Retribution" with Lillian Rich, Robert Frazer and Mildred Harris.  
 Bob De Lacey directing "The Arizona Streak" with Tom Tyler.  
 David Kirkland directing "The Two Gun Man" with Fred Thompson.  
 Chester Whitey directing "Secret Orders" with Evelyn Brent and Robert Frazer.  
**Paramount Prod.** William Beaudine directing "Ladies First" with Douglas MacLean.

**FINE ARTS STUDIO**, 4500 Sunset Blvd.  
 John Ince directing "Empty House" with Herbert Rawlinson and Grace Darnold.  
 Spencer Bennett directing "Snowbound" with Allene Ray and Walter Miller.

**FOX STUDIOS**, 1401 N. Western Ave.  
 John Ford directing "The Shamrock Handicap" with Janet Gaynor and Leslie Fenton.  
 Irving Cummings directing "Rustling for Cupid" with George O'Brien and Anita Stewart.  
 Frank Borzage directing "Early to Bed" with Matt Moore, Kathryn Perry and ZaSu Pitts.  
 R. William Nell directing "Thirty Below Zero" with Buck Jones and Eva Novak.

**BUSTER KEATON STUDIO**, 1025 Lillian Way.  
 Buster Keaton has completed "Batling Butler" with Buster Keaton and Sally O'Neil.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine St.

Mal St. Clair directing "Good and Naughty" with Pola Negri and Tom Moore.  
 James Cruze directing "Old Ironsides" with Esther Ralston, Wallace Beery and Charles Farrell.  
 William de Mille has completed "The Flight of the Hills" with Clara Bow and Warner Baxter.  
 Marshall Neilan will direct Betty Bronson in a picture as yet untitled.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO**, Culver City, Cal.  
 King Baggott directing "Lovey Mary" with Bessie Love.  
 William Goodrich has completed "Over Night" with Conrad Nagel.  
 Robert Z. Leonard directing "The Waning Sex" with Claire Windsor and Lew Cody.  
 Hobart Henley directing "The Heart Breaker" with Ramon Novarro and Sally O'Neil.  
 Monta Bell directing "The Boy Friend" with Johnny Harron.  
 King Vidor directing "Bardelys the Magnificent" with John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman.  
 William Goodrich directing "The Red Mill" with Marion Davies.  
 Maurice Stiller directing "The Temptress" with Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno.

**METROPOLITAN STUDIOS**, 1040 La Palmas Ave.  
**Corinne Griffith Prod.** Svend Gade directing "Into Her Kingdom" with Corinne Griffith and Einar Hanson.  
 Edward Dillon directing "The Dice Woman" with Priscilla Dean and John Bowers.

**MARSHALL NEILAN STUDIO**, 1845 Glendale Blvd.  
 Sidney Olcott directing "Ranson's Folly" with Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill.

**MACK SENNETT STUDIOS**, 1712 Glendale Blvd.  
 Alice Day, Ben Turpin, Ralph Graves, Billy Bevan, Madeline Hurlock, Raymond McKee, Ruth Hiatt, all working on untitled two-reel comedies.

**UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO**, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.  
 Sidney Franklin directing "The Duchess From Buffalo" with Constance Talmadge.  
 George Fitzmaurice directing "Sons of the Sheik" with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky.

**UNITED STUDIOS**, 5341 Melrose Ave.  
 Al Santell directing "Sweet Daddies" with Jobyna Ralston, Jack Mulhall and Gaston Glass.  
 Sylvano Balboni directing "Don Juan's Three Nights" with Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason.  
 Edwin Carewe directing "Pals First" with Lloyd Hughes and Dolores del Rio.

**UNIVERSAL STUDIO**, University City, Cal.  
 E. A. Dupont directing "The Affairs of Hamner" with Mary Philbin.  
 Melville Brown directing "Beauty in the Box" with Laura La Plante and Gaston Glass.  
 James O. Spearing directing "Crashing Timbers" with Viola Dana and Kenneth Harlan.  
 Al Rogell directing "Dude Ranch" with Art Acord.  
 Lynn Reynolds directing "Prisoners of the Storm" with House Peters and Peggy Montgomery.

**WARNER BROTHERS**, 5842 Sunset Blvd.  
 Ernest Lubitsch directing "Revillon" with Patsy Ruth Miller.  
 Chuck Reisner directing "The Better Ole" with Sydney Chaplin and Doris Hill.

## EAST COAST

**BIOGRAPH STUDIO**, 807 E. 175th St., New York City.  
 Charles Brabin directing "Mismates" with Dori Kenyon and Philo McCullough.  
 "The Crystal Cup" with Dorothy Mackaill, Lloyd Hughes and Jack Mulhall.  
 "The Lying Truth" with Milton Sills.

**COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO**, 127th St. & Second Ave., New York City.  
**Robert Kane Prod.** "The Great Deception" with Lowell Sherman.

**PARAMOUNT STUDIO**, Pierce Ave. & Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.  
 Frank Tuttle directing "Fine Manners" with Gloria Swanson and Eugene O'Brien.  
 Gregory La Cava directing Richard Dix in "Take a Chance."  
 Edward Sutherland directing "So's Your Old Man" with W. C. Fields and Louise Brooks.  
 D. W. Griffith directing "Sorrows of Satan" with Carol Dempster, Adolphe Menjou, Liza de Pabna, Ricardo Cortez.  
 Earle Kenton directing "The Palm Beach Girl" with Bebe Daniels, Lawrence Gray and John Patrick.

## CHANGES IN TITLES

**FIRST NATIONAL.**  
 "The Vienne Medley" will be released as "The Greater Glory."

**PARAMOUNT.**  
 "The Old Army Game" will be released as "So's Your Old Man."

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 Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.



## False Faces

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 ]

ished glories of old civilizations in your stores. You are that Thing Beyond for which we commoner dust must ever seek and by which, thrice blest, may find."

Gaillard said such beautiful things.

"Don't—please, I *must* tell you!"

Gaillard leaned back among the cushions, halting and exhaling as only Gaillard could. He looked, Lilith thought, like the ads he used for, the gentlemanly connoisseur in evening clothes appreciatively savoring a Turkish end—Beautiful and right.

"Well, Adored," he said, "if you are about to tell me of some peccadillo with a king, proceed, proceed. Even so, I shall not disclaim you. I might, even, evolve a piquant zest from playing, what is it, understudy, afterwards, something of the kind, to a king."

Lilith rose from the cushions as if their nothing hold had become unbearable. She went to the pale green enamelled secretary and drew forth a bulky missive. It had occurred to Gaillard, watching her passage across the room, that she did not undulate as much as usual—she walked.

She returned and sat down, not close to him, as her wont.

"All right, Gaillard," she said, and her voice was woman-patient, "if you won't listen perhaps you will read. This letter can tell you what I have been trying to say to you better no doubt, than I could have said it. It is from my mother."

Gaillard accepted, rather gingerly, the rough, thick letter. He bent his impeccable shoulders forward so that the feverish mauve light from the nearest lamp could illumine the incongruous appearing epistle. Her mother—this letter—Lilith performed the feat of holding her breath during the reading of the verbose, folksy, slightly illiterate family digest. When he laid it down, dropped it might be nearer to the truth, she let her breath go and it stabbed her a multitude of times as it left her lungs.

Silence. Little deaths of heart and hope and joy, there in that glamorous boudoir, that sanctuary of beauty, decorate for love, proof, surely, against the least sordid invasion.

Silence. And because she loved him so honestly Lilith forgot to fear for herself. His face was so pale. His hands were shaking. She had hurt him, who would have spared him the faintest pang.

"And so," Gaillard's beautiful voice was. Lilith noted, still beautiful, grave and deep and slightly slurred with sorrow—"and so, after all, you have deceived me."

"I told you so! Now you know. But if you could know, too, how many sleepless nights I have spent, trying to make up my mind, trying to nerve my heart, to tell you. If you knew how hard I have tried to live those old days down, to cover over with layers and layers and layers—the girl I was. I have striven by every means in my power to make myself, inside as well as out, the kind of a woman a man like you could love. It was necessary, it became true, it wasn't deceit in any ordinary sense of the word, it was just, don't you see, gilding a plain pine frame, sort of like that."

"If you have deceived me about anyone else, but about yourself. These stories—all these stories about your birth, your parentage, your convent days—lies?"

"Not all. Not quite. I did go to a convent for three months. And surely, surely, you have been in the business long enough, you have been in the world long enough to know that we all, that everyone, plays a part. We all play parts in life. Many people, a great many people, writers with pen names, people

## Like Lost Pearls

Teeth clouded with the dingy film that ordinary brushing won't remove



Please accept a full 10-day test of this NEW way that world's dental authorities advise for lightening clouded teeth and protecting gums.

UNKNOWN to yourself, you are probably hiding the gleam and clearness of your teeth beneath a dingy film coat—but that now you can easily remove. A coating that ordinary washing won't combat successfully.

In a few days you can make a great difference in the color of your teeth. Can literally change your whole appearance. Can restore "off-color" teeth to gleaming beauty. Can firm your gums and give them healthy, natural color.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this new way. A full 10-day tube will be sent you upon receipt of the coupon below.

## Hidden by film

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack

and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

## Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

It removes that film  
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It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

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like that, adopt a different name for a specific purpose."

"I see," Gaillard's voice was edged now, with irony, with bitterness. "I see that I have been loving a woman who has never existed. That is what hurts so. To think that for sixteen years you lived in East Machias. To think that you are the daughter of a traveling salesman—and one of eleven children—one of—"

"Gaillard, don't say too much."

"And I had thought—been thinking—poetry—song—mystery."

"Gaillard, don't be silly. You couldn't have believed all of these things, literally."

"To think that—"

Lilith was losing her temper. As Mildred P. Means she had lost it quite frequently.

"Well, here is what you are to think—that I was named Mildred P. Means and that I considered it expedient, not to say more euphonious, to change it. That my poor, hard working and thoroughly respectable mother had eleven children and the very devil of a time trying to bring them up. That my father was a traveling salesman and not a very good one at that. That money was usually short, if at all, and that these shortages were brought home to us very unpleasantly, at least once a week, by the various butchers, green grocers and butter and egg men in our vicinity. That I went to village parties in my elder sisters' hand-me-downs and that I had a beau who worked in the local garage. That—"

"Oh, Lilith, please—please—I have cared so much."

"You have cared? So that is the verdict, is it? Well, I might have known. But at least I have been honest with you, Gaillard. I hope my—my successor will be as honest. I didn't have to tell you, you know—not now—not yet. My Past is carefully strewn over with orchids and incense—it would have been easy, but I had to be honest with love."

Gaillard looked at her, for the first time since she had begun to speak. He saw her ivory face, her bronze hair with the green and amber lights, her slim body, drooping now, like a flower, her slim, long hands—Mildred Means—Lilith Flame. What was the difference after all? Surely from out the Dark Ages a soul had come to dwell in the incongruous frame of East Machias. He bent

toward her, himself again, "I love you, Lilith. I love you with a love that is great enough to forgive you even this. We will never mention it again. It will be as if it had never been. We will forget. We all have things in our past to forget and who among us should cast the first stone?"

Lilith was in his arms. Honestly now. Securely. "All our lives together," she murmured, "all our lives together."

\* \* \* \* \*

KATY knocked and Lilith called, "Come in." She guessed that Katy had bribed Takio into letting her announce the waiting car. She said, "The car, Miss Lilith, the car is at the door. Well, for the land's sake!"

Lilith stared, stared. Was Katy going out of her honest, stolid mind? She certainly looked it. She, Katy, the trained, impersonal, retiring servant was staring at Gaillard De Koven, arms akimbo, mouth open, incredulous and yes, familiar.

"For the good land's sake," she repeated, loudly, in a pre-stardom tone of voice, "if it ain't old Pete Hodgkin's boy, Pete Junior. Wasn't I in the fifth grade with him myself? Didn't I live a block away from him in West Machias? Wouldn't I know him anywhere for the spitting image of his pa? I'd know you in Timbuctoo, Pete, for all the fancied clothes you've got on you—you and Miss Mildred—well, now, the pair o' you. Have you been back to Machias lately? Now say, you've got along real good, haven't you?"

Gaillard's elegantly manicured hand was pressed against his high, aristocratic brow. "Lilith," he said, chokingly, "I feel upset—couldn't we—?"

Lilith, enigmatic, stern, motioned to the suddenly inarticulate Katy to be gone. She took Gaillard's hand from his unnaturally florid face. She petted his head with soft little taps of love, of forgiveness, of conspiracy. She murmured little intimate terms of adoration. She had the beautiful nicety not to laugh. She carefully and tenderly readjusted his mask.

"What were we saying, Lilith," he asked wearily, from the shelter of her arms, "some thing about the past—as I said, we all—?"

"We were speaking about living the Past down, dearest, you and I—all our lives—together."

## As an Actor Frank Godwin Proved to Be a Fine Painter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

train, my skull opened to make sure the presence of gray matter would not interfere with my acting, and finally my blood was analyzed and a long file of ladies with thermometers in their mouths was led past me and the thermometer readings taken to see if I had sufficient S. A., which is Hollywood for sex appeal.

I awoke early with horrible sensation that the test was still to be gone through with. Hiring a large car, my son and I drove to the studio.

AT the studio I was informed Miss Nilsson would go through the test with me. "What courage!" I thought. "Brave little woman." Then, "Maybe she loves me and wants to die with me if such must be." Suddenly a rough bass voice from somewhere yelled, "Anytime, Miss Nilsson, that you're ready to be shot; we're all set on stage six."

Shot! It was true! She was going to die with me. We went to stage six. My son came along. So did Peter B. Kyne and H. C. Witwer.

Arriving on stage six, however, I learned from Lambert Hilyer, the director, that the

test was merely being photographed in one of the scenes from the forthcoming play.

Anna Q. and I were told what the story of the scene was and, believe me, she had the best of it. Her back was to the camera most of the time and while I was registering sorrow, thoughtfulness, amusement and cynicism, she was reminding me of fifty cents I've owed her for years, since she last posed for me. She said I ought to pay her since I won that chest expansion contest. But I was acting. I was steeped in Histrionic Art. I didn't hear.

I glanced out of the set once to see the effect my work was having on my audience. My son had turned his back and was watching Johnny Boyle operate his camera, Pete Kyne and Harry Witwer were watching the work in another set. The director was working a cross word puzzle. Anna had gone.

That evening a telegram awaited me at the hotel. It was urgent I return to New York.

With tears of apology I broke this news to John McCormick. He must have known that there were many demands upon my time and that it was too much to hope I would grace Anna's new picture.

He had already hired another actor.



## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15 ]

### Rudy's Still Got It

Vincennes, Ind.

I am writing to express my sincere admiration for Rudolph Valentino. I have never missed one picture, so far, that he has been in. Of course every one is privileged to choose their own actors and actresses, but it sure does make me hot to read those letters condemning him. The last picture that I saw him was "The Eagle." I thought it was a splendid plot and had gorgeous settings.

Hurray, for the new comer—Vilma Banky. I wish her the best of luck.

HELEN PHILLIPPE

### Are Thrills Ever Legitimate?

Washington, D. C.

I want to express my disappointment at "The Road to Yesterday." Why did not De Mille have the original modern introduction? Instead of an English house party where an American girl, tired by visiting the Towers and other romantic places, dreams of the past, we have the events occur incongruously in the Grand Canon and are told a hectic story of atavistic aversions and most modern bad behavior. The only decent thing in the first part was the rather pathetic figure of Joseph Schildkraut.

I suppose the Grand Canon and the psychopathic melodrama were introduced for the sake of thrills but it seems to me there were enough legitimate thrills in the 11th century part for the modern part to be convincing.

If I had not liked the old story and part of the treatment of it in the movie very much, I should not care whether the first part were bad or not but I hate to see a good thing ruined by inconsistencies.

KATHARINE GERRY.

### Natacha's Champion

London, Eng.

As one who is most interested in the progress of motion pictures, I feel I must express my gratitude to you for your interesting and pertinent contribution to the subject in the February editorial of your valuable magazine.

I am glad to know there is nothing vindictive or mean about Mr. Valentino but the deplorable lack of business capacity in his matrimonial affairs is the cause of the trouble. Love, desire for children, family affection are in real life, of course, as extinct as Dodo and only survive in the films for their spectacular value.

Faced with her husband's ridiculously old fashioned views and failure to realize that marriage is a business concern, there was naturally no course open to Mrs. Valentino as a noble and devoted wife, but to leave her husband without delay to recoup her losses on a bad investment by screening her marriage failure and so to achieve her status as a business woman.

W. T. POTTER.

### Nice Pollyanna

Jamaica, N. Y.

If we didn't have rain once in a while we wouldn't appreciate the sun and if we didn't have a few pictures that weren't so good we wouldn't appreciate the good pictures. So why don't the people that are always criticizing the pictures remember the good and forget the terrible? I always do that and it agrees with me very well.

I like Bill Hart's pictures and I would like to see one soon.

MARY R. ELFLENN.



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In the two pictures in which she has appeared in important roles, leading critics throughout the country singled her out with the most lavish praise. She has built up a following of admirers overnight. She is today the most interesting personality in the screen world.

Warner Bros. take pleasure in announcing that Miss Costello will be starred in the future in Warner Productions.

Above—In "The Little Irish Girl"

Below—In "Bride of the Storm"



With John  
Barrymore in "The  
Sea Beast"



## All Sweetness and Light

South Pasadena, Calif.

I have a large bouquet for each actor and actress in the best play I have seen in a very long time, "That Royle Girl."

Of course, the biggest bouquet goes to Carol Dempster. She is the most fascinating actress I have ever seen. She is not just a painted doll, who struts through the play to show off her beauty and clothes. She has charm and talent. I couldn't take my eyes off her all through the play. Sometimes she looks beautiful and other times very homely but she is always interesting.

My next bouquet is given to Harrison Ford. I think he is a fine actor. I don't think it will be very long before he will be one of the most popular actors of the screen.

I must not forget to mention W. C. Fields. He didn't act as well as he did in "Sally of the Sawdust," although he was very good.

Last, but not least, I have a bouquet for James Kirkwood. Although I have never liked him very well, I will have to admit he played his part splendidly.

MARGARET GALLERAITH

## Pola Has a Defender

Roanoke, Virginia.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, in upholding Norma Talmadge as the screen's great actress, states that Pola Negri has given only one great performance to the films, her Du Barry in "Passion." This statement is ground for amusement because no less an authority than Norma Talmadge herself has admitted that the greatest acting ever seen on the screen was given by Pola Negri in "Gypsy Blood."

And it is true! Negri did not give the usual artificial Carmen of the opera, but the real Carmen of Prosper Merimee, the author. Another great performance which Mrs. St. Johns seemingly overlooked, is Negri's philanthropic queen in "Forbidden Paradise." This is easily the most perfectly balanced characterization yet seen in motion pictures. So, in place of only one great rôle, Madame Negri has given three great performances, and which are sufficient in themselves to prove her the greatest actress on the screen today.

LEWIS D. FACKLER.

## Still, Some Agree

Alexander City, Ala.

I wish some of the fans would learn the difference between constructive criticism and knocking. Most of them seem to think criticizing merely means knocking. Well it doesn't. Criticizing means discussing both the good and bad points of the matters concerned.

One should think twice before he writes. Often a fan on the impulse of the moment writes, "She is the sourest, ugliest actress on the screen." It would sound much better for the fan to write, "She doesn't appeal to me at all." So much for that.

One of the saddest things in pictures is the little credit some actors and actresses get for their work. Take Bessie Love, for example. She is truly an artist, yet she misses being a screen idol.

Next, look at Corinne Griffith. A very beautiful young lady but not by any sketch of the imagination the actress that Miss Love is. Yet Miss Griffith is very popular and ranks among the leaders in the film world. She has been giving the public good pictures, but say, Miss Love has done much more than Miss Griffith toward elevating the standard of the cinema.

I wish I could see another picture similar to "Quincy Adams Sawyer." I saw that film years ago but it still lingers in my memory. I enjoy such pictures. They are a relief from so many stilted society dramas.

To close I want to thank the writer of the article about Norma Talmadge that appeared in February's PHOTOPLAY. I agree with it in every way.

SARAH SEGREST.



## Defending Fannie

Detroit, Michigan

Just a few words in behalf and in appreciation of the widely known \$50,000 prize story—"Mannequin."

Because Miss Hurst was the fortunate recipient of a magazine's generosity—BECAUSE of her fame as a fictionist, less fortunate contestants, are greatly underrating its value. They are actually reviewing the opus from a biased angle, so the writer hastens to construct a few sentences in favor of Miss Hurst and those responsible for the selection.

As one who toiled unmeasurably in the hope of annexing the huge award—and lost—I want to publicly congratulate Miss Hurst upon her successful entry, to prove my total lack of prejudice. But, in accordance with what has come to my hearing it seems that this will do little to counterbalance sentiments.

Admitting that the story is not the equal of MADAME X or THE RIGHT OF WAY, the selection is justifiable, considering that the amount awarded is no longer the top price.

L. JOSEPH CARON.

## Love for Mary

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Would that some fairy would fashion of sunbeams, and elfin laughter, a fitting tribute to the Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood . . . Mary Pickford. Was there ever a picture that portrayed so delightfully all the joys and the sorrows of childhood, playing a melody on our heart strings as charming as the gay little tune, from which it took its name, as "Little Annie Rooney"? Yet it held the interest of the audience, regardless of age, to the last reel.

Many thanks to all who had a hand in it's making, and my sincerest congratulations to Miss Pickford for her realistic portrayal of the title rôle. She is the *Peter Pan* of the screen. May the years touch her lightly so that she may many times again answer the cry of our hearts. . . . "Make me a child again just for tonight."

MARY BRYAN.

## He Watched Him When

Cincinnati, Ohio.

To one who has sat back and smiled knowingly at an actor of as yet unrealized talents, to have shunned professing admiration for acknowledged stars of the day in preference to one whose success I took delight in visualizing, I now join in the praise of the multitude to a nationally known star, hero of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "St. Elmo" as well as "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade." To John Gilbert I present my meagre bouquet composed of best wishes for the future and sincere hopes that each succeeding picture will be better than the last and a masterpiece in itself.

LOUISE G. STINEMAN.

## Rudy Punctures Another Heart

Prince George, Va.

I am young again—not in age but in heart for I have been thrilled over the love of a man. He is Rudolph Valentino, once the screen ideal of happy school girls but never of grouchy old maids.

Last night I was fortunate enough to witness that fascinating picture "The Black Eagle" and in it the actor at whom I once criticized, rebuked and sneered. Now it is I who have fallen a worshiper before this hero—calm, yet passionate. I am convinced that he deserves now all the praise he received in the past.

"The Black Eagle" was truly a magnificent picture and the girl, Vilma Banky, has eyes that can melt a heart of steel. I hope she will meet the highest peaks of success, and when hitching her wagon to a star, let it be Valentino, the god of love.

ELSIE BROWN.

## CASHMERE BOUQUET

Below

The lines and coarse pores, worse than birthdays to betray a woman's age

Above

Close-up of a velvet smooth skin. No "age-lines" or coarse pores.



This "hard-milled" soap, used every day  
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There is a radiant, happy beauty in a skin that has the fresh satin-smoothness that Nature gave it—and intended it to keep.

But so many skins have been robbed of their fine-textured loveliness . . . show coarsened pores, and blemishes. And, Oh, the heartaches and the disappointments that result from poor complexions! Only the girl who suffers, knows.

### Soap, of Course—But the Right Soap

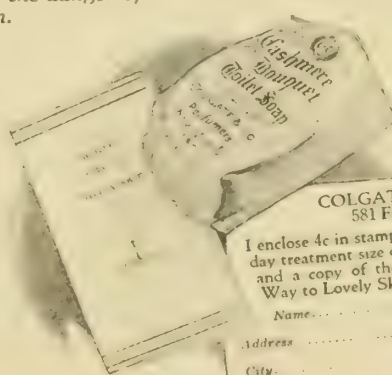
All up-to-date, scientific advice on the care of the skin urges the daily use of soap and water. It is the kind of soap you use that makes all the difference between safe cleansing and the danger of coarsened, blemished skin.

Cashmere Bouquet is made especially for the face, hands and tender skin of the neck. It is "hard-milled," which means that it is put through special processes that give each cake an almost marble firmness. It is not the least bit squdgy. This special hardness is what makes it so safe. Cashmere Bouquet lather penetrates deep into the pores, searches out dust and dirt and rinses away instantly and completely. No undissolved soap remains in the pores. That is why skins cared for with Cashmere Bouquet keep their youthful texture and remain beautiful.

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City..... State.....



# Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address



This photograph of HOOT GIBSON will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

## Look for "The Flaming Frontier"

Some of the Sioux Indians were eager to eat Gen. George Custer's heart, thinking that it would make them as fearless as he was, but so great was the respect in which he was held by the Sioux Chiefs that they would not permit his body to be touched.

In Universal's fine historical drama, "*The Flaming Frontier*," Custer's great courage at the battle of the Little Big Horn in Montana, is wonderfully well shown and the historical incident is reproduced as close to fact as eye-witnesses related it.

While this great picture abounds in thrills, is full of wild riding, almost unbelievable deeds, a beautiful romance runs through it in which HOOT GIBSON and ANNE CORNWALL are the lovers. DUSTIN FARNUM, whose name and fame are known everywhere, plays the part of Gen. Custer. The direction is by Edward Sedgwick, whose Western pictures have been among the delights of the movies.

REGINALD DENNY has certainly succeeded admirably with "*What Happened to Jones*" and I am positive he will register a greater triumph with "*Skinner's Dress Suit*." These are two of the fastest and most hilarious comedies the screen has ever produced.

Be on the lookout for Universal's latest pictures. There are many gems, such as "*The Cohens and the Kellys*" with GEORGE SIDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY and VERA GORDON; "*His People*," "*The Still Alarm*" and "*Chip of the Flying U*" with HOOT GIBSON.

Universal is offering \$500 in prizes for a good title for a forth-coming picture. Write to Title Competition Manager, Universal Pictures Corporation, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for full details.

Carl Laemmle

(To be continued next month)

President

## Brickbats for Barthelmess

Boulder, Colo.

I have just returned from seeing "Just Suppose" featuring Richard Barthelmess and I "just suppose" I should allow myself to cool down and give the "bad taste" a chance to wear off before taking aim with this brickbat.

A Richard Barthelmess picture, to me, used to be the kind I anticipated seeing. I always looked to him for something worth seeing, not only because of his capabilities proven in "Sonny" and "Classmates" but because of the genuine stories which he so vividly portrayed . . . the kind that carried a strong appeal, an ideal, the type of story that made him one of the best liked actors.

Do producers imagine that due to the success he gained through these simple stories it is necessary to throw him into a mild story-less comedy or bed time fable of a, make-believe kingdom in order to hold his fan following? Or is it because they believe that Richard Barthelmess alone, without story or leading lady will draw the throngs?

I am not so anxious to pass out free advice, but really, wouldn't it be pleasant to see Richard in one of his old time pictures with a leading lady who could at least give some idea why she was chosen for the part?

D. NEWMAN.

## Another Tribute

New York City.

It is with great unhappiness I witness the passing of Barbara La Marr.

I am grateful indeed to have been one of the fortunate few to have personally met her and my greatest tribute to this very wonderful woman is to attempt to convey her fineness to you.

Hers was a generous and honest nature with a character as beautiful as her features. Never did her success prevent her from lending a helping hand to less fortunate ones.

It is cruel that death has claimed so soon one who was just beginning to find the rays of happiness after many dark years.

But beautiful Barbara La Marr was too good, too wonderful for this world and so He called her to His realm to bring happiness in playing forever that one rôle of her own genuine self.

MATHILDA E. SCOMMODAU.

## The Foreign Invasion

Kersey, Colo.

Why do the producers import foreign talent? The importation started, and should have ended with Pola Negri. Since coming to this country she has shown only occasional flashes to incite interest in her. Except for making the front page with marvelous regularity she has most emphatically failed to justify the high hopes we had of her. The smouldering genius of "Passion" is no more.

Every time a comparative unknown gets a fat part and a chance at the fur coats and Rolls Royces, I rejoice with her, IF she is an American. But why the Greta Garbos, the Greta Nissens and the Vilma Bankys? I have not seen Miss Garbo as yet. Miss Nissen has an appeal that is purely pictorial. Miss Banky has beauty, brains and breeding, and is a capable actress, and I admire her BUT there are thousands of beautiful, intelligent and well bred girls in Hollywood languishing for the great chance. And there are no doubt many of these girls, who, if given a chance (witness Betty Bronson, Dorothy Sebastian and Mary Brian) could give as good, if not better, performances than the Scandinavians who are running our films.

Let's give the home girls a chance, let Germany, Sweden, Poland and the Lord knows where else have their respective Mary Pick-fords AND pay their salaries. If we must be high hatted, let it be by Americans!

CONSTANCE SCHANK.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

# UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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## Hollywood's Real Hermit

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54 ]

probably on an uncrowded Tuesday. And because he likes the food.

If he drives down Hollywood Boulevard he wears huge tortoise-rimmed glasses, amethyst-hued.

And he usually waits until the second day after a brave opening performance.

So you will note, as well as I, that Harrison Ford is as different from the usual order of motion picture persons as Madame Bovary and Pollyanna. Not in moral qualities; of course. Nor psychologically. But merely in vastness of comparison.

Over the 'phone when we arranged our rendezvous, his voice was mournful, and a trifle muffled: "I'm dumb."

"That's fine," I answered brightly, thinking he referred to the weather. Drat telephone conversations!

"I'm dumb!" The voice was louder. And as mournful.

No wonder I was unprepared for the sports clad young man who sauntered into the Fox Studios, where he was appearing in Margaret Livingston's first starring picture, "Hell's Four Hundred."

Confidentially, and by his own misleading admission, I expected a bovine and stolid young man of, perhaps, the screen appearance of Harry Langdon or Buster Keaton in their most asinine cinematic moments. But instead came two eyes, supported by the conventional male physique.

Two of the most piercing brown eyes. Penetrating. Expressive. Harrison Ford's eyes are baffling. As baffling as his personality. His eyes are not quizzical, a bit sad and haunting like Ronald Colman's. Nor are they emotion-swept like Jack Gilbert's.

They are glowing . . . intense . . . and yet strangely remote.

In some respects they are maddening eyes. They could easily drive a talkative woman to distraction. I don't mean by their fervid gaze—which would, at the opportune time, set pulse a-pounding—but by their bland imperturbability. Women do like to be listened to, even if their comments are the most trivial, and Harrison's whimsical gaze seems to give just a portion of his attention. Not an ill-mannered portion, you must understand. But a woman would have that uncomfortable—and maddening!—sensation of knowing that the greater part of his thoughts were winging through the freedom of some far away place.

That is the way he impresses you—until books are mentioned. Then you realize why he is an anchoite, so-called.

Harrison doesn't buy books because the bindings match the color scheme of the library or because the intricate design on a hand-tooled volume delights him. He buys books because he enjoys their lasting friendship. He really loves books. Which is a true way of expressing real regard for literature when love is so lightly regarded these days.

WITH Dreiser making his profound appearance in our conversation—Anne Parrish and her "Perennial Bachelor" skipping in for a sentence—Percy Marks' "Martha" calling for her short digression, and Harrison's remarkable eyes gleaming in full appreciation of Norman Douglas' "South Wind," it was with mincing steps that I made any progress toward the life history of the erudite Mr. Ford.

"Where were you born, Mr. Ford?" Plop! From a wind-swept isle in the Mediterranean to reality. A curtain of whimsicality filmed the Ford eyes.

"Well, now, where is a good place to be born? Where would one get a lot of publicity?"

"You might say China. William V. Mong did, because his name savored of the Celestial Empire."



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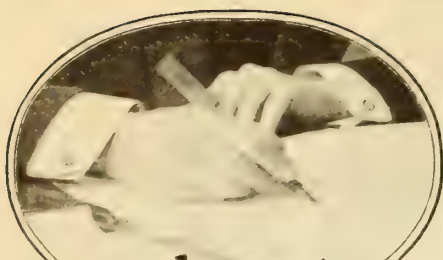
Style 355, "Sheresilk" }

Pure Thread Silk

Style 350, Service weight } \$2.75

Style 450, "Sheresilk", the finest web of silken strands }





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"Then I was born in Detroit. My name is Ford!"

But really Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City, Missouri. And he has a charming sister. And a mother to whom he is fondly devoted. And he was reared in that Middle Western town. And eight years ago he went on the screen. And he has never been on the stage. And he has played with practically every star of the screen. And he has nothing but admiration for their art, their beauty and themselves. Delightful man! Gracious man! Wise man!!

Harrison has frequently been chosen for Marion Davies' leading man. For Marion he has great admiration, but his greatest admiration goes to Marion's generosity—her goodness of heart. He tells of one Christmas—it is Marion's custom to have a huge basket of goodies for each of the workers on her set—

when two new electricians were put at work on Christmas morning and Marion had made no arrangements for them. Of all the quiet scurrying and bustling that went on at Marion's bidding, and when the appointed time came, how every last worker—including the two new electricians—were remembered with bounteous baskets.

Back to Harrison—with Dreiser again poking his leonine head into the conversation and even sophisticated, dapper Arlen dropping in for a brave moment. . . "Married, Mr. Ford?" The half-whimsical look in his most remarkable eyes, and: "Really, I'd prefer not stating." But I'm quite sure he is not—now. . . although he was at one time in his secluded career.

" . . . by the way, have you read Anderson's 'Dark Laughter'?"

## The Local Favorite

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

of invincible. In all her festive groupings Marion, true to the testament, is invariably the least of all.

Because of this constitutional sensitiveness she is prone to suspect people of high-hatting her. And she's just as liable to suspect an electrician as a duke, being, like Mabel Normand, so hopelessly socialistic as to have no sense of rank or prestige.

Her recent costume ball, of which I speak in Close-Ups and Long Shots (Adv.), was of a democracy which princes, like Wales, enjoy. She forced Napoleon to do a solo Charleston. Napoleon in this instance was Charlie Chaplin, but she'd have compelled the original to do the same back at Versailles.

SHE was aroused one Sunday morning early by the butler announcing a Mr. Roberts to see her.

She insisted she didn't know a Mr. Roberts.

"Oh, yes," insisted the butler mysteriously.

"But I don't."

"You had better see him," insisted the butler ominously.

So she arose, flung on whatever a lady flings on in such hurried moments, and went down the stairs to behold a tramp seated in her drawing room.

She declares she recognized Sid Grauman instantly, for all his hobo make-up. At any rate she listened to his persuasions to go forth and bury gold in the beach at Santa Monica, this by way of an advertising stunt for "The Gold Rush" which Grauman was showing.

Putting on that antique costume known as shirtwaist-and-skirt, stuffing pillows fore and aft, and topping off the ensemble with a Merry Widow, she affixed spectacles to her nose, which she rouged slightly for the occasion, drew artistic "water bags" beneath her eyes and sailed forth to bury the treasure where the crowds already were digging in response to the advertising announcements.

Sweeping aside a luncheon engagement, an appointment for driving and tea, she spent the whole day loitering in the sands with the money-grubbing hoi polloi. A newspaper reporter recognized Sid, but not *la bella* Davies.

At a swagger dinner party recently, when things were lagging, the host noted a dreamy, far-away look in the eyes of the Davies.

"What have you on your mind?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," said Marion, with a pensive sigh.

"You have an idea," he insisted. "Something you want to do?"

"Well," quavered Marion reluctantly. "I was just thinking how nice it would be if we all went down to the shooting gallery at Venice."

Thus another party went over the top out of boredom with Marion in the lead.

Marion Davies has performed the hardest feat in pictures. Others have tried it, but she alone has succeeded:

She started at the top and worked up.

The reigning beauty of New York's musical shows, she was beguiled, as beauties are ever beguiled, to play a star rôle in a motion picture. It was titled "Runaway Romany."

"It was a terrible picture," sighs Marion. "I wrote it. The producer thought it would be a good publicity stunt for me to write it. So I contributed some ideas, and someone put them down. It may have been a publicity stunt, but it wasn't a picture!"

Commencing her young career as star and authoress in one breath, she had a lot to live down. Then came the series of Cosmopolitan productions through which she rose to find herself as a comedienne.

When it was the style for the critical sheep to bah at the ability of the highly exploited Marion, I let out a bellow to the effect that she was far more seductive than most of the ladies who were skating by without a challenge.

Later the music turned to her balcony, and the psalm-singing gradually rolled up to such a volume that now she's the most glorified favorite in Hollywood. So glorified, in fact, that for the sake of originality I'd like to pull a sour note. I'm nothing if not original. (The answer in the back of the book is: Nothing.)

First it was Adela Rogers St. Johns who hurried in after Marion's arrival in town to inform me that I'd simply *adore* her, such wit, such charm, such everything paragonic.

Ramon Novarro staggered in a little later, badly winged, to describe the new arrival, who, it appeared, was so real, so natural, so devoid of pose as to be quite foreign to the movie realm.

THE kid brother was the next to take a header. A good scout, he kept muttering, a wonderful scout.

Finally, James R. Quirk, another of the retinue, led me out to her set, and I've been in the traffic ever since.

If anyone should say, "God protect me from my friends," it's Marion. Her coterie, which has come to embrace about the entire industry, does so much whooping for her charms that when you come to see her on the screen you are prepared for a gigantic combine of Bernhardt, Duse and Lillian Russell. And you're probably pleasantly disappointed.

Marion is a comedienne of light and delicacy, as she has indicated in "Little Old New York," "Adam and Eva," and now in "Beverly of Graustark." And still she hasn't given a half the charm that makes her the local favorite. When she does let go I pale to think what will happen to the other comedienues.



## Close-Ups and Long Shots

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

rope thirty five feet above the ground and looking at the extra girls at the same time, which unquestionably was a feat.

I AINED my pet theory, namely that an actor has no brains, and Doug promptly agreed. "I'm no actor," said he, "but Charlie is a great actor."

JOHN GILBERT to my monastery for lunch, proclaiming the ecclesiastical effects of madonnas and crucifixes after his own heart, he likewise being a home church-goer. He's the first to endorse my *case* whole heartedly, which is not to be surprised at, says Adela St. Johns, as Jack is also a nut.

Jack has built a Mexican house on a hill-top above King Vidor's so as he can throw dead bottles and other tributes onto his director's roof-top. There is one bedroom in black and white, with a huge ebony crucifix against the white wall over the black bed, and a black *predieu* with a prayer book lying open on the top. The room holds sacred memories, being an exact duplicate of the one in "The Merry Widow" wherein Jack did — (Censored: substitute "get fresh with")—Mae Murray.

"I ALWAYS wanted to be a writer and still do," remarked Jack, tactfully, as he eyed my typewriter. Then tactlessly, "I started to be one once because I thought my nose was too big for pictures."

Noting that I bridled at this, having an appendage of pure Greek heritage, he said he didn't mean that a big nose qualified him as a writer but that it did disqualify him as an actor until his face had a chance to grow up to it.

JACK asked me what I considered as necessary qualifications for a writer.

"Well, first of all," I said, putting on my horn-rimmed glasses, "you ought to know Alice Terry."

A letter from Alice in France informs me of the unsurprising news that writers are flocking to the Riviera since her arrival. Frederick Lonsdale, dramatist of "Spring Cleaning," is there, and Michael Arlen, who is still collecting money with his old green hat. If I'm to compete in wit with such as these I'll have to hurry to France even if it requires a supreme sacrifice. I dare say that under Alice's sophisticated influence Michael's next contribution will make "The Green Hat" look like a white woolly baby bonnet.

I WONDER sometimes why more youths don't tackle writing for the movie magazines. It pays well, as my lands and loving herds do testify. You don't need to know anything about grammar, which is so troublesome in other forms of writing, and you are practically fed free.

"How do you go about writing an interview?" a correspondent asks. "Is it an art requiring special study?"

Ans.: No, all you need is pictures, which the press agent supplies, with enough words packed around them to make the page look like your money's worth. Any kind of words will do as the editor never bothers to read them, the stars can't read them, and the public only looks at the pictures.

Of course, with a page like this one you are handicapped because there are no pictures. So you have to rely on inspiration, and inspiration comes from God, as Milton would say, or from the bootlegger, as Scott Fitzgerald might say, or from your friends, as honest Herb would orate.

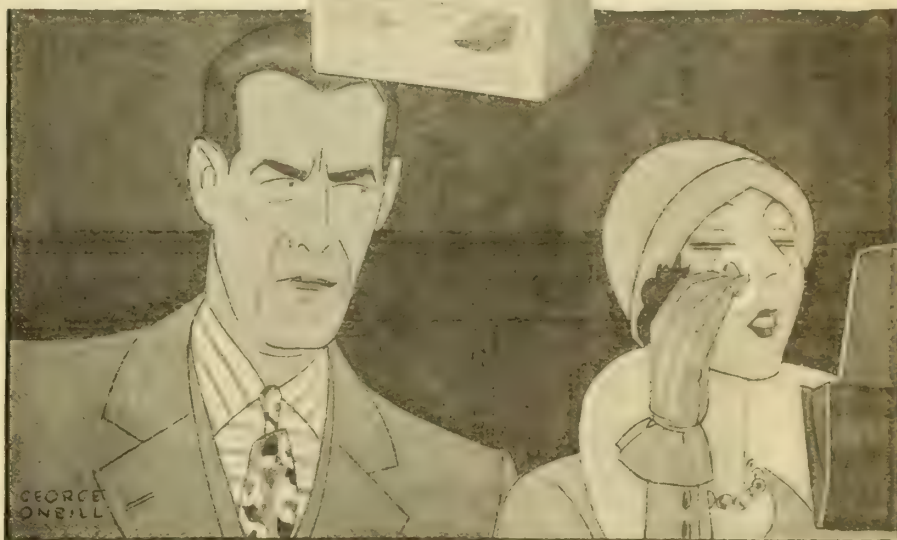
The reason I Boswell a select coterie is that it keeps me from being found out.

"Does Alice Terry really say the witty things

# HINDS

*Honey & Almond*

# CREAM



"Can't you do that later?"  
*he whispered fiercely*

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you say she does," asks Suspicious, "or do you make them up for her to say?"

*Ans.:* Lady, I thank you. But I want you to keep your illusions, so will not send you an autographed picture, the idea being prevalent that beauty is brainless.

"Is Ramon Novarro really as brilliant as you make him appear to be?" asks Stupefied.

*Ans.:* He is more than that, madame. He is as brilliant as he makes me appear to be.

Writers complain that stars don't appreciate what is done for them. So I just want to say that I'm one star who appreciates very much what writers do for him.

So long as Rex Ingram lets Alice Terry spend three months of the year in the United States I can hold my job, and I'm willing to let her spend the other nine with him as I realize he needs three times as many to hold his.

JOSEPH SCHENCK says the greatest need of pictures is for scenario writers. I'm sure I don't know why so many fellows go around selling oil stock when they could make more just as criminally selling scenarios. The idea that writers starve in garrets is as passe as petticoats. The truth is we're all enormously rich. Frances Marion, queen of the scenarists, has the biggest and highest house in Beverly Hills from which she can toss alms down to the poor little movie stars in their hovels below.

Carey Wilson, who collaborated with Bess Meredith on the continuity of "Ben Hur," is building a house up the street that makes the Tower of London look like a fakey miniature. He has such an elaborate set of burglar alarms to protect his wife's jewels and furs that if a poor little thief ever broke in, the din of gongs, whistles, bugles and cannons would disturb the slumber of cops in New York. And Willis Goldbeck, youth of 26 with money in six banks—booty collected from scenarioizing "Scaramouche," "Peter Pan," "Mare Nostrum" and other trifles—staggered into my villa the other evening in a suicidal frame of mind. He had contracted a violent headache from checking up his fortune to ninety-nine thousand dollars cash, say nothing of real estate, and he was wondering what in the world he had to live for. I am glad to say I was able to send him home whistling, as I always have some wildcat solution for friends in this predicament.

If I can think of nothing better I borrow from them. Nearly everyone in town owes me his life.

GRETA GARBO, late of the foreign fjords, made her American debut in "The Torrent," and I was there to give the little girl a hand, as I always am when a foreigner needs a welcome. Greta exerts an evil fascination—on the screen.

True her debut was not auspiciously placed in "The Torrent," which is in reality a babbling brook that runs on forever, with make-ups and bust-ups between hero and heroine—now-she-loves-him-now-she-don't until the end and beyond. The only extraordinary thing about the picture is that it is not above the average, which is most extraordinary for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Greta is certainly a distinctive personality. I recommend her wholeheartedly to the men folk (better leave the little wife at home). She has an exceedingly sensitive face. And she's unique in this: she's the first actress with dramatic nostrils.

This is not said in a comic strip spirit. They really are expressive. So are her eyes, her lips, her hands, her . . . Oh, go see her and sing it for yourself.

WELL, I guess that's enough for my diary this month. I've got to go and fix myself up for a luncheon date with Renee Adoree. I wonder if I will affect her like Jack Gilbert did in "The Big Parade."

Be sure to get your next issue early and find out, as it is liable to be suppressed when the censors find out.



## Syncopated Heart Strings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

this time, King kept the key to his former residence, though by now he was a successful director come into his own while Florence was just winning a niche for herself as an actress.

"Yes, it is a pity," Florence admitted to us once. "We did struggle through the early days together and now . . .," a shrug that conveyed oh, so much.

Florence became acquainted with herself. Ye gods, she had sex appeal and all these years had been unaware of that alluring fact. She commenced to gather friends around her. One day, King returned to the house to get what mail there was for him. He let himself in with his key. A youth accompanied him. The house was homey and comfy and cheery. King sighed.

"You love Florence," the youth, who was a friend, accused.

**K**ING admitted there was some truth and much poetry in the accusation. Why not? Differences of opinion do not necessarily make folks enemies. He gazed out of the window at the tennis court where Florence, beautiful and gay, was playing a love set with George Fitzmaurice.

So divorce followed leisurely on the heels of separation. Was King of "The Big Parade" going to marry Eleanor Boardman? Denials. Folks shook befuddled heads. They couldn't make heads or tails of the mixup.

Florence and George Fitzmaurice, Ouida Bergere's ex-husband and also a director, announced their engagement and forthcoming marriage.

"I give you odds that never comes off," an acquaintance sprang on us.

"Spurned," we retorted, being suspicious of the ways of the impossible.

Boy Cupid doesn't know. Ouida Bergere was supposed to have yessed Basil Rathbun, the actor, months ago. The marriage was postponed and explanations also. Ouida was once mad about Fitzmaurice.

Jack Pickford, restless brother of Mary, married Marilyn Miller several years ago and the optimists offered odds it wouldn't take. "Give 'em six months and then we're being generous."

They lost, by nearly eighteen months. Then along trotted Ben Finney, reported scion of a well-to-do southern family. Ben Finney had once edged Ben Lyon out of an impassioned love. The tables turned. Ben Finney departed for China, evidently to learn if China-eggs were manufactured by cartloads or carloads. Ben Lyon breezed in.

Marilyn and Ben, the Jungle Crown Prince, swapped ideas, ideals, and I-don't-knows.

"They're engaged," ejaculated the blase, stirred to enthusiasm. (Note: when you're married and separated, it is legitimate to be engaged in the flicker world just as much as if your name appears in the social register.)

"Marilyn is going to Paris this summer to get a divorce from Jack, and Ben will meet her there and they'll be spliced," opines the street of the White Lights and tired hearts.

Boy Cupid, we turn to you. Please wire, collect.

Eyes focus smartly ahead and concentrate on Lillian Gish, purveyor of emotional hysteria in celluloid. Now that Lillian has made the varsity and won her "Scarlet Letter," who will be her next heart victim?

When D. W. Griffith allowed the elder Gish to leave his fold, there were those who sighed and said: "That's over."

When Charles Duell crossed the stormy Atlantic to join his "White Sister" in Florence, the cables agitated a la Vesuvius and steamed stories across the deep. Mrs. Duell was going

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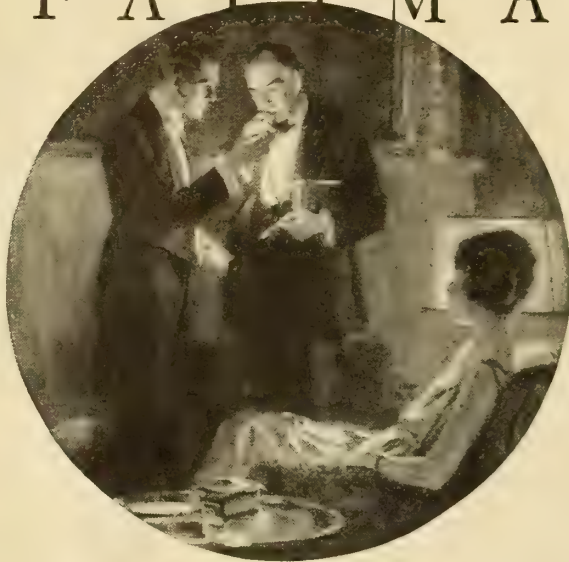




## As it should be

SINCE its extra cost, when spread over its billions of output, figures to but three cents per package of twenty, it is quite fair to say that Fatima, in between 'costly' and 'popular' in price, is decidedly more popular than costly

## F A T I M A



*"What a whale of a difference  
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to divorce her husband because he was engaged to a Gish.

"Romola" brought the law courts and the carrots into prominence. Lillian sued the erstwhile assaulter of her heart and won. He was broken. Joseph Hergesheimer penned a glowing article about the mouse-y Lillian for a ritzy magazine. Ah, ha-a-a-a, breathed the breathers. But it was not Mr. Hergesheimer. It was George Jean Nathan, one of the editors of this periodical.

Where Mr. Nathan went, Miss Gish went. His people were her people. Mr. Nathan resigned from the magazine with which he had been so long associated. It was said that he would write original screen stories for Miss Gish. Suddenly, they broke. Perhaps the clever Mr. Nathan was too wise to try the movies. Lillian eventually went West to make pictures. Mr. Nathan remained East. A nice guy, this Nathan boy, very nice, and he doffs his highbrow when he leaves his typewriter. Will the quiet Lillian, with her peculiar brand of vamping, break loose again? Boy Cupid, please respond.

FLICKER-LAND'S latest reel of inside shootings reveals Norma Shearer and Jack Gilbert are finding much in common. Can it be? It can and it can't. Norma has never attempted a matrimonial sail. Jack is a veteran.

Jack was once married to Leatrice Joy who prided her career above wifeliness and forsook the domestic roof every time she made a picture for Cecil De Mille. Since their divorce, Leatrice goes around now and then, but shuns the cooing dove act. Jack seems determined to be fancy free.

Is Richard Barthelmess going to give his Mary a divorce? He is not. He spurns any such move. Yet Dick's name was newspaperly associated with Millicent Rogers, the Countess Salm. Whilst on the Coast, he has been seen with Barbara Bennett, tempestuous sister of that erstwhile heart-slayer, Constance, who is now Mrs. Phil Plant, a social princess with millions. Dick cannot make a move but they try to plant him in matrimony. It's part of the price of success.

Boy Cupid must certainly have a feverish time re-vamping the files devoted to the cinema colony. For in this silent drama realm, which is as silent as a nest of hungry baby blackbirds, romance stalks day and night. Personalities meet, tread on others, flare, only to chill and part and continue playing blindly and débonairly the jazz of syncopated heart strings.

Oh, dear, we do so pity poor Boy Cupid and his complicated job of keeping apace of starry heart palps.



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## Big Boy Blue

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

"Love at sight and all that sort of Beatrice Fairfax whatnot?"

"Exactly. I didn't call her for a week after that first meeting," he grinned. "I was scared to."

"If the baby is a boy, I bet you call it Junior," referring to the offspring due to make the Blue home rosy in April.

"We are," ecstatically, and the waiter placed a cheese omelette before us. "If it's a girl, we're going to name it Barbara Ann." The waiter placed a combination salad before him. "I'm awfully glad you're so happy, Monte. Gosh, you've worked pretty hard to get what you've corralled."

"I'll say so," wistfully watching us massacre the cheese omelette. "You don't know how happy I am to work hard. It was difficult enough getting started. And one of these days, when I wind up as an actor, I'm going to be a director."

## Given

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"Sure, I've worked for this. I've studied, too. I've got a neat little library at my Beverly Hills home and Jimmy and I do more staying home than prancing out. I like to read about stagecraft and that kind of thing. It's a science, you know."

Which is all right with us, but Monte steps into the spotlight just now and not stagecraft. When he says he has worked hard to get where he is, he isn't enveloping himself in a cloud of soft coal smoke to get away with poking tongue in cheek. He has worked.

This boy, for he will always be a boy with his enthusiasms, his wistfulness, his chivalry, really dug his way to the top.

WHEN six years old, Monte's father died in a train wreck. His mother, left penniless with four boys, had to place two of them in an orphanage, being too frail to shoulder so heavy a burden. Monte remained in the asylum until he rounded into his sixteenth birthday, whereupon he made his second entrance into the world to work his way through high school and then depart on his odyssey. He dug coal in a Pennsylvania mine, labored on an Ohio railroad, drifted to Montana to punch cattle. In Seattle, he turned "red" and soap-boxed from the best corners, until Seattle made it more interesting for him to depart than to remain.

Being dry, vocally and financially, he hit the rails into Los Angeles, arriving in the City of the Angels with a Hades complexion, a cherubic disposition, and a worldly desire to slay a porterhouse steak. That was Saturday. His complexion changed to normal, his disposition became porcupine-ish, his worldly desire to annihilate a steak more worldly as he had not a cent in his pocket and was too proud to beg. He didn't eat until the next Tuesday! That momentous day saw him apply with other men at D. W. Griffith's studio. When the applicants learned a man was merely wanted as a day laborer, they faded out of the scene and left Monte master of all he surveyed.

Monte took the \$1.50 a day job, elated at his luck. Playing second lead to a spade spelled food; also the novelty of eating regularly. It must have been the spade that revived his enthusiasm in "red" ideals. At all events, he staged a Chautauqua during the noon hours. Mr. Griffith passed by while he was in the midst of such a discourse and Monte lost his voice. A few days later, D. W. called him into his office and offered him a chance to extra in mob scenes. Monte kissed his spade adieu and attached himself to a make-up box.

Excelsior, he was an actor!

From mobbing he graduated into the "bit" class, then the heavy, stunt man, and heavy again. At this period, the famine struck. Monte couldn't get a job. Jobs were few and relatives many. In disgust, he wavered whether to leave the cinema or not. Douglas Fairbanks decided him to stay, for Doug gave him the heavy rôle in one of his Artcraft operas. After sundry downs and few ups, Monte landed with Famous Players at \$75 a week for five years.

Time did a Haley's comet while Monte's salary remained stationary, until—Famous loaned him to Mae Murray to hero for her in "Peacock's Alley," and neglected to renew the option on his contract. Overnight, Monte leaped into the four-figured free lance class.

Though momentarily content, Monte flattered around in meaningless leads. D. W. Griffith met him one day on the street and invited him into his office. How different his motive, though, from those day labor days. Mr. Griffith talked the rôle of *Danton* to him for his next picture, "Orphans of the Storm."

"Here, Monte," when they were seated, "are twenty-six books about *Danton*. Go away for a week, read them, and come back and tell me what you think of this character."

Monte eloped with his Lilliputian library to the Adirondacks, where the spaces are big and silent. He buried his nose in pages of print, reporting to D. W. at the stipulated time to summarize simply:



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Don't let negligence keep you away from your dentist until pain drives you to him. At least twice a year go to your dentist for thorough mouth inspection. He will help you avoid needless pain and trouble by keeping your teeth and gums healthy.

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Remember that four out of five who pass the age of forty, and thousands even younger, contract pyorrhea through carelessness. These are dental statistics.

But you can be the lucky one out of five if you will exercise ordinary precaution. Let your dentist inspect your mouth at least twice a year and brush teeth and gums twice a day with Forhan's.

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If you already have pyorrhea see your dentist for treatment and start using Forhan's. If you still are free from this scourge, brush your teeth and gums regularly with Forhan's as a wise precaution.

If used regularly and in time Forhan's checks or prevents pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use in their treatment of this infection.

Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. This pleasant tasting dentifrice cleans teeth thoroughly and wards off decay. Start using Forhan's at once. At all druggists', 35c and 60c in tubes.

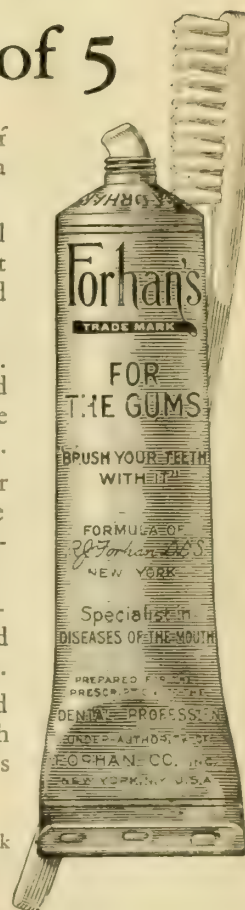
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"Mr. Griffith, Danton is the Abraham Lincoln of France."

He got the job. To our way of thinking, it was the first and last rôle he has ever had.

"I worked in that picture," reminisced Monte, lips puckering. "When I wasn't Danton before the camera, I jumped into a French soldier's uniform and mingled with the extras, helping to direct them as Mr. Griffith instructed. It was a wonderful picture made by a wonderful man. When it was over—and I never will forget this if I live to be a hundred," his eyes swam in tears and so did ours as we listened, "Mr. Griffith called everybody on the set and led them in three cheers for Monte Blue and his part in assisting in the picture.

"I couldn't say a word," he choked. "It was too marvelous. I just slipped behind a set and cried like a baby."

We both sat in silence, unconscious of the din around us, the clash of knives and forks, the rattle of dishes, the clatter of tongues, the odor of food. When Mr. Griffith salutes a compatriot, it is like being present at the sounding of taps over a soul-stirring climax. Words bow to sincere emotion.

"Any dessert?" queried the waiter, casting a gloomy eye at our packages.

"Eh—wot? Oh, do you care for anything? No? Nothing."

"Bet you'll be glad to hit back to the Coast?" we murmured, reaching for a cigarette.

"Will I! I wish the trip was over. I have the most frightful time on a train," he deplored. "I'm so long. The only way I can have a semblance of comfort is to engage a drawing-room, have the mattresses piled on the floor, and stretch out."

WE shrieked at this picture, which caused Monte to grin and recall his first interview:

"It happened in New York. I didn't know what interviews were all about, much less teas, and I was taken from the train to the Biltmore to keep such an engagement. Gee, my hands were horny from work and I felt all over the place. I thought everything was progressing all right, though, until I got nervous again and managed to clamp my finger in the handle of the cup. Couldn't get it out for love or money and I didn't want to draw my predicament to everyone's attention. Finally, I sneaked the cup under the table and broke the handle off, but I didn't get it off my finger until I left the interviewer. Whew, was it awful!"

There's Monte Blue, for you. He sails under his own colors. He never tones them up or down. It isn't necessary for, in the words of the modern Shakespeare—everybody take a bow—this Big Boy Blue of the Cinema is a real feller.

## Chicken—Southern Style

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

weighing out the sweets. Then one day another attempt to get into pictures. In "Ponjola" she worked as an extra with streaked make-up and sadly darkened eyes.

It was then she met Paul, the cameraman, who deplored her make-up and taught her not to hide the smooth lusciousness of her skin. And then came the long line of "discoverers" with Olive going from comedy leads to Paul Bern's "The Dressmaker from Paris" and from Blackton's "The Happy Warrior" to Renaud Hoffman's "The Overland Limited." Tom Mix wanted a brown-eyed beauty for his leading lady in "The Yankee Senor." Olive was chosen.

"How about using the little girl who played with Tom—the Borden girl—for the feminine lead in Ford's next picture?" queried a Fox Studio official after seeing Olive's performance in the Mix picture. Then—



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. PM 5

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"How about signing Olive Borden to a contract? She was darned clever in Jack Ford's picture."

Olive, being a true southern belle, flirted a bit with the proffered contract, played another picture "My Own Pal" with Tom Mix and the figures on the contract waxed fatter.

Then came the day when the name of Olive Borden was added to the roster of featured players and Olive was informed that she was being "groomed for stardom."

NOW a cosy home in a dignified Hollywood street with Mandy in the kitchen serving food—southern style; a softly-rolling automobile; dainty satin mules; perfumes that caress; a painting of Olive in Spanish costume; worship by the studio helpers; worship by the "grips," "props," and electricians; worship by handsome George O'Brien, but Olive—little fluttering hands flying high in denial—drowning all romantic murmurings with finality.

And mother, basking in daughter's success, echoing Olive that George is "just a dear good friend." And then, quite inadvertently, telling of the ham and eggs she "fried up" last night for George and his brother Dan when they dropped in to call.

That's the story of Olive Borden who, in the opinion of many who know, has one of the brightest futures of the debutantes who are making their bows to the film world.

But to me she'll always be "chicken—southern style" . . . and deliciously done, at that!



## When a woman says "COME HITHER!" without words

### One in 10,000

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

hopes of far too many youths who ache to come to Hollywood—and when they do come are usually routed by heart aches and hunger.

There were no long and dismal waits for Raymond. No planning and scrimping to make \$7.50 stretch over a week and get a new suit, too. No evasions of the eagle-eyed landlady who was suspicious of the bumpy bundles carried beneath his coat . . . bread, a bit of butter and a niggardly slice of meat to make a sandwich and save restaurant prices. No dull, sickening nostalgia as he saw youths no better looking than himself spinning by in handsome autos accompanied by a gay carload.

Film success!

No crucifying pain as daily he wondered why he was not chosen to play a part—a bit—anything! The scorching pain of self-analysis!

Raymond had none of these heartaches. Raymond had an instant success. But his biggest battle comes now. He must learn to be humble and learn the curriculum of acting. And in being humble, he must not be too meek—he must not overdo it—which is very hard for youths to do . . . for a youth of nineteen who is "very experienced"—by his own admission.

However, Raymond has pluck and a certain amount of humor. He must have, for he confessed that in his first pretty love scene with Laura La Plante he had three nasty boils on his neck! And high-standing Russian collars are most exasperating.

His first love scene with boils! And no one would ever guess it.

You see, he *can* do a thing when he wants to!

### In the Dressing Room

First Actor: Oh, damn! I can't get into my shoes.

Second Actor: What! Feet swelled too?  
—London Humorist.

There are so many ways of saying it. One says it with her smile. Another beckons with her eyes. A third appeals with her helplessness.

But the magnet is not entirely smile or eyes or helplessness. There is another appeal, which lacking, makes powerless all other charms.

No woman can hope to attract more than a passing glance who does not have it. For, since time began, it has been a feminine attribute. She *must* have it.

This personal quality is something which is not always understood. A woman's daintiness of person entails a great deal more than mere cleanliness.

You can be as clean as soap and water can make you—and still fall short. For soap and water cannot control one thing which every woman must watch.

It is not a pretty word—perspiration—but it is one which must be recognized. For everyone is its victim in some form.

It is distressing, of course, to see those plainly afflicted—with those ugly dark rings and streaks of stain under the arms and across that bothersome "perspiring area" in the back.

But there is something even more distressing—that odor which unfailingly creeps in whether there is moisture or not. And always the offender is the last to find it out!

Today this is a thing that careful women look to, as they do to their hair and teeth and

finger-nails. They know they must make of it a special little rite of the toilette.

No ordinary methods will do; no temporary "home-made" measures. They must have a dependable, scientific corrective. And they have found it, millions of them, in Odorono, the Underarm Toilette.

Odorono is an antiseptic liquid formulated by a physician to correct both the evils of perspiration. It is the *original* corrective for both moisture and odor. Physicians and nurses use it constantly in hospitals as the one scientific, dependable corrective. Here is what one medical authority says of it:

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn, head of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says, "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

One application of Odorono assures 3 days' freedom from all annoyance. And you don't need to bother with any other protection for your clothing!

Keep safe this great appeal of personal daintiness! Don't run the risk of offending with odor; with those ugly stains which dry cleaning cannot blot out! For complete, constant assurance that you are safe—use Odorono twice a week! 35c, 60c and \$1 at all toilet counters or sent postpaid.



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<i>Ruth Miller</i>	
905 Blair Avenue Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet for which I enclose 5c.	
Name .....	Cincinnati, O.
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NOTE: If you would also like to try Creme Odorono, a delightful new creme which corrects odor only, send 5c additional	





### Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Kobi Co., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

**Golden Glint  
SHAMPOO**

### Throat Sore?

**NOTHING** gives greater satisfaction, nor relieves more quickly than **MU-COL**. Gargle frequently with this cooling, healing, soothing antiseptic, and you will always keep it in your medicine cabinet. Effective and safe.

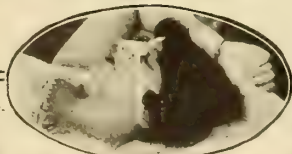
Has many other uses, too. Powder form, dissolves instantly in warm water; handy for travelers; no breakage or leakage.

**MU-COL**

**A Rapid Healing Antiseptic**  
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Write for free Sample.



### ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

(Patented)  
Shapes while you sleep. Doctors recommend it highly and proclaim The ANITA the safest and most comfortable way to get a **PERFECT** shaped nose. Absolutely **GUARANTEED**. No screws—No Metal.

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### PARISIAN FLESH FOOD

"A new light came into his eyes! She was so mysteriously wonderful; radiant, firm—delightfully developed—free from wrinkles and blemishes..."

Could Parisian be the secret of all this loveliness?"

### He Was Right!

Parisian Flesh Food is the secret of such alluring charm. It will quickly banish your lines and wrinkles; develop your neck; restore that glorious youthful firmness. Write today for Free "Beauty Secrets." Enclose 10c for Trial Sample.



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Physicians, nurses and thousands of users recommend this natural way to reduce. Contains no opium salts, no alum. Nothing harmful. Simple, safe, sure, natural! Send only \$1.00 for 3 concentrated treatments postpaid, including free booklet, Money Back Guarantee. **FLORAZONA Corp.** Suite JE, 100 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.



3 Treatments \$1 ONLY

## The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

### THE FAR CRY—First National

**BASED** on an interesting play by Arthur Richman, directed by a new director, Sylvano Balboni, and enacted by Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman and Hobart Bosworth, this might have been one of the finest pictures of the month. Instead its characters and situations are not deftly drawn. The action is sometimes stilted, but it has some very artistic high points, and shows promise that Balboni will develop into a splendid director.

### WHISPERING SMITH—Producers Distributing Corp.

**WELL** worth seeing. This is genuinely amusing from start to finish—with plenty of sustained suspense. As a background it has a very strong story, which Director George Melford has logically developed. And it has an excellent cast—H. B. Warner, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Lilyan Tashman. All about a railroad detective, *Whispering Smith*, who is called to settle a disturbance. O. K. for the children, too.

### THE BROADWAY BOOB—Associated Exhibitors

**HERE** we have, ladies and gentlemen, Glenn Hunter, of "Merton of the Movies" fame, in a fairly interesting vehicle—a country boy goes to the city and makes good on the stage. When Dad's bank is in need of money, with the aid of his press agent, the son manages to put over a good stunt and everybody's happy. Glenn, as usual, gives a delightful performance, and pretty little Mildred Ryan is the lady in the case.

### THE KING OF THE TURF—F. B. O.

**A** DASH of racing stuff, some crooks thrown in, love sequences and comedy, and presto! a picture that is pleasing and entertaining. Of course you've seen this before, but there is so much suspense and action you can't help but enjoy it. Patsy Ruth Miller and Kenneth Harlan head the cast.

### TESSIE—Arrow

**THE** wise cracking sub-titles manage to build enough humor to save this from the impossible class. A rather exceptional cast for this type of picture, too—May McAvoy, Myrtle Stedman, Bobby Agnew, Lee Moran and Gertrude Short. May McAvoy is frightfully miscast. Picture, if you can, dainty May as a gum-chewing candy clerk. However, there are lots of laughs for grown-ups and children if you don't take it too seriously.

### MY OWN PAL—Fox

**MEET** Mr. Tom Mix, first as a cowpuncher and later as a policeman who traps the most notorious bandits and wins the police commissioner's daughter. This is a delightful opus due to the presence of cute little Virginia Marshall, who is one of the most intelligent children on the screen today. And then there is a darling little white dog that is very clever, and he isn't even credited in the cast. The children will love this one.

### THE BORDER SHERIFF—Universal

**AND** still the Westerns come. But what are we going to do about it? Nothing. Jack Hoxie is a deputy sheriff and incidentally connected with the secret service. He captures the crooks who were trying to ruin the girl's father, and saves the day. Nothing to brag about, but

See Page 122 for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Subscription Rates. Turn to it NOW



when Jack rides everything is forgiven, and how that boy rides!

### MADAME MYSTERY—Pathe

SEE it and how! It's Theda Bara's first comedy and not once is her face garnished with custard pie. "Madame Mystery" is one long scream from start to finish with Theda furnishing the charm, and Jimmy Finlayson funnier than he or anyone else ever hoped to be. You'll whoop when they paint the tave on Finlayson's bald head to correspond with his stolen passport. Hal Roach should be proud of Richard Wallace for the direction and H. M. Walker for the titles.

### SHADOW OF THE LAW—Associated Exhibitors

THE time-worn story of the girl who, on being released from prison, is hounded by the villain, interpreted in real dramatic fashion by Stuart Holmes. Clara Bow is the girl and is in love with a wealthy boy, but the villain makes known the past. However, true love triumphs and we have the end—and you'll be happy when you see that flashed on the screen.

### THE SET UP—Universal

A WILD and wooly Western with lots of hard riding and shootin'. Art Acord tries to protect the girl he is in love with, but many complications set in. Then this pretty young lady decides to change her name from Miss to Mrs. when the shooting's all over. And that's all. Fair.

### THE LITTLE IRISH GIRL—Warner Bros.

GOOD entertainment. Sounds like a good homey story, but don't be fooled. It's all about crooks. A gang of seemingly clever crooks plan "to do" an old lady, but she outwits them and "does them" in a very thrilling manner. And then we learn that she had been a crook in the days gone by and reformed. The old lady crook is none other than Gertrude Claire, who was so delightful in "The Wedding Song." Dolores Costello, Johnny Harron, Matthew Betz and Lee Moran complete the cast.

### THE ESCAPE—Universal

HERE is a picture that is filled with plenty of pep and humor that the children will be crazy about. Pete Morrison and his horse prove that they can catch the villain any time regardless of circumstances. An easy and amusing way to spend an hour.

### BROKEN HEARTS—Jaffe

"BROKEN HEARTS" is a series of realistic East side scenes, strung together by a slender plot. Russian realism predominates throughout with its usual tearful ending. Lila Lee, the only familiar player in the cast, plays the rôle of a Jewish cantor's daughter with a wistful loveliness. Against her father's wishes she married a Russian refugee, but they are soon parted by news that his former wife is still alive. Think you'll like it?

### Wanted—Practice

WE heard a new press agent story the other week. One of the musical critics was invited by the agent of one of the big hotels to come and hear its new orchestra. When he had sat down and ordered tea, the publicity representative came to talk to him.

"It's really one of the finest orchestras in New York," said the agent.

As he spoke, several bad notes were hit—so bad that the critic winced.

"Of course they'll do better," said the agent hastily, "as soon as they've played together a bit."—*New Yorker*.

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# No more soiled towels removing cold cream

No more harsh substitutes irritating to delicate skin fabric—and no more oily skins!

This NEW way will work wonders in lightening your skin—will keep your make-up fresh for hours! The ONLY way that removes all cream and dirt from the pores.

THIS offers a test that will effect some unique results on your skin. That will make it seem shades lighter than before. That will correct oily skin and nose conditions amazingly. That will double and triple the effectiveness of your make-up.

Modern beauty science has found a new way to remove cold cream... a different way from any you have ever known.

It will prove that no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin... have never removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

This new way is called Kleenex. Dainty and exquisite, you use it, then discard it. Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply will be sent you to try.

### A scientific discovery

We are makers of absorbents. Are world authorities in this field.

On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically right material for removing cold cream.

It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents some two years of scientific research. There is no other like it.

### Banishes oily skins—dark skins

It stops oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. For these come from overladen pores... cold creams and oils left for nature to expel. That is why you powder now so often.

It combats skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin.

Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes, failed in absorbency. And

thus often rubbed infectious dirt accumulations back into your skin. That is why tiny imperfections often come. Why your skin may look so dark at times.

### Multiplied skin benefits

Now in Kleenex those failures are corrected. Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasts the harshness of cloth or fibre makeshifts with a softness that you'll love.

It comes in exquisite sheets, 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel. 24 times that of paper and fibre substitutes. You use it, then discard it.

Kleenex comes in two sizes... the Professional (sheets 9 by 10 inches) and the Boudoir size (sheets 6 by 7 inches) in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.

It does what no other method yet has done... removes all the cleansing cream, all dirt and pore accumulations gently from the skin. And that means much to you.

### Just present the coupon

Kleenex will prove the inadequacy of towels and cloths. Will make a quick and noted difference in your skin. Clip the coupon before you forget. Mail it today for 7-day supply at our expense.

You'll thank us many times for what you receive.

# KLEENEX

Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

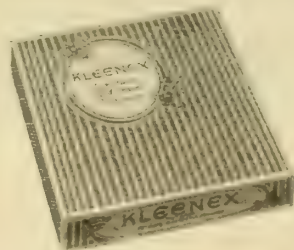
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167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.

Name .....

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Kleenex comes in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer, in two sizes: Boudoir size, sheets 6x7 in., 35c Professional, sheets 9x10 in., 65c





Eleanor Boardman, Ernest Gillen,  
in "The Auction Block" (Metro-  
Goldwyn-Mayer)

## Forget your hair!

**N**O more need to worry how your hair looks! . . . Now—thanks to Stacomb—you need not give a thought to your hair—all day. Stacomb keeps it smooth, right. Helps prevent dandruff, too. In jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores.

# Stacomb

Free  
Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc.  
Dept. M-29, 113 W. 18th St., N.Y.  
Send free sample of Stacomb as  
checked:—

Cream form ☐ Liquid ☐

Name.....

Address.....

## The Witching Allure of Shadowy Eyes



Instantly stirs the emotions and ensnares romance. Such lure is irresistible, when sparkling eyes are deepened by a fringe of heavy lashes.

YOUR eyes will take on piquant magnetism and haunting soulfulness if you darken your lashes with WINX. The merest touch with the brush attached to the stopper of the bottle and your lashes at once appear much longer, darker and heavier.

WINX is a harmless waterproof liquid that dries at once, lasts for days and cannot run or smear. At drug and department stores or by mail. Black or brown, U. S. and Canada, 75c.

Winxette (cake form), complete with tiny one-row brush and mirror, black or brown; 50c.

Mail 12c today for a generous sample of Winx.

ROSS COMPANY

241-E West 17th Street

New York

# WINX

Waterproof

## The Boy Director

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

akin to "A Woman of Paris," yet more wholesome in subject matter. And Eddie Sutherland will get his chance to make his mark in this scarcely touched field. Opportunity is no stranger to him and has always been treated hospitably.

He's interesting, this Eddie youth. He shrinks from crowds and revels in the unusual. He has a chum who is deaf and dumb. Eddie learned the deaf and dumb language so he could enjoy this man's companionship.

**H**E hunted all over New York one day to find a trapeze to send a man who had broken his leg. He didn't know this man very well. But he sent him the trapeze because with its aid he could ease the position of his cramped body. Eddie knew. He had broken his knee-cap playing football and had been in a similar ostermoor predicament.

He is very friendly with a famous authority on Japanese art. This man is half Japanese, half German. He is 6 feet 3 and suffers from the dread lung trouble. He stoops over so he looks only 5 feet 11. He has the gorgeous long, slim fingers of the artist; the sunken features of the Japanese. And he's a kleptomaniac. Eddie says he is an intriguing personality.

Life. Eddie Sutherland is fascinated by its lopsided phases. He reads biographies and autobiographies avidly. They concern real personalities.

This side of the youthful director slips behind an infectious boisterousness when he's out to enjoy himself. He's the life of every party he goes on. He has humorous slants on things. He races himself to a laugh.

Then there's the other Eddie, the director. Several years ago, he took stock of himself.



Girls will be boys, or very nearly, this spring. Modish Margaret Morris illustrates the vogue. Margaret's new suit has a coat cut like a tuxedo-jacket, and her man-nish blouse tied with a masculine bow tie. Even her suspenders—shades of Rudy—are man-copied



# LUSTROUS HAIR

Beauty is more beautiful when it is crowned with a glowing loveliness of hair that is radiantly lustrous. The hairdresser's secret of lustrous hair is a touch of henna in the shampoo. You may have just the right touch of henna, prepared exactly as he uses it, in the clear, fragrant liquid of HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO, to bring out all the richest natural lustre in every type of hair.

If you cannot obtain HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO from your dealer, send 60 cents to Hennafoam Corp., 511 West 42nd Street, New York.

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The IDEAL PROFESSION for WOMEN of 18 to 50 \$50 to \$100 a Week

Learn Marcelling, Permanent Waving, Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Manicuring, Facial and Scalp treatments—all branches of scientific Beauty Culture. **Saves 17 Outfits Given!** I train you by my new, exclusive Practice-Method, which gives you actual professional practice. Learn by giving actual Beauty Culture treatments. **Open a Beauty Shop—I'll back you!** The right to own and operate a Marsay Licensed Beauty Shop is good for \$3,000 to \$12,000 a year profits. Open only to Marsay graduates. **Beauty Culture Book Free!** Here's a quick road to independence and the end of money worries. Take the "Marsay Way to Mass-Side Pay." Write for free book and amazing offer.

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Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

**FREE** Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years. \$1000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.

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**Kill The Hair Root**

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

**D. J. MAHLER, Providence, R.I.**  
265-C Mahler Park,



He had been in pictures about twelve years. He had worked himself up to being a leading man demanding, and getting, \$500 a week. He decided he couldn't carry on as an actor. He lacked confidence in himself. He never believed he gave a fine performance. Conceit is part of an actor's bagatelle, and we say this in no derogatory sense. It merely happens to be the truth.

So Eddie spoke to Charlie Chaplin, whom he knew well, and told him he'd like to start in the production end of pictures. Charlie offered him a job at \$75 a week. Eddie took it, and for three years worked like the w.k. Trojan of mythical renown. He learned a great deal, for Chaplin, to him, is a genius.

"Though I don't know what a genius is," musingly.

"Just a crazy person who hits it right," we vouchsafed, and Eddie nodded.

HE left Charlie Chaplin after three years to strike out for himself. Tom Meighan is his uncle. He gave Eddie the job of directing him in "Comin' Through." Mr. Sutherland has never traded on his relatives. He didn't in this instance. Tom offered him the megaphone. He accepted it. The picture made money, so Jesse Lasky handed young Sutherland a contract and assigned him "Wild, Wild Susan," with Bebe Daniels, to direct. After all, Eddie had been with Charlie Chaplin and should know comedy values.

He did. He has been showing how he knows them ever since though, indeed, 'tis fearfully hard work.

A comedy, to be amusing, should have a slice of life for its backdrop; something that thumps with realism and concerns the majority of us.

Eddie's last picture was "Behind The Front" in which he took the War, with its agony and tension, as the story's foundation upon which to build merry situations. This flicker has broken house records in practically every theater it has played. It was Eddie's picture.

We enjoy chuckling at something that is foreboding when stripped of its gay apparel. Hysteria and merriment are as closely related as hate and love.

And there you have as good a picture of Edward Sutherland as we can conceive. When his friends see him, he is frivolous and gay, but deep inside rage conflicting thoughts and emotions; conflicting fears and hopes. Once upon a time, he must have been terribly wounded by one he worshipped. With most of us, wounds heal and only scars remain. Eddie Sutherland's never did.

Some day, Edward Sutherland is going to knot these rampant, warring selves of his and then he will step forth as one of the screen's big directors. If he doesn't, we miss our hunch, and a hunch has never failed us yet.

## Screen Cubs

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

annoyed. We would like to discover them all, and, in fact we reserve the right to shift our mental base some twelve months hence, but in the meanwhile it is perhaps more prudent to hitch our wagon to the potential star of Rogers.

After all, if but one of these handsome, eager graduates wins out to astral fame, Dean Lasky, Director Sam Wood and the faculty of the Paramount School of Acting will count their labors eminently repaid. Whatever its limitations, the School represents a generous and serious gesture on the part of Jesse Lasky to comply with the public's demand for new faces in films and at the same time to give a fraction of the clamoring masses who "always knew they could act" a chance to prove their premise and make good in celluloid.



# ROUGES by BOURJOIS

## IN EIGHT EXQUISITE VARIATIONS

These rouges, Parisian to the heart, are all hand-made. They blend with and enhance the tones of the skin with perfection. The superiorities of their tone and texture are evident to all who behold them. **ASHES-OF-ROSES\*** Rouge, either dark, medium, or light; **Rouge MANDARINE\***, frankly orange, preferred especially at evening affairs; **Rouge VELVET-OF-PEACHES\***, warm and tender pink with ruddy tinges; **Rouge CORAL-ROSE\***, a dashing, out-of-door rose and tan; at the height of the vogue, one finds **Rouge FEMINA\*** and **Rouge CURRANT-ROSE\***, charmingly modern in feeling, replete with the brilliance of sunlight. These rouges are at their best when used with Bourjois' charming **MANON LESCAUT\*** Face Powder.



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BOURJOIS, Inc., 37 W. 34th St., NEW YORK CITY





Oh What Joy!  
I am Free, you may be

**W**HAT woman is there who will not rejoice—to know she can be FREE from the humiliation of Excessive Armpit Perspiration—to know that wonderful NONSPI keeps the underarms normally dry and odorless.

Let this be our personal message to you that such glorious freedom is available. For, by using old reliable NONSPI (a pure antiseptic liquid) on an average of only two nights each week, your dresses will be saved from ruinous perspiration stains and you will be freed from the embarrassment of armpit odor.

NONSPI, is used by more than a million women, is prescribed by numerous physicians, and is sold and advocated by toilet dealers and druggists everywhere.

ALL WE ASK is that you give NONSPI just one trial. Either purchase a bottle (the price is but 50c) or send us your name and we will mail you a liberal FREE SAMPLE at once.



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Please send free testing sample to address listed below.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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Are You  
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Because of

Gray  
Hair?



Then read this advertisement and learn how to stop it. It explains how a dainty hair cosmetic restores original color. Then accept free trial bottle which proves it.

This scientific preparation is clear and colorless—applied by combing through the hair. The gray disappears like magic—in a few days it's gone.

No interference with shampooing—there's nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color is even and perfect—no "dyed" look.

#### Now, Mail Coupon

You'll quickly receive Patented Trial Kit with instructions for testing on a single lock. Then call on druggist for full size bottle, or order direct from me.

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN

926-F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street..... City.....

## Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

### TO THE LISTENER.

I agree with you. Constantly being the "listener" in a social group does get to be a bore. But I really believe that if you hadn't done so much listening, you wouldn't now be writing as interesting a letter as yours is. Listeners get a lot of time in which to think. The books that set down rules for writing are rarely of much use. I think it better for you to read the works of excellent writers with good minds and attempt to study their technique. Read H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, G. S. Shaw, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather. Read their books first for the story and the second and third time to see how they create their effects.

### K. K. F.

You should weigh approximately 130 pounds. The colors that I have advised for Jean Lee, above, are your colors, too. Here is one of the best hip reducing exercises. First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen flat, feet together and hands on hips. With your right leg supporting the weight of the body, swing the left leg forward and backward like the pendulum of a clock, going as far forward and as far backward as possible, holding the left leg lightly so that it can swing easily. Do this about a dozen times and repeat with other leg, weight on the left leg, swinging the right. If you would like more detailed exercises, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will be glad to mail them to you.

### PAT.

The best colors for you with your titian hair, fair skin and blue eyes are black, in velvet, heavy satin or transparent goods; cream and ivory whites; deep, dark browns; reddish browns and pale tans not so good; midnight and darkest navies; pale green in evening and summer dresses, but dark green or Irish green too contrasting; taupe with a pinkish cast; purple, too vivid a contrast; no reds; amber tones and pale yellows; flesh pink or palest blue. A light, rachel powder should be most becoming to you and if you are fair enough you might experiment with pure white powder. If you can wear it, it should be very effective. The use of a light makeup on the eyelashes is perfectly good form. You are slightly under-weight but with thinness at such a premium, I do not want to advise you to put on weight unless your thinness is due to bad health. If it is a natural condition with you I would not worry about it but call myself lucky. Write as often as you like. I'm always glad to hear from my correspondents at any time.

### CECILIA.

That is an excellent idea concerning the letters I have received in reply to the article on petting, but if I were to publish all of them there wouldn't be room for anything else in PHOTOPLAY. I do not know that a good night kiss is any different from any other kiss so you will have to use the same judgment about that that you do about petting. Exercise will fill out your arms more than anything else. Raise the arms sharply upward, as high above your head as possible, stretching the fingers to their fullest lengths. Then return them to first position at shoulder height with doubled fist turned in. Repeat this movement ten to fifteen times and do it with snap and pep. Half-hearted exercise does very little good. Next, with hands, fist doubled in, at shoulder height, shoot them outward in a straight line from shoulders, fingers stretched. Repeat this ten to fifteen times. The second exercise starts with a good standing position. Bend your arms quickly and

raise until your elbows are in line with your shoulders, the palms of your hands turned downward on the chest. From this position, fling the arms outward as far as possible, then back to first position, then outward, then back, as sharply as a soldier's drill. Do this about a dozen times.

### HELEN BELLE.

Dark brown hair and eyes and olive skin are best suited with ivory and cream white; no black; mahogany and Negro browns; darkest blues; dark green; gray not good; purple not good; dark, warm reds; terra cotta and buff and apricot; pink in warm and pale colors. Dark, warm reds and pale pinks are best for evening.

### WORRIED CHILD.

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will be glad to advise you regarding your problem.

### IRENE SEYMOUR.

Please send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will be glad to advise you regarding the treatment for acne.

### SALLY.

With light brown hair and green eyes your best colors are white relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue; bright blues to be avoided; darkest purple; no reds; pale pink and soft rose; bronze. It shouldn't take you long to learn to play the uke and my advice would be to buy as good a one as possible and in the beginning take one or two initial lessons at your local music store and then to practice it by yourself. Within two or three months you should be fairly proficient.

### MICKEY.

Why on earth do you want to make your hair straight? Every girl I know is spending half her income in going to beauty parlors for waves and here you are blessed with natural waves and you are worrying about them. I think dancing is a lovely thing. You're pretty young, however, and if your mother disapproves I think it would be best for you to obey her until you are old enough to be completely independent. I certainly wouldn't advise a girl as young as you to smoke. I have no feeling about its being either right or wrong but there is the matter of it being healthy or unhealthy and it certainly is unhealthy for a little girl like you. Your weight is just right. You can reduce your legs by climbing stairs, by running, by high jumping and by your dancing.

### M. A.

You are about five pounds over-weight. Here is the best exercise I know for improving the line of legs, ankles, hips and thighs. First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen flat, feet together and hands on hips. With your right leg supporting the weight of the body, swing the left leg forward and backward like the pendulum of a clock, going as far forward and as far backward as possible, holding the left leg lightly so that it can swing easily. Do this about a dozen times and repeat with other leg, weight on the left leg, swinging the right. You can wear cream and ivory whites; deep, dark browns; reddish browns and pale tans not so good; midnight and darkest navies; pale green in evening and summer dress, taupe with a pinkish cast; no reds; amber tones and pale yellows; flesh pink or palest blue. The way you wear your hair, parted on the side, should be very becoming to your full face. I cannot advise you on the bangs without knowing more definitely how you look. They are not



very fashionable now as most smart women are wearing their hair straight off their fore heads.

#### BROWN EYES.

You're a nice girl to send me all those compliments. Self-consciousness is really a form of conceit. You say in your letter "When anyone talks to me, most times, I am so conscious of myself that I am wondering what they think of me and that they notice every little action or word spoken." That kind of self interest, Brown Eyes, always makes self-consciousness because the word expresses its exact meaning. When you stop being conscious of yourself and fasten your attention on the other person; when you begin to think in terms of them rather than yourself, you will find that your awkwardness and shyness will both have vanished. Turn the spot light out instead of in and you will be much happier. If you will read the answer to M. A., above, you will find a good hip reducing exercise.

#### PUZZLED.

You are young to go out with a sixteen year old boy, but since your mother approves of him I feel sure it is quite safe. Why don't you write him a note or when you meet him tell him your mother's changed viewpoint? I am sure that since he once asked you to go to the movies he will do so again now that he knows you have your mother's permission. Certainly, it is all right to have him over for an evening as long as you may receive him at home with your parents.

#### M. CHOULET.

I understand that the preparation which you mentioned is very efficient and non-injurious.

#### ANNA D.

No, I do not think sixteen is too young for you to go to work since you are a high school graduate. I cannot advise you on the line of work you should take up without knowing more about you temperamentally, and about your education. You can certainly go on learning while you are working. I wouldn't try night school for the first year because you will have enough adjustments to make in the business world without taxing yourself any more. Whatever kind of a job you get, for your own sake work at it. Be honest with yourself and try to give your employer the value of every dollar he is paying you. This way advancement lies. Keep wide awake and have your eyes open for opportunity. Study whatever line you get in, and study other lines as much as you can to see if you would prefer them. I wouldn't advise you to change your position too soon for you are very young as yet to know what your real ambition is. Stick to your first job at least a couple of years and then you will know better what you are after. You should wear very simple, practical business clothes. I think flat heels and tailored suits go perfectly in a business office. Write me again any time you feel you need help.

#### CONSUELO.

I realize that very frequently girls unconsciously attract attention on the street, particularly when they are young and pretty. This is a very dangerous form of attraction and I do advise you to curb it. The only thing for you to do is to go calmly along and mind your own business. There are girls who very definitely have a "come hither" look in their eye and men seem to spot it if they are ten blocks away. It is easy enough, however, to discourage these attentions if you maintain an attitude of quiet, girlish dignity.

#### MURIAL E. V.

With your dark hair and brown eyes you can wear ivory and cream white; mahogany and Negro browns; darkest blues; dark green; gray not good; purple not good; dark, warm

#### FREE:

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



### Four Simple Ways to improve your skin —NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C.  
B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compensate with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must* eat each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). Then use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind- and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



## WOMEN of Thirty

and over... read this!

Here is a NEW simple METHOD to keep lovely skin. Blemishes vanish, actually—often in two short weeks!



THOUSANDS of beautiful women have used it, for ten years or more. An "all-purpose" beauty aid that corrects—beautifies—protects.

Praised by famous stage beauties, skin authorities. For today, every truly charming woman knows this:

Lovely skin is so important. And now, women past 30 can have it—can appear 10 to 20 years younger. Blemishes can be banished. Quickly, surely, that lovely, satiny softness can be attained.

Read the common-sense column at the left—it tells you *how*. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

You and your friends will notice a remarkable improvement within two weeks. And remember: You need one cream . . . only!

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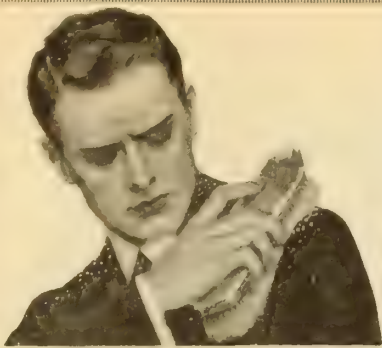
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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with your finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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**LIQUID ARVON**

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## Are you passing by this modern Loveliness?

In these modern days it is becoming constantly clearer that feminine charm rests not so much on beauty of face or figure as on that captivating daintiness which is the characteristic of lovely womanhood.

That is why the vogue of Bathasweet has been growing so remarkably the last few years. For Bathasweet is the means par excellence for achieving daintiness. A sprinkle of it in your tub softens and perfumes the water, giving it an almost miraculous cleansing power that washes deep into the pores and gives the skin a glowing health and satiny smoothness, while at the same time it leaves about you an air of springtime freshness that keeps you lovely thru the day. And it is so delightful and so inexpensive—25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 at drug and department stores.

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**BATHASWEET**

reds; terra cotta and buff and apricot; pink in warm and pale colors. Yes, crackers are fattening. They are practically pure starch. Aesthetic dancing is good if you do it vigorously enough. It will not make you large nor will it tighten the muscles as other forms of dancing are apt to do. Scientists have never been able to prove that coffee taken in moderate quantities had any effect on the complexion. If you will drink plenty of water you will find that it has quite a bleaching property. You may eat vegetables if you will leave out potatoes and beans. Salads are excellent for you, only do not use rich dressings. You may eat meat if it's lean. Leave out candies and pastries. Eat all the fruit you wish, particularly uncooked fruit. Don't eat cereals and if you drink milk, drink it in place of eating a meal but don't drink it in addition to a meal.

G. D., IOWA.

If at five feet, 5 inches you are much taller than your girl friends then your girl friends must be fairly short because you are only one inch above the average height. You are not too tall to wear high heels. You are a little over-weight. You should lose about eight pounds. If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will give you definite instructions for doing away with blackheads. You can wear white relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue; light blues to be avoided; blue gray; darkest purple; no reds; soft rose and pale pink; bronze. I do not believe massaging will help the condition of your ankles. I think it would be more advisable for you to consult a good medical doctor concerning a treatment. Witch hazel does help enlarged pores like yours. Use it, for its astringent quality, after washing your face in warm water. Follow its use by applications of cold water or ice. Here is an excellent tonic to promote the growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Yellow vaseline, two ounces; oil of lavender, 15 drops; and oil of rosemary, 15 drops. Mix thoroughly. After you wash your face at night, brush your eyebrows with the tiny brush upon which a few drops of the tonic has been placed. Particular pains must be taken if you apply this tonic to your eyelashes, as it will inflame the eyes, as any oil will, if it gets into them.

DOROTHY SMITH.

When you wash your hair too often it is sure to become oily. After every shampoo, you wash a certain amount of natural oil from the scalp and the oil glands do their best to remedy this condition by sending out an extra amount of oil to make up for what you have washed off. If you will read the answer to G. D., Iowa, above, you will find an excellent tonic for the eyelashes and eyebrows. You can wear cream and ivory whites; deep, dark browns; reddish browns and pale tans not so good; midnight and darkest navies; pale green in evening and summer dresses, taupe with pinkish cast; no reds; amber tones and pale yellows; flesh pink or palest blues. No, I do not think a girl of nineteen is too old to take dancing lessons with the idea of going on the stage, only if you are really serious in your ambition I would advise you to get to work at once.

F. V. S.

You are a lucky girl, your weight is just right for your height.

ANITA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Anita, do you know that of the beautiful girls who flock into Hollywood, thousands of them trained in their art, possessing personality and ability, not more than one in a thousand proves successful? You admit you have no assets except prettiness. Since you are sensible enough to know that, won't you be sensible enough to stay home and save yourself a lot of heartbreak? I do know the industry, but I certainly would advise no girl to attempt to break into it.



## Murine Wakes Up Sleepy EYES

No need to start the day with EYES swollen from sleep. A few drops of Murine upon getting up in the morning will take away not only the puffy look but the sleepy feeling.

Use Murine each evening, too. It soothes and refreshes EYES wearied by sewing, reading or office work—relieves the irritation caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust. Millions of men and women use this long-trusted lotion to keep their EYES always clear, bright and healthy.

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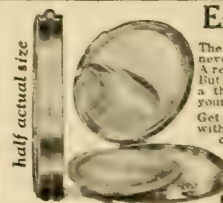
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## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

### The Lowdown on Leon

New York City

Leon Errol in his picture, "Clothes Make the Pirate," puts over a mediocre performance, struggling desperately to get laughs that fail to materialize.

All his frenzied antics in his attempts to be funny are, of course, based on his wobbly leg stuff which he has been doing for the past 20 years in stage productions and are now antiquated in high degree. If he expects to succeed in the Film World, it behooves him to get some new material immediately. He is always a wow in the Ziegfeld environment as he is looked upon as an old friend, and they continue to laugh at his superannuated stock in trade which he doles out to these customers year after year. But, in the movies, he is playing before an audience of a vastly different character. He must show really funny antics, as he has to compete with such fun-makers as Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon.

If his pictures in the future are all centered around his prehistoric routine of gavoring, he is doomed to live a short life in Filmdom. He cannot stand the fast pace that will be set for him by the other supercomics who outshine him as does the sun a wax candle.

JOSEPH GOMEZ.

### Sennett Rates a Brick

Bennington, Vt.

Why do exhibitors show Mack Sennett comedies? In the well known infancy of the industry, they were, the best of their kind. But since then other producers have made great strides. Sennett seems to stand still. Barring a few gags in Ben Turpin's pictures I haven't gotten a healthy laugh from a Sennett comedy in years.

Having read about how funny Harry Langdon was I saw three of his comedies. They created scarcely a ripple of laughter. We are not hard to please, either. Extraneous matters never did Mabel Normand half as much harm as the vehicles Sennett gave her. "The Extra Girl" had a plot that was threadbare. "Suzanna" was totally devoid of humorous situations and "Molly O" was extremely crude. No actress could survive such material.

The reported stampede at the funeral of Barbara La Marr strikes me as horrible. The subject of much cheap and possibly scurrilous publicity, during her brief period of fame could not the public have honored itself by permitting her dignity in death?

ELIZABETH KAPITZ.

### For Plots Kept Pure

Long Beach, Calif.

Last night Charles Ray made a personal appearance at a local theater and in his speech he said "The Auction Block" was written by Rex Beach, that is he *thinks* he wrote it.

But, if Rex Beach ever sees this, I don't know what he'll do to us.

I went to the theater with the high hopes of seeing the film version of a book I had loved, only to see an entrancing comedy, utterly unlike Rex Beach's novel.

Charles Ray and Eleanor Boardman, were splendidly cast, the direction was fine and the subtitles were exceptionally clever, yet in spite of the fact that I was well entertained, I left the theater disappointed. I had not seen "The Auction Block." There are very many other instances when we have been lured by the name of a well known book or play, to see something entirely different.

Is it fair to the public to thus collect money under false pretenses?

MRS. MARGARET GABBOTT.

**GRAY hair—medical science has discovered—is a disease. It is called canities and it consists in a failure of the natural functions which supply color to the hair. The pores inside the hair become blocked. Notox replaces color in these blocked inner fibres, and so restores canities.**



## She Chose to Stay Gray Until Notox Was Explained

**T**WO years ago she felt as strong a prejudice as anyone against coloring her hair. Now she uses Notox regularly.

The thing which converted her, which first prompted her to use Notox to banish her gray hair, was an explanation of the Notox principle.

Before this, her hair had been graying, but she had steadfastly refused to color it—because the effects of such preparations as existed then were more disfiguring than the gray hair. Women who used them look so obviously dyed. The tone of their hair was hard, flat, unreal. She preferred letting her hair stay gray to having it look like that.

Then she heard of Notox—a hair coloring based upon a new and a unique scientific principle. When she understood how it differed from the principles of those preparations she had shunned, she was converted to coloring her hair.

Hair, she learned, is a long, very tiny stem, with a rough outside covering. Underneath this is a layer of fibres. In these fibres nature puts its color.

Hair also is translucent. Light passes through it, as it does through fingernails. And so the natural color of hair, as we see it, is the combined effect of light shining on the hair and through the hair.

When hair turns gray—that is, when nature no longer supplies color to its inner layer of fibres—it is hopeless to try to duplicate the former color by coloring the outside covering of the hair. This is what the old-fashioned restorer did and this is why it failed.

In its departure from this unnatural method lies the distinctive principle of Notox.

Notox follows nature's method of coloring hair—it places color in the layer of fibres underneath the outer covering of the hair—right where nature used to put its own color. By using nature's technique, Notox duplicates nature's effects.

These facts about Notox have converted not only one woman, but many hundreds of thousands of women to coloring their hair. The sheer beauty of the effects of Notox has ever since kept them devoted to its regular use.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE:** Notox is the coloring that banishes gray hair in the safe and natural way. Its basic ingredient is an entirely new substance. The principles of its manufacture and use do not exist in any other product. They are furthermore fully protected by patent.

Notox is sold only in packages bearing the Notox trade-mark, as shown here. To be sure you get Notox, look for the Notox trade-mark. In beauty shops, see the seal of the Notox package broken before you permit application. This protects you. Notox is made by Inecto, Inc., New York; and by Notox, Ltd., Toronto.

# NOTOX

## Colors Hair Inside, as Nature Does

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Gentlemen: Attached are a few newly cut strands of my hair. Enclosed is 10 cents in stamps and a trial sample of Notox in the shade exactly suited to my individual requirements.

Name

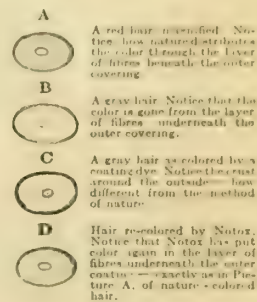
Address

City

### Send for Trial Sample

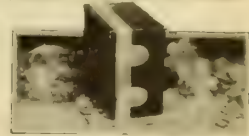
If you are dissatisfied with the appearance of your hair, send in the coupon with 10 cents in stamps and a trial sample will be sent you, in a plain wrapper, by return mail. Put a few strands of your hair to the coupon to enable us to provide you with the shade of Notox which will harmonize with your appearance.

### Why the Notox Principle is Natural:



### 8 Practical Facts About Notox

1. Notox is safe for both the hair and scalp. Hundreds of thousands of safe applications prove this.
2. Notox cannot be detected.
3. Notox reproduces any natural shade of hair.
4. Notox is permanent. It combines with the hair, becoming a part of it. Friction, heat or sunlight will not change its color.
5. Notox requires only a single application. It takes from 20 to 30 minutes for color to develop. As the hair grows out, attention to the new growth is required every five or six weeks.
6. Notox permits permanent waving, marcel waving, water waving or curling.
7. Notox is unaffected by shampooing, fresh or salt-water bathing, Turkish or Russian baths, or by perspiration.
8. Notox can be applied by yourself or by your hairdresser.



Notox is sold and applied in beauty shops and sold in drug and department stores. The makers of Notox will, upon request, recommend a shop near you where you may have Notox expertly applied.

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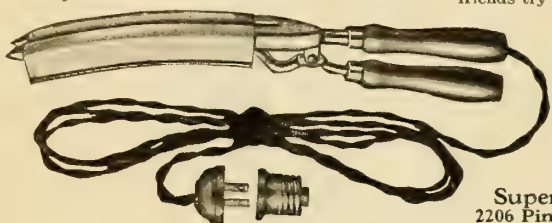
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Just attach the Superba Marcel Waver to any electric light socket. In three minutes it attains just the right temperature. In five minutes, without assistance, without experience you have given yourself a perfect marcel of professional beauty.

Just stop and figure up how much you can save in a year by doing your own marceling and have a professional wave.

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## A Vote for the Minority

New Castle, Pa.

Enclosed please find one vote for "Forbidden Paradise," which is taking up arms for the minority. That picture will never win a competition. It told a subtle, true and rather ironic story and the American public, so it appears to a foreigner, prefers corned beef and cabbage to caviar. Certainly the former is easier on their mental digestions. So I vote for "Forbidden Paradise," for its direction, authentic atmosphere—if it was transplanted to the ever-useful Balkans—and for the marvelous acting of Pola Negri. Why don't we have more of that combination—Negri and Lubitsch?

And may one, in passing, present a bouquet to Mr. Herbert Howe for his clever articles that would make one of our Pennsylvania censors chuckle? **VERA FRANK-JONES.**

## Flowers for Mr. Marmont

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Here is a bouquet for Percy Marmont. He is one of the screen's greatest artists. His work in "The Street of Forgotten Men" cannot be excelled. I agree with Louise de Lisle that Ramon Novarro and Mary Astor should play "Romeo and Juliet." Also Ramon and Lillian Gish as "Launcelot and Elaine."

**ZEITA GUFFAN.**

## In Praise of Warner Baxter

El Paso, Texas.

If anything has been published recently in these columns by way of criticism of Warner Baxter, I have not seen it. I believe he is growing daily in popularity, and justly so. He is one of the screen's best and most versatile players. Here's to Warner Baxter, with the hope that the producers may find better stories for him. His pretty, charming wife, Winifred Bryson, is always an asset to a picture, although often mis-cast in a semi-vampire rôle. Miss Bryson is a charming girl and I wish we could see her more often. **JANE A. PARKER.**

## Herb Is Two-thirds Wrong

Since Mr. Herbert Howe has given his choice of the ten most beautiful ladies on earth, now that I have had a gallery of the most beautiful for some time I am taking the liberty of giving mine also.

In three instances I agree with Mr. Howe. Alice Terry, Mary Astor and Florence Vidor have important places in my gallery. Pola Negri, Corinne Griffith, May Allison, Greta Nisson, Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi and May McAvoy haven't nearly so much beauty to my notion as Lois Wilson, who seems to have one of the brightest and most expressive faces in captivity, or Jacqueline Logan, our own Norma Talmadge, Madge Bellamy and that very little baby star, June Marlowe, who comprise the rest of my gallery.

I have only eight in my gallery, but Mr. Howe had ten so, after profound deliberation, I have added Bebe Daniels and after still profounder deliberation, I could not decide between Norma Shearer, Anita Stewart and Marion Davies for tenth place. So take your choice. **E. I. C.**

## None of Us Is Perfect

Atlanta, Ga.

Just a few words in defense of R. Valentino. No matter what the critics may say about Rudy being upstage, hard to handle, the public wants him because he is a great artist. Nobody can dispute this. If Mr. Valentino has made mistakes, give him time to correct this error. None of us is perfect. What the world wants now is the great artists and not a lot of artists. So let's help this great artist regain his former place. **ADA WILCOX.**



## Thinks Kerrigan Handsomest

Sunset, North Wales

For many years I have been a reader of your delightful magazine and a great admirer of J. Warren Kerrigan. I most certainly agree with the remarks of B. B. Kramer in a recent PHOTOPLAY. No other star, with the exception of dear Wally Reid, could have kept a place in the affections of thousands as "Jack of Hearts" has done since 1910. He is without doubt the handsomest man on the screen today. As an actor, he leaves nothing to be desired.

MURIEL A. WILLES.

## Why Do They Pick on Him?

Albuquerque, N. M.

I wish to throw a bouquet to Ramon Novarro. I have seen all his pictures and never missed one of them. Now I am waiting for "Ben Hur." He is youth, joy, love, and one of the greatest artists. My next is for Valentino. He is back and back to stay. Why do they pick on him? No one can take his place!

JUANITA CHAREZ.

## Another Plea for Revivals

Tulsa, Okla.

Ever since seeing "A Connecticut Yankee," I have greatly admired Harry Myers. He has since done so many small parts as well as in "Main Street," "The Beautiful and the Damned" and "Brass," that I think he deserves some good parts. He is a real comedian and I would like to see "A Connecticut Yankee" again.

Speaking of revivals, why not re-issue some of the old favorites such as "The Miracle Man," "To Have and To Hold" and "The Sheik"? The latter would revive a lot of the Valentino enthusiasm. INTERESTED FAN.

## Pictures to Make Us Hope

Boulder, Colo.

I am reluctant to admit that I am the sort of fellow who ridicules pictures during the show for the benefit of those whose misfortune it is to be sitting near me. Nor do I get any joy in performing postmortems regarding productions. But if there is one thing that spells agony in capital letters for me it is the realization that I have parted with good money to view a Ritz society scandal that uses up one and a half hours to get to the point of starting, and gives one a bad taste all next day.

The kind of pictures I'm casting my ballot for is the kind that makes one feel that life isn't so bad after all; the kind that portrays to us the full meaning of what it is to be an American; that calls for action (not necessarily confined to indoors) and photoplays that give us a new hold upon hope. We're all just plain people when the truth is threshed out, and what we want in pictures is something to make us feel glad—a picture that prods us out of the rut of everyday things and into a secret, future ambition. I have in mind "Abraham Lincoln," "The Pride of Palomar," "The Mine with the Iron Door," "The Alaskan," "When a Man's a Man" and "Sundown," and the type of "Classmates" and "North of 36."

D. B. GOODE.

## Hughes, Typical American, Not Dix

Paterson, N. J.

I wish to congratulate Mrs. St. Johns on her fine taste in selecting the ten handsomest men on the screen. I was very afraid she was going to leave out Ronald Colman. Most of the critics seem to prefer John Gilbert to Ronald, but I'm for the latter. However, I must admit that John Gilbert also is handsome. The only fault I could possibly find with the selection is that Lloyd Hughes should be substituted for Richard Dix as the typical American.

M. S.



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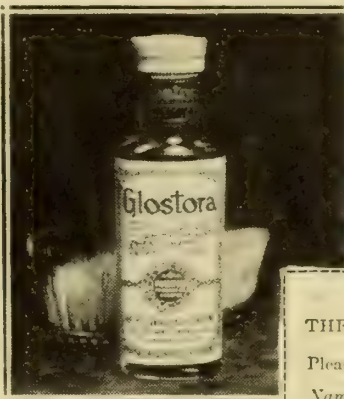
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## She Likes 'Em Frowning

Hot Springs, Ark.

This is just an agreement and a disagreement with Howard Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham had a word of praise for Willard Louis. I, too, like him very much. But I disagree with Mr. Cunningham in regard to that bored look of Conway Tearle. How could he play the rôles he does play and have the happy-go-lucky expression of Mr. Louis? I love Conway Tearle's frown and he heads my list of favorite actors. I love to see Monte Blue's frown, too. If I should see either of them in a picture in which they failed to have their wonderful frown, I would be awfully disappointed.

So keep on frowning, Conway Tearle, and we will all keep on loving you.

MRS. MARIE BELLS.

## Just Simply Disappointed

North Dakota.

I'm just simply disappointed. I had been reading "The Keeper of the Bees," thinking all the time what a fine story it is and what a wonderful picture it would make. When I learned it was to be filmed I was overjoyed. But now on learning the cast—well, you see I had set my heart on Glenn Hunter. Surely no one could portray *Jamie McParlane* more naturally than he. If you will notice the illustrations accompanying the story you can easily mark the resemblance. Glenn Hunter is the hero through and through. And now look what they did. Well, I'm just simply

DISAPPOINTED.

## New Fan for Carol Dempster

Lexington, Mo.

I have just returned from seeing D. W. Griffith's production, "That Royle Girl," and I want to throw the greatest possible bouquet to Carol Dempster for her beauty, youth, fine acting and charm in that picture. I never cared to see her until I saw that picture. Now I have vowed never to miss any film in which she appears. Success to Miss Dempster from one of her most ardent fans!

Praise must also go to D. W. Griffith for his masterful direction. Only Griffith could have made "That Royle Girl" the living, breathing, thrilling picture that it is. Especially the cyclone scene—I shall never forget it.

OWEN COUEY.

## Hey! Herb

Dallas, Texas.

I wonder if those five hundred motion picture critics think they have settled the question of the ten most beautiful women on the screen? They have only added fuel to a smoldering fire, started some months ago by Herbert Howe. Now I enjoy this gentleman's writings immensely, though I sometimes take them with a grain of salt. When he picked his ten most beautiful women, however, his failure to include Norma Talmadge in the list really sent me up in the air. This is just a little too much for any Talmadge fan. I say she is the most beautiful of them all!

I know I haven't settled a thing. I did not intend to.

W. L. WORSHAM.

## Clive Brook a "Wow"

Pittsfield, Mass.

I want to hand that estimable man, Clive Brook, a great big bouquet. In my opinion he ranks above all others, for one is always sure of an interesting performance when he is in a cast of a picture. In "Seven Sinners" with Marie Prevost he was a wow, and I laughed my sides off at him. Please let us see more of him.

Why is Holmes Herbert sliding into obscurity?

I am going to be original and not say a word of praise for either Jack Gilbert or Richard Dix. I notice they got enough flattery, but I'll own they deserve every bit of it. BROWN EYES.

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## We Fooled Him

Philadelphia, Pa.

This is one letter that won't get published! No letter mentioning John Gilbert without praise ever is.

I've been thinking of a remark by some writer that three actors, Barthelmess, Colman and Ben Lyon, all had praised Gilbert. It reminded me of a story Herbert Howe told at the time "Scaramouche" was being made. Edith Allen said of a certain actor, "My, but that man is jealous of Ramon Novarro." "Why?" asked Herbert, "did he knock him?" "No," answered Edith, "He praised him!"

I would feel more confident of the sincerity of the gentlemen mentioned above if they mingled some criticism with their praise.

E. GRAY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]

## Face Your Age

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

tion in order to do so. She should make every difficulty in her life count for so much experience; but instead of this, she bemoans the chances that others have and neglects the ones she might utilize for herself.

If your destiny number is 1, it shows a strong creative influence and will unconsciously seek the 3 to carry out its ideas. A 2 will seek the people with the influence of 6 for business or domestic associations. A 3 welcomes the work with the 1 and a 4 is always seeking association with the high free numbers like the 8 for a complete harmony. Each number seeks its complement for fuller expression and during your birth month, you should carefully study the conditions of your life and the direction of your ambitions. If you were born in January, for instance, take advantage of every opportunity for advancement that it offers when January rolls around.

THE key for the study of your destiny number is simple enough. The means for determining the digit of the month was explained in the last issue of PHOTOPLAY, beginning with January, a 1 month, February 2 month, and so on. When you reach October and November, simply use the total digit. November, for instance, 1 and 1 make 2, so that its numerical significance is 2 and December is 3. If you were born on February 14th, 1882 you would cast the chart as follows:

February	14	1892
2	5	1

You arrive at this by finding the total digit of 14, which is 5 and of 1882, by adding together the figures and arriving at 10. As all ciphers are eliminated, we have 1. Adding together the 2 and 5 and 1, we have your destiny number which is 8. Now, then, anybody can determine his own destiny number for himself.

If you find that you have a higher destiny number than your Ideality or Aid numbers, it indicates that you must always tread the upward road, always seeking vibrations and conditions and people above you and never satisfied with an inferior position in any way. It is a number which advances you by the "trial and error" method and you must always be willing to meet severe tests of character and ability.

If your birthdigit points to a business career, don't waste time in dreaming of an artistic life. If it tells you that your lesson in life is that of a teacher and helper, cease to struggle uselessly for monetary success—money will always come to you when needed. So don't drift—face your job. And here is a table for consultation in figuring out your destiny.

1—Is the creative influence. If you are inclined to work on the destructive plane, however, it makes you argumentative and critical

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and difficult to work with and so may destroy all of your creative ability.

2—Is the influence that draws all sorts of experience to you. A 2 destiny number usually makes you a good politician and disliking trouble or quarrels of all kinds. You slip into situations as water molds itself into a square or a round pan. This is a receptive number rather than a creative one; but gets along well with the 1.

3—Is the number of pleasant personalities. Usually dislikes menial labor of all kinds, seeks happy influences and is generally accomplished and entertaining. May choose wisely from almost any vocation that does not entail physical labor, for the 3 is very intuitive and has strong mental qualities. The destructive plane makes you a destructive chatterbox, without accomplishing any results but always planning to do great things.

4—Is an influence that demands a literal translation. Engineers, farmers, architects—any one working with literal form and line and detail come from this 4 power. It is always steadfast and dependable, especially where endurance is called for. The 4 people make good technical workers but distrust anything they do not understand.

5—Is the influence that demands change, inspiration, spiritual enlightenment, curiosity and originality. Sometimes oddly generous with one hand and miserly with the other. 5 people should follow any line that utilizes the ability to promote for it demands freedom and new opportunities.

6—Is the influence for organization. The 6 people make fine workers in any occupation that keeps them in touch with masses. They like to be constantly busy and active for five or six hours in the day and then want to play the rest of the time. The destructive plane may make them meddlesome and interfering, however.

7—Is the influence for refinement, for reserve and for quiet research. It is a limited number and finds it difficult to express itself readily. People with this destiny number should take every opportunity for quiet meditation and should hear plenty of good music.

8—Is an influence that makes for business aggression—where lots of push and constant work is required. Is a good money maker, like the 6 and works well with either the 2 or the 4.

9—Is the number that indicates complete expression. The 9 people like to dramatize themselves on every occasion. Make good travellers and excellent philanthropics, apt to display great generosity and great jealousy at the same time. They dislike to work under the direction of others and usually consider themselves above the laws that govern the average person.

**NOW** for a name analysis or two. We will take two popular screen favorites once more.

Gloria Swanson.

March 27, 1898.

Ideality.....	5
Aids.....	5
Destiny.....	2
1926 law.....	3

This name gives an influence of the 5. It brings about its owner a very constructive tendency and a desire always to begin a new life in experience. It draws an atmosphere of inspiration and of spiritual attainment, which may be marred by caprice and the ultimate goal of ambition thereby thwarted. It gives a love of action and of beauty—a desire to taste deep of every experience that life has to offer and an individuality that is strongly marked. It resents bonds of any sort and constantly seeks both material and spiritual freedom and social advantages. While her generosity is marked, she will have a peculiar habit of saving some old garment or possession that is a symbol to her of some happy event in her life. Very outspoken of things she does not like but markedly devoted and loyal to those whom she loves and whose battles she will fight to the bitter end.

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Every event in her life has evidently come unexpectedly and not as she has planned it to be—as a matter of fact, few of her plans ever mature as she plans them. They break into bits and from the bits form other and different situations. Her destiny number being that of a 2, will bring her many travels, many adventures and many contacts with interesting people.

She will make friends readily with everyone and has practically no affectations. Only the simple and direct methods will ever bring her either happiness or success and she has, in the past, had the unfortunate habit of standing in her own light and bringing about the most of her own troubles.

The year 1926 holds for her the influence of the 3. This will draw about her greater ambitions than she has had for some time—ambitions for which she will work hard and take every opportunity offered to her to express her inner urge for inspiration. She will be exceedingly tolerant this year with all whom she contacts although there may be phases that will require all of her strength of the diplomatic 2 to meet.

It will be, however, the best year for self expression in her art than she has had for some time and she will no doubt complete some ambition that she has been holding for a year or more without any apparent result.

Adolphe Jean Menjou,  
February 18, 1891.

Ideality.....	5
Aids.....	0
Destiny.....	3
1926 Law.....	1

This name confers and ideality of 5 brings a sense of adventure and of distaste for monotony that evinces itself often both in his work and his recreation.

HE does not like to keep at anything long at a time and learns so readily that he refuses to accustom himself to hard digging or mental drudgery that others require to attain the degree of success that has come to him. His name power of 9 brings with it a somewhat difficult standard to maintain and requires an impersonal attitude toward life that will cause him vast difficulties if he does not obey it.

Any possession, for example, that he values too highly and with too personal an attitude, will gradually slip away from him. His contacts with life must always be with a generic, rather than a specific purpose and should be entirely impersonal.

He is endowed by nature with great abilities, which may prove either good or evil accordingly as he uses them. He has, for instance, great powers for helping others and the more he gives, the more he will himself receive.

He can always use his numerical powers to succeed in anything he undertakes; but because of this very fact, he does not always take the trouble to make the best of his really marvelous powers.

He is inclined to put off disagreeable duties always with the hope that something will happen to prevent his having to do them at all—and frequently this does happen. His destiny influence is that of the 3 and the lesson he must learn thoroughly is that of sincerity and purpose.

The powers it bestows give him the ability to make and to keep friends and to be exceedingly entertaining and popular. The year 1926 holds a tranquil influence for him and he should not attempt to undertake anything new this year. Rather, he should take the day's task as it comes and set himself to accepting every experience that the year brings forth to him as a preparation for a busy year in 1927, when he will have ample to keep him busy in every way. 1926 will bring him new friends and many pleasant experiences if he keeps on the constructive plane—if not, it will surround him with constant confusion and bickering, with a subsequent loss of friendships that he will greatly deplore.



"The psychology of charm lies in being true to Nature—or Sex, if you will have it that way. What more repugnant than an effeminate man! 'A hairy woman,' you say? Probably so! For I can conjure no ruder shock to silent admiration of seeming equanimity than a flowing glimpse of under-arm, or suggestion of tumbled captivity 'neath a sheer silk stocking.'"  
From "The Sketches of a Nomad"

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He had never seen arms so wonderfully smooth—so free from hair. Her beauty fascinated him. As she saw his warm, admiring glance appraise the flawless beauty of her skin, she realized that at last she had found the way to happiness. The blemish of hair had always spoiled her pleasure—made her conscious of this fault. Then she learned of Neet, the dainty hair-removing cream . . . No other method of removing hair is so rapid and convenient, so thorough and satisfactory. You simply smooth this dainty cream on arms, underarms or legs and rinse away the unsightly hair. Neet can be had in the ready-to-use liberal size 50 cent tubes at almost every drug or department store. Simply ask for Neet. Accept no substitutes.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"THE BLACK PIRATE"**—UNITED ARTISTS.—Story by Elton Thomas. Adapted by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Albert Parker. Photography by Henry Sharp. The players: Billie Dove, Tempe Pigott, Donald Crisp, Sam De Grasse, Anders Randolph, Charles Stevens, John Wallace, Fred Becker, Charles Belcher, E. J. Ratcliffe, Douglas Fairbanks.

**"THE BAT"**—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. Continuity by Julien Josephson. Adapted and directed by Roland West. Photography by Arthur Edeson. The cast: *Gideon Bell*, Andre De Beranger; *Man in Black Mask*, Charles Herzinger; *Miss Cornelius Van Gorder*, Emily Fitzroy; *Lizzie Allen*, Louise Fazenda; *Richard Fleming*, Arthur Housman; *Dr. Wells*, Robert McKim; *Brooks*, Jack Pickford; *Miss Dale Ogden*, Jewell Carmen; *Billy*, Sojin Kamiyama; *Moletti*, Tullio Carminati; *Detective Anderson*, Birdie Gribbon; *The Unknown*, Lee Shumway.

**"LA BOHEME"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by Henri Murger. Adapted by Madame Fred De Gresac. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Mimi*, Lilhan Gish; *Rodolphe*, John Gilbert; *Musetta*, Renee Adoree; *Marcel*, Gino Corrado; *Colline*, Edward Everett Horton; *Landlord*, Paul Puyet; *Schnuad*, George Hassell; *Paul*, Roy D'Arcy; *Louise*, Valentina Zimins; *Phemie*, Catherine Vidor; *Janitor*, Karl Dane.

**"THE GREATER GLORY"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Edith O'Shaughnessy. Adapted by June Mathis. Directed by Curt Rehfeld. The cast: *Count Maxim von Hurlig*, Conway Tearle; *Fanny*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Corinne*, May Allison; *Pauli Birbach*, Ian Keith; *Tante Ilde*, Lucy Beaumont; *Gustav Schmidt*, Jean Hersholt; *Dr. Herman von Berg*, Nigel de Brulier; *Mizzi*, Bridgetta Clark; *Prof. Leopold Everhardt*, John Sainpolis; *Kaethe*, Marcia Manon; *Otto Steiner*, Edward Earle; *Liesel*, Virginia Southern; *Anna*, Isabel Keith; *Irma von Berg*, Kathleen Chambers; *Leon Krum*, Hale Hamilton; *Marie*, Cora Macey; *Countess von Hurlig*, Carrie Daumery; *Theodore von Hurlig*, Thur Fairfax; *Scissors grinder*, Boris Karloff; *Cross bearer*, George Billings; *Helga*, Bess Flowers; *Maid*, Marcelle Corday.

**"LET'S GET MARRIED"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by H. A. Du Souchet. Adapted by Luther Reed. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Photography by Edward Cronjager. The cast: *Billy Dexter*, Richard Dix; *Mary Corbin*, Lois Wilson; *Jimmy*, Mat Pendleton; *Tommy*, Douglas MacPherson; *Slattery*, "Gunboat" Smith; *Billy's Father*, Joseph Kilgour; *Mary's Father*, Tom Findlay; *J. W. Smith*, Edna May Olliver.

**"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Frank Capra. Tim Whelan, Hal Conklin, J. Frank Holliday, Gerald Duffy and Murray Roth. Directed by Harry Edwards. The cast: *Harry*, Harry Langdon; *Betty Burton*, John Crawford; *John Burton*, Edwards Davis; *Roger Caldwell*, Carlton Griffith; *Harry's Father*, Alec B. Francis; *Taxi Driver*, Brooks Benedict; *The Argentine*, Tom Murray.

**"THE TORRENT"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Don Rafael Bruhl*, Ricardo Cortez; *Leonara*, Greta Garbo; *Remedios*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Podro Moreno*, Edward Connelly; *Cupido*, Lucien Littlefield; *Dona Bernarda Bruhl*, Martha Mattox; *Dona Pepa*, Lucy Beaumont; *Don*

*Andres*, Tully Marshall; *Don Matias*, Mack Swain; *Salvati*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Isabella*, Lillian Leighton.

**"THE UNTAMED LADY"**—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Fannie Hurst. Scenario by James Creelman. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Photography by George Webber. The cast: *St. Clair Van Tassell*, Gloria Swanson; *Larry Gastlen*, Lawrence Gray; *Uncle George*, Joseph Smiley; *Shorty*, Charles Graham.

**"THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS"**—METRO-COLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Benjamin Christianson. Adapted by Benjamin Christianson. Directed by Benjamin Christianson. The cast: *Mary*, Norma Shearer; *Carl*, Charles Emmett Mack; *Yonna*, Carmel Myers; *Hugo*, John Miljan; *Mrs. Peters*, Claire McDowell; *Little Elsa*, Joyce Coad; *Mary's Dog*, Buddy.

**"THE COHENS AND KELLYS"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the stage play by Aaron Hoffman. Adapted by Harry Pollard. Directed by Harry Pollard. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Patrick Kelly*, Charlie Murray; *Jacob Cohen*, George Sidney; *Mrs. Cohen*, Vera Gordon; *Mrs. Kelly*, Kate Price; *Tim Kelley*, Jason Robards; *Nannie Cohen*, Olive Hasbrouck; *Milton J. Katz*, Nat Carr; *Sammy Cohen*, Bobby Gordon; *Terrence Kelley*, Mickey Bennett.

**"FASCINATING YOUTH"**—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Byron Morgan. Screen play by Paul Schofield. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Teddy Ward*, Charles Rogers; *Jeanne King*, Ivy Harris; *Ross Page*, Jack Luden; *Randy Furness*, Robert Ward; *Bobby Stearns*, Claud Buchanan; *Dolly Sinclair*, Mona Palma; *Lorraine Lane*, Thelma Todd; *Loris Lane*, Josephine Dunn; *Betty Kent*, Thelda Kenvin; *Mae Oliver*, Jeanne Morgan; *Mary Arnold*, Dorothy Nourse; *Johnnie*, Irving Hartley; *Frederick Maine*, Greg Blackton; *"Duke"*, Slade, Robert Andrews; *Gregory*, Charles Brokaw; *Sally Lee*, Iris Gray; *John Ward*, Ralph Lewis; *Ward's Secretary*, Joseph Burke; *The Professor*, James Bradbury, Sr.; *The Sheriff*, Harry Sweet; *Deputy Sheriff*, William Black. The following stars and directors appear as themselves: Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Clara Bow, Lois Wilson, Percy Marmont, Chester Conklin, Thomas Meighan, Lila Lee, Lewis Milestone, Mal St. Clair.

**"OH! WHAT A NURSE"**—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Robert E. Sherwood and Bertram Bloch. Adapted by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Photography by John Mescall. Directed by Chas. (Chuck) Reisner. The cast: *Jerry Clark*, Syd Chaplin; *June Harrison*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Clive Hunt*, Gayne Whitman; *Capt. "Ladye"* Kirby, Mathew Betz; *Mrs. Clark*, Edith Yorke; *"Big Tim"* Harrison, Dave Torrance; *Eric Johnson*, Ed Kennedy; *Male*, Raymond Wells; *Editor of the "Press Gazette"*, Henry Barrows.

**"THE NEW KLONDIKE"**—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ring Lardner. Scenario by Thomas J. Geraghty. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Photography by Alvin Wyckoff. The cast: *Tom Kelly*, Thomas Meighan; *Evelyn Lane*, Lila Lee; *"Bing"* Allen, Paul Kelly; *Flamingo Applegate*, Hallie Manning; *Morgan West*, Robert Craig; *Owen*, George De Carleton; *Joe Cooley*, J. W. Johnston; *Bird Dog*, Brenda Lane; *Col. Dwyer*, Tefit Johnson; *The Spieler*, Danny Hayes.

**"THE DANCER OF PARIS"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Michael Arlen. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Con-*



*suelo, Dorothy Mackaill; Noel Anson, Conway Tearle; Sir Roy Martel, Robert Cain; Di Frank, Henry Vibart; Cortes, Paul Ellis; Mammy, Frances Miller Grant.*

**"SEA HORSES"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Francis Brett Young. Adapted by James Shelley Hamilton. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *George Glanville, Jack Holt; Helen Salvia, Florence Vidor; Lorenzo Salvia, William Powell; Cochran, George Bancroft; Bimbo-Bomba, Mack Swain; Senor Cordoba, Frank Campeau; Harvey, Allan Simpson; Mary, George Nichols; Cita Salvia, Mary E. Dow; Hendry, Dick La Reno; Cheadle, Frank Austin.*

**"THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD"**—WILLIAM FOX.—Story and scenario by Edred Bingham and Robert Lord. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Tom O'Day, George O'Brien; Gloria Hamilton, Florence Gilbert; Ann Burger, Janet Gaynor; John Hamilton, Anders Randolph; Peyton Ward, Paul Nicholson; Joe Purger, Paul Panzer; Sidney Mandel, George Harris.*

**"THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Anthony Pryde. Continuity by Eve Unsell. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Emilia, Barbara La Marr; Jerome, Lewis Stone; Ewing, Robert Ellis; Rodney, William Eugene; Robert Hantrive, E. L. Calvert; Lawrence Faneaux, Mario Carillo; Carmenata, Mathilde Comont; Messenger, Edward Piel; Don Angel, Nicholas de Ruiz; Cab Driver, Bobby Mack.*

**"MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Barr McCutcheon. Adapted by Monty Brice. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Polly Brewster, Bebe Daniels; Thomas Barrington Hancock, Jr., Warner Baxter; Ned Brewster, Ford Sterling; Mr. Brent, Andre de Beranger; Landlady, Miss Beresford.*

**"THE FAR CRY"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Arthur Richman. Adapted by Katherine Kavanaugh. Directed by Balboni. The cast: *Claire Marsh, Blanche Sweet; Dick Clayton, Jack Mulhall; Louise Marsh, Myrtle Stedman; Julian Marsh, Hobart Bosworth; Max Fraiser, Leo White; Helen Clayton, Julia Swayne Gordon; Eric Lancefield, William Austin; Count Filippo Sturani, John Sainpolis; Yvonne Beaudet, Dorothy Revier; Margaretta, Mathilde Comont.*

**"WHISPERING SMITH"**—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the novel by Frank H. Spearman. Adapted by Elliott J. Clawson and Will M. Ritchey. The cast: *Whispering Smith, H. B. Warner; Dickie Dunning, Lillian Rich; McCloud, John Bowers; Marion Sinclair, Lilyan Tashman; Bill Danc-ing, Eugene Palette; Murray Sinclair, Will Walling; Lance Dunning, Richard Neill; DuSang, James Mason; Karg, Warren Rodgers; Seagrue, Nelson McDowell; J. S. Bucks, Robert Edeson.*

**"THE BROADWAY BOOB"**—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Story by Monte Kattejohn. Directed by Joseph Henabery. Photography by Marcel Le Picard. The cast: *Daniel Williams, Glenn Hunter; Mary Abbott, Mildred Ryan; Jack Briggs, Antrim Short; Queenie Martine, Beryl Halley; Mabel Golden, Margaret Irving; Ritz Scheff, Gitana Kamp; Hiram Williams, W. T. Hays; Theophilus Barrett, William Black; Mrs. Williams, Marion Stephenson; The Dancers, Bishop and Lynn.*

**"THE KING OF THE TURF"**—F. B. O.—Story by Louis Joseph Vance. Adapted by John C. Brownell. Directed by James Hogan. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: *Colonel Fairfax, George Irving; Kate Fairfax, Patsy Ruth Miller; John Doe Smith, Kenneth Harlan; Tom Selsby, Kathleen Kirkham; Martha Fairfax, Mary Carr; Martyn Selsby, David Torrence; "Red" Kelly, Dave Kirby;*

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By Dolores Del Rio

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"TESSIE"—ARROW PICTURES CORP.—Story by Sewell Ford. Directed by Dallas M. Fitzgerald. The cast: Tessie, May McAvoy; Rodney Wells, Bobby Agnew; Mrs. Wells, Myrtle Stedman; Mame McGuire, Gertrude Short; Barney, Lee Moran; Uncle Dan, Walter Perry; Aunt Maggie, Mary Gordon.

"MY OWN PAL"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Scenario by Lillie Hayward. Directed by J. G. Blystone. The cast: Tom O'Hara, Tom Mix; Alice Deering, Olive Borden; August Deering, Tom Santschi; The Clown, Jay Hunt; Jill, Virginia Marshall; Jud McIntyre, William Colvin; Mrs. Jud McIntyre, Hedda Nova; Mollie, Virginia Warwick; Sergeant Pat McGuire, Tom McGuire; Trixie Tremaine, Helen Lynch; Baxter Barton, Bardson Bard; Slippery Sam, Jacques Rollens.

"THE BORDER SHERIFF"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by W. C. Tuttle. Adapted by Robert Noth Bradbury. Directed by Robert Noth Bradbury. Photography by William Nobles and Harry Mason. The cast: Callus Collins, Jack Hoxie; Joan Belden, Olive Hasbrouck; Carter Brace, S. E. Jennings; "Tater-Bug," Gilbert (Pee Wee) Holmes; "Limpy" Peel, Buck Moulton; Henry Belden, Tom Lingham; Joe Martinez, Bert DeMar; Marsh Hewitt, Frank Rice; Frenchie Renbeaux, Floyd Criswell; Sheriff, Leonard Trainor.

"MADAME MYSTERY"—PATHE.—Directed by Richard Wallace and Stan Laurel. The cast: Madame Mystericux, Theda Bara; Hungry Artist, Tyler Brooke; Struggling Author, Jimmie Finlayson; Man of a Thousand Eyes, Fred Malatesta; Captain Schmaltz, Oliver "Babe" Hardy.

"THE SHADOW OF THE LAW"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the story by Henry Chapman Ford. Directed by Wallace Worsley. The cast: Mary Brophy, Clara Bow; James Reynolds, Forrest Stanley; Carl Lingard, Stuart Holmes; Charles Brophy, Ralph Lewis; "Twist" Egan, William V. Mong; Kid Martin, J. Emmett Beck; The Aunt, Adele Farrington.

"THE SET UP"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by L. V. Jefferson. Scenario by Harrison Jacobs. Directed by Clifford Smith. Photography by Eddie Linden. The cast: Deputy Sheriff Art Stratton, Art Accord; Thora Barton, Alta Allen; Tub Jones, Albert Schaeffer; Seth Tolliver, Thomas C. Lingham; Cliff Barton, Montague Shaw; Bert Tolliver, Jack Quinn; Sheriff Hayes, William Welsh.

"THE LITTLE IRISH GIRL"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the story by C. D. Lancaster. Adapted by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Photography by Lyman Broening. The cast: Dot Walker, Dolores Costello; Johnny, John Harron; Jerry Crawford, Matthew Betz; Mr. Nelson, Lee Moran; Granny, Gertrude Claire; Capt. Dugan, Joseph Dowling; Gertie, Dot Farley; "Bank-roll" Charlie, Henry Barroes.

"THE ESCAPE"—UNIVERSAL.—Scenario by Frank Beresford. Directed by Melbourne Morante. The cast: Johnny Bowers, Pete Morrison; Evelyn Grant, Barbara Starr; Jeremiah Grant, Frank Norcross; Howard Breen, Bruce Gordon; Silas Peale, E. S. Dewey; Flossie Lane, Jane Arden; Manuel Estrada, Tex (Shorty) Young.

"BROKEN HEARTS"—JAFF.—Based on the play by Z. Linib. Scenario by Frances Taylor Paterson. Directed by Maurice Schwartz. The cast: Benjamin Rezanov, Maurice Schwartz; Ruth Esterin, Lila Lee; Cantor Esterin, Wolf Goldfaden; Mama Esterin, Bina Abramowitz; Victor Kaplan, Isador Cashier; Sprinter, Anna Appel; Kruger, Charles Nathanson; Millon Kruger, Theodore Sibert; Marriage Broker, Morris Strasberg.

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## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135]

### Well, We Praised It First

Los Angeles, Calif.

Not being exactly an ardent motion picture fan, I am perhaps unqualified to express my ideas on a picture. But upon witnessing "His People" I was literally stunned by the realism of the production. Never have I enjoyed a picture quite so much as I did "His People." The cast was excellent, especially the work of George Lewis, and I wish to throw a large bouquet directly at him. The picture was far more interesting and enjoyable than I could have imagined and I was so impressed by it that I just couldn't resist sitting down and jotting off my ideas. If more pictures like "His People" were produced and less sex pictures, it would be a considerable boost for "Greater Pictures."

JOSHUA HAMMOND, JR.

### Go Get a Shave, Doug

San Francisco, Calif.

Everyone has by this time heard of the tremendous success scored by "Don Q," and has either seen or heard of the unusual response of the audience when Doug appears as Zorro. Critics have spoken of it, and said in touching tones that the public never forgets a well beloved screen character. That is true. But there was another factor contributing to the success of that scene. Something that struck us fans "all of a heap." Know what it was? Doug sans mustache!

Yes, of course we were cheering our old friend Zorro, but we were also trying to express our love for the old Doug—that blythe and breezy fellow—Doug WITHOUT THE MUSTACHE.

MISS TONA SWAN.

### Mary's Artistry

Butte, Mont.

I have never written a "bouquet" before, but feel impelled to write of Mary Pickford's artistry as shown in "Little Annie Rooney." Mary must have lived in the part where she is told that her "Pops" has gone to return "never no more." for her audience lived it with her. We all cried and weren't ashamed of it. When she was on her knees and then slowly, so slowly, stretched herself on the floor as realization came to her, our hearts ached with hers. Her grief wasn't that of a pampered child, but of a child-woman on whose shoulders responsibilities have rested.

Many years have passed since my father died, but in Mary's realization of her father's death, I was again a child being told that my beloved daddy had gone to return "never no more."

O, Mary the poignant wistfulness of your "Little Annie Rooney" will live in my heart forever.

A. R. C.

### He Will Be

Chicago, Ill.

Will John Gilbert be a star in 1930? With the pictures which he has acted in he sure don't seem as though he would ever lose his popularity. But the public is peculiar and John might go just like a lot of the stars, after a few great pictures they begin to fail.

If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gives him pictures and stories like "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" he will always go on as the best actor on the screen. I am a picture fan and see about 7 movies a week, and the one that is superior over all the rest is "The Big Parade."

CHAS. PESCHON.

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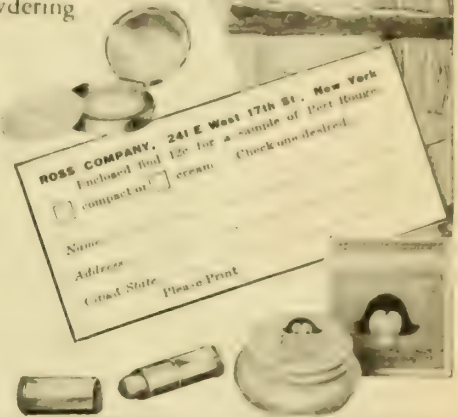
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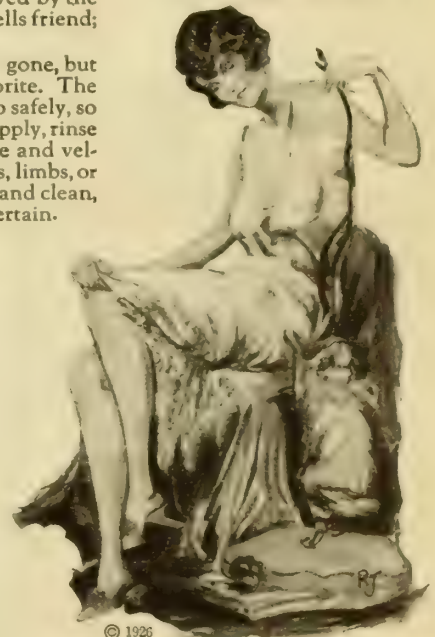
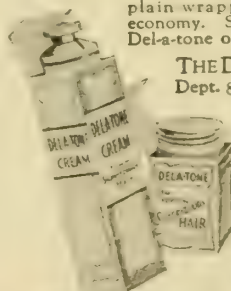
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## "The Big Parade" Scores Again

New Haven, Conn.

Modern science's greatest contribution to the world's art is the motion picture, but we are only now learning how to use it artistically and few have wanted to call it an art. The cinema is a happy combination of an art and an industry, but of course the industry has grown a lot faster than the art.

Let's have less unfilmable stories and more pictorially beautiful ones, especially pictures told more by the camera and less by uninteresting subtitles.

"The Big Parade" is a real masterpiece and would still be one without subtitles. In it the characters live the story which is a simple one, but well told. Renee Adoree, especially, is right back in war torn Belgium again and every scene tells more than a Shakespeare could tell in a whole play. The one photographic plot is the distortion of the impressive scene of the endless line of motor lorries by using the telephoto lens.

A. F.

## Dolores Saves "Mannequin"

Chicago, Ill.

That phrase "There's no accounting for taste," must have been especially coined for the judges of the great "Liberty" scenario contest who awarded the \$50,000 prize to Fannie Hurst, the literary exponent of drab home life (but who, it is understood, does not practice what she pens) for her story "Mannequin."

After reviewing the picture, now being shown at three of the largest playhouses in Chicago, one wonders why the haste in placing it before the public. The plot is threadbare from use: The beautiful baby, stolen in infancy, reared in poverty, and after many trials and tribulations restored to her rich parents through a series of remarkable coincidences, which are a terrific strain on the credulity of the average audience.

The exquisite beauty of Dolores Costello, however, makes it worth seeing.

MRS. C. O. STILL.

## Another Boyd Boost

Manchester, Eng.

As a regular reader of your magazine since I first made its acquaintance five years ago, but who until now has "laid low and said nothing," I think I can break the silence without being accused of "hogging" space.

I am always interested in hearing opinions on the never-settled question of Wallace Reid's successor.

Here are my views on the subject:

Richard Dix, Reginald Denny, and George O'Brien, much as I admire them, appear too well able to take care of themselves, and quite lack that half-shy, wistful appeal so characteristic of Wally.

Ben Lyon is nearer to the type, but where Wally seemed a man with the heart of a child, Lyon seems, rather, a child with the heart of a man.

This also applies to Buster Collier. Jack Mulhall might have stood some chance, but he has made good in quite a different type.

Once I thought Raymond McKee might aspire to the coveted place, but he seems to have fallen short somewhere.

But one player has always interested me since I saw him as an extra, some years ago. I have been impressed with his personality and so many of Wally's characteristics does he possess that I always call him "Wally the Second," so it was with great pleasure that I read in PHOTOPLAY that he has at last gained stardom.

Here's wishing you every success, William Boyd! Wally has so far been the only perfect screen idol, but please let Boyd have his chance to be the Wallace Reid of tomorrow.

LIMA WATSON.

## You Like Them, Don't You?

Seattle, Washington.

I herewith send two bouquets: One to Blanche Sweet and the other to Ben Lyon. The portrayals of their respective rôles in "The New Commandment" make them worthy of high praise.

This was the perfect picture. The scenes, especially those depicting the war, were wonderful. Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon have long been among my favorites and now I shall give them first place. These two artists of screenland are making rapid strides towards a great popularity. If they each continue to make pictures as successfully as "The New Commandment," their futures will be unlimited.

There is no actress with more finesse than Blanche Sweet. In fact, adjectives prove superficial when I try to describe her merits.

With regard to Ben Lyon there can be no doubt of his acting ability. Although a comparative new-comer, he shows remarkable promise.

I take this opportunity to thank these two artists for giving us such a splendid picture.

GEORGENE CORSER.

## Careful, He's Married!

Nashville, Tenn.

I had the pleasure during the past few days of seeing Cecil B. De Mille's newest masculine lead—William Boyd.

His portrayal of the *Rev. John* in the "Road to Yesterday" was absolutely flawless, and his performance in "Steel Preferred" was the paramount feature of what, I should judge, a splendid picture.

I predict a very successful career for him and with careful selection of his future pictures, I believe he can give the picture loving public the finest impersonations of a really true blooded American the screen has offered since Wally Reid. We are anxiously awaiting his "Volga Boatman!"

May we see more of him!

DORIS B. CONNELL.

## Reel Youth

Glenside, Pa.

No picture is more refreshing to a movie fan who has reached middle life than one which reflects the spirit of youth. To see in such a picture an actress like Betty Bronson, who so thoroughly emulates the youthful spirit, is indeed a treat.

Pictures like "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella" are heavy drawing cards, not only for children, but grown-ups as well. The tonic effects of such pictures on the elders cannot be estimated.

Anyone who feels he is growing old before his time should not fail to see pictures of this kind. I honestly believe if Ponce De Leon were living today, he would tell us that the "Fountain of Youth" could be found in pictures of the kind mentioned.

HARRY HILPERT.

## But Women Like 'Em

Detroit, Michigan.

The most attractive actress is Jetta Goudal. She is not American by birth but she certainly has appeal.

Two popular actors who are not popular with me are John Gilbert and Ronald Colman but then I am a man and apt to be jealous of them. They both act rather spoiled to my way of thinking. Great sheiks who won't take no for an answer. In that respect they are like obnoxious salesmen.

For directors Mr. De Mille is my favorite though his undercurrents go over many people's heads. Mr. Cruze is the most sensational director. King Vidor tried to make an epic of the "Big Parade" but no director is big enough to satisfy the spirit on that subject.

E. F.



## Well, Well! Look above You!

Rochester, N. Y.

No one knows the countless trips I have taken in quest of a copy of that incomparable magazine, PHOTOPLAY. Rain or shine, snow or blizzard, nothing prevents me from visiting different magazine counters, hoping that the magazine will be out several days ahead of time.

PHOTOPLAY is a great magazine. I always turn first to the "Shadow Stage" as I am so fond of the way you have the reviews arranged, according to the "Six Best." The only fault I can find is that you don't illustrate all of your reviews, even those placed in the back of your magazine.

Now, I'm going to startle you all, and I suppose if any fans read this letter, I'll be in for a bunch of brickbats, but we all have freedom of opinion. Therefore, I'd like to throw half a dozen brickbats at every member of the cast of "The Merry Widow." I'm not alone in this, either. Friends who attended this picture with me, admitted they were never so bored in their lives. Several of the papers condemned it as unfit for public showing. It impressed me as being the most vulgar picture I ever attended.

Please don't think I'm a prim person, but I can't hand "The Merry Widow" a thing (though Roy D'Arcy's teeth outteethed even the sets of ivory-worn in Elinor Glyn's "The Only Thing").

A bouquet for Carol Dempster for her performance in "Sally of the Sawdust." Another Griffith star shines in his brilliant sky.

J. HARRY SHALE, JR.

## Sage Advice

Salem, Mass.

After seeing Norma Talmadge in "Graustark"—Betty Bronson in "A Kiss for Cinderella" and Sally O'Neil in "Sally, Irene and Mary" is it any wonder that any imaginative young person wants to journey to Hollywood?

They don't think of the hard work climbing the ladder to the top, they only picture themselves as the gracious heroine moving gracefully through the picture with a romantic hero.

Everyone has their own private dream and ideal and they see it fulfilled in some form or other on the screen. But unless one can see through the picture and the hard work that it means, to take part in it, to direct and produce it, and unless one has the ability and will power to stick through thick and thin, one had better sit in the comfortable theater and dream dreams.

Its safer, I know, because I have just felt like buying a ticket to Hollywood many times, but instead I have developed into a safe and sane fan.

E. L. M.

## Thank You

Brooklyn, New York.

How can I express my gratitude to PHOTOPLAY and James R. Quirk for his witty and just appraisal of reformers in the March issue of that magazine? It is the truest and most clear-sighted piece of writing I have read in a very long time. In a few terse, sparkling paragraphs he has laid bare the canker that threatens the liberty and happiness of the American people today—a passion for reform on the part of self-seeking individuals too lazy or stupid to carve out careers in any other pursuit than that of meddling, which is a notoriously profitable business, thanks to the complacent attitude of the public they victimize.

We need more articles like that of Mr. Quirk and more alert publications like PHOTOPLAY to awaken Americans to their danger and save for them a little personal freedom before it is too late.

MARIAN H. HOPKINS.

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## A Swedish Bouquet

Stockholm, Sweden

John Barrymore's acting in "Beau Brummel" was the most artistic the screen has ever seen. He is a head taller than all other American actors.

But why are his leading ladies black haired—doesn't he like blondes? But then, he has never seen the soulful and fascinating blond ladies for which Sweden is famous.

Be proud that Barrymore is an American!  
MASQUE.

## We Wonder, Too

Middlesex, England.

With such a great percentage of American films released in Britain, I am wondering why producers do not study English manners and people to a greater degree. An Englishman is more often than not portrayed as a chinless silly ass with a drooping mustache and, of course, a monocle.

Now, in Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Reginald Denny, Charles Chaplin, George K. Arthur and Ernest Torrence you have seven Englishmen that give a pretty comprehensive idea of our men.

I once read that the butler of a certain English duke was in Los Angeles advising one company on things British. What has happened to him?  
ELSA M. ADAMSON.

## We and Gloria Get a Brickbat

Akron, Ohio.

I was amazed to find "The Coast of Folly" listed among your six best pictures of the past month. I found it an extremely dull picture, with few redeeming features and some perfectly awful acting by Gloria Swanson and the rest of the cast.

Almost in the same class is Constance Talmadge's "Her Sister from Paris." That was a tawdry, tinsel affair if ever there was one. Miss Talmadge has done much better in the past.

The most entertaining picture I have seen in months is Ramon Novarro in "The Midshipman." It has everything that goes to make perfect entertainment.  
L. B.

## California's Blue Book

Pascagoula, Miss.

I just read in the paper where the Southwest Blue Book, just published, excludes the names of Doug and Mary and other screen celebrities. Where would Southern California be if it were not for the motion picture industry and its people?

The paper said "it was very difficult for them to be recognized among the elite." The so-called elite had better wish that the world recognized them as wonderfully as they do the screen celebrities. I would not be afraid to bet a million that the Blue Book people would exchange places with the film people any day.

ANNIE RUTH JONES.

## Knows Her Bible

Poquonock, Conn.

I did not see "The Ten Commandments" until recently, in common with many others who did not care to pay the exorbitant prices asked at the first showings. I was greatly amused at the chronological errors. According to the Biblical story, Miriam, sister of Moses, was 12 years older than her brother, which would make her about 92 when the exodus out of Egypt took place. But, lo! in the picture, while Moses was beautifully true to character, Miriam was very young and charming, apparently about 60 years his junior. Perhaps she had a series of face liftings.

The policy of constructive criticism shown by PHOTOPLAY is fine—it is the only film magazine I read.

EUNICE E. GREENWOOD.

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IMAGINE a new French Process Powder that is not affected by perspiration; will not let an ugly shine come through; stays on until you take it off; pores and small lines will not show under its peculiar blending qualities; looks like the beautiful natural skin of youth, makes the lips appear redder and the eyes shine brighter; furnishes to the skin a soft bloom that is amazing. Absolutely pure. "The powder that will not clog or enlarge the pores." You will never realize the beauty Mello-glo gives until you use it and look in your mirror.

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YOU will love Mello-glo. In each box of this wonderful powder or with the sample comes a booklet which describes a new French Beauty Method that will give you a beautiful youthful complexion almost unbelievable. Don't delay. Get the sample or full box of Mello-glo powder today.

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# GIRLS! THROW AWAY YOUR FAT!

Look Your Best This Summer on the Beach

Start Today—Simple, Easy, Harmless Way

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If you are ashamed of your figure, especially in a bathing suit, decide to take off that extra fat and look your best on the beach this summer. Why don't you do it? I did. I am glad to be able to explain to you how to go about it—I am not going to tell you to go through strenuous exercises or weakening diets. I will not recommend you to rub your body with creams or take dangerous drugs. I am giving you here what I consider the best formula made up to easily and safely take off fat. I suffered for years with all the troubles well known to fat people. Time after time I deprived myself from all pleasures, turned down parties and friends to avoid their dreaded "Here comes fatty," until one day, after I had tried everything known to reduce and failed, I hit upon SAN-GRI-NA, with which I made myself over. It is simple, easy to take and will only cost you a few cents a day. Once you have attained the desired weight you should not have to keep up with SAN-GRI-NA. In my case and many others excess fat has been banished for good."

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when the tense moments end  
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No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

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# PHOTOPLAY

June

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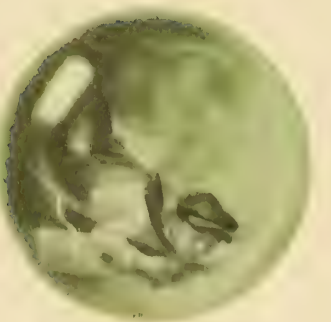
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Sore Muscles



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FOR more than a quarter of a century Absorbine, Jr. has brought relief. Because it is both an effective liniment and a safe antiseptic it soothes and comforts, it helps nature heal and guards against infection. This is the reason why so many users of Absorbine, Jr. call it "the magic bottle."

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Absorbine, Jr. relieves muscular pain. Those who suffer from rheumatism will find it very beneficial. It eases and refreshes tired muscles. The early rounds of golf, the first sets of tennis, any form of exertion in the Spring is likely to tire or strain jaded winter muscles. Apply Absorbine, Jr. promptly — it "sets you up" again.

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Cuts, bruises and abrasions of the skin are usually painful and sometimes dangerous, if not treated in time. Apply

Absorbine, Jr. promptly. It is healing and soothing, and its antiseptic properties prevent infection. Keep a bottle in the car. Later you will find it wonderfully efficient for sunburn and insect bites—promptly relieving the soreness and pain.

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Absorbine, Jr. sweetens and refreshes the mouth, and promptly destroys the germs. The daily use of a few drops in water is a pleasant and safe habit. For sore throat use Absorbine, Jr. diluted, as a gargle. It soothes and heals the inflamed tissue. Also apply it full strength on the outside, to break up congestion.

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# One health problem outdoor exercise can never solve



*Many of us forget that our gums, like  
our muscles, need work and stimulation  
to keep them firm and healthy!*

**EIGHTEEN** holes on a "sporty" course—three sets of fast tennis—a brisk cross country jaunt! We do need exercise and we glory in the way it keeps us fit.

But our gum tissues go placidly on, becoming softer and more tender every day through lack of the work and stimulation that they, too, need so much to keep them in health.

## *Modern soft food gives your gums no health-bringing exercise*

Our soft, creamy foods *are* delicious! But they are utterly lacking in the fibre and roughage needed as a conditioner of the gum tissue.

Perhaps your dentist has explained to you how the vigorous chewing of fibrous food once kept our gums in health; how modern food, and hasty eating, breaks down the health of the gums; and how, in consequence, "pink tooth brush" is abroad in the land—and troubles of the gums are becoming more prevalent every day!

## *How Ipana and massage help the gums to health*

To fight this lack of stimulation, the dentists are turning to massage. And thousands of them are recommending that the massage be done with Ipana,

after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Brush the gums lightly, they say, inside and out. Thus you will stir up the flagging circulation and bring fresh clean blood to heal and nourish your gums and make them firm.

Ipana will exert its own healing influence because of its ziratol content—ziratol is well known to dentists and for years has been used by them at the chair as a hemostatic and antiseptic.

Even though your tooth brush never "shows pink" you will find Ipana a delicious dentifrice, just as helpful in keeping healthy mouths in condition

*An al fresco luncheon  
on the club terrace—a  
luscious dinner at a res-  
taurant—a delicious re-  
past at home! Every-  
where we go, our modern  
food is soft, creamy,  
tempting—robbing our  
gums and our teeth of  
the stimulation they  
need so much.*



as it is in correcting the evil effects of soft food and hasty eating.

## *Switch to Ipana for one month*

The coupon in the corner brings a ten-day trial tube. Use it, if you wish, but a better way is to begin with a full tube, which will last a long month. Thirty days will certainly show you what Ipana can do for your teeth and gums.

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A comfortable seat in one of the better theatres, a Paramount Picture—and your "palace for a night" puts many a King's palace on a back street! And you can have such an evening as often as you like—as often as there's a Paramount Picture to see.

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**Harold Lloyd**  
in  
"For Heaven's Sake"

Directed by Sam Taylor. The prize surprise package of the season, laughter, laughter all the way! Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation and released by Paramount.

**W. C. Fields in**  
"It's the Old Army Game"



An Edward Sutherland Production. Meaning "Never give a sucker an even break." From J. P. McEvoy's "The Comic Supplement." Adapted by Luther Reed.

**A Victor Fleming Production**  
"The Blind Goddess"



With Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Esther Ralston, Louise Dresser. From the story by Arthur Train.



**Pola Negri**  
in  
"The Crown of Lies"

A Dimitri Buchowetzki Production. From the story by Ernest Vajda. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.



**A Clarence Badger Production**  
"The Rainmaker"

With Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale. From the story "Heavenbent" by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

**Zane Grey's**  
"Desert Gold"



A George B. Seitz Production. With Neil Hamilton, Shirley Mason, William Powell and Robert Frazer.

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN SL. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXX

No. 1

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will be found on page 92*

# Wholesale Murder and Suicide

## An Amazing Article on Reducing



# Three Great Short Stories



## Next Month



# The X-Ray of the Hair

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NO greater step forward in hair science can be imagined than the NESTLE METER SCALE. It determines the character of your hair *in advance* of your permanent wave—and eliminates all guesswork.

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Just fill out the coupon below and send a small strand of your hair

(about as thick as the lead in any ordinary pencil and at least 5 inches long.) *Do not send combings.* Enclose \$1 deposit to cover cost of testing.

The Nestle Laboratories will then send you a card showing the result of *your* hair test. This card contains directions to your Permanent Waver, giving the exact *Circuline* lotion required for any type of wave you may want.

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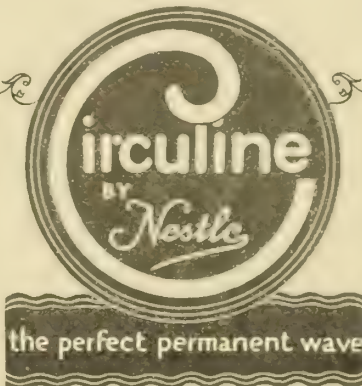
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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

If free booklet only is wanted, check here ☐





# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**AMERICAN VENUS, THE**—Paramount.—We think this is great entertainment. Esther Ralston and Lawrence Gray are romantic figures against a background of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant—in color. (March.)

**ANCIENT HIGHWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A passable story of the timber lands with Jack Holt preventing the villain from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

**ARIZONA SWEEPSTAKES, THE**—Universal.—A snappy Hoot Gibson western with some novelty and good comedy situations. (February.)

**AUCTION BLOCK, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Charles Ray is the man about town in this picture. There are a lot of laughs throughout, and you'll enjoy this. (April.)

**BAT, THE**—United Artists.—It's thrilling and it's chilling. Your spine will quiver and your hair will stiffen every moment. See it! (May.)

**BEAUTIFUL CHEAT, THE**—Universal.—Very amusing at times, but nothing to get real excited about. (April.)

**BEAUTIFUL CITY, THE**—First National.—The story not up to the Barthelmess standard. Contains good atmospheric shots of New York's tenement district. (January.)

**BEHIND THE FRONT**—Paramount.—A satire on the lives of the buddies "over there." Slapstick comedy with enough kick in it to make one realize that Sherman spoke the truth. (April.)

**BELOW THE LINE**—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. (December.)

**BEN HUR**—Metro-Goldwyn.—The undying drama of Christ interwoven with the story of *Ben Hur*, the young Jew who aimed to serve him. Ramon Novarro is at his finest. A picture everyone should see. (March.)

**BEST BAD MAN, THE**—Fox.—Unsuitable for Tom Mix. A flimsy plot, but Clara Bow makes it endurable. (February.)

**BEST PEOPLE, THE**—Paramount.—An entertaining story of a son and daughter of the hoipolloi who insist upon marrying a chorus girl and chauffeur, believing that love is the only thing. (January.)

**BIG PARADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—See this if you have to pawn your shirt. One of the finest pictures ever made. A thrilling love story against the World War background with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. (January.)

**BLACK PIRATE, THE**—United Artists.—This will prove to be a real treat for the youngster, and grownups will find themselves youthful again while enjoying this story of the adventures of the wicked pirates. (May.)

**BLACKBIRD, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Lon Chaney is at his best in this picture. He wears no make-up. Don't pass it up. (April.)

**BLUE BLAZES**—Universal.—A fair Western with Pete Morrison as the star. The usual riding, shooting, conflict and love. (March.)

**BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES**—First National.—Let the gas go out and use the quarter to see this. You'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny, with Lois Wilson in the role of a flapjack flipper at Childs. (Feb.)

**BORDER SHERIFF, THE**—Universal.—A Western and nothing to brag about. Jack Hoxie is the star. (May.)

**BRAVEHEART**—Producers Dist.—Rod La Rocque's first starring picture, and a good one. The romantic tale of an Indian in love with a white girl, played by Lillian Rich. (March.)

**BRIGHT LIGHTS**—M-G-M.—Charlie Ray as the country bumpkin again, and Pauline Starke a smart chorus gel. Good entertainment. (February.)

**BROADWAY BOOB, THE**—Associated Exhibitors.—Glenn Hunter is back with us again in another of his famous country roles. Fair. (May.)

**BROADWAY LADY, THE**—F. B. O.—Pretty good story with Evelyn Brent as a chorus girl with a heart of gold who marries into society and is innocently involved in a murder. (March.)

**BROKEN HEARTS**—Jaffe.—A series of realistic east side scenes strung together by a slender plot. Lila Lee is the only familiar player in the cast. (May.)

**BUSTIN' THROUGH**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western. (December.)

**CALGARY STAMPEDE, THE**—Universal.—The best Western in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts that will thrill you. (December.)

**CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD**—Pathe.—The usual serial stuff, with lots of action. (April.)

**CAVE MAN, THE**—Warner Bros.—Another silly vehicle featuring Matt Moore and Marie Prevost. Not the fault of members of the cast, but in the ridiculous story. (April.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

**CIRCLE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak tea society drama. It is neither interesting nor real. (December.)

**CLASH OF THE WOLVES, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Rin-Tin-Tin makes another big hit, this time in a beard. A good story. (January.)

**CLASSIFIED**—First National.—Don't miss this one. Corinne Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful," proves she can act, in this unusually entertaining comedy-drama of a New York working girl. (January.)

**CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE**—First National.—Leon Errol of the collapsible knees, and Dorothy Gish as his shrewish wife make this a fairly amusing comedy-drama. (February.)

**COBRA**—Paramount.—Disappointing to Valentino fans. Rudy is not rightly cast in this and Nita Naldi is entirely unbelievable. (February.)

**COHENS AND THE KELLYS, THE**—Universal.—New York went wild over this and so will every other town. See it and how! (May.)

**COMBAT**—Universal.—He who likes a lively romping tale crammed with action will like this. The youngsters enjoy it. (April.)

**COMPROMISE**—Warner Brothers.—A good cast, Irene Rich, Pauline Garon and Clive Brook, in an inadequate story. Fairly entertaining. (January.)

**COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE**—Asso. Ex.—Good acting of Betty Compton as a modern Portia make this a passable movie. (March.)

**COUNT OF LUXEMBURG, THE**—Chadwick.—George Walsh, as a penniless count in the artists' colony of Paris, marries a beautiful actress without seeing her. Fairly entertaining. (February.)

**COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS, THE**—Fox.—One finds no amusing tricks of style to divert this from the commonplace. And such an absurd story. (April.)

**COWBOY MUSKETEER, THE**—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler looks fine and rides well in this Western, which is presented with snap and clearness. (February.)

**DANCE MADNESS**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Nothing new in the plot, but it establishes Conrad Nagel as a splendid comedian. It's too sexy for the children. (April.)

**DANCER OF PARIS, THE**—First National.—Written by Michael Arlen and as you might have suspected there is plenty of jazz, bachelor apartment parties, love scenes and nudity. Not the least bit impressive. (May.)

**DANCING MOTHERS**—Paramount.—Story of a gentle wife who would a-flapping go. Result, a lot of complications. Clara Bow's performance is beautifully handled. Alice Joyce and Conway Tearle are in it. (April.)

**DANGER GIRL, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Priscilla Dean as a clever secret service lady in a good mystery yarn. She has able support from John Bowers, Cissy Fitzgerald and Arthur Hoyt. (April.)

**DESERT'S PRICE, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones is always interesting, although this film play has not much originality. Plenty of good fights. (February.)

**DESPERATE GAME, THE**—Universal.—A mild-ly amusing Western of a college cowboy. (Feb.)

**DEVIL'S CIRCUS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—An interesting vehicle with lots of good circus stuff. Bokun reigns throughout. Norma Shearer and Charles Mack head the cast. (May.)

**DON'T**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The title tells you. Don't. It's a silly picture with the story wandering all over. (April.)

**DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS**—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones. Weak on story. (Dec.)

**EAGLE, THE**—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino in three fascinating roles, a Russian lieutenant, a bandit and a French tutor. Pretty good Valentino fare. Vilma Banky is lovely. (January.)

**EAST LYNNE**—Fox.—This decayed old melodrama is almost interesting with such a fine cast and beautiful backgrounds. Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe and Lou Tellegen play the principals. (March.)

**ENCHANTED HILL, THE**—Paramount.—The shop-worn Western plot, brightened up by the presence of Florence Vidor and Jack Holt, and capable direction. (March.)

**ESCAPE, THE**—Universal.—Filled with plenty of pep and humor that the children will be crazy about. Pete Morrison shows us what he can do. (May.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 ]





## BROWN OF HARVARD

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**With** the snap of a well coached team  
**This** greatest of football pictures  
**Rushes** into action!  
**Thrill** follows thrill as quickly  
**As** a quarterback barks his signals  
**And** such a team of talent!  
**Jack** Pickford as the heroic roommate—  
**Mary** Brian (she's beautiful!)  
**And**  
**William** Haines as Tom Brown  
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 Screen play by A. P. Younger.*



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 at any game.  
 The girl (Mary Brian)

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## LETTERS FROM READERS

### \$25.00 Letter

New York City

I now take off my last season's black velour hat and place it gravely on the head of Lillian Gish for her courage in putting in her cast of "La Boheme" both John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. I can't help wondering if she saw "The Big Parade" before taking this well-nigh fatal step. If "La Boheme" is good, I suspect two reasons, neither of which is Miss Gish.

The thought of her talents, pitted against the fiery truth of Mr. Gilbert's acting, and the warmth of Miss Adoree's, fills me with awe.

If, in "La Boheme," I find that Miss Gish flaps her hands, or rubs inanimate objects against her face, or runs about in circles, or twists her feet, or shows her molars to express emotion, if she does all that or part of that, I shall rise with dignity, and, extracting two Good Behavior medals from my bag, pin them on the pictured chests of Mr. Gilbert and Miss Adoree for not cracking under the strain.

And if it be true, Oh, if it CAN be true, that there is a scene where Mr. Gilbert kisses Miss Gish through a window pane, then I shall simply lean back and give way in every pore!

I. D. M.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This letter was sent to Brickbats and Bouquets before "La Boheme" was released. Our choosing it as first prize proves I. D. M.'s accuracy as a prophet.]

### \$10.00 Letter

South Portland, Me.

Just four years ago I ventured a prophecy. Today I'm going to take a chance on another.

On March 14, 1922, I went to see "The Count of Monte Cristo." I had not heard anything about it and was not especially anxious to see it. Then the most marvelous actor made his appearance. Consulting my program, I read "John Gilbert." I became almost maudlin over him during the performance; he seemed to me the most finished actor I had ever seen, as well as the handsomest.

Afterward, I talked about him to everyone I met, but no one had seen the picture and no one was at all interested in John Gilbert. Thus for two years. Now, most everybody admits he has no superior.

Proud of this, I am now about to announce another prophecy. One day I went to see "The Torrent," in which was a wonderful person called "Greta Garbo." I wish I had thousands of dollars to invest in futures; I'd put it all on her. She has everything the others have, and more—piquancy and sprightliness.

Keep your eye on her, picture fans, and see if she doesn't fulfill my prophecy and become the best known, most capable actress in pictures.

MRS. L. E. SANBORN.

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

### \$5.00 Letter

Tacoma, Wash.

Every once in a while some one goes on a rampage and picks on the films as the object of his attack.

The latest volcanic eruption is in one of the weekly magazines, with William Allen White as chief spouter.

There is a bit of truth in what Mr. White says. Likewise, there is much that is not true in his many sweeping statements.

He avers that the only persons satisfied with the movies are those who make them and those who go to them all the time. I cannot agree. The movies are our chief national pastime. Almost everyone is interested in them, some more than others. In this great audience are thousands who are not morons, who do not consider the movies a mess or a menace, nor the quintessence of perfection. They simply realize that from such a gigantic industry must come a proportionate output. Where there is so much wheat there must be chaff.

The speaking stage does not put out any too many "sure fire" hits, artistic or otherwise. Why, then, expect so much of the movies? At present we have "Stella Dallas," "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow" to be thankful for, and proud of; several good comedies and many educational films, which audiences always enjoy, despite their being called a senseless aggregation by Mr. White. I am not a dyed-in-the-wool movie fan, neither am

I a moron, but I make no apologies to Mr. White or anyone else for the films. They are doing quite well, thank you!

E. A. SQUIRE.

### How Many Agree?

St. Louis, Mo.

We fans are always on the lookout for the most beautiful and greatest actress on the screen. We have found the most beautiful—Mary Pickford. The greatest of them all we have not yet found because not one among our popular stars of today has proven she can claim the title. I don't mean that we haven't had great performances, because we have.

Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge are among the most illustrious, but if Gloria Swanson makes one or two more "Humming Birds" and "Zazas," she will be crowned queen of them all because of her versatile ability, the ability to elegantly play a great lady one day and frolic away the next with the role of a clown. That is art.

If Mary Pickford would depict a gold digger and a jazz baby as well as she does her sweet child roles, she would prove to be the greatest. Doing the same thing over and over again is not art. Versatile performances denote the real artist. No one has up to date proven she can act any sort of a role and make a success of it.

Mary Pickford and Gloria are our best bets.

Gloria—if she keeps up; and Mary—if she wakes up.

MISS VERA PROKSHA.

### Madame, We Salute You!

Toledo, Ohio

I gain my impressions as to the worthwhileness of a film through a perusal of the film reviews in dailies or PHOTOPLAY. If this sounds interesting I go to see it, taking with me my eight year old daughter, whether the picture selected be strictly a child film or not. For I don't believe any good picture, if explained and interpreted as I always do, will harm any normal child. I try to give her a sensible, matter-of-fact, optimistic viewpoint on anything brought up in a picture, tucking in little lessons which it teaches and which she would resent in any other form. This, I think, will make her ready to meet life as it really is, rather than allowing her to grow up in a fairy world pretending there is no evil to be rudely awakened, maybe, much later when my opinions and influence have less weight with her.

MARGARET BAIRD.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]





# How a Discovery That Stunned Me Brought Me a Ravishing Complexion

The story of a girl with an unattractive skin who almost lost her sweetheart, but suddenly became radiant and beautiful

IT was the night of the big party, and my cousin Marian and I were upstairs taking a last hasty peek in the mirror. "Hurry!" Marian whispered. "The guests are beginning to arrive."

"Do I look all right?"

"Your new dress is adorable. I'm sure Jim will propose to you tonight."

"Why, Marian! He won't do anything of the sort! You know he just likes me—a little."

She laughed at my confusion, and I felt myself blushing. She had guessed what was in my heart and mind. Jim had been so sweet to me these last few weeks. We had gone to the theatre together and to dances—and I began to feel that he cared for me as I cared for him. Tonight, perhaps, I would know. Tonight he might tell me what I was aching to hear.

"Jim's in the library," Marian said. "Let's surprise him."

We tiptoed downstairs. Cautiously we peered into the library—and my heart stood still! There, in the shadowed privacy of that room, Jim was embracing Peggy Lang!

I turned quickly and dashed upstairs. Marian followed me.

"Now, look here!" she said. "You mustn't let this upset you. You know that Peggy is just a silly little vamp—and no doubt she flirted with Jim as she flirts with everyone."

I was utterly wretched, and I couldn't hold back the tears that came flooding to my eyes. Marian took my hand in hers. "Let this be a warning, dear," she said. "I know Jim likes you, but you'll lose him unless you try harder to keep him."

"I've lost him already!" I cried bitterly.

"No, you haven't," she answered. "And you will never lose him if—if . . ."

"If what?" I demanded.

"It's not easy to say, but I mean if you make yourself look more dainty and attractive. Your complexion is not—well, wholesome-looking. How can you expect to compete with pretty girls like Peggy Lang when you let your complexion get so—unsightly?"

I felt humiliated. But she was right, of course. I knew only too well how unattractive my skin was. Not only was it coarse and blemished, but tiny crow's feet were beginning to show around the eyes—the skin was oily—the pores enlarged. I turned to her helplessly.

"What can I do? I've spent a fortune on creams and lotions and massages. Nothing seems to help. You once had a poor complexion, Marian. What did you do to get your skin so clear and smooth?"

Marian told me; and I listened in amazement. Like a pair of conspirators, we planned to try her secret on my complexion; and with a much lighter heart I went down again to join the party.

Two weeks later Peggy gave a party at her house. I went with a singing heart and a joyous new confidence in myself. My mirror told me that I now had a clear, beautiful, unblemished complexion—that I looked younger, fresher, prettier. All the blemishes were gone, the crow's feet had vanished, the texture of the skin was soft and smooth and firm. Marian's secret had actually given me a new complexion for the old, and I was no longer afraid of Peggy or any one!

I shall never forget how astonished Jim was when he saw me. "You look wonderful!" he whispered, as soon as we were alone. "I never realized before how beautiful you are!"

But I'm not beautiful, of course. It's just my beautiful new complexion that makes Jim think so! A clear, fresh, attractive skin makes even the plainest girl look pretty.

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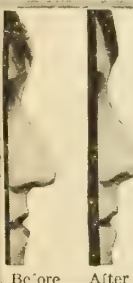
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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

**EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix fans will like this. (Old stuff. (Dec.)

**EXCHANGE OF WIVES, AN**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Two couples flirting madly with the dear old marriage tie. Lew Cody, Creighton Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree shine. (December.)

**FAR CRY, THE**—First National.—Nothing much to recommend. A good cast, Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall and Myrtle Stedman. (May.)

**FASCINATING YOUTH**—Paramount.—The sixteen graduates of Paramount's school of acting showing how well they've studied their lessons. Good entertainment. (May.)

**FIFTH AVENUE**—Producers Distributing.—A story of New York. There's a certain sophisticated twist to the plot that makes it inadvisable for children to see. (April.)

**FIGHTING EDGE, THE**—Warner Bros.—A melodrama with no pretensions, but with scores of thrills. This is not art, but it's exciting entertainment. The children can go. (April.)

**FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—A highly amusing comedy of the vicissitudes of married life during the first twelve months. Many of the incidents will strike home. Matt Moore is funny and pathetic. (March.)

**FLAMING WATERS**—F. B. O.—It looks as though F. B. O. went through their old pictures and picked out the thrill scenes from each one. (April.)

**FLOWER OF THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—Jo Hergesheimer's special story for Pola proves a dud. Negri fans will like parts of it. (December.)

**FLYIN' THROUGH**—Davis Dist. Co.—Al Wilson, the stunt aviator, provides a flock of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

**FREE TO LOVE**—Schulberg.—Clara Bow as a reformed crook does her best with an impossible role. (March.)

**GILDED BUTTERFLY, THE**—Fox.—Alma Rubens bluffing her way through society and Europe without any money. If you're fussy about your film fare you won't care for this. (March.)

**GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE, THE**—First National.—See this, if it is only to gaze on the fair loveliness of the gorgeous Barbara La Marr once again. (May.)

**GO WEST**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Hardly a comedy because hardly a laugh. Yet the picture is very interesting. "Brown Eyes," the cow, gives a fine performance. (January.)

**GOLD HUNTERS, THE**—Davis Dist.—A fairly interesting Curwood melodrama about a trapper who finds the map of a lost mine. (January.)

**GOLDEN COCOON, THE**—Warner Bros.—An unconvincing story about politics, with Helene Chadwick crying through reel after reel. (February.)

**GOLDEN STRAIN, THE**—Fox.—A worthwhile photoplay of Peter B. Kyne's story of the boy with the yellow streak. (February.)

**GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER, THE**—Paramount.—Sophistication and sex at their merriest are here. Yet so beautifully is it all handled it is safe for everyone from grandma to the baby. (April.)

**GREATER GLORY, THE**—First National.—An excellent picture featuring an Austrian family before and after the war. One of those rare pictures that you can stand seeing twice. (May.)

**GREEN ARCHER, THE**—Pathe.—A stirring chapter play with more thrills than Sherlock Holmes. Worth following. (March.)

**HANDS UP**—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy in the civil war. Right funny. Marion Nixon and Virginia Lee Corbin make adorable heroines. (March.)

**HIDDEN LOOT**—Universal.—A straightforward story with Jack Hoxie as a deputy after a gang of crooks. Fine for the children. (January.)

**HIS SECRETARY**—M-G-M.—The story of the ugly duckling better done than ever before. Norma Shearer unbelievably homely for a few feet, then her own ravishing self. (February.)

**HOGAN'S ALLEY**—Warners.—We hate to say it—but don't go. A hash of every Bowery story ever made with Patsy Ruth Miller mimicking Anne Rooney all the way through. (February.)

**INFATUATION**—First National.—Dull and uninteresting. But Corinne Griffith fans will go anyhow because it's worth anybody's quarter just to look at her. (March.)

**IRENE**—First National.—Colleen Moore pleases again. George K. Arthur's work is one of the outstanding points of the picture. (April.)

**IRISH LUCK**—Paramount.—Tom Meighan in a good old Irish yarn with some gorgeous shots of the Emerald Isle itself—and Lois Wilson. (February.)

**JOANNA**—First National.—Well, Dorothy Mackall is always good, but she almost gets snowed under in this impossible story. (February.)

**JOHNSTOWN FLOOD, THE**—Fox.—A thrilling melodrama centered around the flood of 1889. George O'Brien, Florence Gilbert and Janet Gaynor are in the cast. (May.)

**JUST SUPPOSE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess is a prince of Europe who falls in love with an American girl, played by Lois Moran. Very mild entertainment. (March.)

**KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE**—F. B. O.—Not worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Gene Stratton, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December.)

**KING OF THE TURF, THE**—F. B. O.—A dash of racing stuff, some crooks thrown in, love sequences and presto! A picture that is pleasing and entertaining. (May.)

**KING ON MAIN STREET, THE**—Paramount.—A dandy picture, with the suave Adolphe Menjou as a European king on a holiday in New York. And Bessie Love doing the Charleston. (January.)

**KISS FOR CINDERELLA, A**—Paramount.—Barrie, Betty and Brenon, the incomparable trio. A beautiful fantasy of the little slavey's dream of marrying a prince. (February.)

**LA BOHEME**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A simple love story wonderfully directed by King Vidor and acted with much skill by John Gilbert. Lillian Gish is also in the cast. (May.)

**LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN**—Warner Bros.—A very smart film version of Oscar Wilde's sophisticated play. (February.)

**LAST EDITION, THE**—F. B. O.—An exciting story of the inside workings of a great metropolitan daily, with Ralph Lewis as foreman of the press room. Good. (December.)

**LAW OR LOYALTY**—Davis Dist. Co.—Again our friends, the Mounted Police, struggling between love and duty. Fairly interesting. (December.)

**LAWFUL CHEATER, THE**—Schulberg.—Clara Bow, masquerading as a boy, makes her personality count in spite of a far-fetched story. (February.)

**LAZYBONES**—Fox.—A real characterization of a small town fella given by Buck Jones in a well told story. Fine supporting cast. (January.)

**LET'S GET MARRIED**—Paramount.—Richard Dix at his best. Plenty of laughs that come fast and furious. Don't miss it! (May.)

**LET'S GO GALLAGHER**—F. B. O.—Introducing a new Western star, Tom Tyler. The boys will like him. Good fights, stunts and rescues. (Dec.)

**LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Interesting for its historical insights on early New York. Marion Davies does a dual role. (Jan.)

**LITTLE IRISH GIRL, THE**—Warner Bros.—Good entertainment. More crooks in a local story. Dolores Costello and Johnny Harmon head the cast. (May.)

**LORD JIM**—Paramount.—A fair translation of the well known book with Percy Marmont giving a good performance. If you don't know the book, the picture is a pretty good melodrama. (January.)

**LOVERS IN QUARANTINE**—Paramount.—The younger set will think this hot stuff. Their elders may be amused. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford. (December.)

**MADAME MYSTERY**—Pathe.—The first Theda Bara comedy and it's a riot! Be sure to see it. (May.)

**MADE FOR LOVE**—P. D. C.—Arabs, a wicked prince, an indifferent fiancé, and some nummy excavating make this interesting. (February.)

**MAN FROM RED GULCH, THE**—P. D. C.—Harry Carey makes a pretty good Bret Harte hero, playing the good Samaritan in the desert. (February.)

**MAN ON THE BOX, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Spend a good evening with Syd Chaplin. (December.)

**MANNEQUIN**—Paramount.—Somewhat disappointing as a Fannie Hurst prize story directed by James Cruze. (February.)

**MARE NOSTRUM**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A not so satisfactory film from the man who directed "The Four Horsemen." (April.)



**MASKED BRIDE, THE**—M-G-M.—Mae Murray as an Apache dancer and the toast of the Paris cafes. Mae can dance. Nobody will deny that, but rather disappointing after "The Merry Widow." (Feb.)

**MIDNIGHT LIMITED, THE**—Rayart.—Gaston Glass and Wanda Hawley make a good team in this railroad melodrama. Above the average. (February.)

**MIDNIGHT SUN, THE**—Universal.—The story of an American ballerina in Russia, started shakes and moneyed power behind the throne. (February.)

**MIDSHIPMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rather juvenile story, but it brings back Ramon Novarro, and that's enough for most fans. (December.)

**MIKE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A Marshall Nolan bag o' tricks. Early amping through the efforts of Charlie Murray and Ford Sterling. (March.)

**MILLION DOLLAR HANDICAP, THE**—Producers Distributing.—A thrilling story of the race track. Splendid entertainment. (April.)

**MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels attempts to be funny but falls down. Filled with all the old-gags used in two-reelers. The children like this sort of thing. (May.)

**MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Paramount.—The plot consists chiefly of the daily tasks of the natives in the isles. (April.)

**MY LADY OF WHIMS**—Arrow.—Clara Bow again as the carefree flopper who defies Papa and goes to live in Greenwich Village. Pleasing. (March.)

**MY OWN PAL**—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony with two additions—cute little Virginia Marshall and a clever little white dog. The children will love this. (May.)

**NELL GWYN**—Paramount.—The first of the English productions that will meet with approval in America. Dorothy Gish gives a remarkable performance. (April.)

**NEW BROOMS**—Paramount.—It won't sweep you off your feet, but it might do to put in an evening. Everybody overacts but Bessie Love. (January.)

**NEW COMMANDMENT, THE**—First National.—It's "Thou shalt not doubt." Wealthy boy, artist's model, misunderstanding, war, and the thrilling love scene in months. (January.)

**NEW KLONDIKE, THE**—Paramount.—One of the finest of Meighan's vehicles. An excellent story by Ring Lardner enhances the comedy value of this picture. Fine for the children. (May.)

**OH! WHAT A NURSE**—Warner Bros.—We think it's time for Syd Chaplin to "be himself." Syd in petticoats again gets to be an old story, even though it affords splendid entertainment. (May.)

**OLD CLOTHES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—The last time you will have to look at Jackie Coogan without a haircut. Maybe that's worth a quarter. (January.)

**ONLY THING, THE**—M-G-M.—Conrad Nagel with sex appeal! And a mustache. Eleanor Boardman in a blonde wig. An Elinor Glyn story of a princess forced to marry an old king. See it. (February.)

**OTHER WOMAN'S STORY, THE**—Schulberg.—A tiresome story that might have been a good mystery melodrama. (January.)

**OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER, THE**—Universal.—A whop of a climax in this melodrama with hero and villain fighting to the death in an aerial bucket. (Feb.)

**OUTSIDER, THE**—Fox.—An intriguing story of a mysterious healer who puzzles London medical circles. The crippled daughter of a physician is restored to health, and love enters. Jacqueline Logan is excellent. (March.)

**PAGE THAT THRILLS, THE**—First National.—Beautiful Mary Astor wasted in this silly story. (Dec.)

**PAINT AND POWDER**—Chadwick.—The good little chorus girl becomes a star and marries the producer. Just fair. (December.)

**PALACE OF PLEASURE, THE**—Fox.—Edmund Lowe kidnaps Betty Compton, a gay senorita of vamping tendencies. Nothing to get excited over. (March.)

**PARTNERS AGAIN**—United Artists.—Another Potash and Perlmutter. Delightful, as usual. (April.)

**PERFECT CLOWN, THE**—Chadwick.—A very bad comedy with Larry Semon. Might have been funny in two reels. (February.)

**PLASTIC AGE, THE**—B. P. Schulberg.—The collegiate set is carrying on again. The usual jazz drama, with Clara Bow and Donald Keith. (December.)

**PRINCE OF BROADWAY, THE**—Chadwick.—A wow with the boys and prize ring enthusiasts. A defeated fighter stages successful come-back. Many famous fighters introduced. (March.)

**PRINCE OF PEP, THE**—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge as a young doctor who loses his memory and becomes a modern Robin Hood. Some good stunts. (March.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

# Watch This Column

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BLANCHE MEHAFFEY

## Youth and Beauty

Universal is always on the lookout for new talent, new faces and new beauty for its pictures, and among the recent discoveries is a quartette of young people who are rich in promise and who will be given every possible chance to develop.

BLANCHE MEHAFFEY, piquant and charming, who won her first laurels in "His People," will soon be seen in the leading role of "The Runaway Express," a spectacular railway drama based on the story by Frank Spearman.

JUNE MARLOWE will attract much attention not alone by her pure type of American beauty, but also by her acting in "The Old Soak," from the famous play by Don Marquis.



JUNE MARLOWE

RAYMOND KEANE, who won golden comments as the young lieutenant in Universal's great spectacle of the Russian Imperial Court, "The Midnight Sun," will appear in Richard Barry's big naval drama, "The Big Gun."



RAYMOND KEANE

GEORGE LEWIS, who jumped into prominence in a day in "His People," will play one of the leading roles in "The Old Soak." I confidently predict brilliant futures for these young people and am glad to be the one to give them their first big opportunity. Keep your eye on them.

"The Flaming Frontier" is a "hit—a palpable hit" as demonstrated by the tremendous crowds at the Colony Theatre on Broadway, New York. It is American in every sense and brings back to mind and eye that gallant hero, Gen. George Custer, and his courageous men.

Be sure to see REGINALD DENNY in his comedy hits, "Skinner's Dress Suit" and "What Happened to Jones." Watch for HOUSE PETERS in "Combat," a spectacular drama of the North woods. And write me your opinion of all of these, please.



GEORGE LEWIS

Carl Laemmle  
President

(To be continued next month)

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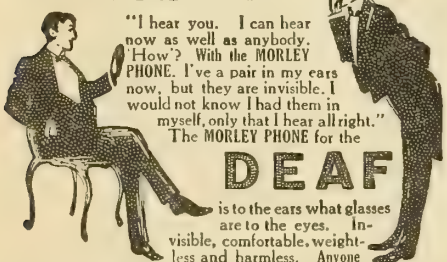
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## FREE CATALOG



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

**PROUD HEART** (title changed from **HIS PEOPLE**)—Universal.—One of the finest pictures of Jewish emigrant life we've seen. Schildkraut, pere, contributes a great performance. (December.)

**QUEEN O' DIAMONDS**—F. B. O.—There's not much to recommend in this picture, but we think you'll live through it. (April.)

**RECKLESS LADY, THE**—First National.—Another mother love theme, with Belle Bennett and Lois Moran. Good entertainment. (April.)

**RED KIMONO, THE**—Vital.—Avoid this picture. It is a very stupid version of a good story by Adela Rogers St. Johns, and not worth anybody's time. (March.)

**RIDIN' THE WIND**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson disappoints. He rescues his brother from bandits, returns the stolen money and wins the girl. (December.)

**ROAD TO YESTERDAY, THE**—Producers Dist.—Catch this picture for the gorgeous train wreck. The story is a little muddled but fairly entertaining due to the reincarnation theme. (January.)

**ROCKING MOON**—Producers Distributing.—A good story with a new and interesting background—an island in Alaskan waters. Laska Winter is the outstanding member of the cast. (April.)

**ROSE OF THE WORLD**—Warners.—Sincere performances by a good cast, but an unconvincing story. Not very worthwhile. (January.)

**SALLY, IRENE AND MARY**—M-G-M.—An extremely interesting story of chorus girl life, with a splendid cast and a goodly sprinkling of laughs and tears. Sally O'Neil is a knockout! (February.)

**SATAN IN SABLES**—Warner Brothers.—Lowell Sherman is a bad Russian grand duke. Pauline Garon is a little rose from Montmartre. (December.)

**SCANDAL STREET**—Arrow.—An interesting picture because of movie studio atmosphere. Story of a movie actress and her husband who are both starred at the same studio. (January.)

**SCARLET SAINT, THE**—First National.—A very dull story and inexcusably sexy. (February.)

**SCRAPPIN' KID, THE**—Universal.—A conventional Western with Art Acord. Fair. (February.)

**SEA BEAST, THE**—Warner Brothers. The exquisite Dolores Costello overshadows John Barrymore and the thrilling tale of *Moby Dick*, the white whale. Almost unbelievable, we know. See for yourself. (March.)

**SEA HORSES**—Paramount.—Fair stuff because of the presence of Florence Vidor in the cast. Not as snappy as the usual Allan Dwan production. (May.)

**SEA WOLF, THE**—Ralph Ince Prod.—A well-made picture of Jack London's famous novel. (Feb.)

**SET UP, THE**—Universal.—Art Acord does some hard riding and shooting. And that's about all except that he marries the girl in the end. (May.)

**SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Paramount.—Leave the dishes in the sink. If you miss the first of this, you're lost. A corking comedy-melodrama with Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts. (January.)

**SEVEN SINNERS**—Warner Bros.—A hilarious crook story with Marie Prevost and Clive Brook heading a good cast. (February.)

**SHADOW OF THE LAW**—Associated Exhibitors.—Some more crooks in an old, old story. Clara Bow is the only attraction. (May.)

**SHIP OF SOULS, THE**—Asso. Ex.—Lillian Rich and Bert Lytell in a story of the north where men are driven mad by the silence and solitude. Only fair. (March.)

**SIMON THE JESTER**—Producers Dist.—A hodge-podge story about a clown with a broken heart, played uninterestingly by Eugene O'Brien. (Feb.)

**SIX SHOOTIN' ROMANCE, A**—Universal.—Another conventional Western with Jack Hoxie winning an unwilling bride. (March.)

**SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT**—Universal.—Reginald Donny and Laura La Plante screamingly funny trying to teach some society folk the Charleston. (Feb.)

**SKYROCKET, THE**—Associated Exhibitors.—The best picture about motion picture people so far, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce's debut on the screen. Adapted from Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel of the same name. (January.)

**SMILIN' AT TROUBLE**—F. B. O.—A nifty picture with Letty Flynn as a civil engineer working on the construction of a dam. (February.)

**SOME PUNKINS**—Chadwick.—Charles Ray in his old hick role is fairly amusing. (February.)

**SON OF HIS FATHER, A**—Paramount.—One of the dullest pictures on record, from a Harold Bell Wright story. (December.)

**SONG AND DANCE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—Tom Moore and Bessie Love in an interesting story of back stage life. Bessie does the Charleston again. (March.)

**SOULMATES**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A highly unconvincing romance between an English lord and a plebeian lady. Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe play unsuitable roles. Not worth while. (March.)

**SPLENDID CRIME, THE**—Paramount.—A commonplace crook drama, without humor to lighten it. (February.)

**SPLENDID ROAD, THE**—First National.—A colorful drama of the Gold Rush of '49 with Anna Q. Nilsson giving a fine performance. (February.)

**STAGESTRUCK**—Paramount.—A rip-snortin' comedy with Gloria Swanson juggling cups in a cheap restaurant and taking correspondence lessons in acting. Lawrence Gray is great as her boy friend. (Feb.)

**STEEL PREFERRED**—Warner Bros.—William Boyd stands out in this fairly entertaining comedy-drama of strong men and steel. (February.)

**STELLA DALLAS**—United Artists.—An almost perfect picture, with one of the greatest performances ever given to the screen—that of Belle Bennett in the title role. (December.)

**STELLA MARIS**—Universal.—Mary Philbin in a dual role; that of a deformed slave and a beautiful cripple girl. A lovely story. Do not miss it. (March.)

**STEPPIN' OUT**—Columbia.—A brisk comedy with Ford Sterling as an errand husband. (February.)

**STILL ALARM, THE**—Universal.—Has all the ingredients of an entertaining picture. Drugging wife leaves her husband and elopes with charming villain. (March.)

**STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN**—Pathe.—A good Larry Semon comedy taken from the stage play, full of the Semon gags that youngsters enjoy. (March.)

**SWEET ADELINE**—Chadwick.—Charles Ray, the country boy, goes to New York and makes a hit singing "Sweet Adeline" in a cabaret. Full of delicious bits of humor. Mighty good. (March.)

**TESSIE**—Arrow.—This would have been utterly impossible if it were not for the wise-cracking subtitles. May McAvoy is out of her class in this. (May.)

**THANK YOU**—Fox.—The performance of Alec Francis as a small town minister is the only redeeming feature of this film. (December.)

**THAT ROYLE GIRL**—Paramount.—Carol Dempster will surprise you in this. It's a peppy story of a misguided youngster in the cabaret world of Chicago. Something entirely new from D. W. Griffith. See it. (March.)

**THREE FACES EAST**—Producers Dist.—Drop everything and see this corking mystery play of the English and German secret service activities during the war. Jetta Goudal is wonderful in it. (March.)

**THREE PALS**—Davis Dist.—An uninteresting story, badly played and badly directed. (January.)

**THREE WISE CROOKS**—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Brent tries to rescue the picture from mediocrity by some good acting, but to no avail. (December.)

**THUNDER MOUNTAIN**—Fox.—The old feud story, refreshingly told, with fine humor. (December.)

**TIME, THE COMEDIAN**—M-G-M.—Worth seeing for the good performances of Mac Busch and Lew Cody. (February.)

**TONIO, SON OF THE SIERRAS**—Davis Dist.—A pretty good story of the by-gone West. (Feb.)

**TOO MUCH MONEY**—First National.—Lewis Stone in slapstick comedy—can you imagine it? But he actually puts it over. Richman pretends he's poor so wife will come down to earth and be human. Good. (March.)

**TORRENT, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Introducing the charming new Swedish importation, Greta Garbo—and she's the kind of a girl the men won't forget. A vivid delight for grownups. (May.)

**TRAFFIC COP, THE**—F. B. O.—Only the admirers of Letty Flynn will enjoy this. And the youngsters, too. (April.)

**TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP**—First National.—The first feature length comedy featuring Harry Langdon—and the boy's good. Worth while. (May.)

**TRIPLE ACTION**—Universal.—Rightly named; enough action for three Westerns. Rides, flights, parachute jumps by a sheriff. (January.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]



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## A First National Picture



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

**TRUE NORTH, THE**—Griffith Prod.—A splendid scenic novelty of Alaska and Siberia with plenty of thrills. (February.)

**TUMBLEWEEDS**—United Artists.—Bill Hart returns to the screen in a story of the day when the Indian territory was thrown open to settlement. (Feb.)

**UNCHASTENED WOMAN, THE**—Chadwick.—Theda Bara returns to the screen in an unsuitable story and with bad direction. (March.)

**UNGUARDED HOUR, THE**—First National.—Doris Kenyon is disappointing in this tale of a young lady who sets out to capture a woman-hater, said woman-hater being none other than Milton Sills. (February.)

**UNTAMED LADY, THE**—Paramount.—A wonderful disappointment in spite of the fact that it stars Gloria Swanson. A total wash-out from beginning to end. (May.)

**VANISHING AMERICAN, THE**—Paramount.—In spite of its weak points, this epic of the American Indian is very worth while seeing. Richard Dix gives a fine performance. (December.)

**VOLCANO**—Paramount.—Fine entertainment, with Bebe Daniels as a girl who believes she has black blood in her veins, and is forced to renounce her love of the white man. Ends happily. (March.)

**WAGES FOR WIVES**—Fox.—A nice little comedy-drama based on the idea that Mr. and Mrs. should split fifty-fifty on the husband's salary. (Feb.)

**WALL STREET WHIZ, THE**—F. B. O.—All right for the young boys, who aren't particular about sense and logic. An absurd story with Richard Talmadge doing unnecessary gymnastics. (January.)

**WANDERING FIRES**—Arrow.—Constance Bennett and George Hackathorne save this picture from the cheap sentiment of Wallace MacDonald's acting. (Feb.)

**WEDDING SONG, THE**—Producer Dist.—Doesn't pick up the corking cork scene. Lillian Joy is a lady of shady reputation. (February.)

**WE MODERNS**—First National.—If you aren't bored with flapper pictures by this time, you will enjoy Colleen Moore as the English flapper. (Feb.)

**WHAT FOOLS MEN**—First National.—A nice little picture, with Lewie Stone. Introduced a new hero, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December.)

**WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES**—Universal.—A piece of a comedy with Raymond Dornay, Marion Nixon and Zasu Pitts. Lots of suspense. (Dec.)

**WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD**—F. B. O.—Natalia Rambova (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino) is not best in an unsuitable role. Chae Borek is equally miscast. (April.)

**WHISPERING SMITH**—Producers Distributors.—Well, what a scene! A sales and detective, let's say, and the boys will love. Look at the cast—H. B. Warner, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Lillian Leighton. (May.)

**WHY WOMEN LOVE**—First National.—A good sea story with a number of thrilling episodes. (Dec.)

**WINDING STAIR, THE**—Fox.—A possible romantic melodrama that falls short through a coldness performance given by Alma Rubens. (December.)

**WOMAN OF THE WORLD, A**—Paramount.—An entertaining story of an Italian Countess who comes to town to visit relatives, with Pola Negri in her most dangerously devastating mood. (February.)

**WOMAN HANDLED**—Paramount.—Worth breaking a date to see. Richard Dix in a sparkling satiric on the Great Open Places, with lovely Esther Radston in it. Peachy. (March.)

**YANKEE SENOR, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix pleases again, especially the children. Olive Borden, the heroine, is most appealing and attractive. (April.)

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

### Where Are Renee's Fans?

Pasadena, Calif.

In all the recent letters I have read in your department I haven't heard Renee Adoree mentioned once, which to me seems a grave oversight. I have never seen any actress with the unique ability to make you laugh at her and yet feel an undercurrent of the deepest sympathy with which to temper your humor, at the very same time.

When "The Big Parade" has been released to all of the fans, I am sure others' opinions will agree with mine.

May I add that the casting of "The Big Parade" was superb, and that it is the best (though that word doesn't begin to describe it) picture I have ever seen. HELEN TIFFANY.

### Applesauce and Indigestion

Charleston, W. Va.

Here's a complaint that has been stirring in me for a year.

Why do all the critics fall all over themselves in maintaining that Charles Chaplin is the intellectual and tragic genius of the screen? They are like a lot of sheep, following one after the other, and they think Chaplin must always be spoken of as one apart. They seem afraid of being thought incapable of appreciating his artistic genius.

Chaplin considers himself very unusual and, of course, has a very much overfed ego. What gets me is this: he is constantly saying in articles and interviews that the world had treated him unkindly and that he is not appreciated. I think the world has treated him pretty darn well. It has made him a millionaire and has indulged his egotism more than in the case of any other screen player. As for not

being appreciated and understood, that is a lot of applesauce. We laugh at his comic antics, don't we? That's appreciation. What is there to understand?

Chaplin should snap out of the misunderstood pose. Nazimova did it, and she is a much more versatile artist than Charlie is. His comedies should be good when he takes a year to make them. They are good, but all this bunk printed about him as a "lonely genius" is unnecessary.

I am a sincere movie fan, and quite intelligent, thank you. JANICE P. DAVIS.

### A Couple of Bright Futures

Philadelphia, Pa.

I wish to express at this time my utmost appreciation of the performances of John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade." They were superb! This is the kind of picture that comes once in many months, and when it comes it takes the public by storm. It grips you; you want to see it again and again.

I cannot express in words the impression it left on me. There was an intangible something in the picture that gripped me as no other picture has ever done.

I firmly believe that John Gilbert has a wonderful future ahead of him. He did not rise to great heights over night; therefore I believe he will not fade into oblivion over night. Mr. Gilbert has been a hard working man for a number of years.

I also believe Renee Adoree has been "found." She needed a chance, as in "The Big Parade" to show what she really can do. She, too, has a very bright future.

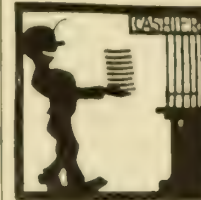
ROBERT E. GERHAB

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]

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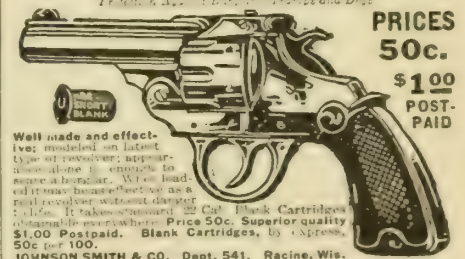


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THREE thousand miles from the wild roses of Virginia to the golden poppies of California—One college built where old slave quarters used to stand—the other marking the last goal of the pioneer—

Differences of history, custom, social tradition—but everywhere the same eager heart of youth, with

its longing impulse toward happiness, beauty . . .

California girls, Virginia girls—what do they do to gain the lovely, smooth complexion that is every girl's hope and ambition? What soap do they find most helpful in keeping their skin soft and fine, radiant with health and charm?

We chose two spots as widely separated as Sweet Briar, Virginia, and Berkeley, California, for extending our investigation of the care of the skin among young American college girls.

Fifteen hundred and sixty-six girls answered our questions, giving us frank, full information.

More than half said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly for their skin!

*"MY SKIN was in a most discouraging condition when I first started to use Woodbury's Facial Soap. The improvement was so immediate that others noticed it at once."*

*"WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP has wonderful cleansing properties. It has helped in ridding my skin of extreme oiliness and has given me a skin of which I am proud."*

*"MY DOCTOR recommended Woodbury's to me for acne. I notice my skin feels soft and smooth after using."*

A SKIN specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

### Your WOODBURY TREATMENT for ten days

NOW—THE NEW LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.

526 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 506 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



*"When life is a wonderful adventure—and admiration, the approval of others, more desirable than they ever will seem again."*

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.





Melbourne Spurr

## *New Pictures*

**H**ERE's welcome news. May McAvoy is to be a star again. May got a bad break in her first starring engagement. Forgetting her very fine work in "Sentimental Tommy" they tried to make her a colorless ingenue. But she fought back gamely. Now she gets her reward.





M. I. Boris

**F**ROM gags to stellar glory. Such was Raymond Griffith's path. After creating funny stuff for other stars and watching them collect the salary, Ray did a little thinking about himself. He purchased a silk hat and won a Paramount contract. You know the rest.





Evans

FAME comes grudgingly to the character actress but Mary Alden won an immediate place for herself by her never-to-be-forgotten performance of the mulatto woman in "The Birth of a Nation." Her next picture is "The Greatest Thing."





Melbourne Spurr

**T**HE brilliant, and in this case, blonde Barrymore will next essay Don Juan, the gentleman of a thousand loves. At first the distinguished John played only an occasional movie but now it is reported he is won over to them to the exclusion of the speaking stage.





Ruth Hariett Louise

**T**HIS is one of those moments that come as frequently to Elinor Glyn's mind as thoughts of the butcher's bill come to the rest of us. Here are Pauline Starke and Antonio Moreno illustrating the cosmic urge in Madame's next called "Love's Blindness."





MORE than half her life has been spent in pictures and she's only ten years old. She's Mary Kornman, Mary, Queen of Tots. She rules her regal way over "Our Gang" and has the undying affection of them all from fat Joe to Farina, the chocolate drop.



IMPORTED screen  
sin, otherwise  
Miss Lya de Putti  
of Germany, im-  
ported by Para-  
mount to gener-  
ally gum things  
up in D. W. Grif-  
fith's "Sorrows of  
Satan," an am-  
bitious screening  
of Marie Corelli's  
frenzied novel.  
Lya is of Hun-  
garian birth but  
her film career has  
been centered  
about Berlin.







In **C**HICAGO, as in NEW YORK,  
*salespeople in the finest stores say:*  
 "Protect delicate garments this way"

Have you ever shopped in Chicago? In the little jewel-boxes of shops along the lake-front? Or in the magnificent department stores standing so closely within the famous Loop?

Nowhere—even in New York—will you find a more bewildering array of lovely garments—silks and woollens so fragile, so delicate that you wonder breathlessly whether they ever could be *washed*!

But they *can*! The careful, intelligent people who sell them didn't hesitate a minute when a young woman asked them recently about laundering. "Yes," was their reply, "wash them with Ivory."

Just as in New York's greatest stores when the same question was put, Ivory was specified oftener than all other soaps together. Opinions differed about the safety of other soaps mentioned now and then; but about Ivory there was only one opinion: "It is pure and mild and safe enough for anything that pure water alone will not harm."

TYPICAL COMMENTS  
*from different stores*

"I know this blouse will launder because a customer of mine washed one very successfully. *But be sure to*



*use only lukewarm water and Ivory Flakes.* Our department head has told us to advise Ivory."—BLOUSE DEPARTMENT.

"We will guarantee this piece of sports silk. But you must use reasonable care in laundering. *And by reasonable care, I mean Ivory Soap.* For all fine silks use Ivory and you will save yourself a great deal of trouble."—SILK DEPARTMENT.

"Sometimes customers come in with complaints about streaking and fading and we discover that they have used too strong soaps. *So to be safe, we have been instructed always to recommend Ivory.*"—HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

These recommendations, of course, are borne out by your own experience with Ivory. For naturally, a soap that is pure and mild enough to use on your face and on a baby's delicate skin is safe for your finest garments.

For your convenience there are two forms of Ivory—the cake of Ivory and the Flakes. Ivory Flakes are a delight to use—so thin, so light, converted so magically by hot water into fluffy, mounting Ivory suds.

FREE!

May we send you our helpful little booklet on "*The Care of Lovely Garments*"? Simply address Section 45-FF, Department of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio, and you will receive a copy free, with a sample of Ivory Flakes, too.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*Safe for your skin—  
 Safe for fine fabrics*



**IVORY SOAP**  
*Cake & Flakes*  
 99  $\frac{4}{100}$  % Pure



# PHOTOPLAY

June, 1926

## Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk



ONCE upon a time there was a magnificent eagle who reigned as king over all the animals of the forest. His rule was unchallenged for many years. But the eagle grew weary with the constant vigilance that was necessary to maintain his throne, and became very, very tired. So he

went up to the top of a high mountain to take a little nap.

"Aha," said the lion to himself, "the eagle is asleep. Here is my chance at last. I am the rightful monarch of the forest. I shall assert myself and depose the eagle. With my powerful jaws and my sharp claws I shall tear off his wings. Then I shall be king."

SO the ambitious lion called all the animals together and said to them: "Come with me. I am the real king of the forest. You shall see."

Eagerly they followed the strutting lion up to the mountain top where the eagle was resting. He let out a loud roar that shook the rocks, and crouched for the leap that would make him king. But the eagle had heard the roar before it was too late and the lion's jaws snapped only on a few feathers. Before he could leap again the eagle had him by the tail and the air was full of fur and feathers. The lion's roar had changed to a howl of pain and a snarl of combat. And would you believe it, my children, the battle is still on.

FOR, after Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's fine accomplishments of big pictures during the last year, Paramount has come back with the most astounding program of productions the business has ever known. And the concern that introduces its pictures on the screen with a lion's head as its trade mark is preparing an equally ambitious one, its roar for the coming season. The other denizens of the movie forest, First National, Universal, Fox, Warner Bros., and P. D. C., are all leaping into the fight and soon it will be a battle royal. It looks as though we are in for the greatest year of pictures.

SO that after all we must thank Metro, etc. (they sought to shorten that name) for starting something. The finest result of their production accomplishments is

that it spurred on every other company to greater effort.

THERE is a chap in this business of whom you folks who support it hear little, but who is one of the few really gigantic figures of the industry. His name is Sidney R. Kent, general manager of Paramount, and he has built a sales organization of clean cut go-getters that is the pride of Adolph Zukor and the envy of every competitor. He put it up to the production department to come up to the standard of his sales department, and that is what made the eagle grab the lion by the tail. We are going to tell you about Mr. Kent next month.



A FAMOUS motion picture actress recently died as a result of an effort to reduce her weight suddenly.

Are you aware of the unfortunate fact that supposedly reputable physicians, a tiny but dangerous minority, are pandering to the mania for quick weight reduction which is sweeping the country, to an extent where they are responsible for deaths and countless cases of irreparably shattered health? It is so, and next month PHOTOPLAY is going to tell the facts for the benefit of millions of women, and men too, who are ignorant of the danger of violent methods of reduction, and will prove the absolute necessity of consulting your family physician before you adopt any unnatural or strenuous means of ridding yourself of that surplus poundage.

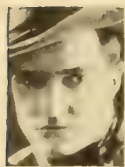
GLORIA SWANSON is the envy of millions of women, young and old, throughout the entire world. She has fame, and if not fortune, she enjoys the income of a person who has from eight to ten millions in investments. She is married to a handsome marquis whom she loves and who adores her. She has two children who worship her and scores of personal friends who admire her.

Yet I do not count Gloria Swanson a happy woman. The thrills of fame and the adulation of nations do not, in my opinion, repay her for the worry and heart-break of her work. Her ambition and her artistic urge

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



# Here Are the REAL Box Office STARS



Tom Mix



Harold Lloyd



Charles Chaplin



Gloria Swanson



Mary Pickford



Norma Talmadge



Douglas Fairbanks



Rudolph Valentino



Thomas Meighan

By Herbert Howe

In GROUP I there are nine

stars of the first magnitude

**W**HAT is a star? So far as the innocent bystander may gather, a star is anyone whose name is spangled on a theater canopy. And the name is legion.

But so far as the man in the box office is concerned a star is anyone whose name draws him a substantial profit above what he'd make on the picture without the star.

"What's in a name?" sniffed Shakespeare, contemptuously.

He'd soon find out if he ran a movie theater. He'd find out that his own name is so bad as to frighten off crowds from "Romeo and Juliet", thus disproving his idea that the story's the thing. Such, at least, is the contention of some alert showmen.

The fiercest war in the annals of screen bloodshed is now being waged among rival producers. The battle-cry is "Names!"

One company is being forced to the wall solely because it hasn't players with hypnotic names.

Striking oil is one thing and striking star stuff another—but much the same so far as returns are concerned.

That is the reason for the mad quest for discoveries abroad and the importation this year of no less than a score of European players in whom producers hope to find some precious star material.

## What Are the Necessary Qualities for a Star?

1. Acting Ability
2. Appearance
3. Individuality—

personality of appearance that is so distinctive as to differentiate them from all others in marked degree—says

Joseph Schenck

Based on the actual cash receipts, which constitute the one and only unsentimental ballot of favorites, how many genuine stars have we today and how do they rate?

You can't get the answer out of any one producer, because each will extol his own stars, no matter how he may blister them in private for losing him money.

The best authority, perhaps, is Joseph Schenck, not only because of inherent honesty, but because he is the greatest dealer in big star products, all of whom rate among the biggest money-makers. He is the head of the United



Artists, which lists Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, and Norma Talmadge, with John Barrymore soon to be added. Mr. Schenck contends that the most important factors in the success of a picture are:

1. Story.
2. Star.
3. Personalities.
4. Director.
5. Production, i.e., setting, photography, titles and costumes.

*Just what is the difference between stars and personalities?*

A star is a single individual capable of drawing people to a theater, irrespective of the picture.

Personalities are players who invest the story with reality, but whose names do not attract any appreciable attendance, apart from the guarantee of good acting.

*How can the drawing power of stars be determined?*

By comparing the attendance of star pictures with the attendance of pictures of similar quality having no stars.

A star is a single individual capable of drawing people to a theater irrespective of the picture



# The box office—the one and only unsentimental ballot of motion picture favorites

This, likewise, will give you an insight as to the difference between stars and personalities, or featured players. Some players who are starred in the billing cannot draw any greater attendance than pictures of equal merit without stars. They are simply personalities who are being forced into stardom or in whom producers have the hope of developing star attraction.

The relative value of stars is gauged by comparing the average attendance records of their respective pictures.

*How can you gauge the value of the star versus the story?*

"The Song

of Love," starring Norma Talmadge, earned eight hundred thousand dollars. Without Miss Talmadge it would have earned less than three hundred thousand, because it was a poor story and on a par with pictures earning from two hundred to three hundred thousand. Thus Miss Talmadge's value to that picture was half a million dollars.

Given a story of great popular appeal, such as "Smilin' Through," the receipts amount to one million four hundred thousand. The value of the story then may be considered the difference between the receipts of "Smilin' Through" and "The Song of Love," or six hundred thousand dollars.

With the tremendous increase in the picture business, due chiefly to development of the world market since the war, the values of star and story have increased proportionately so that a star of Miss Talmadge's power may be worth two million dollars to a single production.

*The test of a star is the ability to carry bad pictures.*  
A great picture is no criterion of a star's value. A star's standing can only be computed by an average of several pictures.

"Ben Hur" is no more a test of Novarro's value as a star than "The Big Parade" or "The Merry Widow" is of John Gilbert's. But "The Midshipman" and "The Arab," both poor pictures, were tests of Novarro, as "The Snob" and "The Wife of the Centaur" were indications of Gilbert's possibilities.

Suppose that other players were given the opportunities of Gilbert and Novarro in such great pictures as "The Big Parade" and "Ben Hur," would they be stars?

"No," says Mr. Schenck. "They might excite interest for their next pictures but they wouldn't last, unless they have what Gilbert and Novarro seem to have."

*What then are the qualities necessary to make enduring stars?*

## GROUP II

of Mr. Schenck's analysis of stars



Corinne Griffith



Norma Shearer



John Gilbert



Lillian Gish



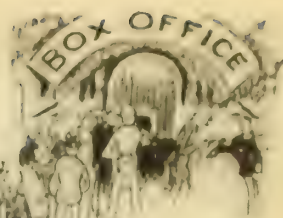
Ramon Novarro



Colleen Moore



Buster Keaton



## GROUP III

The quality of their pictures will most quickly change the rating of the names in this group

According to Mr. Schenck they are:

1. Acting ability.
2. Appearance.
3. Individuality, i.e., personality of appearance that is so distinctive as to differentiate them from all others in marked degree.

No one of these qualities is enough to make a star. We have fine actors who are not star attractions because they haven't youth and beauty, and we have players with beauty and personality who cannot hold because they are poor actors.

Mr. Schenck does not believe in character actors as stars, though they may rate high as featured players and in certain instances, as with Lon Chaney, furnish a guarantee of the type of entertainment.

*Who are the real stars of today according to the box office oracle?*  
They may be divided into three groups according to their winning power in dollars and cents. They rate as follows:

Group I. Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin, Tom Mix, Rudolph Valentino, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Tom Meighan.

Group II. Ramon Novarro, John Gilbert, Buster Keaton, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Lillian Gish.

Group III. Richard Barthelmess, Reginald Denny, Raymond Griffith, Richard Dix, Pola Negri, Constance Talmadge.

Mr. Schenck does not endorse this list entirely but agrees by checking it with his daily reports from theaters throughout the country that it is as

[CONT'D ON PAGE 116]



Pola Negri



Richard Dix



Constance Talmadge



Richard Barthelmess



Reginald Denny



Raymond Griffith



# From Kicks

Proving that Mae Murray  
has danced her



Julianne Johnson was just a little prologue from Denishawn, until Doug Fairbanks observed her capering before "Robin Hood" and made her a Princess in "The Thief of Bagdad"



Natalie Kingston did herself proud as a peacock in vaudeville. The movie magnates, when she appeared in a Los Angeles theater, saw they could do her prouder in productions. And that was Nat

The exquisite Dolores Costello was a chorus girl on Broadway for nine whole months before anyone had time to notice her flower-like face. Then a director came along with an all-seeing eye



The most lively Penny of the Follies was Ann Pennington. Her dimpled knees could revive the tireddest business man. But Hollywood beckoned and Ann took her comeliness to Christies', just for comedy



# to Kleigs

isn't the only girl who  
way into pictures



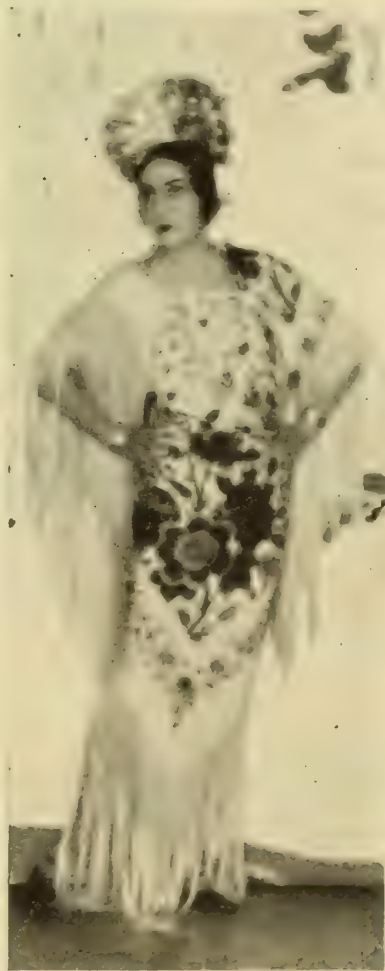
Though she was a royal  
protegee, American dollars  
looked as good as Swedish  
crowns to Greta Nissen.  
Came Broadway and Jesse  
Lasky. Came a contract  
and a quarrel. Now Greta's  
with Universal



Did you know Pris-  
cilla Dean danced  
into flickers? She  
was twelve and the  
film an early  
Griffith  
release. Here  
she dances  
with Addison  
Fowler



Dorothy  
Mackaill's  
fame started  
with her feet.  
Followed  
London, Paris,  
Ziegfeld,  
movies. Today  
Dot's eyebrows  
triumph over  
her arches



It was fiesta day in Mexico when  
Edwin Carewe started on a star  
hunt. Stepping sinuously to the  
tempo of the castanets was Dolores  
del Rio. Immediately First Na-  
tional acquired a new player





# Trained Fleas

*Supporting  
Gloria Swanson  
in her newest picture*

THEY all come to pictures sooner or later. It is not so long ago that a stage actor was insulted if offered a job in motion pictures. That's all changed. A real Russian prince is acting in D. W. Griffith's new picture, "Sorrows of Satan," and on the next set a troupe of trained fleas are performing in "Fine Manners," Gloria Swanson's next picture. The war was not fought in vain. At last we have real democracy.

Mr. Hays, however, has assured us that he will not permit these newest of cinema actors and actresses to make personal appearances, even if Rintin-Tin did make one in New York.

The trained fleas walk tight rope, do somersaults, dance ballets, run merry-go-rounds, and perform a lot of other amazing feats, but when Gloria asked their Simon Legree if they could roller skate, he gave the star a withering look of disgust, and threatened to take his fleas out of the picture. After that they were treated with the respect becoming their art and temperament. Just to show the Marquise de la Falais de la Coudray her place the fleas kept her waiting around the set for three hours because their feelings were hurt and they were not in the mood. Even the orchestra failed to sooth their ruffled sensibilities. They are shown on the screen enlarged twenty-five times, and just to demonstrate their versatility one of them laid an egg right under the Kleig lights. One of the fleas became lost and their proprietor would not proceed until it was found. A terrier that is also working in the picture was suspected, but the wandering flea was found promenading around Eugene O'Brien's collar.





## The Lark of the Month

**W**HEN the Famous Players-Lasky executives, stars, and sales force gathered at Atlantic City recently to prepare their program for the coming year, Adolphe Menjou was one of the shining lights. He became very popular with everyone from Adolph Zukor to the messenger boys, and his sartorial equipment was the envy of all. Clothes with Mr. Menjou are not only a personal pride but part of his professional fame, and naturally the boys looked upon him as the fashion plate of the organization.

They got a lot of fun out of watching the salesmen from the middle west gazing intently at the best dressed man on the screen, obviously making mental notes of the hang and fit of his coat and trousers, and one of them, entering the barber shop of the hotel as their model was leaving, demanded that his hair be cut *a la* Menjou.

For one whole day, however, the executives had him going. They formed a conspiracy to corner him at every opportunity and criticize his tailor's work, and in his presence start arguments pro and con on the imperfections of his pride and joy.

"That lapel may be all right in Hollywood, but it is not being done in New York," said Verne Porter, scenario editor, the best dressed of the studio staff. "What do you think, Tommy?" turning to Mr. Meighan.

"I wouldn't wear it that way," said Tommy.

"Rather overdone, it seems to me," added Sidney Kent, the general manager.

"Doesn't look right to me," agreed Jesse Lasky and W. C. Fields. Menjou looked worried. Then he got on.

"You can all go to h—," he yelled, as he escaped toward the boardwalk. "You are just a pack of he-cats."





*F*LAPPERS, gaze! Rudy, the Sheik, is back! After fiddling around with Beaucaires and Cobras, Valentino's the torrid tempter once more. He's the Son of the Sheik, child of that desert dazzler who scorched the box-office four years ago. Furthermore, directed by George Fitzmaurice, who knows exactly how to put palpitant love on celluloid. Ooooh, flappers!



# The Fall Guy

Is Reginald Denny going to win Wally Reid's place in the heart of the fans?

By Dorothy Spensley

**H**E'S the guy that always gets into trouble, gets dirty, gets booted out by dad but finally gets the girl. Proving that you can't keep a good man down . . . in pictures.

Or, if he already has the girl, he hands the boss a loaded cigar, quite unintentionally, just as he asks for a raise, and the boss lights the cigar. And then the cigar—but you know the rest! And it isn't until the last reel that the culprit comes in with the million dollar contract, notarized, and gets the raise. And his wife, in a bungalow apron, kisses him and they rush off to eat biscuits in the kitchen.

He's just the eternal blundering good-natured happy-go-lucky sort of chap that we love and laugh at and, some of us, deep down in our hearts, feel a bit superior to. He is always getting into embarrassing positions—usually in a valiant effort to accomplish some great end—and, like a Hans Andersen fairy tale, he accomplishes it and glory, to boot.

And the glory hangs a bit heavy and he is very sheepish about it, until The Girl scampers up and covers his confusion with kisses—and then—fade-out.

There once was a man on the screen who could play a part like that—and play it with a sincerity that made you believe in it. He made you love his awkward errors—love the scrapes he was always unwittingly getting into—he convinced you of the reality of the trials, ant-hill size, that assumed mountainous proportions in the small life of the character he was playing.

But, greatest of all things, he wooed and won the sympathy of his audience—from woman to man and to littlest child. And



At four, in dear old England, Reggie owned this sailor suit. At twenty-four, in brightest Hollywood, he owned the yacht

you and I know what a vast chasm that bridges. What a tremendous feat of personality it is for a man—particularly a handsome man—to win the praise of a male following whose wives, sweethearts, mothers, sisters are his devout worshippers.

The only man who had achieved that uncommon distinction, I think you will agree, was Wallace Reid. Wally—since departed—who won and held the hearts of his followers, both male and female, though death erased him from their sight.

I know of Valentino. His subjugation was of women. Of the men he had few admirers. Jealousy, no doubt. And there is Tommy Meighan. There is none of the pathos in his make-up that made for Wally's charm.

Milton Sills, Conrad Nagel, Charlie Ray—none of these men have felt that high crest of public feeling that swept Wally to the pinnacle—where he remained.

Of the newer screen idols there is but one who approaches the style of characterization that made Wally famous.

Wally played the real American boy. The youth that is eager, overzealous, stumbling in his haste to reach the goal. The youth that you and I see on every side. Lovable—often at fault—brave—muddled—daring. And victorious. Oh! always victorious!

The newer idols are stylists of a different type. Gilbert and his passionate appeal. Colman and his reserved fury-at-leash mien. And Richard Dix, whom many proclaim as Wally's logical successor, whose air is more aggressive, more self-reliant, more assured, than was Wally's.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



Reggie's got a breezy charm that delights the flappers and a box-office pull that thrills his producers. In this scene from "Rolling Home" the ice cream feeder is Marion Nixon



# For May Days and June

Lovely Miss Allison will wear Paris novelties

Paris loves the scarf. This flattering one of black and white polka dotted silk, with its matching hat of felt, was imported by Hyland for Saks—Fifth Avenue



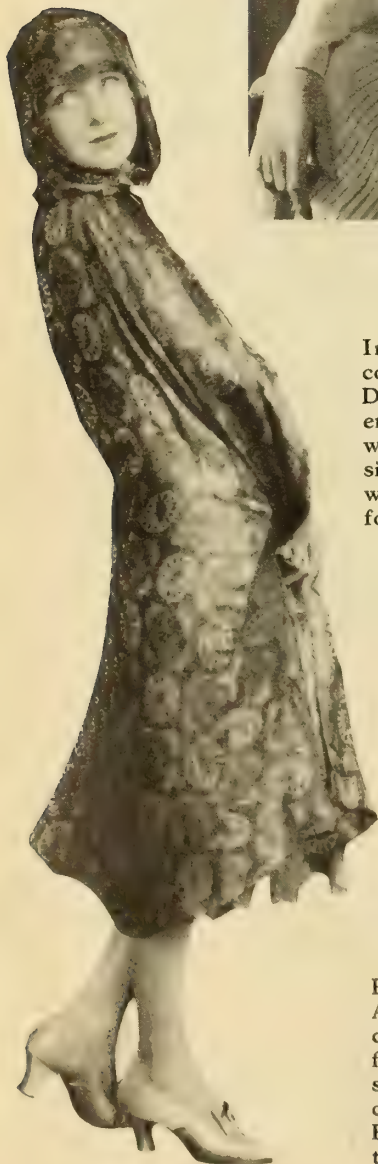
WHEN Mat Hyland of Hyland Brothers, New York importers, started abroad last February—he goes abroad five times a year—May Allison commissioned him to do her Paris shopping.

"Buy me clothes that I can really wear," the decorative May instructed. "I don't want Paris 'creations' so startling one never sees them on a well-dressed woman, but real clothes that are practical and chic with that air that only Paris gives."

Mr. Hyland departed and explored the Rue de la Paix. But when Miss Allison rushed to his shop on his return, out of all the packing boxes not a dress emerged.

"Let me explain first," begged Mr. Hyland. "The accessory is the thing this year. The mode in gowns has altered very little. The great activity of women and their demand to stay young make the simple frock imperative. The *coutourieres* have been expending themselves on the 'little touches.'

"Thus the 'new' things, the *dernier cri* of this season, are the extra things, hats, scarfs, coats, and shawls. I've purchased all of those for you.



Inspired by the costume of the Druse of the desert, this evening wrap is of Persian silk. The hood, when unwanted, folds softly across the shoulders



Russian refugees in Austria hand-crocheted this delightful summer coat of silk. The deftly draped felt hat is a Reboux model called the Montmartre tam



Endowed with intelligence and beauty, May Allison knows that correct accessories are more important than costly frocks

"Take the scarf. Paris has never relinquished it. This year it will be wider and worn with a hat to match. See this polka dotted one—the polka dot is back in favor."

Miss Allison pulled the little hat down over her shining hair and wound the scarf around her throat. "Give me my check book," she ordered.

"Wait," said Mr. Hyland. "A single hat is about as useful to a woman as a single kiss. I've three more here you must have."



What is so rare as a blonde in June in such a hat as this?

Of softest silver and gold leather it is Hyland's creation for evening wear



Another Reboux model, this turban has been named for Miss Allison. Of rainbow-hued ribbon it is as gladsome as a spring morning

"See this Reboux creation, called the Montmartre tam. I understand it was originally designed for Helen Wills. Then this turban in rainbow silks. . . ." "Exquisite!"

"We'll name it the May Allison. Its colors are almost as delicate as your own. You must have a hat for evening wear. It's being done particularly in gold and silver leather. Evening wraps and daytime coats are most important, too. Shawls and coats this summer will supply color and grace. I've bought you a silk knitted coat, a deeply fringed Venice shawl and this hooded cloak."

"Ah, my poor salary," sighed Miss Allison. "Pack all those treasures quickly. I'm due at the First National Studios in half an hour."

Like Joseph's coat of many colors comes this deeply fringed, hand knitted Venice shawl, giving grace and beauty to the simplest summer frock







Viola Dana, the fatalist, was the first of the three unfortunate Flugraths to be victim of their tragic loves

*By Dorothy Spensley*

**H**ERE is a story that is almost unbelievable in its overwhelming fatality.

A story of Hollywood, with a grimness that makes it read like an old-world tragedy. It is a story of a fate that befell three sisters. A fate relentless in its pursuit. Inevitable in its destiny. A fate that has shadowed the happiness of three sisters like the hair-suspended sword of Damocles.

And how three times the sword has descended, taking from each of them, one by one, the most priceless thing in life—first love. For you know and I know that the most precious thing in life—although we may love many times and often—is that first ecstatic awakening. That gossamer-sheer glory that attends it. The tender-sweet potion that drugs our being.

And how each one cradling in her heart the loneliness and the sorrow of it has gone smiling on.



Edna and her husband escaped longest. Only recently death parted them



"Baby sister" Shirley met the same fate. Just like Vi's husband, Shirley's Bernard Durning died on the eve of his greatest success



Shirley and Bernie. They were called the most devoted couple in Hollywood



John Collins was husband, hero, and guide to Viola in her Edison days. They adored one another

You may say you do not believe in fate, or circumstance, or destiny, or what you may choose to call it, but I think you will agree that it is a strange fate that has guided the life craft of the Flugrath sisters.

There are three of them. Edna, Viola and Shirley. Three pretty, sparkling girls—they were born in Brooklyn. Dazzling Edna, of the lovely voice and supple form, went on the stage and clung to the family name. Viola and little sister Shirley were too young, of course.

But there came a time after they moved to the Bronx that Viola heard of the Edison studio, just across the sun-dappled park, where clever youngsters could earn a pretty penny during the summer vacation by acting for motion pictures—that illegitimate offspring of the stage, as



Vi's first car. Of course, Shirley and Bernie had to be photographed in it, too

Edna, achieving fame on the boards, laughed. Summer mornings found thirteen year old Viola rushing through the park to the Edison studio with little Shirley, curls flying, scurrying after her. Viola took the screen name of Dana while her baby sister coveted fame as Shirley Mason.

Then one day Harold Shaw, who was the master director of the studio, needed a blonde girl for a roll. There was not one available.

"I know the very girl you want!" volunteered John Collins, assistant to Shaw. "Viola's sister, Edna." And he rushed



out to tell Viola. It is possible he added some other words of which we know nothing, for Viola, of the lash-fringed grey eyes was then emerging from the cocoon of childhood into the first winging days of womanhood.

John Collins loved her. Viola loved John Collins. When she was sixteen they were

married. John was then a director. He directed her in her pictures. And wrote them, too, with confiding little suggestions from Viola. How he adored her—his little girl-wife. How he adored her poised assumption that hers was the vampire type. That John should write stories for his wife so she might slither through them with the tigerish grace of a Bara.

And John humored her—and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]

# Eavesdropping on a Conference

A STORY conference in a Hollywood studio:

Scenario Editor: We're up against it for stories for all our stars, but particularly for Chaplin right now. Has anybody any suggestions?

Silence.

First Super-Scenarist, formerly drama critic: Just what type of story does he require? I've never seen him on the screen.

Silence.

Super-Scenarist, formerly film salesman: I should think something like "The Merry Widow" would be good. They say it's breaking records.

Silence.

Scenario Editor: That's a good suggestion. Has anybody seen "The Merry Widow"?

Super-Scenarist, formerly a stock company actress: I saw it on the stage, but it's so long ago I've forgotten just what the action is. We might have the research department dig up the score.

Silence.

Super-Scenarist, formerly Hungarian playwright: Could Chaplin do comedy? They say Lloyd's "Freshman" will clean up a million easy. We should be able to do just as well.

Scenario Editor: Has anybody seen this newcomer, er foreigner—what's his name? This chap Lloyd in "The Freshman"?

Silence.

Super-Scenarist, formerly stock company actress: I haven't seen Chaplin either, but Valentino was great in "The Sheik." I think it is about time for another Arab picture. "The Unholy Three" is a knock-out.

Super-Scenarist, formerly fan magazine writer: I've seen Chaplin in his earlier pictures, and I think I know just the story for him if I can recall the name of it.

That's why  
some pictures are  
like that

By Herbert Howe

Super-Scenarist, formerly film salesman: Yes, but J. D. told me this morning that we've loaned Chaplin to Metro-Goldwyn for a Marion Davies picture.

Scenario Editor: That's always the way. We land a great story and then some cuckoo executive loans the star away.

Super-Scenarist, formerly stock company actress: Maybe we could borrow Jack Gilbert.

Scenario Editor, interested: That's

not a bad idea. What's his type?

Super-Scenarist, formerly stock company actress: I haven't seen him myself, but everybody's raving about him.

Super-Scenarist, formerly drama critic, scornfully: They would!

Scenario Editor: Have you seen him?

Scenarist, formerly drama critic: No, and I don't want to.

Scenario Editor: Has anybody any other suggestions?

Silence.

Super-Scenarist, formerly Hungarian playwright: Molnar wrote a very clever play that would suit Novarro, I hear.

Scenario Editor: Is he signed up?

Super-Scenarist, formerly fan magazine writer: Didn't he write "Lilliom"? That was a flop, wasn't it?

Scenario Editor: No, Novarro played in Ingram pictures.

Scenarist, formerly film salesman: Good-night! They all lose money.

Scenarist, formerly Hungarian playwright, morbidly interested: I've never seen them. What are they like?

Silence.

Scenario Editor: Well, are there any more suggestions before we wipe out and call it a day?

Scenarist, formerly a film fan: We might go to the movies.

Scenarists in unison: Great Idea!

They adjourn in a body for the golf links.

"I should think it was about time for another Arab picture"







## Satan...today

There are fashions in Satans. Years ago you could recognize the Devil, wearing scarlet, horns, a tail and a dirty look. Today—gosh, what fatal lure! He's become a gentleman you might meet in any limousine. Look at Adolphe Menjou as he'll play this low-life in Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan" and see what a good girl is up against these days



# A Man of Talents

Student, actor,  
artist, philosopher,  
linguist—  
Milton Sills is a  
seeker of beauty  
in life

By Carol Bird



Father and daughter. Dorothy Sills wants to follow in her Dad's spotlights. Being a wise parent, he says she must wait till she finishes school

IF you are very, very gullible you swallow all the material about the folks of the screen disseminated by over-zealous tale-weavers without even a skeptical gulp or two.

But if you are suspicious by nature, and somewhat sophisticated in the bargain, your fairy-story days are at an end, and the too hackneyed tales no longer go over with you.

You would approach Milton Sills, as I did, guardedly, and on the alert, blinders off and eyes wide open.

"I won't be misled by any of this glamorous chatter," said I to myself, as I started off to keep a luncheon engagement with Milton Sills. And then—I found that he, at any rate, is really the type of movie idol who justifies publicity eulogies and encomiums.

Milton Sills: Philosopher. Humanist. Metaphysician. Meet him in several new and different roles.

You know Milton Sills as: The man from the great open spaces. The two-fisted regular kind of a chap. The big, rugged Westerner who hails from those unique ports where men are men. In short, you know him as the concentrated essence of He-Manhood.

But do you know this chameleon-man in actuality?

Do you know that he is a man of intellectual gifts? A man of many and diversified talents? A Fellow in Philosophy of the University of Chicago? A linguist who spent many years studying Greek, Latin, Russian, French, Italian, German? A man who is intensely interested in the arts and sciences? Who studies biology and astronomy as a pastime? A thorough musician, an artist and a sculptor? A man to whom the Einstein theory is as clear as the crystal depths of a swan-pool?

Now do not gather from this that Milton Sills is so erudite that he loses his humanity on the cold mountain peaks of intellectuality.

And please do not, if you are of a cynical nature, begin hinting that all is not coin that clinks. Milton Sills is not a man of false and inane gesture. He is genuine. He can maintain, almost indefinitely, an abstruse and bewildering discussion, on every subject imaginable. But he is decidedly not doing it for effect.

He is simply a man whose character and fine mind has many facets. They glitter and gleam because of years of a polishing process. Milton Sills is intellectually cultivated. But his erudition does not lift him to a plane above his fellow men.

His mind is an encyclopedia of information, but he does not superciliously flaunt his superior knowledge. He is too human and lovable for that.

He loves Life. He loves the glorious panorama of Nature. And he loves beauty in every conceivable form. His is a thoroughly aesthetic temperament.

But if you think this creed and this beauty-worship is simply a "sunshine and light" gesture, you are wrong again. Milton Sills is not a male Pollyanna. In fact, he is quite the opposite.

He sees the world in its dark cloak of sorrows. He sees it only too clearly. It was this clarity of vision and compassionate understanding of the tribulations of mankind which introduced him into the motion picture world. And which keeps him there. It also will prevent him from ever growing stale, or having his work pall. It is too definitely tied up with his philosophy.

A clam omelette happened to be the *pièce de résistance* at the luncheon where Milton Sills revealed some of the things that lie close to his heart. Perhaps a clam omelette is a mundane dish to figure in a discussion which touched the spiritual. But if it served to banish reticence—and it did—it served a lofty purpose.

Mr. Sills' face, with its strong lines of character, and faint tracery of laugh crinkles around the eyes, softened as he spoke of the average man and woman and their lot in life.

"Their lives lack beauty," he began. "The age of industrialism, beginning with the steam engine, has taken the joy out of life for them. I refer especially to the dwellers in our large cities. They are prisoners among drab skyscrapers, smoke, crowds of harried individuals living lives as unbeautiful as their own. Take the average shop-girl. Her working surroundings are monotonous and unlovely. After the long day's drab work is over she goes home to a crowded city apartment, unlovely, too, likely as not, in setting, architecture, furnishings. If she wants beauty, she must go to an art gallery or a museum for a glimpse of it. She ought to have it every day of her life, woven into the things she does, wears, gazes upon. I mean beauty in an aesthetic sense.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



# CLOSE-UPS and LONG-SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Satire, Humor and  
Some Sense

**M**USSEL ROCK, California:  
This being a warm spring day we'll take a ride.  
Motoring out to my sea hermitage over Ventura  
highway—tracing the trail originally blazed by the  
crucifix of Father Serra—you are struck by the effect of the  
cinema fantasy on the art and life of sunny California.

Here nature gave root to the movie, and the movie in grateful  
return has spread her make-up over nature.

Through Caluenga pass that debouches its traffic into the  
valley of San Fernando you come upon Universal City and the  
rolling Lasky rancho where location "shots" are made.

On a summit focused for sunset is the ruin of Notre Dame  
cathedral, erected in the year of Our Lord 1924 by Carl  
Laemmle for the estimable Hunchback, Lon Chaney.

Beyond on the floor of the valley lies No Man's Land where  
the wars of the movie are waged. Today the Civil War is on.  
The Blue and the Grey are busily puffing at one another that  
Dick Barthelmess may win Dorothy Mackaill for "Ransom's  
Folly."

You are invited to stop at the Cave barbecue for a sandwich  
and glass of Tacoma brew. It is a cave of movie make-up,  
perhaps created by a studio art director on the side. A boy  
runs out to the car to serve you. He wears white trousers, an  
orange brass-buttoned jacket, a pert orange cap, as jaunty and  
neat as a bell hop at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin.

Then the circular Zulu Hut, with thatched palm roof and  
imitation cocoanut trees towering around. It is owned by  
Raymond McKee, the actor, who makes a monthly fortune by

serving chicken suppers that you eat with your fingers by the  
light of candles stuck in real antique Scotch bottles. A Zulu  
Negro, dressed in grass and jabbering French, opens the door of  
your car, then rushes inside to do the Charleston to a jibberish  
of French song.

**T**HE car rolls on past the Blu Den barbecue—then a shack  
called Tut's New Temple that serves tamales—the Hawaiian  
hut run by a prize-fighter—the Dixie Inn boasting of chicken,  
waffles and syrup—on between ranches of walnuts, fragrant  
orange groves, live-oak trees majestically isolate and shaggy,  
sky-reaching eucalypti that make me think in symbol of  
Tolstoy—past Tenda de Loze, with its Mexican pottery and  
desert flowers—the San-a-Tog goat dairy, "drink to your  
health"—Bunnymede, "the world's most productive acre,"  
with hens laying white nuggets filled with gold—sparkling  
hedges of geranium and cypresses over which wild roses burst  
in a shower of color—Anna Q. Nilsson's house high on a hill,  
reflecting the architecture of San Fernando Mission across the  
valley—signs urging you to partake of barbecued beef and  
Texas tamales, to have your face lifted and to attend "The Big  
Parade" at Grauman's Egyptian—then a touch of comedy  
relief, a ramshackle Ford spinning ahead like a June bug with a  
sign on its tail, "Nobody hurt in this wreck."

Thus fantastic, fabulous Hollywood makes  
California so completely her stage that you suspect  
the sun of being an arc lamp, with Marcus  
Loew sitting up there on the throne running the  
whole show.

Oyez! Oyez! Mlle. Renee Adoree  
steps to the head of Professor  
Howe's exclusive class of  
geniuses this month



**I**NTEND to write a chapter for the Book of  
Etiquette on how separated couples should act  
toward one another. It will be based on Holly-  
wood observances.

Dick Barthelmess dropped in at my bachelor  
*casa* the other evening, with Barbara Bennett.  
He tells me that he and Mary Hay have been  
separated long enough now to permit of formal  
calls on one another. During these *tele-a-tele*  
teas they are as friendly and polite as before they  
were married.

Friendship that can stand the test of marriage  
is very worth while. So is marriage that can stand  
the test of friendship. Yet Dick says: "Never  
marry—it's hard enough to endure living with  
yourself, let alone dragging in some one else."

**F**LORENCE VIDOR for tea, during which we  
extolled the genius and merited triumph of  
her once husband, King Vidor, whose "Big  
Parade" is our current enthusiasm. But on  
departure Florence blessed my monastic refuge  
with; "It's wonderful to be free, isn't it?"

**W**HEN I consider all the friends I've seen  
gaily prance the aisle with orange-blos-  
somed accompanists, only to issue out of the Hall  
of Justice quite as merrily a few months later  
with divorce decrees on the same arms that held  
the bridal hands, I'm moved to speculation.

Is matrimony a failure? Certainly not when it  
starts so merrily and ends just as happily, with  
only a few dull moments in between.

**T**HE most loving couples I know live in Holly-  
wood—apart. When you hear them speak so  
beautifully of one another you wonder why more  
don't separate. Indeed, Hollywood has found the  
solution for happy marriages. It's separation.



# Herb finds the solution to that great ever-present question, How to Be Happy Though Married—Be Separated

MY philosophic conclusion is: Lead a woman to marriage and you make her your wife; divorce her and she's your friend for life.

(I'll bet some tin pan alley bird steals that for a song.)

SPEAKING of steals, Betty Blythe, whose pet word used to be "aroma," once asked me what aroma I'd like to be in my next incarnation. I said, "Corinne Griffith's bath salts."

What was my surprise to hear the same line come over the footlights one night, the only change being the substitution of Gloria Swanson for Corinne Griffith. But as I had no serious objection to the change I let it go.

A BIRD-SELLER called at my door this morning with a love bird for sale. He had startling information. He said that ornithologists had believed it impossible for love birds to exist except in pairs, but owing to the miraculous climate of Hollywood it was found they could thrive just as well apart.

"No news to me," I said drily. "I know it's a marvelous climate."

You don't have to marry to keep warm in Hollywood.

I HAD a belated view of "His People," a picture of savory atmosphere and superb acting, particularly that of Rudolph Schildkraut and Rosa Rosanova. It's a story of Jewish home life. The Ghetto appears to be the only place where you can find home life any more. All the other houses are given over to wild youth and dancing mothers, according to the screen, with no place for Dad to go except the other woman's. Something ought to be done to preserve this old home relic if only as a film "location."

MARY GARDEN has a new secret for health and slenderness. Every morning she descends from her villa on the Riviera and swims one and one-half kilometres in the Mediterranean. Then she climbs into a boat, moored for her use, and takes off every stitch of bathing suit. For an hour she lies thus in the sun.

Curiously, Rex Ingram, also on the Riviera, does the same thing.

JOSEPH YASSER, the Russian pianist, is wasting his time playing tunes. With that name he could get a million dollar job in Hollywood.

HOW To Dress To Suit Your Type is a favorite magazine topic for film stars. A far more important one would be How To Undress To Suit Your Type. Actresses set the example

ROMEO-ROME-  
POURQUOI  
ES TU  
R-R-ROME-?



A wooden balcony  
wouldn't do if  
Gilbert Romeod  
Adoree. They'd  
need a fire escape

with the result that we have sturdy dames undressing for the evening and bulging all over the place as though each thought she were the American Venus. A few tips on just how many pounds could be unleashed artistically would make for better effects—and more room.

JOHN GILBERT'S *Rodolphe* of "La Boheme" was not the original *Rodolphe*. That gentleman was an unsightly sandy individual with bad teeth. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Donald Ogden  
Stewart

America's Greatest  
Humorist

begins

NEXT MONTH



"Perfect  
Behavior  
in Hollywood"

A guide to the pro-  
fession, and a laugh for  
PHOTOPLAY readers.



# STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



Once more they ain't done right by our Lillian. They've gone and pinned the scarlet letter on her snow-white bib. But, we are informed, Miss Gish picked Mr. Hawthorne's story herself, knowing she suffers swell in celluloid. So that's that



Claire Windsor's little clinging oak is Owen Moore in "Money Talks." What's happening, anyhow? Anna Q. Nilsson and Leatrice Joy in boys' clothes in their next pictures; Owen Moore in skirts for his next. What's the big idea?

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT almost lost his classic profile when the "Shipwreck" company went on location to Mazatlan, a remote seaport in Mexico, on the coast of Lower California. The natives were like those you read about, and seldom see. Motion pictures were a mystery to them. But their lack of film knowledge was made up for by their familiarity with fistic champions.

Schildkraut was having the customary tussle with the villain. Said Joseph Henaberry, his director, to some of the gaping natives:

"That black-haired fellow is Joe Schildkraut. He knocked out Bert Colima."

On hearing the name of their fellow-countryman, Colima, several of the Mexicans disappeared and returned with their local champion, "Kid" Milo, who craved a fight with Colima's vanquisher. But somehow Schildkraut couldn't be persuaded into it. And the "Kid" hung around the set all day, figuring that if he had a chance to knock Schildkraut out, he would be undisputed champion.

"WALLY, I'd give a thousand dollars a week for a man who would do my worrying for me," frantically said Ed Sloman, who is a director, and directors are always supposed to do things frantically.

"Yeh! Where would you get the thousand dollars a week?" queried Wallace McDonald, amiably, because juvenile leads are always supposed to be amiable.

"That's the first thing he would have to worry about."

VIRGINIA VALLI has a new boyish bob, which is almost as slick as the story she tells about the notice in a little Swiss inn,

where she and Carmelita Geraghty stopped when they were abroad playing in a German picture.

The little chalet was perilously perched on the side of one of the towering Alps and apparently disaster had stalked before, as the stained placard on the wall read:

"Guests who attempt to scale the mountain are requested to settle their hotel bills before starting."

"YEH!" said Glenn Tryon, as he reflectively eyed the beautiful blonde across the room. "I have known her since she was a brunette."

"PLEASE, Pat! Why don't you marry me?" pursued one of Patsy Ruth Miller's swains.

"I may never get married." This from Pat, shaking her shingled head.

"Oh, Pat!" plaintively plead the doting male. "Just think of all the men you will disappoint."

"I'd rather disappoint a number of men for a little while than disappoint one for life."

HE was a very distinguished actor. And not a small part of his distinction lay in the number of his ex-wives. Along came income tax time and the alimony checks assumed huge proportions. A brilliant idea was born.

Under the heading Bad Investments he listed "three wives"—and the amount of their alimony.

But to the government all wives are good investments and the actor had to pay a full return.

AND then there is Clarence Brown's famous remark:

"They are all actors and actresses until they reach the studio."

THERE was a grand fistic battle at the Hal Roach studio when "Mickey," of the freckle-strewn face, and Jack, of the angelic countenance, two mischievous members of "Our Gang," met and tussled for the crown of Champion Wrestler of the Roach Lot.

They were deadlocked for seven minutes by the count of one of the grown-up onlookers, because Jack had "Mickey" firmly by the neck. The tide of the battle turned when "Mickey" suddenly stood on his head and flung little Jack through the air, for all the world like the rock in David's slingshot.

"Mickey" says he's going to be a wrestler when he grows up, but little Mary Kornman, the beauty of "Our Gang," whom all the boys adore, has other ideas on the subject.

I WAS gossiping with Syd Chaplin the other day at Warner Brothers where he is making "The Better Ole," with a walrus-like mustache that certainly must be the despair of the hairdressers.

Said Syd, in the course of the conversation: "I would be glad to play the smallest bit in a picture if I thought the characterization was worthwhile and would give me experience."

"But you're a star, Syd. You couldn't do that!" I remonstrated.

"That makes no difference. I'd waive the starring thing," he replied. And I looked closer for a twinkling gleam of the Chaplin eyes. I know Syd. But there was none. Or



# EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Isn't Katherine MacDonald being just a wee bit chesty over her screen return in "New Loves for Old"? The American Beauty has been away from us for a long time. It wouldn't do for her to come back in a small way. But still . . .



The chicest sheik so far, Lewis Stone. The screen's shown young sheiks exclusively. But now imagine Lewis, backed up by a burnoose and a desert, poised and wise, and those fatal grey locks against his temples! Wait and see

else the matted hair and ambush mustache hid it.

That sort of thing isn't in the scheme of things. Not in the starry scheme, anyway.

"But you wouldn't do it for ten dollars a day, would you, Syd?"

"No, of course, not! They'd have to pay me plenty for it. (Aha! The joker is played.) It's money I'm working for. And as soon as I get enough, I'll retire. But, if they paid me enough for doing a bit, I'd gladly do it."

Such frankness is stimulating. Most of 'em say they slave for "Art."

**R**UMBLES come from the subterranean passages of the Hollywood Athletic Club, where the barber shop, baths and other necessary establishments to the beauty of mankind are located, that the changing trend of men's fashions has had a devastating effect on the dressing gowns of the male stars who make their residence there.

About a year or so ago our cinema heroes would swank to their favorite barber's chair in the glory of maroon dressing robes. And other he-mannish colors, such as brocaded black, with perhaps a gay purple coming in for eye-browed inquiry.

But the past year has dealt a death-blow to the sombreness of men's intimate attire and pale pink or sky blue is coming into vogue. They do say that Eddie Burns was among the first to flaunt a pale pink pignoir, which accentuated the raven of his locks, and not to be outdone George O'Brien, whose god-like physique is the rave of Hollywood, sauntered into the basement barber shop in a bright green, with contrasting satin collar. And the heavily-tasselled cord was bound twice about his torso,

with the end flung jauntily over his right shoulder.

Baby blue is not scorned and neither is that delicate shade of jonquil yellow. I'm waiting for Bill Powell to confess to a robe in that ethereal shade of orchid.

Where are our fashions for men coming from? And going to?

"I'VE got a new name for my old car," declared Paul Powell, whose "Prince of Pilsen" has revealed a new director of comedy.

"What is it?"

"True love."

"Why?"

"Because it doesn't run smoothly!"

It remains for Reggie Denny to tell you the name of the fair damsel about whom this paegyric is written. He told it to me.

The girl is a well-known portrayer of flapper rôles who has talked herself into and out of more rôles than even Queen Scheherazade in her heyday.

Finally a director took it upon himself to give her a bit of friendly, and sound, advice:

"Look here, my dear," he counseled. "You are ruining a very brilliant career by your tongue."

"You talk too much! You wise-crack too much! You have a lot of talent, but people are afraid to hire you. You'd better stop it."

"I know! I know!" replied the girl, penitently.

"But I just can't help it. Why, I even spit on traffic cops!"

**R**OSA RUDAMI, now playing *Empress Josephine* in F. B. O.'s "When Love Grows Cold," sets up a plaintive wail. You see Rosa is one of the only unbobbed beauties in Hollywood, now that Madge Bellamy and Lillian Rich have shorn their locks. Her hair is long, luxuriant and wavy, and Rosa, of course, takes great pride in it. That is, she did until she received a letter from an outspoken fan who saw her in a recent picture.

"What's the matter with the producers?" the fan queried. "Why don't they buy you a decent wig? The one you wore in 'The Wedding Song' is a fright."

Rosa, who has the most remarkable eyes you ever saw, is searching for a new way to coil her tresses.

It was Dorothy Mackaill's birthday the other day—just which one she didn't say—and Dick Barthelmess gave her a surprise party over at the Marshall Neilan studios.

All the magazine and press representatives were there and Dorothy, who was kept in her dressing bungalow, really seemed taken by surprise—or something—maybe it was emlarassment.

There was a 200 pound birthday cake, with twenty-one candles on it and not a crumb was left, the grips and electricians being called in to help finish it.

Then came the laugh of the party. A hobby horse, saddled and bridled, was wheeled in by Dick and Dorothy had a nice, safe ride. The Sunday before she had gone for a canter on the Beverly Hills bridal path and her mount ran away. Dorothy vows that had Jack Mulhall not ridden to her rescue she would surely have been severely injured. So Jack's a hero now.





With most actors character acting is simply a chance to strut. Not so with John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy, two of the screen's finest. Look at them as twin brothers in the forthcoming "Bardelys the Magnificent." Aren't they fine?



Apparently it takes trick music to soothe Tony Moreno. Tony's pet half-breed instrument is this Gene Gory's playing. It is called a violophone and it was created by grafting a horn on a fiddle. How does it sound? You'll have to ask Tony

**C**OLLEEN MOORE recently took a party of eastern friends down to Tia Juana over the week end in a private car. She chaperoned Dick Barthelmess and Barbara Bennett, and among her other guests were her brother, Clive Moore, and Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Levee. Everybody had a good time, including Colleen—because she was allowed to stay in the car and go to bed every night at nine o'clock.

**A**DOLPHE MENJOU'S matrimonial break seems to be a final one. Though there has been some talk of a reconciliation since his return from New York, following reports of Mrs. Menjou's serious illness, there seem to be no grounds for it.

Intimate friends of the couple declare the break is absolutely final, and that it is only a matter of time before a divorce will be obtained, either by one or the other.

Of course in any separation there are two sides to the story, and both are being told in Hollywood concerning the Menjous. One side is that Mrs. Menjou thinks success went to his head, but if it did I can only say it was only in his home, for outwardly he's just the same hard-working, concentrated actor he always was. The other is that Mrs. Menjou insisted on running her husband's business affairs, and that he wouldn't stand for it.

**I**F it weren't for Norman Kerry, Mickey Neilan and Lew Cody I don't know what we would do for our laughs in Hollywood.

Here's one of Norman's latest.

When Constance Talmadge and Alastair William Mackintosh were married they received a flood of congratulatory telegrams.

Most of them contained the customary expressions of good wishes.

But not so with Norman's. He wired:

"Send back that blue enameled wrist watch. My mother always said I was foolish to spend money on you!"

**A**ND at the Carl Laemmle testimonial dinner, Norman scored another, but with reverse English.

"When Carl Laemmle first came to Los Angeles," said Donald Ogden Stewart in his after-dinner speech, "upon the site where Universal City now stands there was an institution for homeless Germans, a menagerie and an insane asylum.

"So he took the menagerie and the home for homeless Germans and Norman Kerry and started producing pictures."

Of course Kerry was at the dinner and came in for an unusual amount of razzing.

As he was leaving he asked:

"Why do they ride me so hard when they've got Hoot Gibson's horse?"

**B**RYANT WASHBURN'S smallest son was making a stumbling attempt to read the titles in a picture show.

Finally he made out the word "triangle."

"Mother, what's a triangle?"

"Hush, son, and watch the picture!"

The scene showed the hero and heroine playing with a little dog.

"Oh, mother, I know what a triangle is," chirped the lad. "It's a man and a woman and a dog."

Not bad for a lad of seven, eh?

**W**ENT to Marion Davies' house one evening for a dinner party and to attend a preview following. It was a wonderful party and a lot of our best people were among those present.

During the dinner lovely hot rolls were served. But there was no butter on the table. Like the king in Milne's "When We Were Very

Young"—"Nobody could call me a fussy man. I only want a little bit of butter on my bread." So I stalled and fidgeted. So did Dorothy Mackaill, who was my dinner partner. So did several others seated near us. Then, in desperation, I ate the roll butterless. "The butler will sure catch h— later," I thought.

After dinner I casually mentioned the butter oversight to my talented wife and was laughingly informed that it was no longer fashionable to serve butter at dinner. All fashionable folks are reducing perhaps.

Ge, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Moreno must be old-fashioned, for the lad who used to bring butter to our house confided to me one day that the Morenos were his best customers—that they use twenty-two pounds (I think it was) a week.

I sure hope they ask me over to dinner some time, because we're fashionable at our house now—and saving quite a little that way, too. Wish women's hats would go out of style.

**D**ID you ever hear of an "honorary assistant director?"

Neither did I, that is not until I visited the George Fitzmaurice set and saw Manuel Reachi, attache of the Mexican government in Los Angeles and husband of Agnes Ayres, occupying a chair on which was painted: "Honorary Assistant Director."

Suppose it means he's working for the honor of it and not for pay. Anyway, Reachi says he joined the Fitzmaurice company to make a study of the motion picture industry.

He certainly picked a capable director to learn from.

**H**ERE'S one Reg Denny told me on Ben Hendricks, who accompanied Reg on a fishing trip into Mexican waters, the trip, by the way, in which Denny and his party were reported lost in a terrible storm, which recently swept the Pacific, and were later heard





Rudy and Pola's only picture together. Will Pola never learn? For months we've been fed bushels of mushy printed avowals of her love for Valentino, who now seems to have given her the air for a blonde Englishwoman



The ends to which these boys will go for their art! Behold Lew Cody all putted out as *Cyrano*, that nose-y guy who died for unrequited love. Lew will look this way, briefly, in "Toto." And Lew purported to be the hemannequin of Hollywood

from from a Mexican port, after hope of their safety had been abandoned.

The Denny power boat was moored off an island and they were having great sport with shovel-nose sharks.

Hendricks had hooked a huge one and, after a battle lasting well over an hour, hauled the exhausted shark up to the side of the boat.

"Pull him up and I'll shoot him," cried Denny.

Which he did. But in the tail, instead of a vital spot.

Suddenly the shark came to life and the fight was on again.

In another battle, which lasted a half hour, Hendricks again won and again Denny offered to shoot the giant fish.

And again the bullet sped—true to his aim—into the shark's tail.

Off again dashed the shark but Hendricks had had enough. Grabbing a knife, he cut his line and the battle was over.

**T**HIS fellow Douglas MacLean certainly is superstitious, and so is his gang.

They signed their contract with Paramount on Friday, the thirteenth; began their new picture, "That's My Baby," on Friday and finished it on another Friday.

And still they can smile.

**I**N the making of "Beau Geste," by Herbert Brenon, and "Son of the Sheik," by George Fitzmaurice, a very interesting experiment is to be tried out. Both have a desert setting and are planning to use the same location, near Yuma, Arizona. This will make it possible to share the same extras, lights and other camp equipment to a large extent and should mean considerable saving in production cost. As both Fitzmaurice and Brenon are directors of temperament as well as great ability, there are many in the industry who are watching to see how the experiment turns out.

Fitzmaurice, who is now doing his interiors at the United Artists' studio, is photographing Valentino without make-up. I was admiring the still photographs they are getting on the picture and was surprised to learn that they are not only photographing the entire picture with panchromatic film, but are also using panchromatic plates for the production stills. It makes possible a wealth of detail such as I have never before seen in stills.

**H**AVE you heard this one?

Richard Dix told it to me and swears he didn't crib it from a joke book. Anyway you can judge for yourself.

A fellow speeding down a deserted country lane. He's late for a business appointment. Going down he passes a lone Ford. On his return a few minutes later he sees the Ford wrapped around a tree and a man lying groaning in the road.

Stopping, he rushes to the poor fellow's assistance.

"Hope I'm not in any way responsible for this accident," says the driver. He hasn't seen anyone else on the road.

"Well, in a way I guess you are," says the injured man. "You see you went by me so fast I thought my Ford had stopped. Stepped out to crank her, and this is what happened."

**I**F variety of occupations is the spice of life, Antonio Moreno should be a very well pleased young gentleman. For in his next picture, "The Temptress," Tony must learn a new dance, enough about a transit to act like

an engineer, and master the bullwhip, which Doug Fairbanks made famous in "Don Q."

**T**ALK about realism in the films!

Here's one tops anything I've heard for a long time.

Talking to Pat Powers the other day about "The Wedding March," which Eric Von Stroheim is making for him, and Pat told me he had purchased the historic coach in which Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir apparent to the Hapsburg throne, was riding when he was shot by a Serbian officer in the streets of Serajove, capital of Bosnia, on June 23, 1914.

It was the two shots fired by the Serb officer which started the world war.

In "The Wedding March" Von Stroheim will reproduce this fateful murder and Powers has secured the very coach and the harness worn by the horses for use in the picture, so he says.

**I**CERTAINLY am fast becoming an epicure.

Only the other day I shared some marvelous buffalo steaks at a luncheon at the Montmartre, at which Noah Beery was host. Don't know whether Noah caught the buffalo himself or it was sent him by an admiring fan, who knew where a herd spent the night. Anyway, I don't care, for it was great.

Eating buffalo steak didn't take much nerve.

It was a few days later that my courage was put to the supreme test.

I was watching George Fitzmaurice shooting some scenes with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky for "The Son of the Sheik." When the noon whistle blew, Rudy and Fitz invited me to stay for lunch with them. Needless to say I was delighted, for they are both epicures of international fame, have a chef and charming little dining room and everything at the studio.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 86 ]





**T**HE THREE VAUGHNS. Down front is Alberta, that pert patootie of F. B. O.'s firmament. On high is Adamae Vaughn. She's the blonde. Adamae has been signed by F. B. O., too, to be featured in full length films, the first of which is "The Arizona Streak." The other "girl" is their mother. What was that about heredity?



# Wicked?

The story of a  
cinema sinner and  
a small town girl

By Margaret E. Sangster

I HAD been enjoying, rather, the conversation of the two flappers who occupied the table next to me. I always listen to conversations, if possible—and I nearly always enjoy them! One may learn a great deal, vicariously, by listening, especially when the conversers are young and not too cautious.

The flappers, in question, were not too cautious! Typical of their age and generation, they were—hard eyed, hard lipped girls, who talked with a wisdom, a sophistication that—despite its amusing elements—at times quite terrified me. When they veered, suddenly, to motion picture gossip I rather feared for a group of people that I knew and, for the most part, loved. And yet—I listened on. It is interesting to get the outsider's viewpoint upon one's friends.

The two flappers—quite unaware of me—warmed to their talk. They went into the details of the mystery surrounding the latest Hollywood scandal. They chuckled over the latest Long Island marriage. They knew the rumors that decorated the spectacular filming of the great picture of the year—they found flaws in the season's most gleaming star. And then, all at once, they stopped talking. And their eyes grew round and focused—suddenly—upon a point beyond me. And one of them forgot her veneer of breeding and pointed—pointed with a slim, cruel, over-manicured finger.

"See!" she exclaimed. "See. Do you recognize *her*? Coming in, at the door. In black, against the crimson curtain. Isn't she—exciting? I—I didn't even know," this with a sigh, "that she was in town!"

The girl who had not pointed ventured a question.

"I know I'm dumb," she admitted, "but I'm hanged if I can place her. Picture people look so different off the screen. Who—"

The first flapper was frankly disgusted. Her lifted brows spoke for her. It was only after a poignant moment that she answered.

"Yes—" she agreed, "you are dumb, dearie, you are! Fancy not knowing *her*. Why, she's the wickedest woman in the movies—" her smile curved into a mean little blur as she leaned close to her friend, and began to whisper.

But—she didn't have to speak the name aloud. Even before I turned to wave a greeting, to beckon an invitation, I had known that Marie DuGanne was coming slowly toward my table. Slowly, across the softly carpeted floor of the hotel dining room.

She had changed, so greatly, since first I saw her—Marie DuGanne. Not—of course—that she was less beautiful. The passing of phantom years will always make Marie seem miraculously younger, fresher, more radiant! But—well, the woman who came to my side, who pressed my hand warmly, before she sank into her chair—she was like a person walking in her sleep. Her lovely face was a mask—her smile a fixed thing, charming, but without a spark of mirth in its pseudo gayety. Only her eyes—great, sombre eyes, darkly, surprisingly blue between their black lashes—were aware of things, alive. Only her eyes displayed the emotion that she felt at, unexpectedly, meeting an old friend.



"In black, against the crimson curtain. Isn't she exciting? Why, she's the wickedest woman in the movies!"



"Oh, you mustn't . . . . I love him! I love him!"

All in black was Marie DuGanne. She wears black nearly always. Her hat was large and drooping—in a day of small felt cloches it dared to shade her face with a wide brim. Her dress was tight and rather long—it had a high neck and sleeves that reached, in an almost medieval point, to a place well beyond her slim wrists. Her mouth, boldly painted, was a scarlet lure—her face a creamy, rich white. And her hair—blue black, straight, was drawn away from her ears and knotted low on her neck. A strange type—but a few years ago a casting director had written it down, quite casually, as "dark Irish."

Why not? Marie DuGanne had been an extra then—and her name, upon the studio books, had been Mary Dugan. Just that—Mary Dugan!

IT WAS as Mary Dugan that I first knew her. As a little ambitious girl, working on the greatest lot for a few dollars a day. I had done the scenario of the picture in which she had a tiny part—that was how I had happened to be there, too. Between shots, the director and I talked over the next picture that we would do—and I outlined for him my plot and drew for him, in mental images, my every character.

Of course, as always, the next picture was to be written about the slim figure and the golden personality of a certain star. But—as it sometimes does happen—my interest, as the writer, had focused itself upon one of the nearly minor roles. The part of a young Spanish girl, convent reared, but possessed of a devil that tortured her soul and made her do cruel, wicked things. This role called for a person of the Castilian type—a young person aflame with what the French call "*joie de vivre*." Slim and graceful and with a curious shyness. And yet, almost Hell-ridden by a passionate reaching toward the moon! A strange conception certainly—and one difficult to locate. A female Jekyll and Hyde—and an almost juvenile one!

"If we find the right person," the director said to me, one day, "she'll take the picture right out of the star's hands. And then there'll be the dickens to pay. Wow! But the part—it gets me just to think of it. I'll put off doing the script until I find a dark Cinderella . . . ."

It was a very warm day. The sun blazed down upon the lot. Wearily I passed my hand over my head. And—

"This child of my brain," I laughed, "has gotten me, too. I want to see her *live*. But—don't let's worry about her any more, right now. Let's worry about finishing this sequence and—"

The director chuckled.

"And taking a dip in the nearest pool," he finished, for me. And then, possessed of an inspiration, he slapped a long hand upon a bony thigh.

"I've a good mind," he said, "to take the whole gang to the beach—you know the shot where there's a party at the shore? Well, we'll never have a hotter day to work in—and, perhaps, because of the heat—some of these water shy youngsters will be in the ocean before they realize it!"

The idea took with the crowd. The extras gave the director a parched little cheer—as they hurried for the dressing rooms. Pretty soon the whole crowd were in cars, on the way to the beach. Slim young things in abbreviated suits that weren't in the least immodest, somehow, because they were worn so casually. They didn't need any urging into the surf. They rushed, hungrily, to meet the green water. The waves closed, like sensuous arms, about slender bodies. And triumphantly, like young goddesses, the bodies rose, dripping, from the foam.

It was as she leaned back, laughing, with her face to the sky—and with her black hair wetly outlining her oval face, and her eyes half closed against the white dazzle of the sun—that I really saw Mary Dugan for the first time. I almost screamed, in my delight, and turned madly toward the director. But I didn't have to speak to him. He, too, had seen the girl—and he was starting forward with arms impetuously outflung.

I said, really saw Mary Dugan! I had seen her, before, upon the lot—many times. Then she had been only an ordinary little girl with rather fine eyes. A girl with hair fluffed about her face and with wide skirts and round necklines and sweaters transforming her lovely body into something quite commonplace. But here, with her hair off her white forehead, she was a



lady of old Spain—in miniature. With her slimness bending away from the green of the ocean she was all beauty. Even her white hands were the hands of an aristocrat. And yet, still, there was the essence of childhood about her. As fresh, as lovely as a morning in early spring.

We signed her up, late that afternoon, for the forthcoming picture. She was dazed with delight, but she recovered sufficiently to throw her arms around my neck, quite suddenly, and kiss me. I felt, then, as if she might be my daughter. I feel so, still, at times.

The next day the publicity man changed her name into Marie DuGanne. It was a great joke to us all. And the still photographer made some portraits for the press—and, between us, we invented a history to form background for the latest "find." We discarded her small beginnings—rather pitiful they were—for Mary was a little orphaned Irish child who had beaten her way up, through sheer force of personality, from a



. . . . You can't take him away from me!"



city slum. We discarded her beginnings and drew her against a tapestry of flame and tears. Her ancestors had been killed duelling. Her mother had been a Spanish dancing girl. Her father French—a roué, but a nobleman. There had been a suicide pact. They were both gone. Marie had been educated by the Sisters in a tiny town in the south of France. She had run away, at sixteen—to follow her mother's career. At seventeen—Hollywood.

The story went over with a bang. So—in my picture—did Marie DuGanne.

The golden star had hysterics for three days, after the preview—but the director stood by his guns. He would not cut Marie's part—not a foot of it!

SOMETIMES I feel responsible when I think back, over those first days. For Mary Dugan had been such a glowing bit of womanhood—and Marie DuGanne, have I not said that

she was like a sleep walker, that her lovely face was a mask? But sometimes I think that fate dangles us, on the end of wires, as Tony Sarg dangles Marionettes. Perhaps fate—quite without my interference—would have made Marie DuGanne out of little Mary Dugan.

We chose for her an apartment—and we furnished it in bizarre shades and exotic draperies. The girl, herself, was in the golden oak period—she could not understand our choice. We bought her a Russian wolf hound—the dramatically right dog for a French-Spanish lady of quality to own. But she cried all day when the little lame mongrel, which she found on the studio lot, and kept in the kitchen, was run over by a passing car. We installed a dark browed chaperon, who taught grammar and poise, in off hours. And we made it easy for the girl to say “demi tasse” instead of “a cup o’ coffee, please—an’ make it black!” All this we did, while the publicity man manufactured

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]





*SANDY—Fox*

**W**OMEN and girls will love this and when they are safely out of hearing of the boy friend admit how true a picture of the modern girl's life it is.

*Sandy* is a flaming youthful, who Charlestons and pets, with a code of morals quite clear to herself, if not to her parents. She marries and tries to be worthy of motherhood, though she has discovered her possessive husband an awful person. Her baby dies; she goes searching for love again and gets hurt pretty badly in the whole process.

Such is the story, not new by any means, but here so intelligently directed by William Beaumont and exquisitely played by Madge Bellamy that it is not merely another flapper film but a human document. Harrison Ford plays a very human lawyer quite perfectly.



*THE BLIND GODDESS—Paramount*

**Y**OU remember Louise Dresser of "The Goose Woman" fame—well, she is back with us again in a rôle somewhat similar to its predecessor and her performance is equally as outstanding. Here she lifts an ordinary second lead rôle to a starring part.

Supporting Miss Dresser (this is our opinion for no one in the cast can come within reach of her) is Esther Ralston, Ernest Torrence and Jack Holt.

The story, by Arthur Train, is a mystery yarn and filled with all the ingredients of popular appeal. To relate the story would be taking the spice out of the picture and we want you to enjoy this whole-heartedly. And you will, for you will find this one of the most diverting pictures of the season.

Victor Fleming directed.

# The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

*A Review of the New Pictures*



*KIKI—United Artists*

**N**ORMA TALMADGE is a comedienne now. And a comedienne of such charm and whimsicality that you are going to love her even more than you did in "Smilin' Through" and other lachrymose dramas.

She is funny and sad and gawky and gay all in one.

And once in a rare while, just to show you she still can cry, she allows you to see a glistening tear about to descend. But it's gone in a moment and the new Norma struts across the room in a form-accentuating skirt and hastily thumbs her nose at a pursuing landlady. She even slides down the banister and indulges in a hair-pulling fight with Gertrude Astor, with whom she battles for Ronald Colman's cinema love.

Norma, you see, is *Kiki* of the widely-seen stage success. If you do not know the story it's all about an awkward little Paris street gamin with theatrical inclinations, fanned to a fervent flame by love for a Parisian theatrical manager, admirably played by Ronald Colman. But Ronald is enamoured of Gertrude Astor, his leading lady, and before Norma wins Ronald she battles Gertrude, succumbs momentarily to the able wiles of Marc McDermott, who plots with Gertrude, and finally lapses into a tremendously funny mock-fainting spell from which Ronald is called upon to revive her.

It's from the French farce by Savoir—with a script by Hans Kraely—and the cast is excellent, which means funny George K. Arthur, too.

That Clarence Brown of splendid "Goose Woman" fame directed it, speaks for itself. Invite the children over eighteen to go with you.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Six Best Pictures of the Month

KIKI                      THE FLAMING FRONTIER  
SANDY                    THAT'S MY BABY  
THE BLIND GODDESS    FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

## The Best Performances of the Month

Madge Bellamy in "Sandy"  
Norma Talmadge in "Kiki"  
Louise Dresser in "The Blind Goddess"  
Edythe Chapman in "The Runaway"  
Harrison Ford in "Sandy"  
William Boyd in "The Volga Boatman"  
Rin-Tin-Tin in "The Night Cry"

*Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 136*



**FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—Paramount**

**F**OR your own sake, go see this Harold Lloyd production. It's as merry as a summer day and as clean as April and what laughs it holds!

"For Heaven's Sake" proves that Harold is just as funny as ever.

The plot, which doesn't matter in the least, concerns a man with a mansion—that's Harold—and a girl with a mission, Jobyna Ralston. Harold's so rich nothing disturbs him. He wrecks and buys ten thousand dollar limousines with equal indifference. Jobyna and her minister father are so poor every doughnut counts—for they feed doughnuts to the poor.

Harold, slumming about, burns up the coffee stand accidentally. He gives the minister a check for \$1,000 for it, only to find they've built a whole mission with that much money and put his name over the door. He goes down to stop it and sees Jobyna.

Then it's all over but the fun.

Wait till you see Harold trying to eat a powder puff, thinking it's a cookie Jobyna has baked; wait till you see him recruiting a congregation for the mission, stopping at nothing short of murder to get a crowd. You'll laugh until the tears stinging your eyes and the pain in your ribs force you to stop.

And if you've ever driven a car, go see what they do to a traffic cop.

The gags are all wows. The direction by Sam Taylor is intelligent, but then we've only praise for the whole thing.

Take the entire family to see it and then you won't need to spend money on spring tonics.



**THE FLAMING FRONTIER—Universal**

**A**NOTHER absorbing tale of the Old West, which is as spectacular and historically significant as "The Covered Wagon." It carries out the spirit of pioneer America.

Edward Sedgwick, who is credited with the authorship and directorship, has approached the subject with a fine appreciation of its patriotic flavor, its sweeping pathos, and best of all, its historical accuracy.

The Pony Express, West Point in 1875, the Indian uprisings and the famous battle—Custer's Last Stand—all these things are logically worked out, their details perfectly interlocked, the whole forming a splendid piece of workmanship. The picture is peopled with red-blooded characters enacted by a cast that is perfectly adaptable. Be sure the children see it!



**THAT'S MY BABY—Paramount**

**S**IXTY minutes of farce comedy fairly dances across the screen with Douglas MacLean demonstrating that he is blessed with an abounding sense of humor and a fine carelessness of method that are too rare.

How we laughed from the start to the conclusion! The story is about a young man who is turned down by his sweetheart on the day of their marriage. He vows that no woman shall enter his life again—but you know that's applesauce. Of course it eventuates into another romance and the picture is over.

Harry Earles, who was so delightful in "The Unholy Three," has a small part and he is a scream. Again he is a child and some of his mischievous pranks are as thrilling as they are amusing. All in all there is not a dull moment through the entire picture—be sure to see it!





**THE VOLGA BOATMAN—Producers Dist. Corp.**

**C**ECIL DE MILLE has woven into his newest picture much that is typically artificial. As usual he fails to reach your heart and the efforts at humor fall flat. Yet the strength of the theme behind its thin story and the beautiful composition and photography lift it above the ranks.

It is the story of a Prince, Victor Varconi; a Princess, Elinor Fair, and a Volga Boatman, William Boyd.



**RED DICE—Producers Dist. Corp.**

**A**DAPTED from an Octavus Roy Cohen story, this twisted melodrama of crooks, bootleggers and a desperate soldier, who agrees to die at the end of a year, provided the year is made luxurious, is swift-moving and frequently amusing. Yet somehow at the end it seems cheap and improbable. Rod La Rocque is sincere as the soldier and Marguerite de la Motte sweet as the bride.



**THE SEVENTH BANDIT—Pathe**

**A**SPLendid Western that grownups and children should not overlook. There's something about this fella Harry Carey that gets us. Harry's pictures always ring true. He's always the fast riding, quick thinking, sure shooting and hard fighting guy that always gets his man regardless of circumstances. The supporting players are good—James Morrison, Harriet Hammond and Trilby Clark.



**THE NIGHT CRY—Warner Bros.**

**Y**OU need not be a dog fancier to enjoy Rin-Tin-Tin in his latest and finest vehicle. Rinty's histrionic efforts will keep you amused and make you marvel. It is plainly seen that the story has been built around the personality of this wonder dog. Rin, a victim of circumstantial evidence, out-classes his good name, saves his master's baby and kills the real enemy of the sheep fold. Excellent for the kiddies.



**THE CAT'S PAJAMAS—Paramount**

**S**HE isn't a Barry heroine in this. She has graduated into bedroom comedy. Ernest Vajda wrote a tantalizing comedy as only a continental can and they gave it to an American director and put Betty Bronson of seraphic appeal into the rôle of the pajamaed heroine. Whatever the result Theodore Roberts is back with us, Arlette Marchal is gorgeous to look upon and Ricardo Cortez is very capable.



**YELLOW FINGERS—Fox**

**I**F this newcomer, Olive Borden, isn't one of the leading stars within the next year, then we're no judge of talent. To our liking she has everything—beauty, ability and IT personified. Her performance here, as a half-caste, is excellent. This also marks the return to the screen of Ralph Ince, formerly a director. The story—East is East, etc., y'know—old stuff but you'll enjoy it because of Olive.





*THE CROWN OF LIES—Paramount*

**P**OOOR Pola, she has our sympathy. About two more pictures like this and as far as the movie public is concerned, she will be through. It may not be her fault, unless she insists on the impossible vehicles she travels in. Pola is still as interesting and as beautiful as ever and we are anxiously looking forward to the proposed combination of Von Stroheim and Pola. Yes sir, we'll bet that will be a picture.



*THE RUNAWAY—Paramount*

**T**HIS William de Mille production starts with an actress and a director come from Broadway to Virginia on location, quarreling in a hotel room. An accidental shot is fired. The girl runs away, fearing trial. Rushing to cover, she meets a mountaineer, who takes her to his mother's home. Of course, love comes. Good entertainment, finely acted by Clara Bow, Edythe Chapman and Warner Baxter.



*MY OLD DUTCH—Universal*

**H**ERE is a stirring story with splendid picturization values but through negligence it does not seem to gain the sympathy it warrants. It makes pleasant drama but falls short of greatness that would seem possible. This seems to be due largely to the lack of stress on the big moments. Too, the characters move around casually with no feeling whatever in their rôles. Fair.



*WILD OATS LANE—Producers Dist. Corp.*

**A** FAIRLY interesting crook drama. Neilan has done an unusual thing—instead of building his action around a number of incidents he has developed his story more by his characters. This at times becomes very tiresome and one wishes that as long as it deals with crooks, why not stage a little shooting episode for excitement? Viola Dana is good as is Bobby Agnew. Not for children.



*THE BARRIER—Metro-Goldwyn*

**T**HIS presents the novel by Rex Beach which was popular many years ago. Since then the plot has been re-hashed from many different angles with the result that the story is looked upon as old stuff. Nevertheless the theme of the half-caste always makes an interesting story (even if it is old) and through the splendid acting and some thrilling storm scenes, it makes splendid entertainment.



*SECRET ORDERS—F. B. O.*

**G**OOD entertainment. The spy system, as introduced in Anthony Paul Kelly's "Three Faces East," is again served for your entertainment. In this case Evelyn Brent is the woman spy and we're here to say the girl's good. Evelyn makes the most of every opportunity afforded her. John Gough is clever with his comedy antics.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]





How about a swim suit like this one on MARIE PREVOST? A gay knitted jacquard design and a jaunty patent leather belt make the stout ones thinner and the thin ones almost too attractive. All for \$7.95. In green, red or blue. Shoes to match or in black are \$1.25. And the latest in bathing bags is "The Cat's Pajamas" at \$2.95. The creionne beach coat will reveal only your excellent taste. Designed in brilliant colors over a background of white, tan or gray, it costs \$5.95. 34-44



If you think of these step-ins as a graduation present, better get two because you'll want to keep one for yourself. Trimmed with wide lace and groups of dainty pleats in voile, \$1.95, in crepe de chine, \$2.95. All the pastel shades and regular sizes



The hot days are coming, and, like LAURA LAPLANTE, all of us must have summer frocks, not only smart and cool but ones that can be easily tubbed. This one of linen is on trim slender lines and is finished with hand drawn work. Colors, French blue, green, peach or orchid. The sizes are 14-20 and the price only \$5.95

And for hot summer nights nothing is better than voile pajamas. These are adorably trimmed with embroidered net, dainty "val" lace, and a narrow ribbon belt. They come in all the lovely delicate pastel shades and cost \$2.95. State size

How do you look at breakfast? Better get the voile negligee on the right, it's cut on most flattering lines adorned only by self ruffles and tiny bouquets of silk flowers. Choose your most becoming color, rose, French blue, peach, Nile, maize, coral or orchid. \$4.95. All sizes



LET PHOTOPLAY HELP YOU SHOP



# The STARS will guide YOU in Your DRESS



PHOTOPLAY Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these lovely things for you. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No articles sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase return it immediately and your money will be refunded without question. Send articles direct to PHOTOPLAY Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.

*If your practical, all-purpose last year's wrap is beginning to "go," regard this black satin coat on DOLORES COSTELLO. It has the very new sleeves, bits of colorful embroidery on the collar and pockets, and a crepe de chine lining in either rose or jade green. \$29.75. 14-20*

*One expects to see RENEE ADOREE in frocks that reflect the true Parisian taste. Picture yourself in either of them below. The crepe de chine of this type, trimmed with hand drawn work, is a bargain at \$18.50. It comes in white, red, blue, green or pink. The printed georgette on RENEE is on a background of tan, green or navy. The binding on the skirt and girdle are in harmonizing colors. \$25.00. 14-20*



*If your type is anything like DOLORES COSTELLO you need this French imported frock of crepe georgette. Trimmed with motifs of delicate silver embroidery, tiny crystal beads and velvet buds, it comes in white, peach, orchid or chartreuse green. Exceptional value at \$28.00. 14-20*



*Like the step-ins, this chemise trimmed with lace is in pastel shades in voile at \$1.95, or crepe de chine at \$2.95. State size*



THROUGH THE NEW YORK STORES



# \$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes!

## RULES OF CONTEST:

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,500.00
Second Prize.....	1,000.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	250.00
Fifth Prize.....	125.00
Twenty Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of \$25 each.....	625.00

2. For four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will publish cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be

a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th.

**Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second Page Following This Announcement**

## SUGGESTIONS

Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.



# \$500.00 in **Treasure!** buried in **PHOTOPLAY**

Get out your  
scissors

and try  
for YOUR share

Read  
the Rules  
on Page  
Facing







The hair is the mother of one little girl,  
The eyes were once called, "Deçlasse"<sup>sm</sup>  
The mouth is now hailed as the find of the year,  
She takes after her daddy, they say.  
The hair has a sister who's known to the screen,  
The eyes played in circus plays twice;  
The mouth was once married to filmland's new shiek,  
They're divorced—though they're both very nice!

Herb Howe says the hair has that something called "charm,"  
The eyes almost starred with a whale;  
The mouth is twice married—but slightly aloof—  
And her beauty makes strong men turn pale!  
The hair's from a state famed for cowboys and steers,  
The eyes worked for Cecil de Mille—  
The mouth is so sought by an army of swains,  
It's a wonder she's unengaged still!

#### RESUMÉ

Two of them are blonds—and the others less light—  
Two of them remain still unwed,  
And two owe their fortunes to old New Orleans,  
(And one was a dancer, 'tis said.)  
And two have come up from old Vitagraph days,  
And two have arrived via more recent plays.





The hair is an idol on stage and on screen,  
The eyes drive a car mighty fast;  
The mouth in three features (the best of the year!)  
Made a name and a rep, that will last.  
The hair was a soldier who flew through the sky,  
The eyes are now wed to a poet—  
The mouth played with Norma in many a film,  
His name? Oh, you're joking—you know it!

The hair is unmarried—and not very young—  
The eyes were divorced from their mate,  
The mouth hails from England, and it has been said  
He can beat any man of his weight!  
The hair starred with Mae and with Lillian Gish,  
The eyes are as blue as the sea;  
The mouth once played comedy on the legit.,  
Though he's tragic, today, as can be.

#### RESUMÉ—

One comes from the family best known to the boards,  
And one has a real Irish name;  
And two are old timers—and two are quite new  
To that which is known as screen fame.  
Just one has dark eyes—the three others are light—  
And one made his "hit" in a serial fight.





**H**ER name suits her more perfectly than any other screen player's — Renee Adoree. Wise and witty for too long this lovely mam'selle was hid beneath indifferent stories "The Big Parade" liberated her and the fans and Herb Howe, across the page, adore her.



# The Genius Enchanting

Her name is Renee de la Fointe—the French named her Adoree and she is here rechristened Amoreuse

By Henry Wilson

A TINY French doll in fleshlings and pink ballet fluff tossing like a rose on the back of a great white horse, in the ring of a little French circus—bounding and pirouetting on the back of the horse, then sinking to her knees, then up again and through a hoop that's held by the clown, her father. Her foot catches in passing through and she stumbles a little. The ring-master's long whip, with a lead in the end, cuts through the air and flicks out her flesh. She winces, then quickly smiles and kisses her hand to the crowd. There is no place for pain in a circus even though you are a child and the flesh is bleeding. . . .

Renee de la Fointe was the child's name, but the French rechristened her Adoree, Renee, the Adorable. . . .

Riding out of the tent to applause she springs off the horse, quickly pulls on boy's clothes and is back with a broom to police up the ring. . . . She reappears at the close of the show with her sister to dance in the ballet. . . .

Bare-back rider, trapeze performer, ballet dancer and chore boy, the petite Adoree took her beatings and smiled in her tears for applause. . . .

Those smiling tears are still in her eyes, a dewy gleam in the blue, such as Greuze knew how to paint, surrounded by upturned lashes like the rays of the sun. Adoree is a Greuze, with an added touch in the sweetness, a tragic touch brushed on by life.

We thought we knew what love was, then Adoree came in "The Big Parade" and all the loves that had gone before appeared but cheap flirtations.

Those scenes between her and Gilbert are among the finest the camera has yet transcribed.

What is the element in Adoree's emotion that distinguishes her from all other enchanters? Poignancy, concentration, the genuineness of her?

"Hunger?"—says Adoree—"Hunger. The yearning for something too beautiful to touch. Something beyond the daring of belief. That is love."

I can tell you in a word what it is. The love portrayed by Adoree is the consecrated love which is romance, the love that transcends flesh and passes into ideal. Adoree's love is adoration.

In a single glance she dedicates her soul. There is no need for gesture nor for word. She looks at her lover and sees a god. The veritable God in him. It is a look that would thrill a man even though he did not love her.

"It is respect," she says so fervently that her English takes again the colors of French. "You wan' to know why love is dying in the world? It is because women do not respect' men. I s'pose you know that?" she flings passionately, tossing out a



Here is Renee as *Melisande*, that piquant, compelling, unforgettable darling of "The Big Parade"

hand. "The modern woman does not respect' man. That is the trouble with marriage. I—I respect' men"—Then a mocking laugh—"That is why I make such a success of my marriage, eh?" Her marriage with Tom Moore was ended by divorce, without bitterness or recrimination. The only reason given was that mysterious modern thing, called incompatibility.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]

"IT requires infinitely more genius to make love than to command armies."  
—NINON DE LENCLOS.



# Ladies! Look

The men will anyway and a girl ought to be prepared. Hence these pictures



No, this is not the first step of the Charleston. This is the way too many flappers stand. Careless and jaunty, they claim this slant on life. But so was the leaning tower of Pisa—and look at it now!



Legs go in the same direction and should be together. When so far apart, as above, one is apt to knock over a chair and wake mother when their owner is stealing home from a dance at three a. m.



On the other hand, or rather leg, a nice girl stands this way. Remember that line about "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet"? If there was a brook, this would illustrate it, if there was a river



Rear elevation of same nice legs. A rule to be remembered is that a seam must always follow the straight and narrow. The only curves permitted in stockings are those that the legs supply. Given those, nothing else really matters



# to Your Legs!

She was a Sennett bathing beauty who posed and she had great understanding



A girl who toes in, unless she lisps and keeps one finger in the corner of her mouth, never gets anywhere. In other words, if you're a cutie beautiful, try this out on your front porch



The riddle is changed now from why does a hen cross the road to why does a flapper cross her legs—in this manner? A Sennett beauty wouldn't sit this way ordinarily. For this picture and art she does it



Sweet and low, that's what these legs are. The knees have retired from public life, the feet are shy and modest. This is a pose that even the sourest maiden aunt would approve. Correct, and, wonder of wonders, also comfortable



Sitting position to accompany the proper standing position across the page. Recommended before twenty and after forty, to fiancées trying out before his mother and to sweet things who can't imagine what big prices on the menu are all about



# The House that Jack Built

*It took a lot of jack  
to do it*



John Gilbert has invested the profits of his recent success in a new home, built where he can look down on everyone in Hollywood. It's on the highest of Beverly Hills. Stuccoed and tiled, it's an ideal setting for the Merry Widower

The living room. Plainly, Jack doesn't intend to hide his light under a bushel. There's the light in center background



That other great lover, Romeo, had a balcony. So why not Jack? Simply furnished in wicker, this one looks westward to the sea



The Metro star really eats here and those among the lucky few who are numbered among his friends



This is Jack's bed. The rest is silence





MISS BARBARA STREBEIGH

## The Lovely Young Daughter of MRS. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE



UST a year and a half ago, Miss Barbara Strebeigh, charming blonde debutante daughter of Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, made her bow to society.

She adored the deluge of social events that followed. But Barbara Strebeigh also loves the out-of-doors. So, after a brilliant season of dinner-dances, costume balls, charity bazaars and after-theatre-supper-parties, she bought a trunkful of smart new clothes and went West to that gorgeous winter playground that stretches along the California coast from San Diego to Santa Barbara.

Golf in crisp, yet balmy air; tennis in a salt breeze; riding in the brilliance of California sunshine; driving her car through the finest forests in the world. All this she adores even more.

But whether in the formal atmosphere of her mother's New York drawing room, on a steamer *de luxe* bound for a summer in Europe, or engaging in the sports she loves so well, Barbara Strebeigh holds to the standards of her group and class. She dignifies her youth and loveliness by taking those subtle pains with her toilet that the well-born girl is brought up to know.

POND'S Two Creams, used daily, are the method she pursues, because as she says, "They keep the skin exquisite." You should

*points out that the care of the skin  
is an important social duty*

*"THERE is one personal obligation that follows a girl wherever she goes—the care of her skin. With Pond's Two Creams this is easily accomplished. Swiftly and surely they work to keep the skin exquisite. That is why their use has become a habit with the girls of the younger set."*

*Barbara Strebeigh*

use them yourself every single day as follows:  
*First Step: Whenever your skin needs cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously. Leave it on a few moments so that its pure oils may*



THE TWO CREAMS the younger set is using

penetrate every pore. With a soft cloth wipe off the Cream—and such a lot of dirt comes, too, you'll notice! Repeat the treatment, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice to close the pores. On retiring give your skin this same thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream and, if your skin is dry, leave some of the cream on until morning. When you waken, your face will be clear, fresh, and free from lines.

*Second Step: After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin a wee trifle of Pond's Vanishing Cream. You will love the soft even finish it gives your skin, the velvety, glowing tone. And you will notice that your powder clings to your skin with a new smoothness, and that it stays on too. Used before you go out, Pond's Vanishing Cream protects your skin from hot sun and wind and from the harsh grit of soot and dust.*

Begin today to follow the method pursued by the beautiful younger women of society. Pond's Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars, both creams in two smaller sizes of jars and in tubes.

**Free Offer** Mail coupon for free tubes of these Two famous Creams, and folder of instructions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F  
147 Hudson Street, New York City.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Red Hair and A Piano

By Allen Prewitt

**T**HIS is a story about Hollywood, shamrocks, ambition, struggle, achievement, and more particularly, about Ethel Shannon and a family piano.

Ethel is one of the brave little girls who have stormed the gates of Hollywood successfully. If it weren't such a terribly mixed metaphor, I would say that she did it with the piano in one hand and a lock of her luscious red hair in the other.

There is no use to try to tell you about Ethel's red hair, for the words just wither up and refuse to tackle the job. This much I can tell you, though, that she hated it when she was a kid because the other youngsters teased her and called her Red, and shouted this doggerel at her:

*Red head, ginger-bread,  
Five cents a cabbage head.*

Sometimes she had to whip them for that, for she is Irish, and her anger and her joy flash up with the brilliance and speed of lightning.

Now that she has grown into young womanhood, her red hair is one of the beautiful sights of Hollywood, to be pointed out along with Mary Pickford's home, the palm trees and roses in the winter time.

But I can tell you about the family piano. Incidentally, I think it one of the most appealing stories I have heard in Hollywood.

Ethel was seventeen and had just graduated from Woolcott's fashionable finishing school in Denver, which city also has the distinction of being her birthplace. She yearned for a career and she yearned to make money, for the family had had financial reverses. She turned her eyes to the modern Mecca of the world—Hollywood. But mother wouldn't listen to her daughter going off into the world, so Ethel sold the family piano. She got only \$135 for it. It was worth more, but she wanted a quick sale with no questions asked.

With this money our heroine went to San Francisco, which is about five hundred miles from Hollywood. She wasn't quite sure where the movies were made, except that they came from California. She admits that this was stupid of her, but she was very young

A tale of a Denver Gal who sold the family piano, and got a job as a shipping clerk



then, and has learned a lot since.

She didn't have enough money to take her to Hollywood, so she looked about for a job. In response to an advertisement for a shipping clerk, she applied, but was told that a man was wanted. She insisted so eloquently that she got the job and held it for several months, despite (or maybe because of) her diminutive size and charming femininity.

Then she became a telephone operator and learned to give wrong numbers and talk back to the customers.

By economical living she managed to save enough money to buy a nice wardrobe and a railroad ticket to Los Angeles, with eleven whole dollars left over.

When Ethel arrived in Los Angeles she realized that she would have to conserve her funds, so she walked to the Sennett studio, a distance of several miles, and applied for work. Strangely enough, she found it the very first time, and was employed as an extra. Her blue eyes danced for joy, and her red hair took on an even redder and more exultant hue.

Stranger still, she was selected to play a lead opposite Bert Lytell in "Easy to Make Money" after she had been in Hollywood only three weeks. She was now

willing to believe that the title was literally true, in her own case. She continued to believe so until the picture was finished and she found herself unable to get any more parts, even though she had given a good performance.

Erin's plucky little daughter tucked her pride away in her make-up box and went back to playing extras, but she told herself and the other extra girls that she had no intention of staying there.

News reached her that Bill Hart was looking for a leading woman. She looked him up, and Bill told her that the part required a very emotional actress who could cry. The girl was so excited that she began to cry and let loose a lachrymal flood that was a miniature Johnstown. She got the part!

A scene in this Hart picture stated that the leading woman should jump into the river. A "double" had been provided, but Ethel became so engrossed in her acting that she plunged into the water. The "double" (a man dressed in woman's clothes) rescued her. They fished her out and filmed a scene of her as she lay on the dock.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

## When Bull Meets Bull-thrower

**H**ERE'S a story of unfiled humor that marked the production of a motion picture.

A Latin type of leading man was cast for a role in a bull fight. The arena was built with a special exit handy for the actor in case the bull took matters too seriously.

The actor was timid and didn't care for the scenes where he had to annoy the bull. He shied every time the bull even looked his way.

Finally the director, exasperated by much loss of time and wasted film, yelled: "Do something! Show a little nerve!"

"But what shall I do if the bull shows a little nerve too?" pleaded the actor from behind the arena gate.

"Moo like a cow and maybe he will kiss you," was the rejoinder of the now infuriated director.



# People You Admire , , ,

*Buoyant, vital, they banished their ills—  
found fresh joy through one food*

**N**OT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

Let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 18, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"AS A GOLFER and in fact in all my activities I have found it necessary to be in perfect physical condition. To this end I discovered that three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast each day keep me up to the mark and forestall that 'staleness' which is so often the result of over-training among athletes. I claim that my 'birdies' on the golf-links are the result of daily cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast eaten on crackers."

MERILA ROWLAND, New York City



"LAST DECEMBER, there appeared a blotch of little blisters at one corner of my mouth. They gradually spread on my face and were very embarrassing. I tried different remedies but nothing seemed to help. So I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I have been (and still am) taking two cakes of Yeast regularly each day for the past four months. I can truthfully say, that, aside from clearing up the acne, it has improved my health in general. I am thankful for Fleischmann's Yeast."

GERTRUDE SCUDDER, Detroit, Mich.



"YOU LOOK SO MUCH BETTER than we, who have had vacations, do," remarked several of my teachers today. 'Is it the arduous work of summer school or prosperity that agrees with you?' The truth is that Fleischmann's Yeast has cured the constipation that sapped my strength for so long. Today I feel like a new man."

CHARLES F. WILLIS, Baltimore, Md.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Start eating it today.



# The Well Dressed Man

in Hollywood

*A few tips from the style dictator who Knows*



London dictated men's fashions. Then Paris tried it. Now comes Hollywood with Lew Cody as the he-mannequin. Lew here displays the spring business suit



After six, Lew discards his business suit in favor of this dinner coat



Or feeling less formal, he changes to a square shouldered lounge suit of Shetland fleece with smart patch pockets, short coat and cuffless trousers

**I**N Hollywood Eddie Schmidt is the oracle of fashion where men's clothes are concerned.

Schmidt sets the styles and makes the clothes for the best-dressed men on the screen and they, in turn, set the styles, not only in Fargo, N. D., and Oskaloosa, but all over the world. A list of Eddie Schmidt's clients would read like a roster of stars and leading men in pictures. He makes clothes for Adolphe Menjou, Reginald Denny, Lew Cody, Richard Dix, George Fitzmaurice, Jack Mulhall and oh! what's the use—just pick out your favorite actor and it's 10-to-1 that Schmidt is his tailor.

Here are a few hints from Eddie to the well-dressed man of today:

An essential part of present day tailoring is to build up a man to emphasize his height. This is done by shorter coats and waistcoats, which, in turn, give the fashionable length to the trouser line.

Be sure your tailor gives you a small, tight hipline on the coat, built up to square shoulders, made as broad as your height will stand. With the short

coat goes the medium short waistcoat.

Your trousers should be high-waisted and worn with suspenders. The trousers, which are being worn quite full, may be made either with or without a cuff, but the cuff makes them hang better.

Schmidt emphasizes that the particular man cannot be too careful of a straight tight waistline to his coat and that it should shoot up and out from the top of the waistline.

Watch out for a break behind the collar. You cannot have a well-fitting coat with this.

Never take a suit out of a tailor shop unless you are perfectly satisfied with it and are comfortable in it.

You will never look well if you do not feel well.



The interested gentleman with his back against the wall is Eddie Schmidt, whose tailoring has made many a star. Kneeling before Lew's splendor is C. F. Bergman, Eddie's chief designer



## So that's it!

**A**LL of a sudden it dawned on him.

For a long time he had felt that things were being said about him behind his back.

Now he had actually overheard it.

And said by men whom he had regarded as his best friends in the business!

Maybe they were right—he didn't know. But at least he would find out and apply the right remedy.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy. — Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

### A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

For  
HALITOSIS



use  
LISTERINE





# Charlie

burns his britches  
behind him

*Mr. Ray has changed from  
country boob to city slicker*



Mons. Charles Ray, the sophisticate. Behold Charles' make-up for his next picture, "Paris." He didn't wait to live down his pure past. He burned it up. Here's to your burning up the box-office records, Charlie



It got Charlie's goat to hear he couldn't play but one type of role. So he fed the goat his hick hat and made a funeral pyre of his overalls and country shirt





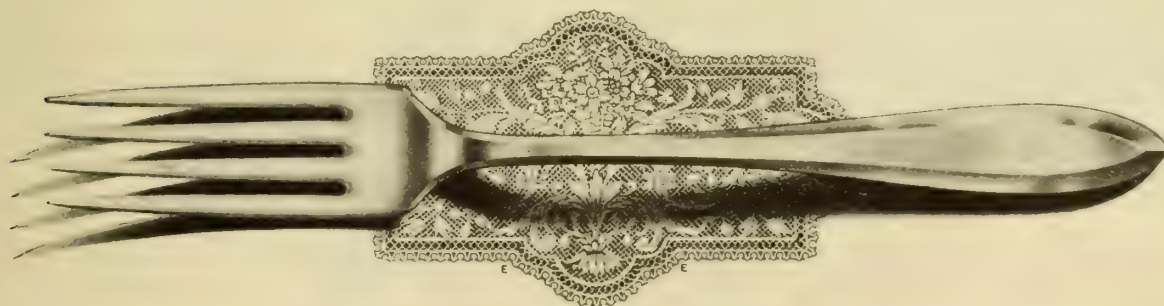
©1926 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER

CHANTAL of Paris, created this Bridal Gown especially for COMMUNITY PLATE—the silver of brides

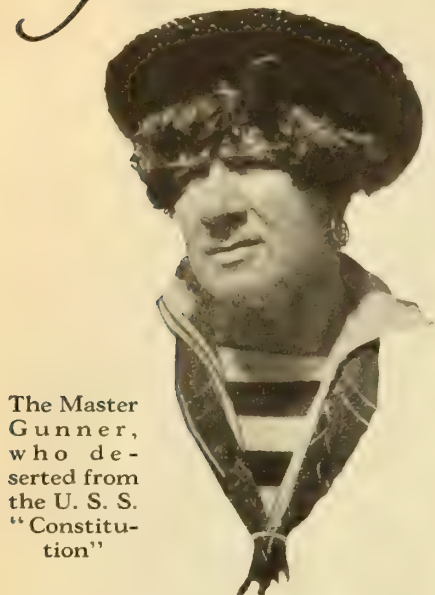
AWNINGS . . . orchids . . . wedding presents, in heaps, in tiers . . . Where will your card lie? In a sea-blue chest that holds a pale bright service of silver for six? . . . Near a patrician dozen of salad forks? . . . Tied to the stem of a single lovely serving-piece? . . . Community

Plate is as much a part of the wedding as the bride's bouquet—or the groom! And where Community Plate lies, bridesmaids pause to sigh over their roses! . . . *The chest is \$37.75. The salad forks are \$7.50 for a set of six. The single piece may be \$2.50.* All in the finest plate made.





# Them wuz the Days!



The Master Gunner, who deserted from the U. S. S. "Constitution"

"Old Ironsides" revives the stirring days of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men" in a rattling good nautical film



Dark words from a dark man. "Ships with wimmin folks never come back." George Godfrey and Esther Ralston are the players

The "Esther" of old Salem makes ready to put to sea. Seafarin' wuz seafarin' in them days. No two things in the engine room to start—You got aloft and broke out the sails



The Boy—he decides to go to sea



Old Salt Wallace Beery. Them wuz the days, right enough



# Thoughts as Care-free As the Gay, Sheer Frock You Wear!

—both under the most trying of hygienic handicaps!



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Graduate Nurse

**TO END** the uncertainty of old ways, to enable you to live every day unhandicapped, regardless of hygienic problems, is the object of this new way which is changing the hygienic habits of the world.

The trying situations of yesterday become the incidents of today. You wear your sheerest frocks, your gayest gowns; you meet the social exactments of every day without a moment's doubt.

Do you wonder, then, that 8 in every 10 of women in the better walks of life now employ it? It will make a great difference in your life. *It is basically different from any other way you have ever known.*

### Three new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.

It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad is deodorized by a new secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

[There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.]

*You can get it anywhere, today*

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12, in 2 sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

This remarkable NEW way of solving women's oldest hygienic problem supplants insecurity with true protection, offering 2 advantages unknown before, plus easy disposal



## Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by  
West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"  
**KOTEX**  
PROTECTS — DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:  
65¢ per dozen  
Kotex-Super:  
90¢ per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





For the sad-eyed ZaSu Pitts,  
"The Weeping Willow"



For Rudolph Valentino we suggest "The Jockey." This will no doubt be taken up by other Latin lovers

"The Cobra" should become the exotic Nita Naldi



For Ben Turpin this charming inspiration, "The Cruller"



"The Corkscrew" for Constance Talmadge. Her many admirers should get a kick out of this

# We Suggest

## New Coiffures for the Stars

HAIRDRESSERS of filmdom are now at a loss to know what to suggest in the way of coiffures for the stars. Most everything has been tried and discarded. We hope the accompanying creations may help to solve the problem, but we do not insist upon them.

## A Man of Talents

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

"The daily lives of all of us ought to be tinged with beauty. Beauty is the compensation for the hardships, struggles, heartaches of life.

"Of course, it is impossible for most of us to live the kind of life the ancient Greeks thought ideal—a lazy, contemplative existence in the midst of abundant beauty. Even they had helots, those bondsmen who had to do all the disagreeable work. But beauty ought to figure like the movements of a symphony through all our lives.

"It doesn't, simply because the cardinal crime of the industrial age is that it does not take into consideration the aesthetic needs of the soul and the spirit.

"So we go the swift and colorless pace. Work. Speed. Crowds. Smoke, big buildings, factories.

"Work. A dull pattern of living. Nose to the grind-stone. Beauty tucked away in books, in the gardens and art galleries of the rich, in—dreams.

"Thus it comes about that poor humans seek compensation.

"They find it in motion pictures.

"The motion picture is the anodyne.

"Land of Hearts' Desire.

"Here the men and women whose lives are monotonous, common-place, frustrated, unhappy, unsatisfying, can find their counterparts—their proxies—those glad and joyous,

beautiful and wealthy, brave and charming people they would like to be. Cinderellas all, they watch the waving of the magic wand. And see themselves emerge metamorphosed into a beautiful, satin-clad Princess, or a handsome, uniformed Prince, a banker, a man about town, gardenia boutonniere and all, or a society girl in bizarre and elegant clothes.

"What does it matter if, eventually, the dream fades out, and they come back to actuality again?

"For a brief space, for a few hours, they have been transported to another land—the land of Make-Believe, the Land of Dreams Come True.

"Unreal and transient. But better than no dream world at all!

"When I first left college I came to New York, and was soon a leading man in the legitimate. My home was in Chicago, and so I knew well the typical life of the dweller and worker in a big city. Even New York, where I was tasting success, depressed my spirits. I felt vaguely that something was lacking and then my Destiny moved me to the Coast.

"I entered my work in motion pictures with a keen sense of responsibility. It was like getting into a game, a serious game, of Make-Believe.

"When my rôle called for the wearing of immaculate evening clothes, I tried to wear them (with a swagger) because that book-

keeper on his high stool in the office back in New York would wear them that way. Cast as a hero, ready to die for the woman I loved. I tried to play it with intensity and daring, for the packer in that soap factory in Chicago would like it played that way.

"Anodyne! Compensation! Land of Hearts' Desire!

"I could not forget that trinity."

The clam omelette consumed, views expressed on the Industrial Age vs. Beauty. Mr. Sils started off on a round of errands, which reflected his own way of life.

BUYING bulbs of a new flower which resembled an orchid, and which will find its way into his flower garden back in Los Angeles, where delphiniums, phlox, and lilies flourish. Looking up some wrought-iron grill-work for the new Spanish-type home which he is building, and which is to satisfy his love of the beautiful by means of colorful tapestries, soft and silken hangings, quaint pieces of carved furniture.

And, last, a visit to—a tailor!

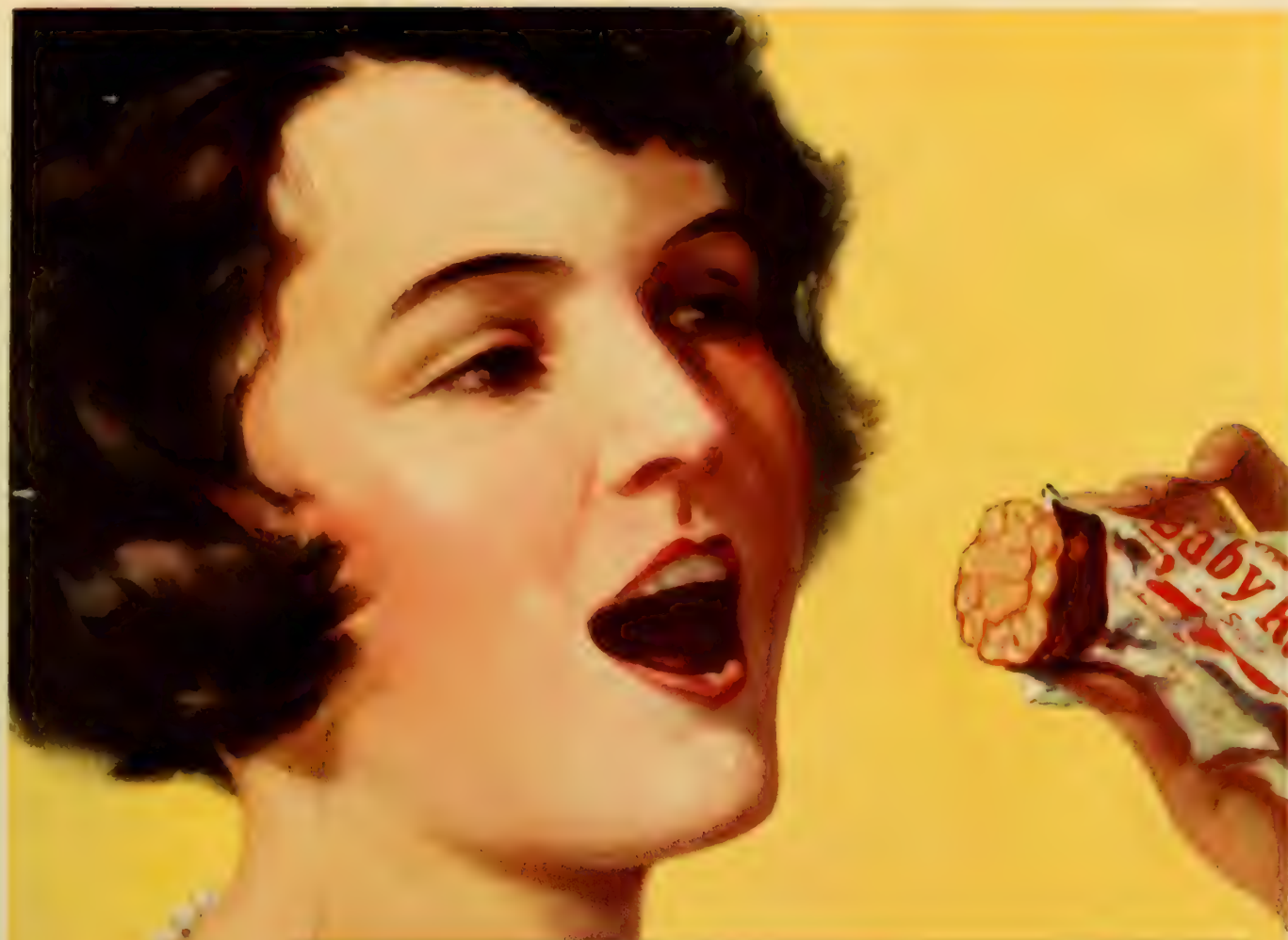
Clam omelettes and tailors!

Thump! Down from the lofty heights of idealism. Down to the low plane of reality.

Even in a land where beauty reigned, clam omelettes and tailors must needs have their place.

For one must eat and wear clothes, even in the most paradisaical spot on earth.





## *A Favorite Everywhere!*

First you take a nibble—then you take a big bite—then you become a full-fledged member of the **Baby Ruth** candy family.

An Army of 30,000,000 candy lovers have been won over to this delightful habit. At all candy counters.



**5¢**

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY  
New York CHICAGO San Francisco





# Those Charming Forties

are but the natural reward  
of youth safeguarded, as  
thousands will tell you,  
in this simple way

**Y**OUTHFUL charm lost is the supreme tragedy in a woman's life. For once lost, it rarely is regained. But youth retained, as experts know and urge, is quite a different matter. That *can* be done and *is being done* by women everywhere today. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. What comes in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

**Y**OUTH at forty means caution at twenty, *extreme* care through the thirties...and rigid avoidance of untried ways every day of one's life.

Thus modern beauty culture turns now to natural means, and frowns on the artificial and often dangerous ways of yesterday.

The scientific skin care of today starts with the proved doctrine of pores kept open, of the skin cleansed daily with the balmy lather of Palmolive.

It is a simple method, but *certain* in results, and what it is bringing to millions, it will bring to you.

*This is the method. Follow it, please, for one week... note the difference then*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then

with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

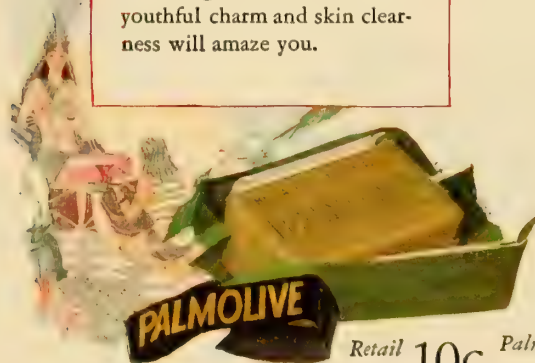
Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

## *Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Retail  
Price **10c**

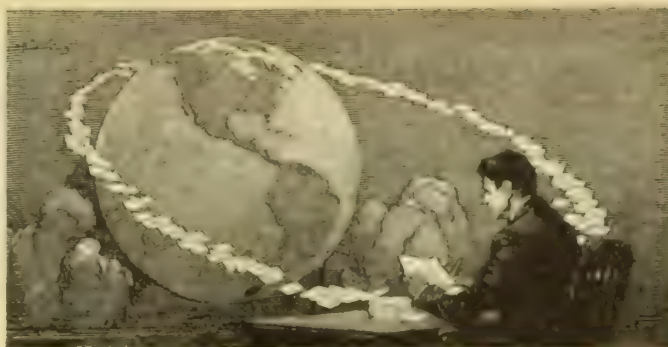
*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *Photoplay* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As this often takes up much space and is not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For the kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answer, *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

**WILD, WILD SUSAN, STOCKTON, CAL.**—You want me to tell you what is the matter with you. I think you're just bashful. Say, that isn't a bad sketch of Anna Q.—how's chances of my being sketched? Your question wasn't a bit goofy; in fact, I have had several playmates asking the same one—*Pawledler* in "The Unholy Three" was played by Harry Earles. Harry is a midget. Now don't argue any more. Lloyd Hughes, as you say, he of the determined chin, is just six feet tall. And as for Madge Bellamy and her eyes, now lady, I have plenty of work to do today and please don't start me thinking. Madge will be twenty-three on June 30th. Did you know she had her hair bobbed for her latest picture, "Sandy"? Notice how I'm up on all the scandal. I think I have been prompt; now you be and write me soon.

**STEPHANIE B.**—Now what am I supposed to do—retract my statement just because your sister learned some new facts? I don't care what happened down there. I'm giving you the straight dope that Johnny Hines told me. He said he was born in Golden, Colorado, but was educated in Pittsburgh, Pa. Now that is my story and I stick to it, even if your sister's husband is a giant. I think you're trying to bully me. If you still don't believe me then write to Johnny at 135 West 44th St., New York City. Say, I'm getting jealous of Herb Howe. All my women send their love to him. Methinks the best way to settle it will be by a duel. The next time I meet Herb on Hollywood Boulevard I'll slap his cheek with my glove. Now see what you've started.

**MARY WINTERS, WILKES-BARRE, PA.**—Al-lene Ray is twenty-five and Walter Miller is thirty-four. Alberta Vaughn will be twenty in June. She's not married—yet, although I can't understand how she escaped. Your question is impossible. I have been following "The Green Archer" serial and have been unable to solve the puzzle. But just wait for a couple of more episodes—it would spoil the fun if you knew from the beginning who was who.

**AUDREY, DETROIT, MICH.**—So you are an understanding admirer of Lloyd Hughes. Attababy! Lloyd can be reached at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. I'll tell him now what you said—Hey, Lloyd! This little girl thinks you were great in "Irene." Of course he reads my column, everyone does. Yes, Mary Pickford, too.

**BARRY, BALTIMORE, MD.**—And you're welcome! I like to receive letters like yours. I think they are charming. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City in 1895. Barthelmess is five feet, seven inches tall, weighs 135 pounds and has dark hair and brown eyes.

**D. M., HAWORTH, OKLA.**—All film stars appreciate their fan mail. It is to them what applause is to the actor behind the footlights. Their fan mail indicates their popularity so you can see no actor neglects it. Some of the players employ secretaries and in some cases a member of the family answers the star's mail. The stars usually see the most intelligent letters written to them. If you enclose twenty-five cents in your letter to your favorite you will receive a photograph. Louise Fazenda is twenty-seven. I'm sorry I couldn't answer all your questions, but think of all the other boys and girls waiting for a reply to their letters.

**J. & L. SMOKE SHOP, NEW YORK CITY.**—Gloria Swanson is five feet, three inches; Norma Talmadge is five feet, two inches. I bet I know what the wager was: that Norma is taller than Gloria. Who wins?

**C. G. B., ONTARIO, CAN.**—Say, lady, I'm not an Elinor Glyn heroine. I should say my life is NOT a bed of roses. I don't think you looked very hard for Richard Dix's address. He's always all over my department and you can always find out what he's working on in The Studio Directory. But I'll overlook it this time and tell you where you may write him—Paramount Studio, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

**A. B., WINNIPEG, CANADA.**—I don't think you are bold, but just a wee bit inquisitive. Well, here goes for all about Leatrice. Leatrice is one who turned to comedies for her first foothold in pictures. Her stage experience covers a period of only eight months in a stock company in San Diego, Cal. She was born in New Orleans, in 1897. She is five feet, three inches tall; weighs 125 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. She is separated from the handsome Jack Gilbert. Leatrice is now under contract to Cecil B. De Mille. Should you care to write her, address your letter in care of the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**I**N writing to the stars for pictures, *Photoplay* advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

**BOUNCING BETTY, PASADENA, CAL.**—At last I am recognized. I am your screen hero. I'm thrilled to death. And you lose sleep over me! Them's happy words, lady. Now I'll have to answer your question—Richard Dix was born on July 18, 1895. You just have time to send him a birthday card at the Paramount Studios, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

**TOPSY, SALIDA, CAL.**—The column is conducted to hand out red-hot information about the stars, not about myself. But since you insist, I suppose I will have to oblige—well I am a cross between Bull Montana and Ben Turpin, try to figure that out. How old?—well, I was one of the crew on Noah's Ark—there's another example to work out. Are you satisfied?

**E. T., HUDSON, N. Y.**—Write to Gloria Swanson, at 522 Fifth Ave., New York City. If you desire a personal reply to your questions please enclose a self-addressed envelope.

**DEUX SAVANTS, BAR HARBOR, MAINE.**—I couldn't quite understand what you were trying to drive at. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, and don't doubt my word about it, either. Cora Williams was the *Aunt* in "Womanhandled."

**BOOTS, GENEVA, OHIO.**—You weren't so very shy on the questions, Puss-In. Richard Dix became interested in the stage following his attendance at the University of Minnesota. He cast aside the profession of a doctor and became an actor. During his early stage career he played with William Faversham and was a member of the Morosco stock company. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., in 1894. He is an even six feet tall and weighs 178 pounds. He has brown hair and eyes and is not married.

**LOUISE BURK, BRAWLEY.**—So you like Margaret Quimby—she is cute, I'll agree. Margaret has sent me some photographs that I have had framed and are before me all the time. She is working at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. The handsome George O'Brien can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**J. E. S., NEW YORK.**—Jobyna Ralston has appeared in six of Harold Lloyd's comedies. Have you heard the good news about Jobyna? She was recently signed to appear in "Sweet Daddies," for First National, and in this Jobyna will have her first dramatic rôle. Many of the famous dramatic actresses of today started in comedies, and who can tell—perhaps this will be the turning point in her career. Jobyna first saw daylight on Nov. 21, 1904. She is five feet, one inch in height and weighs 108 pounds. You can reach her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



Friendly  
Advice on

# Girls'

# Problems

from  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck

**T**HE rosiness of dreams as contrasted to the drabness of reality; the ease of dreams, contrasted to the work of achievement.

How many of you girls write me on that problem. You send long letters telling of the happiness you get lying back in a chair visioning yourselves rich, beautiful, besieged by suitors, and you wonder and wonder if that is the way to go about life.

It isn't.

"Dear Carolyn," writes Betty L., "are dreams the way out of the unfairness that life seems to hold? I'm just seventeen and I find that when I dream of a party and live over in my mind what is going to happen it is always much more lovely than what actually does happen. Because of that I've nearly given up going out with other girls and boys. Sometimes I get very lonely. Sometimes I wish I weren't this way. Is it wrong to live in the world of your imagination? Tell me what to do."

Betty, dear, I tell you to snap out of it. Just that. The land of day dreams is fair and wonderful—and more treacherous than quicksand.

No person can build a successful life without imagination. Everything comes to those who dream, if they dream constructively. It is not the dreaming that counts, not the imagination that counts, but the quality of it.

Consider the cow. She stands for hours in a fair field and chews her cud. Then she lies down and chews her cud. Then she stands up again. So her days go by. Her bovine eyes are the dreamiest in the world. But look at her and her social position!

Too many of us act like spiritual cows.

Nothing comes to the dreamer who dreams and dreams vaguely, uselessly and far away from reality except old age, discontent, spiritual loss and restlessness. A dreaming mind is really a lazy mind.

But you can make your dreams work for you. You can turn them into pure gold of love, romance, friends and worldly success.

Here's how. If you use your dreams to persuade yourself that you are better than this world and therefore unadapted to cope with it, you're sunk. But if you will chain those dreams down to reality, if you will use them to figure out how you can rise out of your present

surroundings, how to win the treasures on earth you desire, you will come up as inevitably as flowers in the spring.

Oh, my dear girls, train your young imaginations to be your servants, not your masters.

When you have mastered yourself, you have mastered the world. You are managing life instead of life managing you. Don't dream on your back. Dream on your feet, ready to run at the first beckoning of opportunity. Think of yourself in the future as charming and rich and wise, but meantime prepare yourself for that happy state. Mastering yourself means such

## Pamphlet on Reducing

Following the announcement that I would send specific instructions on diet, skin troubles, or any other beauty problem, I have been so deluged with requests that as yet it has been absolutely impossible to comply with all of them.

The majority of the letters have asked for instructions on diet and reducing. To comply with these I have had printed a new, eight-page pamphlet, illustrated with exercises that help you reduce in a sane manner. The price of this booklet is ten cents. All other beauty advice will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

To those of you who have written me and not yet heard from me, I ask you to wait just a little longer. Not one of your letters has been lost and you will, every one of you, get a personal reply.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

small things as being on time at the office; in being willing to do more than your share; in being as courteous and charming as the most courteous person you know; in being neat and tidy and in good health; of choosing your clothes carefully and of watching your diet.

The truth is that too many people are not worth a single bit more than the space they take up on earth, and hardly that. To be a distinctive individual really requires very little beyond the will to work, the will to charm, and even the will to love.

Use your head. Dream in the terms of thought and action. Use your feet to move swiftly. Use your good manners to help the other girl or boy and thus establish funds of friendships and loyalties for yourself against the time when you may need them badly. Be brave. Have the courage of your own convictions, after you've checked them off against the convictions of some older, wiser person whom you respect.

The heights are yours, youngsters, if you want them. But remember, nobody ever climbed to them on a chaise longue.

AN UGLY DUCKLING.

You are not ugly, you know. In the little photograph you sent me I see sensitive features and fine eyes. Ugliness is much more a mental than a physical matter. I could name you a long list of women from George Sand to Madame de Stael who were what the world calls very homely, and yet they won fame and fortune. George Sand, whose real name was Amadine Dudevant, had a long, heavy face, but her intelligence so brightened it no one ever noticed its homeliness. Thought, care and attention to grooming and diet can lift a girl, with features as good as yours, into the "pretty" class. The mannish bob has a tendency to accentuate the features and, therefore, I think it might be better for you to wear your hair a little fluffily about your face. You can wear ivory and cream white; mahogany and Negro browns; dark, warm reds; terra cotta and buff and apricot; pink in warm and pale colors. You are not too heavy for your age, so don't worry about dieting. Wear simple, straight line dresses in either one or two pieces. When washing your face cleanse it well around the nose, chin and forehead.

These are the danger spots for almost any one and a little extra attention will go far toward effecting a blackhead cure.

NORMA, LOS ANGELES.

Your skin must be quite oily or you wouldn't have so much trouble with blackheads. I would advise you to cut down on the use of creams and apply more soap and water. The two preparations you have been using are both excellent, although I agree with you that the first is pretty expensive. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]





*With Lux you keep lovely silks,  
chiffons, rayons ever beautiful*

# *Trim sports frocks of silk, flannel, rayon . . Myriad-tinted hosiery . . Exquisite underthings . .*

*More beautiful this year, more perishable. The care you give them is so important . . .*

**F**ROCKS of silk and flannel for sports—of course! And now a new fabric—rayon—appears. This season the coutouriers are using it in so many, many ways. Alone or skilfully combined with flannel, linen, cotton, even silk itself!

This season marks a new brilliance in color, too. Pastel shades are giving way to their brighter, bolder sisters—*color* is the keynote!

All the lovely new underthings of silk, crepe de chine, rayon—hosiery, too—are exquisite, unusual in coloring—various enough to match each and every frock!

And oh! how frail! You hesitate at first to purchase—then you remember Lux—and delightedly bear off the loveliest things of all!

For years Lux has faithfully guarded your fine things—your fragile silks and laces, your delicate woolens. Its bubbling, foaming suds gently cleanse the most perishable fabrics, refresh the most delicate colors *without harm*. That is, of course, if pure water won't harm them!

*Rayon—new, beautiful but fragile  
when wet*

Rayon must always be washed with the greatest care. Rubbing with cake soap may completely ruin it. The safest way to wash rayon is in pure, mild Lux suds.

*Monday's laundry so costly you treat it  
like fine fabrics*

It's not surprising that more and more of your everyday things—now so costly—find their way each week into Lux suds. Lux works such wonders with them—lets you enjoy them so much longer. Almost before you are aware of it you're washing *all* of Monday's laundry in Lux! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



*No matter how delicate, how exquisite  
your frocks, your filmy underthings—silk or  
rayon—if water alone won't harm them  
Lux won't!*

*Now the Big Convenient Package, too*





# "Soldiers of the Legion"

*Beau Geste* reaches the screen



Arab ghoums drag two deserters back to face their fate at Fort Zinderneuf



Ronald Colman, as *Beau Geste*, loses his identity in the French Foreign Legion

The playground of the Foreign Legion. Burning sands—wastes of rolling desert with swift Arab marauders, who appear and vanish again among the dunes—this is the setting for much of the romantic adventure of *Beau Geste*

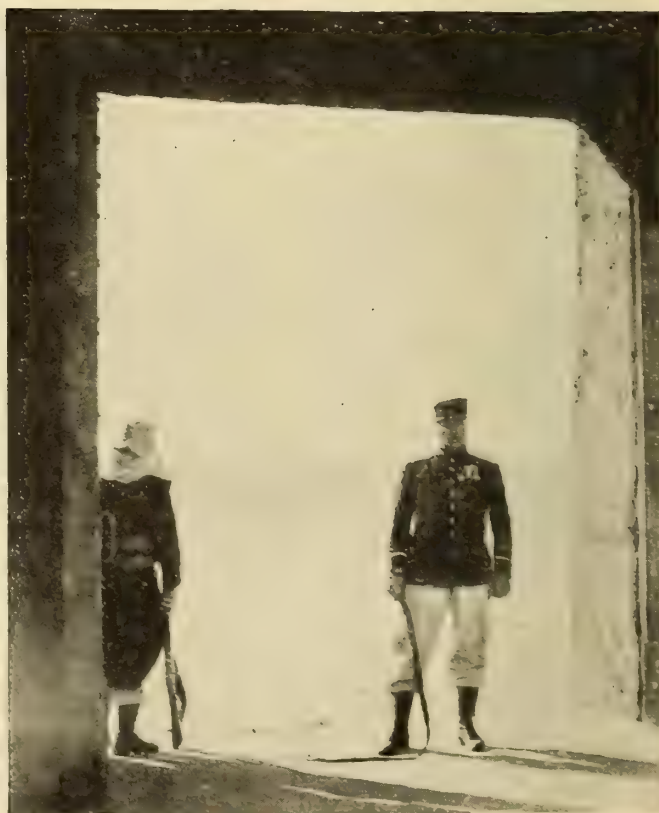


*Michael Geste*, called *Beau*, and his brother, *John*, soldiers both in the French Foreign Legion.  
Ronald Colman and  
Ralph Forbes

*Schwartz*, who led the mutineers. Played by *Bernard Siegel*



*Sergeant-Major Lejaume* (Noah Beery) awaiting the return of deserters





## P E R F U M E S O F Y O U T H



# Youth ~ ~ And The Power of Fragrance

**A** STRANGE THING—fragrance. So unfailing its enchantment; so far-reaching its subtle influence!

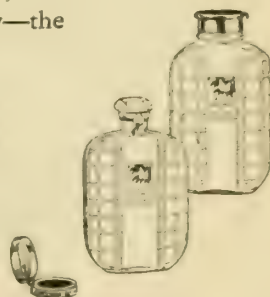
To those sensitive to the appeal of perfume—and everyone is, in some degree—it may conjure up colorful pictures, inspire admiration, heighten charm, or express the spirit of tremulous, unspoken thoughts.

Such is the intangible, but potent allure of April Showers, the perfume of youth. April Showers, the lovely fragrance created by Cheramy, will say to you—and to others—what cannot be put in words.

To have April Showers, *your* perfume, is to have an ever-present aura of beauty—the glow and the romance of youth.

April Showers Bath Salts, perfumed with lovely Springtime fragrance, \$1.00. Face Powder, fine, adherent; in five true tones, light flesh, dark flesh, light brunette, dark brunette and white—75¢.

April Showers Perfume—as exhilarating as a fresh April morning—\$1.00, \$2.50, and \$4.00. Talc, delightfully perfumed—glass jars—50¢. Permanent Rouge, in cream form, orange or carmine shades, 50¢.



## CHERAMY

NEW YORK

Cappi and April Showers

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



# Three Little Girls

from Paramount's School and also from Massachusetts. They are, from left to right and in public and private life, Thelma Todd, Dorothy Nourse and Jeanne Morgan. Graduates of the Zukor-Lasky Seminary, they are under contracts at \$75 a week



**H**AS Paramount discovered where beautiful girls are most numerous?

In choosing eight girls for the Paramount school from more than 25,000 applicants, officials of that company found that three of their eight hand-picked beauties came from one state—the state of Massachusetts.

There was a blonde girl, Thelma Todd, and a dark girl, Dorothy Nourse, and a girl of medium colored hair, Jeanne Morgan, and they all hailed from the district that the Pilgrims first stepped on.

Thelma Todd, the blonde beauty, had been a school teacher, which is what beautiful girls are all too apt to become in New England. Came a beauty contest and Thelma was chosen Miss Massachusetts. The Paramount people saw her in

this stately duty and immediately grabbed her for their acting academy.

Dorothy Nourse came from Boston, the town of the bean and the cod. At sixteen, she was clerking in a department store and picking up the pin-money by being a fashion model and a city winner of beauty ballots. Not yet eighteen, she is the Paramount school's youngest graduate.

Jeanne Morgan, however, only squeezed into the Massachusetts ménage during the last six years. Prior to that time, Jeanne lived in Port of Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies. Jeanne had played a leading part in an amateur movie and a bit in the "Vanities" during their Boston run before she came to the big Astoria schoolhouse to learn how to make her green eyes behave.

## Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

It was only when we were seated that I learned the piece de resistance was snails. I'd often heard of people eating snails—also of Indians scalping people—a good yarn if true—but here I was right up against it myself.

I was game! Had to be, for no one could offend two such charming hosts. So I ate the snails. And honestly they weren't half bad. And the sauce was great.

Of course I didn't let them know this was my first meeting with a snail and a great time was had by all present.

**O**UR military schools are a great thing to develop patriotism.

There is one, the Hollywood Military school, which is attended by the sons of many prominent picture folk and here young Bill Reid, son of Mrs. Wallace Reid, was recently enrolled.

Bill thinks going to a "soldier school" is great, and certainly takes it seriously.

The other day Mrs. Reid and Bill had their car parked in front of a radio store. Just as they were pulling out, the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" sounded over the radio.

Up stood young Bill—as straight as he could, considering the top of the car—and remained at attention as long as he could hear a single bar of the selection. And he was quite enraged at his mother, because she did not stand up too. The fact that Mrs. Reid was driving the car at the time didn't excuse her in young Bill's eyes.

**C**HALK up one for Lambert Hillyer.

Was over on Hillyer's set the other day watching him direct Anna Q. Nilsson in "Miss Nobody." Sinclair Lewis, known to his friends as "Red" and to the general public as

one of our greatest authors, was with me and taking a "close-up" of the industry.

Lewis had just returned from San Francisco and was telling me about a move to have another Statue of Liberty on the west coast—at the Golden Gate, in San Francisco.

Hillyer overheard it and suggested:

"Why build it at the Golden Gate, in San Francisco? I think it would be far more fitting to erect it on the top of the new Los Angeles county jail."

As prisoners have been escaping at will, picking the locks with forks, spoons or what have you, ever since the new bastille was occupied, both Lewis and I were forced to agree that the L. A. County Jail was the place for it.

**B**IG Butter and Egg Men from the West are no longer in vogue with the Hollywood flappers. If you want to buy them a meal nowadays you've got to convince them you're a "Big Land and Swamp Man from Florida." Lew Cody is my authority for this and Lew ought to know.

**A**ND speaking of Cody reminds me of an experience he had one night when making a personal appearance at a Woman's Club Benefit. Lew, who is one of our very best little personal appeareers and is much in demand as toastmaster or after-dinner speaker, entertained his audience on this occasion with some anecdotes about Conrad Nagel and his little daughter.

After the benefit he was approached by an elderly gentleman, who said: "You must

know Conrad Nagel very well. I'm his father."

"Yes," answered Lew, "I'm very fond of Conrad. We did a picture together recently."

"Funny I don't remember seeing you on the screen. I go to all of Conrad's pictures. What was the one you worked with him in?"

"Lawful Larceny!"

"My! My!" exclaimed Nagel senior, "I've seen that picture three times and can't even remember your face."

Tough on Lew for he only had the stellar part.

**B**LANCHE SWEET has just recovered from a serious illness, but is all right once more. Of course nobody knew anything about it until it was all over—that's Blanche's way.

**A**LTHOUGH the engagement has not been announced, there seems to be a pretty definite idea that it exists and that George O'Brien and Olive Borden may celebrate a wedding almost any day now.

You know George has been such a "man's man" and so entirely indifferent to women that everyone was beginning to wonder if he was a bachelor for life.

But since the day little Olive Borden first came on the Fox lot all that has been completely changed. They certainly make a striking looking couple—saw them dancing together up at the Lafayette recently.

**T**OM MIX made a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theater, where one of his pictures was showing the other evening. I happened to be there—never miss a Tom Mix picture, myself—and he was a riot.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 45 ]



# This Ends Oily Skins

This remarkable new way of removing cleansing cream

Lightens darkish skins 4 or 5 shades—instantly

Holds make-up fresh for hours

*Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below*

**H**ERE is a scientific discovery that will prove, no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin . . . you have never removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

May we give you a 7-day supply, without charge, to try?

It is not a cloth, not a makeshift, but an entirely new kind of material. It contrasts the harshness of fibre or tissue methods with a softness that you'll love. It ends the "soiled towel" bother

## A scientific creation

We are makers of absorbents, are world authorities in this field.

On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we started out to perfect a thorough remover for cold cream . . . a right way that would remove it *all*, and *all* the pores' accumulations of dirt, grease and germ-laden residue with it.

Now that exactment has been met. We worked two years to do it. And we're told it marks one of the most important advancements in skin care known.

## What it is

The name is Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—exquisitely dainty, inviting and immaculate—you use it, then discard it.

Scientifically aseptic, it reaches you white as snow, soft as down. It is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or tissue substitute.

**KLEENEX**  
ABSORBENT  
'KERCHIEFS

To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary



Today, largely on the advice of skin specialists, women are flocking to it.

It will effect unique results in the texture and fineness of your skin; in the color and whiteness of your skin.

## Combats oily skins and blemishes

You use cold cream to remove germ-laden accumulations. Old methods removed but part, rubbed the rest back in. That's where eruptions came . . . and those dark appearing skins.

\* \* \*

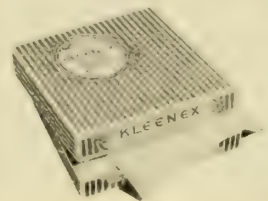
It will correct oily skin and nose conditions amazingly. Oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it. That's why you must powder now so often. \* \* \*

It will double and treble the effectiveness of your make-up . . . will make it last hours longer than before.

That's because it does what no other method can do, what no other even approximates; removes all dirt and grease from the pores.

## Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.



Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes.

## Just make this test

Your make-up holds hours longer than before

Instead of towels, cloths, harsh fibre or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new material—27 times as absorbent!

## First

Remove every bit of germ-laden matter, every particle of dirt, simply by wiping off face.

## Then

—pay particular attention to the nose, so that it will be white and without shine.

## Then

You discard the used sheets—no more soiling of towels.

Boudoir size, sheets  
6 x 7 inches . . . 35c  
Professional size, sheets  
9 x 10 inches . . . 65c

## 7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO.,  
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

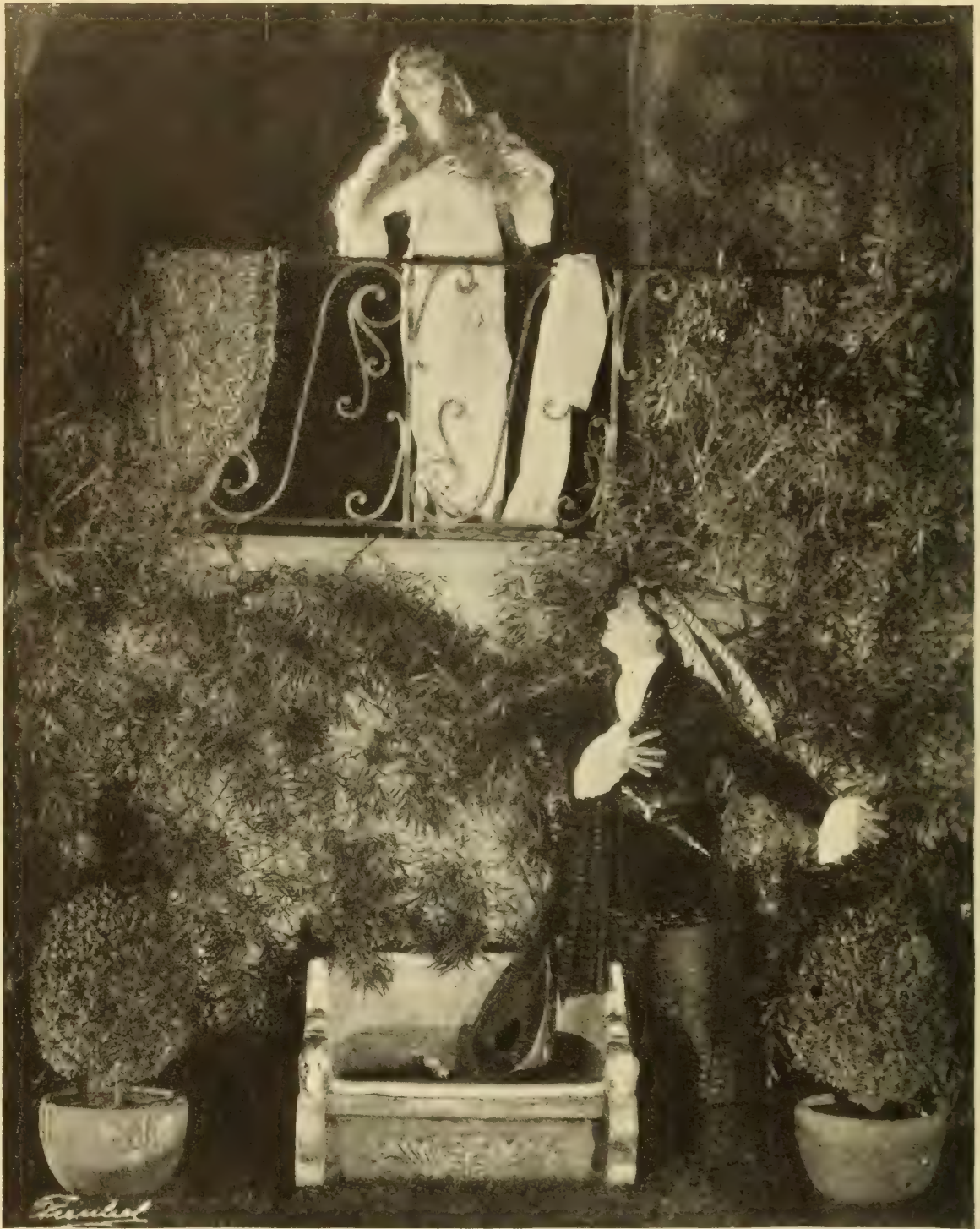
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—as offered.

Name .....

Address .....

Only one packet to a family P. H.-6





“EVERY tongue that speaks but Romeo’s name speaks heavenly eloquence.”

Once more the most beautiful romance ever written, the immortal story of Romeo and Juliet, reaches the screen. Universal is making it with Andre Mattoni, their new German find, and wistful Mary Philbin in the roles of the young lovers.



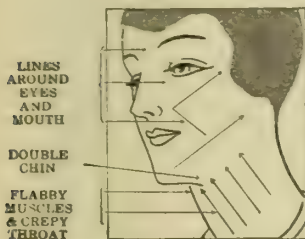
# Her discoveries give *new youth* to famous faces of *Society and Stage*

## Dorothy Gray

Coming to New York ten years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Dorothy Gray, by the discovery of new treatments and preparations for facial rejuvenation, soon became one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, numbering among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register.

If you're beginning  
to show age  
*it will be at one of these  
three places*

The three telltale places which indicate facial age are the double chin, wrinkles and lines around eyes and mouth, thin face with flabby muscles and crépy throat.



Some of the scientific directional methods used by Dorothy Gray in her Fifth Avenue Salon. Now in your own home you can duplicate the action of her marvelous hands by using her unique invention, the Dorothy Gray Patter.

**T**HROUGH her years of experience, Dorothy Gray found that there are three places—weak spots—on a woman's face which unerringly reveal one's years. Correcting them makes a difference that is almost unbelievable.

Experts agree in her estimate that 67% of all women past 25 and 90% past 35 reveal one or more of these conditions.

Up to now, many women have found the battle against facial age a losing one. But Dorothy Gray's delighted clientele has found that it is no longer necessary to let these



DOROTHY GRAY

three telltale places reveal their unpleasant story.

"To look one's age is a folly," says Dorothy Gray, whose world-famous Salon on Fifth Avenue has long been the mecca for the leading women of stage and society.

For the thousands who have come to her, often with the signs of heart-break in their faces, she has performed almost miraculous transformations. Dorothy Gray has become the leading exponent on facial rejuvenation.

Not by harsh surgery, not "face-lifting," not "enameling"—all so temporary and dangerous—but by scientific treatments with her own unique preparations.

Now, all can be had in your own home. You can obtain the identical results—just as if you had come to the New York Salon of Dorothy Gray.

Through her years of practice with a large and fastidious clientele, Dorothy Gray has now perfected systems for home treatment.

You can erase years from your face if you're over 30. If younger, you can prevent age lines from coming prematurely.

A double chin, that first fatal sign of departing youth, can be restored to grace-

ful lines. Droopy, flabby muscles can be "firmed"—sallow skin made glowing—thin and withered skin can be revitalized—lines and crow's-feet around eyes and mouth can be eliminated, erased.

Learn all about Dorothy Gray's famous treatments and preparations. She will gladly give you personal advice. Do not hesitate to tell her your beauty problems. Write in full or use the convenient coupon below.

Dorothy Gray's preparations, with complete directions for treatments, are on sale at fine department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country. If such a store is not conveniently near you, you may order direct.

Mail the coupon or write today.

DOROTHY GRAY, 753 Fifth Avenue, 43  
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how

- ☐ to treat a double chin.
- ☐ to treat flabby muscles and crépy throat.
- ☐ to erase wrinkles and lines around eyes and mouth.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....





## What a Circus

this will be, with Charlie Chaplin, the greatest clown of them all, in the ring! Charlie plays a pathetic ringmaster, hopelessly in love with a beautiful bareback rider. She's Charlie's new discovery, Merna Kennedy, and very likely the whole thing will be called a low-brow comedy for highbrows



# Advertising pays you!

ADVERTISING brings to millions, at reasonable prices, comforts and conveniences which without advertising would be luxuries that only a few could enjoy.

America is an advertising nation. That is one reason why the man with moderate means here enjoys more comforts than most wealthy men abroad.

Because thousands on thousands of people ask for a certain article by the same name, which they have read in the same advertisements, it is possible for the advertiser to sell this item at a minimum of effort.

It is therefore possible to manufacture and to distribute this product at a saving which *you share with the advertiser.*

When you figure the number of these items in your daily life built by advertising, you can appreciate that *advertising does pay you!*



*Advertisements enable you to buy  
better things at less cost*



# What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

## WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

**ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, INC.**, 3800 Mission Road.

William F. Craft directing "The Galloping Cowboy" with Bill Cody.

Noel Smith directing "The Flying Mail" with Al Wilson.

W. S. Van Dyke directing "The Totem Pole Beggar" with Gareth Hughes, Wanda Hawley, Thomas Santschi and Anne Cornwall.

Lloyd Ingraham directing "Lord Hokum" with Edward Everett Horton and Dorothy Devore.

**CHADWICK STUDIOS**, 6070 Sunset Blvd.

Scott Dunlap directing "Winning the Futurity" with Cullen Landis and Clara Horton.

Production will soon start on "April Fool" with Raymond Keane.

**CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS**, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Inactive.

**CHRISTIE STUDIOS**, 6101 Sunset Blvd.

Bobby Vernon, Walter Hiers, Jimmie Adams and Neal Burns, all working on two-reel comedies.

**CECIL DE MILLE STUDIOS**, Culver City, Cal.

William K. Howard directing "Gigolo" with Rod La Rocque, Louise Dresser and Jobyna Ralston.

William de Mille directing "For Alimony Only" with Leatrice Joy.

Frank Urson directing "Her Man of War" with Jetta Goudal.

Donald Crisp directing "Sunny Side Up" with Vera Reynolds.

**FILM BOOKING OFFICES**, 780 Gower St.

Ralph Ince directing and playing the featured role in "Bigger Than Barnum" with Ralph Lewis, George O'Hara and Viola Dana.

F. Harmon Weight has completed "A Poor Girl's Romance" with Creighton Hale, Gertrude Short and Matt Moore.

Percy Pembroke directing "A Fraternity Mix-Up" with Alice Ardell, Gale Henry, Ella McKenzie, Joe Bonner, Will Hayes, Yvonne Howell, Eddie Harris, Al Ford and Jack Goodrich.

**FOX STUDIOS**, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Thomas Buckingham directing "Tom Mix in 'Dead Man's Gold'" with Eva Novak.

Victor Schertzinger directing "The Lily" with Belle Bennett.

Raoul Walsh directing "What Price Glory" with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen and Dolores del Rio.

R. Wm. Neill directing "Madge Bellamy and Edmund Lowe in 'Black Paradise'."

Howard Hawks directing "Flk Leaves" with George O'Brien and Olive Borden.

Ben Stollhoff directing "The Mad Racer" another of the Van Bibber series.

Irvy Cummings directing "Pigs" with Janet Gaynor.

Jack Blystone directing "The Family Upstairs" with Virginia Valli.

Albert Ray directing "No Shannanigans" with Edward Ratcliffe and Charles Rogers.

Albert Ray directing "Too Many Relations" with Kathryn Perry and Hallam Cooley.

Lex Neal directing "The Polar Baron" with Gladys McConnel and Gene Cameron.

**INSPIRATION PICTURES (CLUNE STUDIOS)**, 5350 Melrose Ave.

Production will soon start on "The Amateur Gentleman" with Richard Barthelmess.

**LASKY STUDIOS**, PARAMOUNT, 1520 Vine St.

Marshall Neelan directing "Diplomacy" with Blanche Sweet.

John Waters directing "Born to the West" with Jack Holt and Margaret Morris.

James Cruze directing "Old Ironsides" with Johnny Walker, Charles Farrell, Wallace Beery, George Bancroft and George Godfrey.

Production will soon start on "The College Flirt" with Bebe Daniels.

William Wellman directing "Love, the Magician" with Florence Vidor.

Victor Fleming will direct "The Rough Riders." Cast not named.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS**, Culver City, Cal.

Marcel de Sano directing "In Praise of James Carabine" with Renee Adoree and Ralph Graves.

Eddie Cline directing Jackie Coogan in "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut."

Mauritz Stiller directing "The Temptress" with Greta Garbo, Antonio Moreno, Armand Kaliz, Roy D'Arcy, Antonio D'Algy and Kathleen Key.

Robert Z. Leonard directing "The Waning Sex" with Norma Shearer, Lew Cody, Renee Adoree and Sally O'Neil.

Tod Browning directing "The Road to Mandalay" with Lon Chaney and Lois Moran.

Christy Cabanne directing "Altars of Desire" with Mae Murray.

John Robertson directing "Annie Laurie" with Lillian Gish.

**METROPOLITAN STUDIOS**, 1040 La Palmas Ave.

Corinne Griffith Prod. Svend Gade has completed "Into Her Kingdom" with Corinne Griffith, and Einar Hanson.

Robert Thornby directing "The Speeding Venus" with Priscilla Dean and Robert Frazer.

E. Mason Hopper directing "Almost a Lady" with Marie Prevost.

**UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO**, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Sydney Franklin directing "The Duchess of Buffalo" with Constance Talmadge.

Buster Keaton directing and playing the lead in "The General."

**UNITED STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD.**

First National Prod. Production will soon start on "Senor Daredevil" with Dorothy Devore and Charles Rogers.

Francis Dillon directing "Don Juan's Three Nights" with Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason, Malcolm McGregor and Myrtle Stedman.

F. Harmon Weight directing "Forever After" with Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor.

Sylvano Balboni directing "Sinners in Paradise" with Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson.

Alfred E. Green directing "Orchids and Ermine" with Colleen Moore.

**UNIVERSAL STUDIOS**, Universal City, Cal.

Frank O'Connor directing "Hearts and Spangles" with Wanda Hawley and Robert Gordon.

Scott Dunlap directing "The Better Man" with Richard Talmadge and Ena Gregory.

Cliff Smith directing "The Phantom Bullet" with Hoot Gibson, Eileen Percy and Pat Harmon.

Jacques Jaccard directing "Cap. Fallon, Fire Fighter" with Helen Ferguson.

Willy Wyler directing "Lazy Lightning" with Art Acord.

Lynn Reynolds directing "Prisoners of the Storm" with House Peters, Eileen Percy and Allan Forrest.

Melville Brown directing "Her Big Night" with Laura La Plante.

E. A. Dupont directing "Love Me and the World Is Mine" with Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry and Andre Mattoni.

Del Henderson directing "Fighting Foundling" with Jack Hoxie.

Mason Noel directing "The Gallant Fool" with Richard Talmadge and Clara Horton.

**WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO**, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Passionate Quest" with Mae McAvoy.

Production will soon start on "The Footloose Widow" with Jann, Luc Logan and Louise Lenz.

Ernest Lubet, directing "Revolution" with Patsy Ruth Miller and Monte Bille.

Charles Rosner directing "The Better Ole" with Syd Chaplin and Boris Hill.

## EAST COAST

**BIOGRAPH STUDIOS**, 807 East 175th St.

Al Santel directing "Subway Sadie" with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

Chas. Brabin directing "Mismates" with Doris Kenyon, Warner Baxter and May Allison.

Irwin Willat directing "Paradise" with Milton Sills and Betty Bronson.

**COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS**, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Robert Kane Prod. Howard Higgins directing "The Great Deception" with Aileen Pringle and Ben Lyon.

**PARAMOUNT STUDIOS**, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City.

D. W. Griffith directing "An American Tragedy" with Glenn Hunter.

Allan Dwan directing "Tin Gods" with Thomas Meighan and Renee Adoree.

## EUROPE

**IN NICE, FRANCE.**

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Rex Ingram directing "The Magician" with Alice Terry.

**IN ENGLAND.**

Graham Wilcox Prod. Production will soon start on "Madame Pompadore" with Dorothy Gish and Antonio Moreno.

## BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount) 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Al Lichtman Corp., 1650 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 35th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.



## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

### For Pure Yachts

Daytona Beach, Fla.

Wicked yachts—sinfilled yachts—in a word—movie yachts! Invariably they are settings for rich dissolute villains—for schemes to entice guileless heroines—for orgies ended by boiler explosions or retribution equally sensational. Why? Who are we, the fans, to know? We are only sure that if there be a yacht in the picture, no matter how beautiful—evil invests its decks. No matter how gleaming white—a baleful decadence besmirches its purity. There was "The Isle of Conquest," in which Norma Talmadge leapt from her drunken husband's yacht into the briny deep, with her lover close at her side. This craft, with its pleasure mad cargo, sunk—unwept and unsung—as so many have since then.

Along with yacht destruction flourish the natty sea going heart jugglers, Lew Cody, John Davidson and other rich, devilish captains, who always die some suitably horrible death.

In their wake follow tales of flappers—bad little good girls—who threaten to plunge into the inky waters if their abductors advance "one step nearer"—and sometimes make good!

Always things of exquisite beauty—these outcast yachts—things we'd love to own and enjoy, were it not for the fear of thereby becoming persons of frightful reputations and utter moral wreckage.

Can't someone redeem a yacht?

T. M. KENGIE.

### The Barber Shop Wail

Pittsburgh, Pa.

I would like Pola Negri, Leatrice Joy, Bessie Love, Laura La Plante, Alice Joyce and any one else who has an abbreviated or "freak" hair cut and who has escaped my notice, to be spirited away and kept in hiding until the mutilated locks have assumed a normal appearance and the owners look once more like charming women, which was their original state.

Wise girl is Eleanor Boardman. She realizes the gifts the Lord bestowed upon her, those of charming womanliness and appearance and she capitalizes them. No hair cuts for her.

Also, please, Miss Shearer, release your beautiful hair from that slickered back Francis White arrangement and allow it to fall gracefully around your pretty face. That's all for the present, thank you!

MRS. P. W. H.

### You Said It

Birmingham, Ala.

When is a picture show not a picture show?

When the picture houses persist in presenting so-called "added attractions," such as magicians, trick players on saws and one-string fiddles, Hawaiian ukulele players, singers of mushy sentimental songs, and other items that are neither pictures nor pertaining to pictures.

Instead of trying to trick the public into the theater with such items let the producers exercise a little more care in choosing stories and players for their program features. Let them use more cleverness and imagination in producing these pictures so they will be more like entertainment and less like strings of sausages.

The future of the photoplay, I believe, lies not so much in the occasional special feature production as in a high quality of program pictures that are shown every day.

The picture producer must show his faith in his own line by sticking to it. We don't need "added attractions." We need better pictures!

ADRIAN ANDERSON.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



### Send the Coupon

Let us send you a full 10-day tube. Note how teeth lighten and gums become firm when those dingy film coats go.

# They've Stopped

Spoiling attractive smiles now with cloudy teeth—you whiten dull teeth and Firm the Gums remarkably this new way

HERE is a way to whiten cloudy teeth that leading dentists of the world approve. It marks a new era in tooth and gum care. It is changing the tooth cleaning habits of the world.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth. Your teeth will be amazingly lighter; your gums firmer and of healthy color.

In fairness to yourself, please try it. Just send the coupon.

*Teeth disfigured by film. The health of gums imperiled*

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions

breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

### Brushing won't end it

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

*It removes that film and Firms the Gums*

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

FREE <b>Pepsodent</b> <small>PAT OFF</small>	
Mail this for REGUS.	
10-Day Tube	The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities	
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,	
Dept. 365, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.	
Name .....	
Address .....	Only one tube to a family

Canadian Office and Laboratories:  
191 George St., Toronto, Canada  
London Office:  
42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1  
The Pepsodent Co., Ltd.  
137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





*"We had lived  
that hour  
before!"*

*"—and a strange feeling came over me that you and I—alone together—had lived that hour centuries ago in the lamp-starred silence of a vanished hall. Did you sense the mystery in the air about us? Did the same strange feeling come to you?"*

FROM HER DIARY:

*"It was the most romantic hour we ever spent together. The temple incense—that was it!"*

**F**AIR women of the ancient East used, like a spell, the elusive fragrances of temple incense to make their beauty still more fascinating. Vantine's Temple Incense offers women of today the same strangely powerful secret, to surround themselves with the glamor of romance. In six delightful odors at drug and department stores.

What mysterious charm can incense give you?

*A sample of each fragrance  
sent on receipt of ten cents.*

A. A. VANTINE & CO., Inc.

(Dept. 3) 71 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Lois Moran, who needed only one part to make her a personage

## The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

**S**PRINGTIME and Lois Moran! Could any other girl grace the June cover of PHOTOPLAY more appropriately than this little Irish girl, with her happy smile, her shining eyes and hair, and her sixteen years?

Lois belongs to the illustrious ranks of the screen's younger stars, those remarkable youngsters who are making mature actors and actresses watch them with amazement.

Perhaps it was her training up to that time that helped her to her quick triumph. She has one of the wisest and most poised mothers in all filmdom. Mrs. Moran, a widow, decided when Lois was a baby that she wanted her to be an actress. But, instead of dragging the little girl wearily around casting offices, she did much better. She gave her an edu-

cation; a worldly, artistic, cultural education.

Among other things Lois learned to dance, not simply to trip around gracefully, but to dance so well that she got an engagement to be in the ballet of the Paris Opera.

Paris is not given to particularly young ballerinas and an infant like Lois simply couldn't stay unnoticed.

A French movie producer observed her and signed Lois for two films. It was one of these productions that Samuel Goldwyn saw.

Lois hasn't had an idle day since "Stella Dallas" was released. Despite the gentle kidding that has gone on at Lois' expense, because of her raw vegetable diet, she has actually needed to be taken care of most solicitously in order to maintain the pace her talents set for her.

In the last six months Lois has played the romantic girl in Richard Barthelmess' "Just Suppose"; Belle Bennett's daughter once more in "The Reckless Lady"; then a lead all her own in Paramount's "Padlocked," which is yet to be released, and the latest good news of her is that she has been signed by Metro to play opposite Lon Chaney in "The Road to Mandalay."



## Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

On the vaudeville bill on this evening with Tom was a little chap by the name of Johnny Agee, rated by Tom as the finest trainer of horses in the world. He was for many years with Ringling Brothers. The two came out on the stage together and talked over old times and Agee told the following one on Tom.

HE said he was in a small hotel in a small and pretty wild town in Montana, in the old days, and was sitting up in his room when Tom came up to visit him and they had a little drink. Just then somebody knocked and Agee went out. It was the hotel proprietor, who asked: "Do you know who that is in there with you?"

"Why sure," said Agee, "that's Tom Mix."

"Well, there's a posse of deputy sheriffs down stairs looking for him, that's all I know," said the proprietor.

Agee went in and told Tom, and Tom looked out the window. It was a long jump. Then he shifted his gun from his hip around to the middle of his stomach and said: "Well, Johnny, I guess I better have another little drink before I go down."

Tom looked horribly embarrassed and then he said: "Say, Johnny, maybe you'd ought not to have told them. I was right young and headstrong in them days. You know I got to be a sheriff myself after a while."

WHEREUPON he topped it with the story about a colored recruit in the World War who was receiving some instructions from his captain. "Now, when you go up against those German guns, you want to run zig-zag." The darky looked at him solemnly a moment and then inquired: "Captain, suh, what is that zig-zag?" The captain explained, and the darky said: "I see. You wants me to run crooked like." A few weeks later the captain saw this same soldier in hospital.

"Well, Rufus, this is too bad. What happened?"

"Why, captain, suh," said the boy, "I guess I run zig when I should uv run zag. Anyway, a bullet kitched me."

COLLEEN MOORE and her husband, John McCormick, are planning a unique vacation, to be taken early this summer. They are going camping, and when they say camping, they mean camping.

"None of this de luxe stuff," said Colleen. "We're going to rough it, do our own cooking and carry our bed in the pack. And I'm going to wear the clothes I have in 'Ella Cinders.' I think for once we'll really get a complete change and rest."

REALLY, I sometimes think Hollywood and Beverly Hills hostesses ought to feel a little ashamed of themselves. To let a mere man carry off the palm for the most charming and delightful parties given. But certainly George Fitzmaurice's are the very nicest and no one has yet equalled him in the art of a perfectly arranged dinner, a perfectly assorted guest list and a good time for everybody.

His dinner party for Mr. and Mrs. John S. Robertson was one of the nicest things he has ever had and certainly must have been a wonderful welcome for the Robertson's, who just got out here from the east. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Captain and Mrs. Alastair William Mackintosh (Constance Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. C. Gardner Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Henry King.

MRS. THOMAS H. INCE recently had as her house guest for several weeks the internationally popular actress, Nora Bayes.



Who would have ordinary ankles, like those above, when—"Onyx Pointex," shown at the left, can slenderize the same ankles so beautifully?

## Ankles look so different when slenderized this way!



Leading stores everywhere sell the "Pointex" styles listed below:

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| Silk, with Lisle Top                                     |          |
| Style 155, Medium weight                                 | \$1.65   |
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| Style 355, "Sheresilk"                                   |          |
| Pure Thread Silk   |          |
| Style 350, Service weight                                | } \$2.75 |
| Style 450, "Sheresilk", the finest web of silken strands |          |

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men admire  
and women envy....

**M**EN admire real beauty—color as natural as Nature herself—but more lovely.

That's why clever women are using Tangee. It's the only make-up they can trust to give them that warm, rich, natural glow that's so alluring ... *for it changes color to blend with each complexion.*

### Tangee Lipstick is color magic.

In its trim little gunmetal case, Tangee Lipstick is orange—but on your lips it is *blush-rose*—and waterproof—rubproof—and absolutely harmless.

### A Greaseless Crème Rouge

Tangee Crème Rouge has all the wonderful qualities of the lipstick—and spreads so easily—blends so perfectly—and stays on all day without fading or rubbing off.

### The Perfect Rouge Compact

The same Tangee Rouge in caked powder form—with puff and mirror—to take with you in your purse, and use when you go from daylight to artificial light.

When you use these three "Friends of Beauty" you will have the self-confidence that comes from knowing your color is right!



\* **TANGEE**  
Be Beautiful with Tangee

Caution: Do not let anyone offer you "something just as good." All substitutes are inferior. Look for TANGEE in orange letters on each container. Tangee Crème Rouge, \$1. Tangee Lipstick, \$1. Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c.

#### Introductory Offer

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full size Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous tree sample of Tangee Crème Rouge, and (3) "The Art of Make-up" written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer's name will be appreciated.)

Dept. 54, THE GEORGE W. LUFF CO.,  
417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Maybe "It's the old army game," but it's certainly a new camera in W. C. Fields' first starring picture. Cameraman Alvin Wyckoff strapped this gyroscopic camera to his chest so he could photograph Fields' continuous movements. The other chap is Director Eddie Sutherland

Having finished a vaudeville tour, Miss Bayes went out to the delightful Ince home, in the canyons of Beverly Hills, for a rest. One Sunday, Nell had open house all afternoon and evening for friends invited to meet Miss Bayes, and the whole hillside was a mass of color and merriment.

Incidentally, it looks as though Nora Bayes, who has several adopted children of her own, had actually persuaded Mrs. Ince to adopt a little girl. There are three Ince boys, you know, Bill, Tom and Dick, but Mrs. Ince has always wanted a girl as well.

She hasn't selected one yet, but she is looking around.

**JACK CONWAY'S** hillside bungalow was the scene of an entrancing party the other night. Naturally, it started out on the right foot by being a welcome home to Norma Shearer, who had just returned from New York. But the lovely part of it was that John McCormack, who has been in Los Angeles several weeks giving concerts, came in about half-way through the evening and was in a singing mood. He stood around near the piano and sang song after song as Miss Shearer or some other guest begged for a favorite and it was an evening nobody who was there will ever forget.

**THE** preview of "Kiki" in Beverly Hills started a perfect riot of praise for Norma Talmadge's work in the title rôle. Not since "Smilin' Through" have the hard-boiled eggs of the picture colony showered such unstinted praise upon Norma's work.

Nobody, they say, could have been as good. It's interesting to hear them, for almost everyone had seen Lenore Ulrich's stage performance, and there was a great deal of discussion as to who would be the proper screen actress to play the part. Norma wasn't first choice by any means. But she's proved again her unusual ability to play any sort of a rôle just a little better than you could possibly expect her to.

**W**HEN Colleen called up on the afternoon of the opening of "Irene," at Grauman's Million Dollar theater in Los Angeles, she said: "I'm so nervous my teeth are chattering. Remember, it's my first opening."

And it shows the great strides Colleen Moore has made the past year to realize that her picture followed Douglas Fairbanks' "Don Q," and preceded Harold Lloyd's "For Heaven's Sake." Big company.

Well, she didn't need to be the least bit nervous about that opening for it was a huge success, not only in the distinguished audience that attended, but in the hilarity that followed, for everybody adored the picture, which always makes openings a lot easier.

Colleen made a personal appearance following the picture, being carried in on a large covered clothes basket of the kind she herself carries in "Irene." When Charlie Murray called for her, she popped out, and made a graceful bow and the shortest speech ever recorded. She wore the "dear little Alice blue gown" of "Irene's" fondest memory and looked lovely.

**MR. AND MRS. TOM MIX** were there. Mrs. Mix in a peacock blue evening gown, held tight with sequins, and a velvet cloak trimmed with sable. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd were with them, and Mrs. Lloyd was in pale pink chiffon and a white crepe de chine evening wrap with ermine collar. Dick Barthelmess and Barbara Bennett were in Miss Moore's party, and I had a glimpse of Norma Shearer, very stunning in a wonderful shade of green. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, George Fitzmaurice and Florence Vidor, all in scarlet, with a scarlet velvet coat topped by a silver fox collar; Dorothy Mackaill, Virginia Valli, George O'Brien and Olive Borden, in white and rhinestones, with a white velvet cape; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis S. Stone, Anna Q. Nilsson, in something peach-colored and very becoming, and waving a huge feather fan; Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, Kathleen Clifford,



Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), very stunning in a tight-fitting gown of cloth of gold and her new slick hair cut; Leatrice Joy and her brother, Leatrice in softest white, which is always so becoming to her at night; Mary Astor, in black chiton over some lovely shade of pink; Jack Barrymore—Oh, everybody turned out to give Colleen a hand.

**B**ILLING is up all over Hollywood announcing the appearance at a local vaudeville theater of Mrs. Rudolph Valentino (Natacha Rambova) in a flicker entitled, "When Love Grows Cold."

One can't help wondering whether Rudy and Pola will attend.

**L**ENORE COFFEY, who is Cecil De Mille's latest find and wrote the continuity on "The Volga Boatman," has a very gorgeous Persian cat, which was recently hired to play the title rôle with Betty Bronson in "The Cat's Pajamas."

The other morning Miss Coffey was having her breakfast and romping with the cat when the maid came in and said in a very superior tone: "The cat's limousine has called, Miss Coffey."

"Which is worse," said Miss Coffey in telling it, "than the cat's pajamas."

**A** CHAPTER in Hollywood history is closed. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have gone to Europe for a year, maybe two years, and Pickfair is for sale.

Mary and Doug have reigned so graciously and sweetly and the lovely home on the hill, with its sloping roofs and charming gardens, has been so intimately associated with their happy married life, that everyone feels as though nothing would be quite the same without them.

When they come back to California again, Doug and Mary will begin work on their new home down near San Juan Capistrano, where Doug intends to create a Spanish-California rancho and live the life of the old dons.

While they are in Europe, Doug and Mary hope to make one picture together.

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, junior, who is taller than his father and getting better looking every day, was dining at Pickfair one



Rod La Rocque, how do you get this way? You send us this fancy photo, calling it a straight picture, not blaming the make-up on a part or anything. Rod, cut the bracelets and monocle. You're a nice regular guy. Don't let the Latins kid you

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evening with Douglas, senior, and Mary. Elinor Glyn was also in the party.

"Do let me tell your fortune," she said to the young man, who surrendered his palm eagerly, for Mrs. Glyn is famous as a clairvoyant.

"I see," said Mrs. Glyn, peering down through half-shut lids, "that you are going to have a love affair with a woman much older than yourself, which will have a great influence upon your life."

"That sounds like an invitation, young man," said Douglas, senior.

**H**AVE you ever breathed a pining sigh and said: "I wish I were in Pola Negri's shoes"?

You could have been, for a small sum, if you had attended the auction sale that Lasky's wardrobe department held recently.

As it was, a dainty miss of over two hundred pounds got the red satin slippers Pola wore in "Flower of the Night." Got 'em for a few pennies, too. But she won't have much pleasure in them, for she has bunions.

And the lovely negligee that Florence Vidor wore in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter." No, not the dress that Menjou spilled cream on! It was the negligee with all the maribou and it went to a Main street cook who will probably wear it when she teas the policeman.

And, can you imagine! That beaded harem costume of Greta Nissen's went to a large-proportioned lady from St. Louis.

Clara Bow's gay negligee worn in "The Runaway" was auctioned off for a mere fraction to a studio carpenter. "Want it for the old woman!" he grunted, as he hastily edged away.

**A**N engagement, a marriage and a divorce. That is the cycle of cinema news this month.

First, the engagement of Clara Bow to Gilbert Roland has had its western premiere. It was announced in the east some time ago, but Clara and Gilbert thought it worthy of a special western showing, so they re-announced it to their Hollywood friends, who were not the least bit surprised. It budded and bloomed during the making of "The Plastic Age." And when "The Plastic Age" had crystallized (or does it congeal?) the Bow-Roland engagement was still very much in existence. Now the wedding chimes.

Then, the marriage of Vivian Martin to Arthur W. Samuels, who is a composer. Lately Vivian has been playing on the stage, but about eight years ago she was one of the film's leading players. One of her particularly pleasing performances was with Jack Pickford in "The Girl from Home." and she was also starred in a series of pictures. Her latest stage work was in "Just Married" and so she was. It took place in the studio-apartment of Neysa McMein, whose palette productions are seen on the covers of many magazines.

And lastly, the divorce of Vera Reynolds from Carl T. Montgomery, in which little Vera, who has been recently elevated to DeMille stardom, claims that her hubby of five years was as fickle as an April's day. And the suit reveals that Vera's name is Norma Montgomery. But the decree has not been granted yet, for Hubby Montgomery is reluctant to lose his pretty wife, despite allegations, and has petitioned that the divorce action be dismissed.

**ELEANOR BOARDMAN** is the lucky girl who went the farthest in the film world during 1925. At least that was the unanimous decision of dramatic critics who have watched her ascent. This verdict was brought to light when Murray Phillips, who was Miss Boardman's agent, brought suit in New York for a



Most of the reflected glory of Dolores Costello's sudden fame has fallen on her dad, Maurice Costello. But here mother comes in for a share, as well as sister Helene. "Just wait till Helene gets the lucky break," prophesies the exquisite Dolores. "Then you'll see real acting"



commission he claimed she failed to pay when he secured her a contract.

The Wampus boys agree with the critics on the score of her signal achievement, as they presented her with their silver loving cup at their annual ball—a cup which yearly is given to the most outstanding screen success of the year.

THEY tell me over at Lasky's that they plan to build an interviewers' room when they migrate to their new quarters at the old United Studios, just purchased for a million or so by the Paramount people.

It is to be a high-walled cell, with no windows and but a single door. Deep-cushioned chairs, padded floors and softly-glowing lights are to be features. Sounds interesting, and certainly conducive to good impressions by star and interviewer. Rose-colored lights are so flattering.

But why no windows? And is there to be a guard placed outside that sole door?

HOBART BOSWORTH doesn't know what the young generation is coming to. The other evening, at a party in Hollywood, he pulled out a cigarette and, before lighting it, turned to the sweet thing sitting at his side:

"Do you mind if I smoke?"

The girl—eyeing him from mascarded orb—replied:

"I don't care if you burn!"

THE entire motion picture industry paid homage to Carl Laemmle at a huge banquet recently. They paid high compliment to the Grand Old Man of the Films, and paid it at the rate of ten dollars a plate, which is quite a sum for the privilege of singing encomiums to someone else.

However, many celebrities, such as Bert Lytell, King Baggott, J. Stuart Blackton, Henry MacRea, Irving Thalberg, Donald Ogden Stewart, Joseph Jackson, Edwin Carewe, Fred Beeton and countless others were there—and not on passes either—to greet the man who twenty years ago founded what is today one of the biggest film organizations in the world, the Universal Film Company.

There was present at the feast E. P. Butler, the man who, forty years ago, gave Laemmle his first job at six dollars a week, and at one end of the Ambassador dining room the original Laemmle-operated theater, "The White Front," was duplicated, from which a clever program was given, including one of Mary Pickford's first two-reel pictures.

Everyone seemed to enjoy paying homage to Mr. Laemmle—even if it was at ten dollars per.

THE man who put George Washington on a level with us ordinary mortals returned from his rumpus-stirring eastern trip and the first person he met when he stepped from the train in Los Angeles was old George himself, even to epaulets and tricorne-shaped hat.

They say that Rupert Hughes, the learned individual who dared to make of Washington a mortal man, instead of a pedestaled figure of history, paled as George approached.

And George set up a terrible howl and threatened to sue for libel, but Hughes grinned as he recognized an extra man whom he had used in many of his motion pictures, and then posed for the cameraman with "George's" hand in his.

It was just one of those Hollywood pranks, but it created a lot of fun for the friends of Hughes who went to the train to greet him.

LEATRICE JOY had the most dreadful time at the Montmartre the other day. She was all dressed in a fluffy cherry colored organdy and she just didn't know how to make it behave.

"What's the matter, Letty?" I queried. "You act as if you had never worn dresses before."

"I haven't, for five weeks. I've been wearing boy's clothing—trousers, flannel shirt and everything—for 'Eve's Leaves,' and these danged ruffles annoy me horribly!"

## CASHMERE BOUQUET



## Now—a fine "hard-milled" soap that fairly caresses your skin

What girl does not long for a skin with rose-petal tints and texture? Everybody admires a lovely complexion. Beauty inspires the kneeling courtier . . . leads on to love and happiness.

### Advice of Skin Specialists

*If you go to a reputable dermatologist—a physician who knows all about skin and treatments for it—he will be sure to tell you that water and the right soap should be used every day to keep your skin youthfully fresh and smooth.*

But be sure you use the right soap—one that is firm, not sudsy; one that cleanses the pores but does not clog them.

Choose Cashmere Bouquet as the soap for your face, your hands and the delicate skin of your neck and shoulders. Cashmere Bouquet is "hard-milled," which means that each cake is put through special processes which make it firm and hard—not the least bit

sudgy. Its lather is all lather. There is no undissolved soap to crowd into pores, stay there and cause enlarged pores and then—blemishes.

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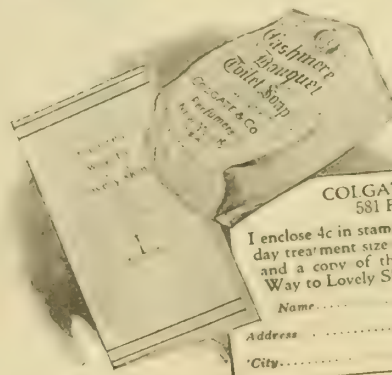
But let's get back to the subject of Cashmere Bouquet and your skin.

### Try this Treatment—Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips.

Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel.

If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.



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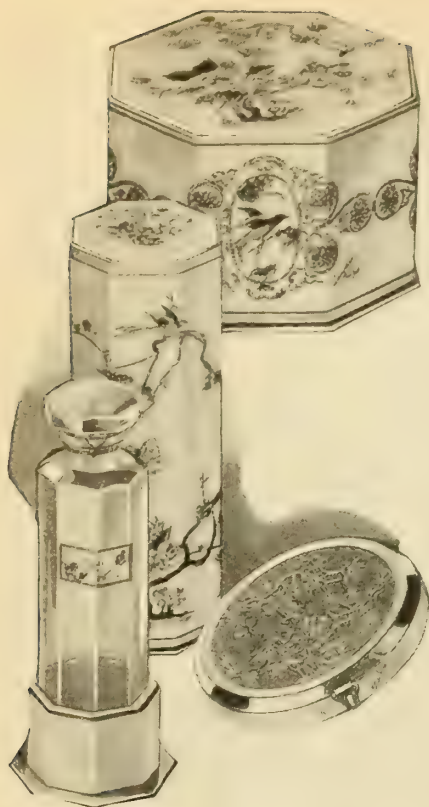
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You will recognize it by this sign  
Liggett's are also **Rexall** stores



D. W. Griffith calls this gentleman the most distinctive individual to reach the screen. He is Ivan Lebedeff, who was trained in Russia's school for ambassadors, where the first requirement is that the boy's family be of the nobility with a century's record for achievement. . . . And now he's in "The Sorrows of Satan"

And she gave the cherry-colored founce a terrible scowl.

I must look up my "Outline of History." I didn't know they had a pants factory in Eden.

**C**ORINNE GRIFFITH'S contract with First National expires in October and already producers are sending flowers to "the world's most beautiful" with tentative offers. Joseph Schenck, of the United Artists, is said to be interested in directing Corinne's future, while it is certain First National will want her to continue to reap the harvest for them as she did with "Classified", one of the greatest box-office successes of the year. Some time ago the Warner Brothers offered her a large salary, which was rejected, and then asked her to write her own ticket. It is understood that Corinne favors the individual unit plan, such as employed by First National and United Artists, but is not interested in signing with anyone until the expiration of her contract. In any event she will take a vacation of several months, probably touring Europe. Her latest role is that of the ill-fated Russian princess, *Tatiana*, in "Into Her Kingdom."

**C**HATTING to Doris Kenyon the other day. That beautiful talented girl admitted she had a past—a past in which a plumed hat figured prominently.

It was when she was a very little girl.

It seems the youthful Doris had to wear a brace on her teeth and it was the bane of her existence. She hadn't heard of Elinor Glyn at that date nor the movies, but she was very well aware that the brace around her teeth ruined her charms for masculine eyes. She wanted to have boys walking home from Sunday School

with her, and she never did. All of which she blamed on the excess dentistry.

It worried her a whole lot and she sought for other wiles. Her mother, being a lady of taste, dressed Doris very simply. All the other girls at Sunday School had hats with plumes on them. All, that is, except Doris. There she was with a brace on her teeth and no plume on her hat. Her sex appeal was nearly smashed to smithereens.

Then there came to the same church and to sing in the same choir with Doris and hold up the other side of the hymn book, a wonderful new boy. Doris felt she had to win him. So she saved her pennies, almost one might say, religiously. She saved till she got enough to buy a plume. And buy a plume she did and put it on her Sunday hat.

Here is the happy ending. That Sunday the new boy walked home with Doris.

**L**OUIS B. MAYER is so glad he's got Greta Garbo under contract that he's almost willing to give her the car she craves. The slender Swedish import proved so fine in her first American-made picture, Ibanez' "Torrent," that her second, also taken from a novel by Senor Ibanez, is being made into one of those super-specials and will, if rumor is true, replace "La Boheme" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Embassy Theater on Broadway.

Yet an automobile almost kept Greta from Metro. Mayer had seen Miss Garbo's work in a foreign made film, "The Atonement of Gosta Berling." This picture, incidentally, was directed by Mauritz Stiller, who is directing the second Garbo opus, and it is considered an artistic gem, but a positive flop as far as American audiences are concerned. For that



reason it probably will never be released here.

Immediately after witnessing the film, Mayer got in touch with the young actress. Miss Garbo agreed to all the terms of contract Mr. Mayer offered, except one. There was no automobile in her contract. Greta explained that she knew very well all American movie stars had a private car. So she wanted a car. And it took an awful amount of explaining on Mr. Mayer's part to persuade her that the stars really purchased their limousines.

**G**RADUATION exercises from a film academy certainly have commencement at the little red school house backed off the boards.

It was a grand and glorious party. Famous Players-Lasky threw for the first graduation class of its Paramount school of acting. They staged it at the Ritz in New York City, and the Paramount officials, the Paramount stars and the ever-hungry press were there to eat and look on.

The sixteen junior stars were seated at the speakers' table. The eight girls were on one side and the eight boys on the other, with Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor sitting between them, beaming like a pair of benign and benevolent uncles. Weighing down either end of the festal board were Adolphe Menjou and Richard Dix. Lois Wilson was the only feminine star present, but she scored by being the smartest dressed woman in the room. Her gown was enough to make the girl students weep with envy. Very short, very tight, it was cut in a princess model that let one see a great deal of Lois. The material was brocaded silver cloth and it was untrimmed, except for a huge bow of material, lined with scarlet, that rested on Lois' left hip. Lois has been learning the Charleston and as the evening waxed she did her steps for the company.

When dinner was finished at eleven, they showed the Paramount School's first picture, "Fascinating Youth." Sam Wood directed it and Byron Morgan, who wrote most of Wally Reid's racing stories, created the plot. Nobody expected the picture to be much good and everybody was agreeably disappointed. For the picture has all its title guarantees, youth and naivete, and, considering that the youngsters have been only six months in training, some very good acting. They followed the film with a trailer made of the students when they had been in the school only three months and it was as good an argument for studying acting under competent instructors as could have been devised.

Then just to make it seem like a real school, Mr. Lasky awarded diplomas to the starlets in the form of contracts for their services during the next year at \$75 a week, and a guarantee that three more school pictures would be made, employing all of them. Lasky said in his speech that these students were Paramount's answer to the fan's demand for new faces. The sixteen junior stars were selected from more than forty thousand applicants.

In their six months, the youngsters have learned stage dancing, including the Charleston, fencing, swimming and general gymnastics as well as straight dramatic technique.

The feeling of the onlookers seemed to be that one or two of the boys may have stellar possibilities. Charles Rogers, whom they selected to play the lead in the school picture, is already working on "Beau Geste." Last year he was still a student at the University of Kansas. He's a handsome chap and at the moment seems to have more talent and screen charm than any of the others. All the girls appear too mature and sophisticated for film debutantes.

**A**BOUT two hundred reels of movie films, including feature pictures, comedies and news reels, were recently donated to the leper colony in Balboa, Canal Zone, by the motion picture industry.

These prints sent to the lepers, upon reaching their destination, will automatically sever all connection with the outside world, for they can never be used outside the leper colony again.

What a boon to these benighted souls will these old reels of film be.

**P**OLA had a small and select welcome home party for Rudy when he returned to Hollywood.

Among the guests were: Agnes Ayres and her husband, Manuel Reach; George Fitzmaurice, Sidney Olcott, George Ullman, Valentino's business manager, and the sheik's brother and his wife.

**R**UDY has not returned to his Whitley Heights home with the terraced gardens, the aviary, the purple and gold bedroom and scarlet and black living room designed by Natacha Rambova as a suitable background for their married life. He has gone to the new home in Beverly Hills, where there is little to remind him of the romance that has flown.



CLAIRE WINDSOR, CONRAD NAGEL  
in "Dance Madness"—new  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production

## Let's Go!

Your hair smartly  
smooth—all evening

**D**INNER, theater, dancing . . . Once you would have had to worry how your hair looked . . . All evening you would have been uneasy.

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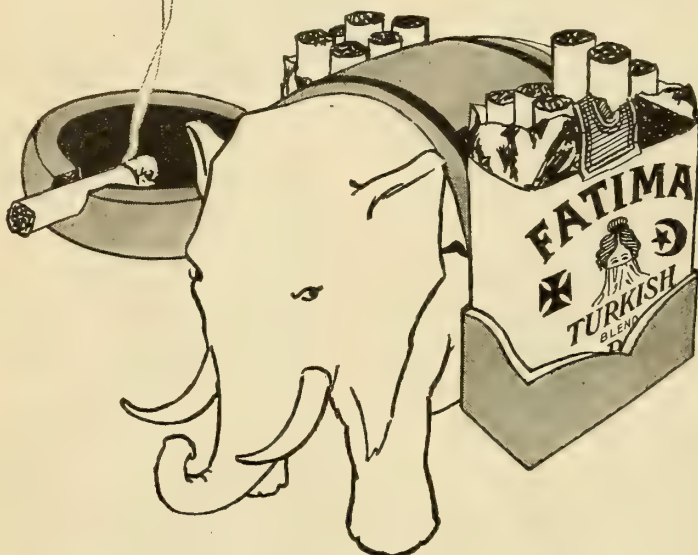


No, no, readers. Carmel Myers has not got a swelled head. It's simply the new way she does her hair. Here you see it fore and aft. Carmel parts it on the left side and roaches it—that's Carmel's own word—so that it stands high on the right side. The back is a French roll



## Without question

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Too long, too long has Paris dictated what America shall wear. The gallant gals of Hollywood have saved our self-respect. Let Paris go them one better, if she can.

Dorothy Mackaill is responsible for the introduction of knee-muffs, narrow strips of fur including chinchilla, sable and mink. Worn for warmth in winter.

Renee Adoree has had a pair of leopard skin shoes made to match her new leopard coat.

Dolores del Rio, the Mexican beauty in First National Pictures, has made the Spanish comb popular again. Brunettes with long hair are finding it as effective a beau-catcher as the boyish bob.

Bebe Daniels has a tuxedo dress suit made of black velvet, with white moire vest, pleated satin shirt of white with soft black tie.

Paris, huh!

MONTE'S a very gay Blue these days because Barbara Ann has arrived. Barbara Ann arrived on this earth April 5th, which was a little earlier than her stellar dad had expected, but she was royally welcomed.

It was a year ago that Monte married Tova Janson, daughter of a Seattle doctor, whom he met while he was playing opposite Mae Murray. Tova was playing a bit, but it wasn't so little Monte didn't see her and make her his own at once.

THE latest New York gossip is the possibility of Peggy Hopkins Joyce's getting married again. Of course it's not news for Peggy to get married, but it is interesting.

The man in the case is Stanley Comstock, general sales manager of a Florida realty corporation. If Peggy marches with him to the altar it will be her fifth or sixth trip. Some say Peggy was married to two different men named Hopkins, and some say he was one and the same. Hence the mix-up on numbers.

But one thing is sure. Peggy's witty and beautiful, and her second picture for Associated Exhibitors will be called "Rue de La Paix."

SHE said she would die of a broken heart if he left her.

They had been constant companions for more than three months.

Clasped in each other's arms they fell asleep on Christmas Eve . . . waiting for Santa Claus to arrive.

So Mother ZaSu Pitts and Daddy Tom Gallery, parents of the adoring young lady mentioned above, are attempting to adopt the young gentleman who made the heart-raid. The lad is three and a half year old "Sonny" La Marr, adopted child of Barbara La Marr who took him into the warmth of her heart and home from a foundlings' asylum.

When his beautiful foster-mother became too ill to even play with her little "Sonny-boy," he was invited to join the Gallery family and proved a welcome playmate to their "Baby Ann," who is just his age.

But whether he will remain a permanent playmate of "Baby Ann" is questionable, for after the death of Barbara La Marr, her father, W. W. Watson, petitioned that he be made guardian of the boy.

IT'S just like an incense-laden plot from the Far East—that poison candy plot to rob the screen of our Bebe Daniels, who was the intended recipient of a luscious-looking box of candy from an "admirer" whose brain had a vicious kink.

The box, all foiled and ribboned, arrived from one Abdul Kaidir Iderim ul Akras (who certainly was no Arabian Knight) residing in London, England. It arrived at the customs office, but that is as far as it got, for one alert customs official questioned the wholesomeness of the candy and dispatched it to a laboratory, where a test was made.

Bebe, fortunately, never received the candy and it met an inglorious end in a San Francisco chemist's laboratory.



IT was on a Warner Brothers' set. Irene Rich was the wife who had been caught flirting with a violinist. Huntley Gordon was the irate husband.

"I won't have my wife flirting with a long-haired musician!" thundered Huntley, playing *Lake* in the picture.

"But he's an artiste!" pleaded Irene.

"Artiste . . . hell!" lightened Huntley, for it was a stormy scene.

"Stop!" exclaimed Irene, dramatically, and the camera ground. "I won't have you swear at me, er . . . er . . . Mr. Lake!" Then turning to Walter Morosco, the director: "By the way, it *would* be convenient for me to know my husband's first name, wouldn't it?"

WITH Vilma Banky of Hungary and Ronald Colman of England playing the leads in that all-American Wright story, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and with Ramon Novarro, of Mexico, as the American youth in "The Midshipman," when will they announce the filming of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with So-Jin, distinguished Chinese actor, as "Uncle Tom"? Or maybe Anna May Wong as "Little Eva"?

D. W. GRIFFITH made up his mind and then changed it several times about what actor should play the rôle of *Satan* in Marie Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan," which he is to make for Famous Players. George Bancroft, Lowell Sherman, Lionel Barrymore, Ernest Torrence and Arthur Edmund Carew were all seriously considered for the rôle.

And then Adolphe Menjou got it. Adolphe is not skipping around the studio for joy over it. He would much rather go to London with Mal St. Clair and make Michael Arlen's "The Ace of Cads," as was the original plan for him. But now he has to be devilish for D. W.

Carol Dempster and Greta Nissen are cast for the feminine leads in "The Sorrows of Satan."

"I WILL support a feminine star but not a leading man!" was Lowell Sherman's ultimatum when he walked off the "Dancer of Paris" set. It came about in his way:

Al Santell, the director, stopped the action of a scene to consult with Conway Tearle on a change he wished to make. Mr. Sherman pricked up his ears and inquired what Mr. Tearle had to do with making a change in the story. Mr. Sherman was informed that according to Mr. Tearle's First National contract, he had the right to o.k. the stories he appeared in.

This was too much. Five minutes with the executives further revealed to Mr. Sherman that it was Conway Tearle and Dorothy Mackaill who were being featured in "The Dancer of Paris."

So Lowell walked out of the studio, very angry, and a week's work on the picture had to be retaken with Robert Cain in the rôle vacated by Sherman.

IT is believed that William de Mille, when he leaves Famous Players-Lasky this year, will join his brother, Cecil B. De Mille, in production activities at Culver City. It is not quite a year since Cecil De Mille left the Lasky Studio.

LORNA AMBLER, the young Australian actress who was named by Geraldine Farrar in her divorce suit against Lou Tellegen, has announced her engagement to Geoffrey Harwood, stage actor.

A year ago when the public learned Tellegen was secretly married following the Farrar divorce, Miss Ambler declared her love for the actor had grown cold.

"They say he's a great lover," she said. "Well, he may be that to some but he never even gave me a thrill."

HE'S a darned nice guy, this Buck Jones. Buck stopped off in New York a few days on his way to Europe, and Fox had the newspaper folks in to meet him. They'd

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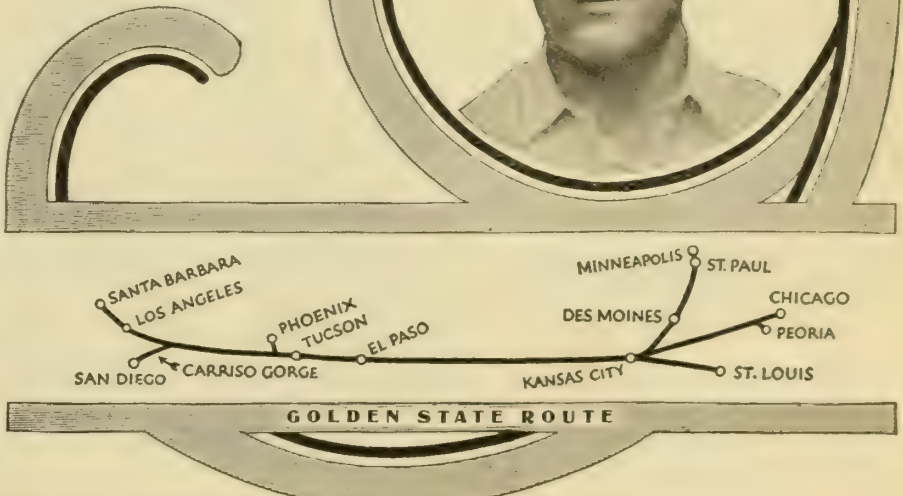
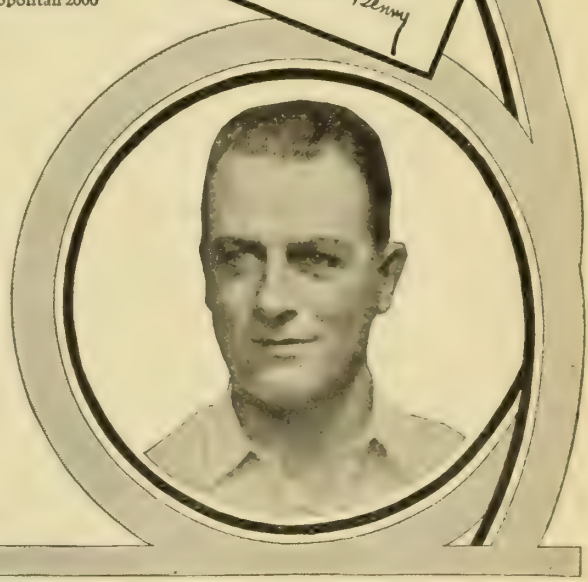
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tricked Buck out in a double breasted suit and spats and a polite manner. It cramped his style considerably, but his regularness emerged in spite of it.

The things that knocked all the Easterners for a goal were Buck's shoulders. The dazed newspaper people kept looking away from them and then back again, but they seemed to loom broader and broader in the crowded little hotel room.

Buck shifted uneasily from foot to foot. "Just set down," said Buck to the only girl reporter among those present. "Make yourself comfortable. The Bad News will be here in a minute. She's out shoppin'."

The Bad News is Buck's wife. He seemed to think another woman's presence would iron everything out beautiful for the lone feminine word slinger.

Buck explained it wasn't his first trip to New York. He'd been in the city once before. It was on that trip he met the Bad News and made her the Missus. She was a trick rider in the 101 Wild West Show and rodeos.

"She can do tricks now I can't," Buck said. "She don't do much entertainin' now, but she keeps a couple o' horses out to California and she rides around a lot."

Somebody asked Buck what he thought of pictures.

"Well," he drawled, "I ain't seen a lot, not even so many o' my own. I got a new one to do when I get back. It's a real story. I don't care so much about the grown-up fans, but I like to be popular with the kids. Coming through Kansas we stopped at a little town. The kids learned I was on the train and they came down to greet me. That was great. That's the kind of a public I'm working to have."

**L**AURA LA PLANTE was gay as a child over her first visit to New York. Hedda Hopper accompanied her.

"Gee," said the vivid Hedda, "I've always wanted to show New York to someone, but I never dreamed it would be such a nice kid as Laura La Plante."

Universal gave Laura a luncheon at a Russian place where brotch and caviare and similar delicacies decorated the menu and Laura in return gave one of the best speeches we have heard a star make.

She looked so pretty and blonde sitting there at the head of a long table, like an excited infant, that she could have risen and told the story of Mary and the lamb and everyone would have forgiven her.

Instead she said: "I've always thought it was better to sit quiet and let people think you were a fool, than to open your mouth and prove it."

**W**E had tea with Margarita Fischer the other day at the Algonquin, that New York hostelry where artists and writers congregate in such numbers.

Margarita is a charming person. She was weary from days and nights of wakefulness and worry at the bedside of her husband, Harry Pollard, who has just undergone a critical operation, but the tea refreshed her so that she talked willingly enough, although a little shyly.

"I'm always afraid of writers," she said. "I never quite dared give out an interview for I don't care very much about a home and I haven't any children. I don't cook and I was so afraid that I might be asked about all those things."

She talked instead about her married life of fifteen years with Harry Pollard, who is now her director. They met when she was only thirteen, a child trouper. They saw the early days of the movies together and one day, passing through Golden, Colorado, they got married and have stayed that way ever since.

Thirteen years ago they did a version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was a three reeler and Miss Fischer was *Eliza*. Robert Leonard was *Simon Legree*, and Mr. Pollard *Uncle Tom*.

Today Pollard is making the grand old story for Universal, making it on a big scale this

time with Charles Gilpin, the famous Negro actor as *Uncle Tom* and Pauline Frederick as *Cassie*, the negro woman. The thing that has held the production up, besides Mr. Pollard's illness, has been the hunt for a river with ice. It's not easy to find the right kind.

Margarita is going to be *Eliza* in this as she was in the first production.

"Thirteen years," smiled Margarita, "and artistically I'm still a pickaninny."

**M**AYBE sorrow will bring them happiness.

You remember the news that Ella Hall was getting a divorce from her husband, Emory Johnson? Well, she's withdrawn the action. But the reason for it is very tragic. Their little six-year-old son, Bernard, died recently.

That brought them together again and it looks as though the truce might become permanent peace.

**T**HE French Revolution has been raging at Paramount's Astoria studio with the Marquise de la Falaise as the warring ringleader.

Glorious Gloria has been on the rampage for weeks. Her newest and last Paramount picture, "Fine Manners," has not been going as Gloria wants it to go. The stories are that she sat beside her director and aided him with many words to megaphone the action, that she helped select the extras' wardrobe, that she looked after lighting and camera angles and generally did everything but be little Gloria, the actress.

To add to the trouble, she's had three directors on the story. Frank Tuttle officiated at first. Then he was taken ill. Lewis Milestone, who made such an excellent job of "The New Klondike," came in next. Suddenly he got another engagement. Dick Ralston, an assistant director, got promoted to full-fledged megaphone wielding and, with Gloria beside him, he started on the task.

Then Gloria fell ill. She had to take a week off from the studio, a week spent with her children and Henry at her beautiful country place in Westchester County.

When "Fine Manners" is completed, Gloria's contract with Famous Players is also worked out. She goes next to United Artists where she will be in complete control of her productions.

**T**HERE seems to be an epidemic of little blond mustaches among actors with coal black hair.

I noticed the first at the Sixty club on Edmund Lowe. It was very real and very blond and Eddie seemed to be rather ashamed of it.

Unusual, I thought, but changed my mind the next day when I dropped in on Madam Glyn's set and saw another little yellow fellow on Tony Moreno's upper lip.

Mme. Glyn is responsible for Tony's upper lip dress. We understand it is supposed to add considerably to Tony's IT. He is playing the rôle of an English nobleman in Madam Glyn's "Love's Blindness."

Another remarkable thing in connection with Tony's new job is that he is not a "passionate lover," as are most Glyn heroes. Elinor seems to have forsaken the red-hot papa type of man for the cold, aloof gent who treats his ladies rough.

The volatile Tony was still in the throes of an internal upheaval as the result of a fan letter he had received, in which the writer said she would just love to see Tony make another horse race picture and that she was impatiently awaiting the showing of the first, "Mare Nostrum," in her home town.

**T**HE most important stork date of the season happens early this coming September, when Monsieur Stork will descend upon the home of Samuel Goldwyn.

Mrs. Goldwyn was Frances Howard, that beautiful girl who played the *Princess* in "The Swan" and the lead in two Richard Dix pictures.



## Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

SPARKY.

My dear, you are a victim of that popular ailment, an inferiority complex. Don't let it get you. Your letter shows a hard, clear, honest mind, and with that asset nothing can really stop you. You say I can't give you personality by advising vaseline. Quite right. No one can give you personality by advising some external substance, but you can give yourself personality and make no mistake about it. Don't feel so inferior and shy around your lovely sister and your friends. If you've learned to dance, fine. Keep it up. Since you know you look awkward when you run and whistle, stop it. Be yourself, that is, be natural. Develop your mind and wait your chance. It will come. Beauty can grow monotonous, but intelligence never does. Are you sure the way you are wearing your hair is best for you? Bobbed, unparted and banged is a rather harsh line for most faces. You can wear white, relieved with some color; pale pink and soft rose, bronze, blue, gray, certain soft greens, darkest purple. I would wear simple clothes of solid color materials, like heavy crepes, satins, and in the woolen fabrics, kasha and tweeds. Try for line in your purchases rather than trickiness. Those will suit your personality best. And don't forget that you're still very, very young.

NATACHA N.

The colors you have been wearing are excellent for you. You can also wear pale pink and old rose, bronze, golden brown, and white. You are a little heavy. I think you could lose seven pounds to advantage. You must diet to lose weight unless you take some patent medicine. Walking the two miles to and from school will reduce you somewhat at first, but it will not act as your reducing remedy for long unless accompanied by dieting. The muscles soon get accustomed to a certain amount of exercise and then unless the food consumption is kept down, the fat piles up again. However, if you're a growing girl—and I judge you are—wait until you have attained your height before you start dieting. Right now if you let the sweets alone that will be sufficient. The same thing follows for your brother. Superficially, I would say he was slightly overweight, but if he's under twenty he doesn't need to worry about it.

VIRGINIA M.

Virginia, you need to be scolded. You say "I know I am quite attractive when I smile, which I seldom do"—and then you ask me why you fall flat. Tall and slim and blonde with lovely hair—what more do you want? Really, I think you are just a foolish girl to feel so terribly shy all the time and to place yourself at a disadvantage. Your nearsightedness is a product of this same thing, you know. You don't really want to see people so you make your eyes fail you. Stop "putting on a bored expression." Don't act. Nothing kills popularity more quickly than that. If you are afraid when boys come around you it is better to tell them so. Men like to be protective. Simplicity, sweetness, a willingness to comply with the crowd, being a good sport in other words, daintiness in personal appearance, these are the touchstones to friendships.

M. H., CHICAGO.

Did you make a mistake in your letter? You wrote me that you were seven feet and a half inch tall—and I can't believe that. You'd better write again.

IOLANDA.

All the stretching exercises tend to make one taller. Lying on your back upon the floor—not on a soft surface like a bed—extend your arms over your head and then raising your



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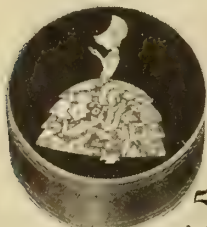
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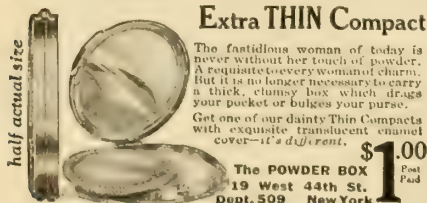
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upper body, try to touch the tips of your toes with your fingers and place your face against your knees. Do it about 32 times each day. Standing with the heels together, knees stiff, touch the finger tips to the floor and in bending back, after returning to an upright position, keep the arms at full length above the head and try to bend so that you can see the wall behind you. Do that 32 times also. Lying on your back, bring both legs together, knees stiff, and try to bring them back over your shoulders, so that you form almost a complete circle. 32 times for that. Rotate your arms in circles for slim shoulders. You may grow some more, but if you don't, comfort yourself with the knowledge that most men are attracted to petite women.

ANNA D.

Won't you write me again and tell me a little more about what studies you have had at school, the things you like, and what you think you would like to do best of all? I can better advise you then. No, I don't think you are too young to go to work if you get work that is interesting and suited to you. It's quite a fine thing to work if you love your job, and it is wonderful for a girl to be economically independent. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will be glad to write you personally.

ANNETTE.

Yes, this boy that you say you are in love with does owe you an apology. A man who, under the influence of liquor, is rude to a girl owes her as deep an apology as he can offer. You must not, for your own sake, resume your friendship until he has proven to you that he regrets his ungentlemanly conduct. A wise girl, and one who wishes to be happy, will never permit a man to place her in a position of social embarrassment.

M. H., ILLINOIS.

With your ambition to write, your method of doing journalistic bits for your local paper is the very best method you could have chosen. If it is possible for you to get connected with a writing job—I use the word "job" advisedly—where you have to write six days a week in a business-like manner, you will learn more about writing than any correspondence school or college course in writing would ever teach you. Getting in the motion picture scenario game is almost hopeless. I doubt very much that you can do it at long distance. Even in New York and Hollywood it is extremely difficult. Stick to your home town paper and get as much experience as possible in this work you have chosen, and, after that, try your wings.

BONNY E. L.

Some girls attain their height more quickly than others. Since you are 5 feet, seven inches and only fourteen the possibilities are that you will grow a little more. Don't worry about your weight, because at your age girls fluctuate in poundage very greatly. You can wear white, relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue; bright blues to be avoided; darkest purple; no red; pale pink; soft rose and bronze. The very familiar type hat known as "cloche," made in soft felt, ought to be most becoming to you.

E. B. C.

Don't be an unwise little girl and leave home. You are so young I doubt if you know what love is. You must take more than gossip as information about your friend. Is there no way that you can find out authoritatively whether or not he is married? Do be careful and discreet in this matter. Although you are fifteen and working you're little more than a child. It would be better for you to do as your mother advises, for a year or two, than to follow the dictates of your emotions.

PUZZLED, WISCONSIN.

A girl doesn't have to be "tough" to be popular. Neither does she have to be pretty,

but she has to be tactful, charming, energetic and poised—all of these things. Emerson said that the way to have friends is to be a friend. I have never known a genuinely friendly person to be lonely, and I think that is the best rule to follow.

F. K., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The style advices for spring and summer are that the familiar woolen fabrics like serge, tweeds and kasha and all the silks will be worn. Coats again this year will be definitely matched to the dresses worn under them, like the ensemble suit of last spring. Green and gray are the most prominent of the newer colors. All the light shades, bois de rose, yellow and pale pink, will be worn for summer, and all the old stand-bys, navy blue and black. Nothing seems able to shake the popularity of the soft felt hat and I feel you are safe in purchasing as many of them as you can afford.

REGGIE T.

The new three inch heels are very smart as evening slippers or dress shoes. I do not approve of them on pumps, in which you expect to do much walking. Not only are they bad for the health, but they cause the foot to "rock," and it doesn't give a nice appearance to one's walk. Earrings are worn by many of the smartest women and girls, but they tend to make one appear older and you should consider that when you are buying them. You will have to screw them into your ears tight enough to hold. I certainly wouldn't get a boyish bob just to wear earrings. It is a trying cut and takes quite a while to grow back again if it isn't becoming. Consider your features before submitting to the barber's shears. Only girls with finely chiseled features can wear this bob becomingly.

TOOTS OF INDIANA.

At fifteen years and five feet tall you should weigh 115 pounds. However, do not worry about your weight if it is ten pounds under or over that amount. For an undeveloped neck and chest swimming, tennis and any form of exercise that brings the arms into play is highly beneficial. Listerine will remedy dandruff. Dark, rachel powder and rouge, either in a medium red or a light pink tint, would be most becoming. I would experiment with these two to see which is the better.

CASEY, FRESNO, CALIF.

Why doesn't your mother approve of this boy friend of yours? That's your question, Casey. If he is a nice boy, I don't see why she won't let you write to him or why his mother won't let him write to you. If he is a boy your mother has some good reason for not liking. I think the best thing for you to do is to forget him immediately. In spite of the flapper movement, mothers still know best.

JESSIE.

There are many pros and cons regarding the use of water on the face. It depends greatly on whether your skin is an oily one. The finest complexions I have seen have been those that use water in this way—a daily bath and thorough cleansing with a good soap, and a good amount of drinking water consumed, in conjunction with a careful diet and the skin sensibly protected from too much dust and dirt. You can wear white, relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue; no red; darkest purple; pale pink and soft rose. You didn't ask too many questions at all. Write me again, if you want to.

MRS. T. C. S.

I am mailing you under separate cover directions for dieting and reducing. For other "L" names to go with Lucille you might be able to find one from this list for your twin baby. Louise, Lydia, Laurel, Laura, Lois, Leonora, Lillian, Leatrice, Luella, Linda, Lulu, Leah, Lucy. Yes, I do think Lucy and Lucille are too similar.



## ALABAMA GIRL.

You should gain approximately ten pounds in weight. The easiest and best way is a thorough change in diet. Eat the energy foods—fats, starch, sugar, butter and oil. Drink milk every day, either hot or cold; malted with chocolate or egg. Eat all the raw fruits you can. Potatoes, tomatoes, beans, spinach, onions, beets, asparagus are the vegetables for you to eat in combination with cream soups and fat meats. Do deep breathing every morning. Take enough exercise to get a good appetite but not to tire you.

## JOANNA.

You're a foolish child if you think you can't get fat naturally. The trouble with most people is they get too fat too naturally. If you will read the advice I have given to "Alabama Girl," above, I am sure you will benefit by it.

## MARY LOU.

I simply think you don't know what you're talking about. There is much more to having a baby than cuddling it in your arms. Every real woman adores them, of course, but there are many moments when the loveliest baby becomes a persistent, though adorable, nuisance. Babies need thought, constant care, constant work, a planning for their future which comes not alone from a certain maturity of years but a definite maturity of viewpoint. You may dream romantically about a child, but if you are to be a good mother you must bring it up with fine realism. Get married first, Mary Lou. After that there will be lots of time to dream of your babies.

## L. H. R.

For permanent relief of superfluous hair there is nothing as effective as the electric needle. The so-called electrolysis treatment must be done by an expert, however, and it is quite expensive. In cases not as extreme as yours bleaching by peroxide has been found effective. I wouldn't advise you to continue using depilatories. I think you better look up a good specialist and consult him.

## LAURA LEE, CALIF.

As far as I know there is nothing that can be done for a bust that has developed too heavily. Wear a light brassiere and carry yourself very erectly. I would advise you to wear straight line dresses and probably when you get a little older the rest of your figure will develop in proportion.

## MARIE D., CHICAGO.

Stop using glycerine on your face at night. Use more warm water and good soap and finish your cleansing with a rub-down with ice. You are giving your skin too much grease and oil at present. You may need a change of diet. With the coming of spring eat all the green vegetables you can and drink lots of water.

## PATSY T., CHICAGO.

Let your mind be at rest—you're not the least bit over-weight.

## G. M. S., Chicago.

If you will read the colors I have given to "An Ugly Duckling" you will find these are your colors, too. Here is an excellent tonic for the eyebrows and eyelashes: Yellow vaseline, two ounces; oil of lavender, 15 drops; and oil of rosemary, 15 drops. Mix thoroughly. After you wash your face at night brush your eyebrows with the tiny brush upon which a few drops of the tonic has been placed. Particular pains must be taken if you apply this tonic to the eyelashes, as it will inflame the eyes, as any oil will, if it gets into them. To develop the natural wave in your hair buy good water wave combs and put them in nightly. Also brush your hair a lot and do not have it artificially curled. In a short time your natural waves will be very prominent.

## ANNA LOUISE B.

I hesitate to tell so young a girl as you to go on a reducing diet because a couple more years



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may take care of this excess weight for you. You might stop eating candy, and get as much exercise as you possibly can. You're using cream and hot towels for your blackheads is all very well, but you must close your skin afterward by a rub-down with ice. I think that will remedy the condition.

E. F., BRIDGEPORT.

Since the nose is a combination of bone and cartilage, it is quite difficult to change the shape of it after maturity. It is true that even though the shape of one's nose may not appear perfect, it is suited to the rest of the face. You can wear golden yellow; buff; pale and peacock blues; silver gray; no purple; cardinal and clear red; yellow in every tone; coral; old rose and flesh pink. Straight line dresses would be most becoming to you. As a matter of fact, they are always smarter than those with flounces.

J. E., MICHIGAN.

If you have gone to the best photographer's for your picture, I cannot understand why you do not take a satisfactory one. Perhaps it is that you feel rather artificial when you go there, or that you have your hair done in a manner unlike your usual way, or wear unfamiliar clothes—something that produces a change in your appearance. A good photograph should be as natural as possible. It is better to go to the photographer's wearing old and comfortable clothes, with which you can be yourself, than new things which give you an uneasy feeling. Don't worry about your little boy's curls. He will be glad when he grows up that he lost them. Did you ever know a man with curly hair who didn't hate it?

BETTY L., HARRIMAN, TENN.

Ninety-eight pounds is rather slim, even for a short girl. You seem to be taking a great deal of exercise—quite enough to get real benefit from it. What you need is a good diet. Drink at least a quart of milk a day and eat plenty of fattening foods such as potatoes, macaroni and cereals. Only eat meat once a day at the very most and get plenty of sleep. If possible, rest for a half hour or more after every meal. And do not drink either tea or coffee—for a while anyway. I think you'll find that your complexion will be much improved if you give up coffee and meat and make milk and vegetables your chief foods.

JAYNE, PORTLAND, ORE.

Thank you very much for your frank and friendly letter. I think that blue would be very becoming to you for your day dresses. In the evening, you can wear powder blue, pink or lavender. As you say, I think "the faintest touch of lipstick" would be quite the right thing for parties. Properly used, it improves the appearance immensely. Use a light shade. The practice of telephoning the boys is not a good one and, as a rule, the boys don't like it. But if you have anything important to say, certainly telephone the boy. But remember that the telephone is only a convenience. Don't make it a habit. You are not too young to have boy friends, provided you keep all your friendships on a sensible basis. But as for romance, you are rather too young for that. If you want to entertain a boy friend, ask your mother if you may invite him to dinner. And after dinner, you might invite another congenial couple to join you. As for your other question: don't criticize the boys. Don't tell them point blank what you don't like. There are hundreds of other ways of letting them know your feelings. But fault-finding never yet pleased a man—no matter what his age.

P. R., OIL CITY, PA.

My dear, in this day and age, there are no such things as "love potions." As the young man seems to be too much occupied with business to have time for romance, I think it might be well if you adopted the same attitude. Obviously, he is the sort of man who is looking for a sensible wife and if you can prove to him

that you are that sort of girl, I think you will win him. He seems to be a very steadfast friend and you must not spoil the friendship by forcing him into a romantic situation. Probably in good time, he will speak his mind. Take an interest in his business and make him feel that you have his best interests at heart. But don't expect a business man to play the role of Romeo.

DOROTHY, MEXICO CITY.

There is only one thing for you to do—overcome your self-consciousness. All sorts of little details that have nothing to do with the case seem to be worrying you. Popularity usually comes to those who are friendly, natural and unaffected with others. Gay, cheerful and kindly people, who are not acutely bothered by their own little troubles, are the ones who are never lonely and never neglected. Try forgetting yourself and try thinking only of others. Some girls who are popular with the boys try to pretend that they do nothing to make themselves attractive. But, if you'll look close enough, you'll see that even the most popular belles never relax in their efforts to please the men.

ROSALIE, CLEVELAND, O.

The treatment you mentioned is a good one. All the preparations advertised in PHOTOPLAY have been tested.

MISS FRANCIS, OAKLAND, CALIF.

If you will consult the advertisements in PHOTOPLAY, you will find some excellent treatments for removing superfluous hair. And you will also find some astringents for enlarged pores. Be sure to rinse your face thoroughly with cold water or rub your face with ice after washing.

ELEANOR F., KANSAS CITY, MO.

As you are tall for your age, your weight is about right. You will probably gain eight or ten more pounds as you grow older. Your routine for the day seems very sensible and you will be repaid in good health. Try a brunette powder and a dark rose rouge. If you are tired of red dresses, don't change to orange or green? It is correct to wear a shoe with a medium high heel. I know of many women who are uncomfortable in a low heel shoe. However, do not wear the extreme French heels with your everyday dresses.

M. M., ROSELLE, N. J.

You ought to lose at least twenty-five pounds, and the best way is to eliminate all sweets and starches from your diet. Avoid fried foods and those rich in oils and fats. Beware, too, of the tempting "second helping" and the little luncheons between meals. You are rather young to consider dancing as a career, especially as it means a great sacrifice for you. I am sure that your school gymnasium can give you a great deal of helpful preliminary training, and, after a year or so, you can make up your mind definitely about your career. However, the course you mention is said to be excellent. Flower scents are always attractive for young girls. As for your colors, I would recommend dark blue for daytime wear, with light blue, green and rose in the evening.

RUTH D., DETROIT, MICH.

Premature grey hair seems to run in some families. It is difficult to combat. The best thing to do is to go to a good hair specialist and have her recommend a treatment, as you do not wish to dye it. As for your other scalp troubles, I should advise hot oil shampoos. Some shops also give an iodine treatment that is excellent for the hair.

ARDEM, LONG BEACH, L. I.

If you have dramatic talent it will be good for you to go to dramatic school and develop that talent. Of course, poise and *savoir faire* will come to you as you grow older, but stage experience, even though amateur, does help give you a manner and an air.



MRS. W. J. K., VIRGINIA, MINN.

Yes, yellow should look very well with your hair. Wear all shades of gold and brown, lavender, mauve and pink.

YVONNE, WOONSOCKET.

Your weight is about right. Do not wear your hair high, for that will accentuate the length of your face. Pastel colors are best for your fair skin and light hair. Massage the scars from smallpox with cold cream.

BLE, MONTREAL, QUE.

It is a very simple matter to have a mole removed from your face if a reliable surgeon does it. It can be cut off, leaving a slight scar which, in the course of a few months, disappears almost entirely. Or you might try the mole removers advertised in this magazine; they are quite safe. If you care for the man and there is companionship and understanding between you, your marriage should prove to be a happy one in spite of the difference in your ages. But think well. A marriage without love and respect cannot last long. Think of your own happiness and his. What do you really want to do?

VIDA, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

Many girls grow suddenly very tall and their hands and feet seem much too big, but their bodies gradually take on correct proportions. You will find that that is what will happen to you so you need not worry, for you have three or four years yet before you will be fully grown. Don't wear your dresses too long. Wear colors that suit a dark skin best—green, rose, tan, brown and white. Wear your hair straight if it looks well that way. You must take care of your nails; nothing makes a girl look more unkempt and untidy. By all means finish your schooling and see what a good record you can make. It would be too bad for you to leave school now when you are at the head of your class.

NANCY, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Perhaps you put on too much rouge and lipstick for your coloring should not be hard to match. Try very dark rouge and lipstick, but use them sparingly. Wear tan and brown and yellow in all shades. Yes, indeed, if you play tennis and swim every day this summer you will be astonished to see how much you will lose. That is, if you eat only a moderate amount. If you allow your increased appetite to run away with you your exercise will not do much for you.

CAROLINE, THOMASVILLE, GA.

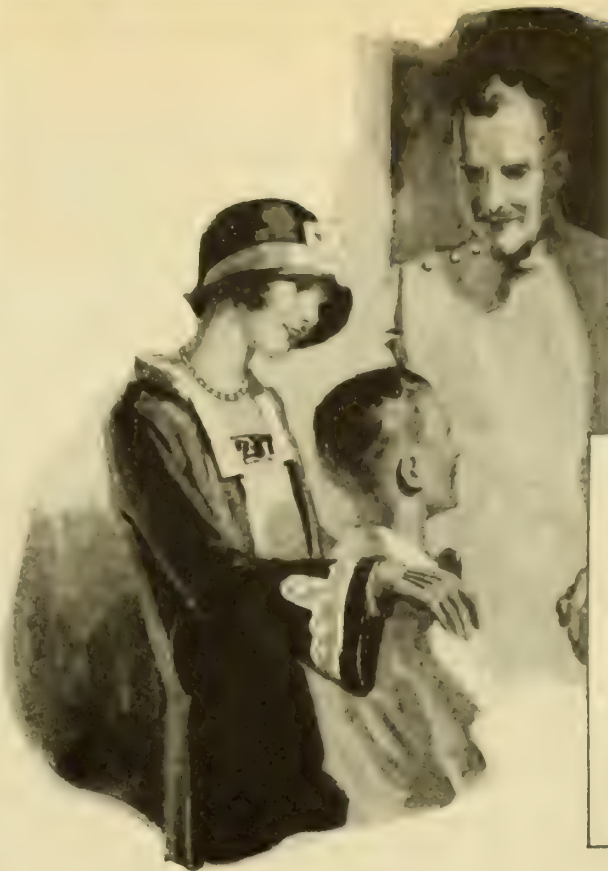
You will find that sport clothes are the most convenient and smartest looking things to wear on a boat in the day time. Take an evening dress or two also.

E. E. W., FORT WASHINGTON, PA.

Surely you realize that it is up to you to take yourself in hand and stop being sarcastic. I think the most effective way to cure yourself will be to imagine yourself in the other person's place. You know how you are hurt when anyone says something cutting and thoughtless to you. Before you make some biting remark stop long enough to wonder how you would like to have it said to you. This is a dreadful fault which you must overcome at once. You are on the right track for you realize your fault and do not have to be persuaded of it.

AUSSIE GIRL, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

Yours is indeed a problem and it worried me when I first read your letter. But I don't think you are in love with this man if you can doubt him. All through your letter you keep referring to things he has told you which you do not believe. If you really loved him, it would never enter your head not to believe him. If your mother and father are so good to you it isn't awfully sporting to deceive them, and they doubtless know what is best for you.



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## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

### The Movies Have Arrived

Astoria, Long Island.

It is high time that some one came to dispute the self-asserted right of the intelligentsia in deriding the cinema as an art.

Up to a year or two ago, lampooning the movies was a favorite and quite diverting indoor sport of practically everybody. Adverse criticism even then was justifiable only to a certain degree. But with the advent of certain pictures that have been unreel in this country recently, one is obliged to acknowledge the fact that the motion picture industry is no longer a coming one, but has quite definitely arrived and is doing nicely.

The drama, a very much older sister art, cannot honestly snub the motion picture now. The young protege shows promise of becoming not only commercially and aesthetically an equal, but in originality and artistry, the superior of the other arts.

HERMAN WEINBERG.

### So Would We

London, England.

I should like to see Colleen Moore in a new version of "Bab," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Pauline Frederick in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," by Pinero. Jackie Coogan in "Sans Famille," by Hector Malot. Ramon Novarro in "Deerfoot the Shawanoe," by E. S. Ellis. Mary Pickford in "Chiffon's Marriage," by Gyp.

H. de H.

### "Kenilworth" for Screen

Ashby, Mass.

Since Cal York and others have spoken right out with suggested picture subjects, may I add the following:

"Kenilworth," with Clare Eames as *Queen Elizabeth*. Her vivid portrait of the "king in petticoats" of Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon" remains the outstanding feature of the picture.

In "Kenilworth" Miss Eames would find opportunity to complete the characterization—to show the lonely, embittered woman behind the mask of majesty and ironic humor.

E. M. Stone.

### The Screen's Bernhardt and Duse

Dover, Delaware.

I have read to the end of Mrs. St. Johns' article on Norma Talmadge, and while she has said some very true things, I cannot agree with her in regard to Norma's supremacy.

Miss Talmadge is one of the two foremost stars of the screen; the other one is Gloria Swanson, not Colleen Moore.

In the first place, it is about five years too soon to discuss this question, but as it has been brought up, I should like to express my opinion.

George Bernard Shaw and Adela St. Johns are the only critics I have known to dispute the greatness of Bernhardt as an actress. Everything Shaw says has to be taken with a pinch of salt. It would seem now that the same will have to be applied to Mrs. St. Johns.

Duse was perhaps a greater actress and a finer character than Bernhardt but, nevertheless, they were both marvelous actresses and great women.

Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge hold parallel positions on the screen; the former a disciple of Bernhardt and the latter a disciple of Duse. Bernhardt was one of the highlights of the world since the day she first appeared in London and captivated English society by her flaming genius, to the day she was drawn down the Rue Royale on her last journey.

I predict the same career for Gloria Swanson. She has been in the limelight since she appeared

as "Zaza" and in "The Humming Bird," and, although her doom has been foretold many times in the last few months, she is rising steadily and surely. Who shall say that the glory that was Bernhardt's has not descended on this lovely lady?

Norma Talmadge, though more beautiful, looks somewhat as Duse did thirty years ago, and she appears to lead the same secluded life. Duse's motto was "live fully," and she certainly did. I do not know whether Miss Talmadge does this, but she can lay greater claim to being the Duse of the screen than can Lillian Gish, who has been placed properly by Mrs. St. Johns.

In naming the great artists of the screen some mention should be made of Nazimova and Pauline Frederick, both admirable actresses who seem to have been lost in the storm.

K. K.

### Bouquet for Betty

New York City, N. Y.

I want to express my admiration for Betty Bronson. She is my favorite, and every time I see her (nine times in three pictures, so far) I feel just so much more satisfied with my choice. Believe me, Betty, I wish you every bit of luck.

BRUCE KIPP.

### More Power to Marmont

Norfolk, Va.

Ever since I could be interested in anything, I have studied drama and acting, to me the greatest of all arts. I have thrilled over talent on stage and screen, but never before have I seen the genius that is brought out in the work of Percy Marmont.

"The Light That Failed" was the first play that attracted my attention. Those following were far inferior to an actor of his ability. Then came another good one, "If Winter Comes," which was in some ways worthy of him. When "The Street of Forgotten Men" was released in New York, I saw it three times and believe it to be a great picture, well cast and well directed.

In his work Mr. Marmont never fails to act up to every situation, yet never one gesture, a facial expression, or a movement is overdone. How well he carries out Hamlet's instructions to his players.

It is rare to find perfect technique combined with the depth of feeling that one senses in Mr. Marmont's work.

A VIRGINIAN.

### Away with the Sheiks!

Snyder, Calif.

I'm sick and tired of hearing people call Douglas Fairbanks, Tom Mix, Gloria Swanson and Mae Murray show-offs. They are all top-notch players and deserve a grand bouquet. It is about time that Valentino and those other sheiks were given the back seat, and I rejoice at the success of Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix and Richard Barthelmess.

### Great Men Make History

Franklin, Tenn.

I noticed H. J. W. and "Lou and John" criticising Conway Tearle and Milton Sills, even going so far as to say that Mr. Tearle was past history. Did they ever think that it takes great men to make history?

I like the young actors very much, but who of them could play the rôles that Frank Mayo, Conway Tearle and Milton Sills do, and reach the hearts of as many as these three stars?

I want to thank every actor and actress and every director for the amusement they have furnished me in past years. Also I wish to thank PHOTOPLAY for the entertainment I get in its pages.

JACK.



## More Praise for Pauline

Tacoma, Wash.

I differ so decidedly with that charming woman, Adela Rogers St. Johns, on our greatest actress.

I have always thought of Norma Talmadge as a typical stock actress, never rising to any great heights.

She is surely a capable actress, but then so are several other screen luminaries.

Granted that she can "emote" with the best of the bosom-heavers, but that is only one essential.

Where is her versatility?

To me, at least, she seems an actress lacking humor.

I believe Pauline Frederick could play the roles Mrs. St. Johns lists with real artistry and make Norma look like a struggling extra, with the exception of *Pollyanna*. Miss Frederick is in her forties. Norma, when she is at that age, could no more play *Pollyanna* than Samuel Goldwyn.

Versatility is merely a part of great acting. Few actresses can be called great and Norma Talmadge is not one of them.

I have seen all of her pictures and have never seen her reach the heights Frederick did in "Madame X," or that Lillian Gish did in "Broken Blossoms."

Why did Mrs. St. Johns ignore Pauline Frederick, the one great actress of the screen, when making her comparisons?

JOAN CLAYBORNE.

## A Censor Cure

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Recently I read an article wherein most of the moralizing flapdoodle of the movies was laid to our inane censors. Now, as one who greatly enjoys moving pictures and who has often shuddered at the things done to plots and subtitles by these inane censors, I bear them no love. But the whole blame can't be thrust upon them.

In the "Grand Duchess and the Waiter" there is champagne, sophistication and sex—things which the censors delight to pounce upon.

Yet it is so perfectly directed, acted and handled throughout, that no censor, unless a moron, would cut it.

The most squeamish critic could not fail to call it art.

Most of the "flapdoodle" of the movies goes right back to the studios. With more directors like Mal St. Clair, Herbert Brenon and Lubitsch, more pictures with the finesse of "Stella Dallas," "The Big Parade" and "Lady Windermere's Fan," more actors with the intelligence of Adolphe Menjou, John Gilbert and Florence Vidor, censorship will die of topheaviness.

Soon it will be just as sacrilegious to "mangle" first class pictures as to turn loose a gang of small boys with paint buckets in the Metropolitan Museum—and just as unnecessary.

J. E. HAWKINS.

## He's All of That

North Troy, New York

Sheiks may come and sheiks may go, but the good old characters will continue forever. These dapper young men that thrill us for the moment can never leave a lasting remembrance with us, as do some of the fine types of men who have been actors for many years. All the praise and applause these days go to the younger fellows, but here's a bouquet for a "real actor," Mr. Alec B. Francis.

Mr. Francis, in my estimation, is one of the finest actors on the screen. As the *padre* in "Thunder Mountain," Mr. Francis was excellent, but in "Thank You" no mere words can express his ability.

What a wonderful man Mr. Francis must be in real life.

HELEN QUINN.

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## We Give Up

Raleigh, N. C.

When will ZaSu Pitts have a chance—when will she be given an opportunity to show us what she can do? When will she get to wear the beautiful spider web fabrics in keeping with her beauty? When will she have the chance to play the rôle thousands of less beautiful actresses have had? How much longer must those tragically beautiful eyes be overlooked by the directors and movie folk? Shall those artistic hands always belong merely to the poor little imbecile that she is forced to portray? The writer is wondering if ZaSu Pitts will ever be given an opportunity to come into her own—to show us what she really can do. Truly she is as tragic and appealing as the wistful Lillian Gish, but more beautiful. For years she has been denied the chance of her life, and after "Mannequin" I cannot refrain from asking if ZaSu's lot shall always be that of the ignorant servant girl.

BARBARA GRAHAM.

## Rudy, Be Free and Wild!

Obispo, Cal.

A word about Valentino. These are the reasons I think his popularity has waned since "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik."

In the above named pictures Rudolph showed us the gay, passionate Latin lover—a juggler of women's hearts. A bit ruthless, perhaps, but oh, how fascinating!

Now, only Rudolph's perfect manners save him from being completely Americanized. Either his personality has undergone a change or he is showing us a less interesting facet of it, for ever since "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik" he has been the wistful, lovesick boy. We do not want to see Rudolph enslaved by Dagmar Godowsky or even Nita Naldi; we want to see Nita and Dagmar enslaved by Rudolph.

VICTORIA CARTER.

## A Whole Praise Garden

Alberta, Canada

My finest bouquet goes to Milton Sills for his splendid portrayal of characters, his ability to act naturally, and for his fine personality, especially in "The Spoilers," "The Making of O'Malley." I would like to see a little more of him and a little less of Tom Mix and Buck Jones, for we who live in the West see these kind in our every day life. We naturally prefer something different.

Harrison Ford is another favorite of mine. I must throw two nice big bouquets of equal size and beauty to Thomas Meighan and Tony Moreno. I have been a Meighan fan ever since I saw him in "The Bachelor Daddy," and Tony since he played in serials. Also a handsome bouquet for that grand old man of the screen, Theodore Roberts. And please accept a bouquet yourself, PHOTOPLAY, for being the very best of all Screen Magazines.

MRS. MARGARET MOORE.

## Cooling Arlen's Ardor

Indianapolis, Ind.

I am almost hoping that no more of Michael Arlen's stories will be filmed if they will all be as poor as "The Dancer of Paris." The lovely, intangible charm of Mr. Arlen's story was utterly lost in a muddle of bad continuity. Ridiculous sub-titles and extremely bad acting. Dorothy Mackaill lacked the sparkle and finesse to carry such a part, her hair was worn most unbecomingly and worst of all, her dancing was miserable. Poor Conway Tearle is ready for the shelf. As Miss Mackaill's leading man in the picture, he appeared heavy, worn and old. His irksome frown was still present and helped to show the many wrinkles around his eyes and his general inadequacy was pitiful. Off with him! I think Connie Bennett and perhaps Richard Dix would have done it much better but it would have taken a "deal of fixin'" to make a real picture of it!

D. S. K.

## Oh, Irene, Here's a Bouquet

Austin, Texas

At last I saw "Lady Windemere's Fan," the great picture, the unforgotten picture which gave us a new artist, the magic picture which gave us a new Irene. From beginning to end "Lady Windemere's Fan" was a charming picture, directed by a master mind.

Bert Lytell, Ronald Colman and May McAvoy did their best to please, but somehow they did not convince me; but this did not matter, because what I wanted to see was the new, beautiful Irene, "Our Irene"; and although I saw the picture twice I did not get tired watching her in this, her masterpiece, because in it I was seeing, not the good wife who stayed at home while her husband was out, but a new woman of the world—I was seeing a different and most bewitching Irene. . . .

When I came out of the theater, the moon was already sending its silvery and noiseless rays over the world, and still I was in a wonderful dream, having in my mind a delightful and only desire—that of seeing again the Irene Rich and Lubitsch combination.

AMBROSE ROYO.

## She Says Dick's Bowlegged!

Hollywood, Cal.

What on earth is ailing Richard Barthelmess. I saw "Just Suppose" last week and was disappointed. It isn't nearly as good as he used to make. I noticed when he had the prince's uniform on he was slightly bowlegged. That was the thing that spoiled it for me. I heard people behind me say they liked Tony better than Dick. We like him in pictures like "Soul Fire," "The Beautiful City," et cetera, and not "Shore Leave." Any actor could act that part. Richard is one of the best actors we have and we don't want to see him in comedies.

Anybody who is Valentino crazy is nutty, but I don't blame them for liking Ronald Colman. I would like to see "Monte Cristo" again. Will it ever be shown?

MARJORIE DUNLAP.

## Maybe You're Right

Rising City, Neb.

One huge bouquet for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation if they refuse to re-issue Wally Reid's pictures!

We don't want Wally's pictures back. Our Wally is dead. Do, please, let him rest. We don't want to see his boyish face flashed across the screen again, when we know—well, we know he's lying stiff and cold, six feet under the earth. Don't bring him back. Even the idea is repulsive.

We want to remember him as the lively, lovable chap, the All-American lad, who has answered the call, but to see him as such again—well, somehow it's different.

LULU WALL.

## Speaking of Geese

Florence, S. C.

"The Goose Girl," produced sometime ago, was a very interesting picture. "The Goose Hangs High" proved to be one of the finest pictures of American home life ever produced. Now we have "The Goose Woman," with Louise Dresser in the title rôle, who gives one of the finest characterizations of the screen, as the woman who has fallen from power and popularity and resorts to geese raising and gin drinking. An actress who can make such a part intensely interesting deserves the highest praise.

But speaking of geese: since this bird, or fowl, seems to bring good luck, we suggest that directors give it careful consideration when selecting titles in future.

For instance "Goosie, Goosie, Gander, Whither do you wander," would be applicable to quite a number of films we have viewed recently.

MRS. C. O. STILL.



## The Powder Beauties Use

By Edna Wallace Hopper.

We on the stage and in the movies use exquisite powders. We don't care what we pay. Beauty is our chief asset, and fine powder is an aid to beauty. I used to pay \$5. per box for my powder. So did most of my friends.

Now I have induced those great powder makers to supply me their best, by the million boxes, at modest prices. So the best face powder I have ever found is at your call today. All toilet counters supply it as Edna Wallace Hopper's Face Powder.

You will never realize how face powders can differ until you try my kind. You will never know how much the right face powder adds to one's appearance.

This powder comes in two types. I use a heavy cold cream powder, because it clings and stays. That cost you \$1. per box. But the same powder comes in the light, fluffy type at 50 cents per box. And both come in several shades.

Let me send you samples imbedded in dainty tabs. You will be delighted. You will learn for the first time what exquisite powder means. The coupon will bring the samples, also my Beauty Book. Clip it now. I believe that never again will you be content with ordinary powders.

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## Adela Always Starts Something

Selma, Ala.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, deliberately attempted to increase or create a rise in the falling stock of Norma Talmadge's popularity! To proclaim Miss Talmadge, 'Our One and Only Great Actress' is ridiculous! Personally, I shall not make a bitter attack upon Miss Talmadge, but Adela Rogers St. Johns has left her open for just such necessary criticism, that is bound to arise. It will cause a lot of dirty digs for Miss Talmadge, when Mrs. St. Johns should get them!

Why do they pick on Mae Murray? One mean cat admits that Mae Murray has a following and goes on to jump on them. . . . I have this to say for Miss Murray's fans, they never fail her. Let the Dogs Bark!

If Mary Pickford were not a good business woman, and was still working for Famous Players (in Mrs. St. Johns reasons) that would simply mean she could not reach the heights.

I agree with Mrs. St. Johns about Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, but her unmerciful attack upon Lillian Gish, should cause a storm of protest. After seeing the "White Sister" how can anyone have the nerve to come out and boil with ungovernable rage when she is praised? I shall never forgive Mrs. St. Johns for the things said about Miss Gish.

To me Nazimova is a very, very great actress. She has given us everything that Mrs. St. Johns was shouting about and she did not even say anything about her. Do you think that Nazimova was wonderful in "My Boy"? It was a small part too!

Adela Rogers St. Johns may have courage but she does not sound convincing when she placed Reginald Denny among the ten most handsome men.

CHAMP CLARK.

## Tempo Triumphs

Cicero, Ill.

I am a musician and like to think of pictures as the visual expression of music. Hence all my bouquets go to the directors who understand that mysterious time element of a picture called *tempo*. This innate musical sense is the instinctive safeguard of a director and it is revealed in the first few minutes of a picture. Too many directors rely on pictorial values which in the end produces boredom as nothing can take the place of the vital time element.

But a director like King Vidor or James Cruze sets pictures to rhythm, infusing that creative quality that still vibrates months after the picture is seen and gives it immortality. This rhythmic vitality is the explanation of the dynamic excitement that pulses thru "The Big Parade" and "The Covered Wagon."

Malcolm St. Clair is also blessed with this musical instinct and created true cinema art in "Are Parents People."

HENRY L. BELMONT.

## The Lure of the Irish

Middletown, N. Y.

I have often wondered why the Irish lads and lassies on the screen (and off for that matter) are such wonderful successes in all that they attempt. Why is it that Colleen Moore, Thomas Meighan, Jackie Coogan, and many others from the auld sod have the world at their feet?

After thinking it over carefully I've come to this conclusion. When the angels were making the different nationalities, they took a great lump of determination and made of it one nationality. They made another of intelligence, another of charm, another of generosity and still another of sympathy and tact.

Finally they thought they were finished but looking around they found they had a good sized piece of each material left. So they mixed them all together and called the result Irish.

MISS ALTA M. TOEPP.



## THAT MYSTERIOUS ART ..... BEING A WOMAN

Boyish bobs, slim, curveless lines . . . "Is femininity a lost art?" asks the older generation.

Freedom, frankness . . . "Never was femininity so much a fine art," declares the younger.

Being a woman means more today than ever before. She wants more, she gets more. *But she has to put more into the job!*

She has to cultivate beauty as never before. She must have wit and poise and style—and that mystery, charm.

It's a strange art—made up of many things. Personal things. One in particular which is essentially feminine; which no woman can afford to forget, if she would be attractive.

She has to fight for it. For her daily bath cannot keep her daintiness of person safe from devastating perspiration moisture and odor.

Rings of stain under the arm or across the back? Clothing ruined? A tell-tale odor that gives the lie to beauty? *Unthinkable to the socially successful nowadays!* They take no chances!

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### Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBÉ CO., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

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## A Slam at the Answer Man

New York City

I have been an interested reader of PHOTOPLAY for a number of years—I have enjoyed reading it on the whole; however, once in a while I have felt like writing in a criticism. This is my initial appearance in your column. I have seen Alma Rubens in "The Winding Stair" and some good friend should tell that lady she cannot dance. She is awful and when she kicks her knee is bent. She is the most ungraceful woman on the screen. I saw her with George O'Brien in, I think, "The Dancers." and she danced a great deal. What is the trouble with her director? Can't he see she is no dancer? Also I read Tom Mix's life in your magazine. In it is said he saw service in the Philippines. That was about 1898 and his age is given about 31. He must have fought at the tender age of 4 years at that rate. Why don't you stop giving ages if they cannot come anyway near the truth? It is really insulting the intelligence some of the ages given for some stars.

BETH BERRY.

## Slamming "The New Commandment"

Los Angeles, Cal.

For a maudlin melodramatic-slapstick mixture we've seen nothing to equal First National's "The New Commandment." Coherence and this cinema have as much in common as a humming bird and an elephant. The cast was capable of something bigger. Blanche Sweet, Ben Lyon, Holbrook Blinn, Dorothy Cummings, Pedro de Cordova, and Effie Shannon are not to be sniffed at.

There were so many vital points left dangling in mid-air. The average audience is willing to meet the writer half way, but there are limits. Here are a few of the things that irked us. What happened to the book *Renee's* father was so anxious to publish, that was so very important in the beginning of the story? How did Billy's father get his son's release from the French jail so easily? When did the mistress of Chateau Reves invite the heroine to make a permanent home with her? How did Billy join the French army? How was the hero's father recovered from the wreckage? How did Billy recover his sight when we were lead to believe him totally blind?

Are we expected to digest this stuff that cries for the cutter's scissors and a scenarist who "knows his stuff"?

EBBA MARIE THOMSEN.

## New Sheiks for Old

Milwaukee, Wis.

Everybody is busy picking the prettiest girls, the girls with most talent and the handsomest men on the screen. May I give my list of the group of men who deserve bigger parts and better salaries?

Roy D'Arcy was the highlight of "The Merry Widow" and "The Masked Dancer" as far as I was concerned. With all due credit given John Gilbert and Mae Murray, I fell in love with Roy D'Arcy because of his wonderful performance.

John Patrick can make the worst picture filmed a delight, simply because of his personality. He has a different style from all other actors. I really wish he would appear in about every third or fourth film.

I would like to see a lot more of Harrison Ford. He is a splendid, convincing actor. Remember him in "Proud Flesh," fans?

Clive Brook is one of the few actors who can make me see a poor picture because of his presence. I will go every time I see his name in the cast.

Here are a few of the newer actors I hope will become better known. They deserve it. They are William Haines, William Boyd, Robert Ames, Larry Gray, Gilbert Roland and Donald Keith.

LUCY BARRICK.

## Yes, Corinne Needs Better Stories

Washington, D. C.

Merely to look at her (Oh—Corinne Griffith, of course) is a positive joy and delight, for she possesses that quality of beauty which shines from within. Surely even the proverbial one "who runs can read" the character, the true culture and refinement that is indelibly stamped on her beautiful features.

Now when, in addition to this loveliness, she displayed a marked talent for real "honest-to-goodness" acting—as witness "Classified"—why in the name of the great "D. W." do they hand her such piffing plots as "Infatuation"? It was only Miss Griffith's personal charm which caused me to stay to the bitter end.

But, since "hope springs eternal," I shall continue to go to her next—and next—and hope—and hope—for a story that is worthy of her ability.

M. M. L.

## We Agree Heartily

Glenside, Pa.

A Chicago lawyer recommended that "hangings" be shown in motion pictures as a deterrent to crime. He might have further suggested that picture of the crime be first shown! What an entertaining picture it would make to see a person killed, the murderer sawing up his victim, in the next scene witness the murderer dangling on the end of a rope! Nice for the children, I suppose, particularly if it was accompanied by a sub-title on the following order:

"He was a born 'cut-up' they said  
They must have had the right 'dope'  
He never once lost his head  
'Till he got to the end of his 'rope.'"

What a crime that would be! Normal or abnormal persons are benefited by the right kind of pictures, and they would have a more wholesome effect, even on a would-be criminal than the morbid or gruesome type.

HARRY HILFERT.

## Mix Fans, Lookit This!

Akron, Ohio

Tom Mix is slowly losing his grip as the most popular Western actor—old champ's throne is tottering. Who will be the new Monarch of the Western films—Charles Jones, Hoot Gibson or Jack Hoxie?

Of the latter named three, I believe the battle will be chiefly concerned between Buck Jones and Hoot Gibson. Hoxie's chances look slim.

Tom Mix is staging his losing fight valiantly and when he goes down he will always be remembered as the man who started the "wonder horse" craze.

Seems like a Western actor's wardrobe is incomplete without a wonder horse along—there's Rex, Silver King, Lightning, Tarzan, and a load of others now being paged via the silversheet.

JOHN PODA.

## Ralph and the Drayma

Detroit, Mich.

Why such a likeable, clever chap as Ralph Graves should be playing in slapstick comedies and profess to like it—is more than I can understand.

When I think of the splendid work he did as leading man in "Dream Street," "Volanda," Dorothy Gish's comedy-dramas and then run into one of his "Mack-Sennett-ers"—I revolt! How could you?

Let those laurels go to the winds? Never! The fans would prefer seeing you in leading men's rôles and feature plays, and we beg you not to continue in comedies.

Please, Mr. Graves, don't you understand—you have the talent and ability—you should be doing better, bigger, finer things! We want you in feature pictures, the fans demand it, won't you acquiesce?

JANETTE RAYBOULD.



## The O'Brien Blues

Astoria, Oregon

In the February PHOTOPLAY Millicent Hartman is very much concerned about George O'Brien. I want to register a complaint along with her. Please let up on Richard Dix, John Gilbert and some others to whom your magazine is seemingly so partial (we are almost suffocated) and give Mr. O'Brien a chance. Don't you think we ever get tired of the same ones all the time? Mr. O'Brien is a splendid young actor who is coming to the front rapidly. He has ability and personality as well as good looks. All he needs is a good director and stories suitable to his type. So come on now, all you O'Brien fans, let's start boosting our favorite and combat this Dix epidemic.

As for the ladies, Pola Negri and Corinne Griffith are the only ones on my horizon. Pola has hypnotized me, she is superb! Miss Griffith is neither beautiful nor a wonderful actress, but I think if she snapped out of her apparent lethargy she could be. "Classified" convinced me of that. Don't ask me why I like her, maybe she has Elinor Glyn's IT.

I get a huge kick out of Vivian Ogden. I'd rather watch her than Gloria Swanson! Give her some space in your magazine.

Three cheers for PHOTOPLAY!

MISS A. THOMPSON.

## New Zealand's Sweetheart, Too

New Zealand

I have been reading articles lately about the fight for the crown between Pola, Gloria and Mary. Wonderful Pola and Gloria may be, but they are not to be compared with "Our Mary." She is the greatest actress of them all. Here is a paragraph from an old issue of PHOTOPLAY: "Mary Pickford has become in twenty years what ordinarily takes one hundred—a tradition. Greater actresses may arise around her but Mary will never know a rival, for she has become a symbol of love to the lonely soul of the world." Yes, give me Mary of the sunshine and curls, breathing of youth and springtime from the depths of her beautiful soul. I would like other fans to join me in this expression of confidence in "Our Mary." Can we allow the world's Sweetheart to be dethroned without lifting one hand to help her? Never! The world cannot do without her!

MISS MARIE M. ANSFORD.

## Peter-Panning Betty

Omaha, Neb.

I offer sincerest praise and congratulations for the most fascinating and logical picture that I have seen in a long time—"Three Faces East." The main target of my felicitations is the amazing Jetta Goudal. Having always nourished a grudge against the mysterious Jetta I was completely bowled over by her acting in the war drama.

Miss Goudal is THE actress. It would be for their everlasting benefit to the present crop of beauteous automatons, who are trying to win unmerited praise, to study Jetta's method. It's sure-fire. Here is the type of work that one never forgets. More power to her!

Now, a little cold air! . . . How old is Betty Bronson? Ever since the petite *Peter Pan* elfed her way into our hearts, we have been deluged with floods of "youthful" publicity. Here's the point:

We have been told, over and over again, that Betty is "just a kid." Scribes have written cute stories about Betty's little jaunts, and the few "dates" she is allowed to have, her extremely youthful clothes.

I'm not a crank, but when it becomes a habit for the publicity to repeat over and over again the same exaggerations, I get weary. Betty is a favorite of mine, and I dislike to see her press agent trying to put her in pinafores or little girl slippers when I know she must be quite a delightful young lady.

FLORENCE A. STEWART.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

*To keep fresh the beauty  
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THERE is no place in the modern scheme of things for the woman who is indifferent to her personal appearance and allows herself to grow old. It's the age of youth—but no woman can look younger than her skin.

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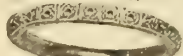
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A83 Heavy Gentle 18K White Gold Ring, 2 Blue-white diamonds; blue Sapphire in center. \$57.50 \$5.65 a month



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## Speaking of Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

drive her beyond her capacity, and every picture she makes is a travail of harassing episodes. Despite her enormous salary her expenses are a nightmare, and I doubt that she has had an hour's relaxation outside sleep in years.

AND now she is taking on more troubles. She is going to produce her own pictures. "Fine Manners" is her last under her present banner. Then she becomes an independent producer as one of the United Artists.

Well meaning friends pointed out the promised land of artistic inde-

pendence and millions, and Gloria chose that direction, despite the warning of friends who pointed out the obstacles.

Fairbanks, Pickford, Chaplin, and Lloyd have demonstrated that they are able producers as well as stars, but look at Nazimova, Valentino, Ray, and even D. W. Griffith.

The first four became millionaires, but the other four got nothing but experience and disillusionment.

There are more wrinkles in one independent star production than can be removed by a ton of cold cream.

All our hopes are with Gloria, but our judgment is not.

## Here Are the Real Box Office Stars

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

impartially correct as any that can be tabulated.

For instance, Tom Mix occupies a peculiar position from the box office standpoint. He draws crowds equal to stars in the first class, but no one of his pictures would gross as much money as a picture starring Fairbanks, Chaplin, or others in the group. The reason for this is that Mix's popularity is in the small theaters where less admission is charged and smaller attendance is obtained. He has to play a lot of small theaters to bring returns up to the amount that Barthelmess or Denny would get in larger houses. But he makes more pictures in a year than any of the stars in the major group, so I rate him among them as a popular big money-getter.

LILLIAN GISH is another star difficult to classify. In big pictures Miss Gish's drawing power is equal to that of the stars in group one, but in small features she would rate with Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer and Colleen Moore.

Mr. Schenck lists Valentino in the first group. His popularity is waning so rapidly, however, that it is doubtful if he will remain there long. "The Eagle", however, drew big returns. "Cobra" did not.

Pola Negri depends almost entirely upon her foreign following. Her popularity in Europe is great enough to make her of financial profit to her company without consideration of her American clientele, which is small.

"Thomas Meighan has a following that is notable for its stability, regardless of poor pictures," says Mr. Schenck. "And he will always have it. His personality is that of the big brother, the friend, and that is the lasting sort."

John Gilbert's following is of the sex-attraction genre. "The Merry Widow" did more for him, in Mr. Schenck's opinion, than "The Big Parade", though his acting in the latter was finer.

Novarro attracts affection, but not of the fervent variety. He has a romantic appeal for the imagination by his very appearance, and he has proved to be an inspired actor.

Among women, Norma Shearer is regarded by Mr. Schenck as the most promising of the newcomers. "His Secretary" proved her drawing power as a star.

Colleen Moore has had the best break of

any young star and has made the most of it.

Corinne Griffith, on the other hand, has proved her strength by dragging a long procession of bad pictures. "Classified", her first good one, reveals what she can do if given fair material.

JOHN BARRYMORE is not yet established as a favorite, though he will be after the general release of "The Sea Beast" and "Don Juan". His attraction in the large cities is through his stage following.

*Are stars unreasonably temperamental?*

I ask the question because it plays a part in the permanency of their drawing power.

"No," says Mr. Schenck. "They have their reasons, though they may seem unreasonable."

"There is just one thing needed to handle players successfully, I've found, and that is the truth."

"Producers make the mistake too often of telling their stars only the pleasant things. The stars get an exaggerated idea of their value, and the producers can't live up to it."

"Young players who come up swiftly to success may get the swell-head. Their associates notice it first and start drawing away from them. Those who have been their friends cease to cooperate, and no one person in this business is self-sufficient. Then, eventually, the public senses this superiority feeling and begins drawing away. I have not encountered this problem very often. Where I have I simply have parted company with the person. I recognize the right of every man to his opinions of himself, even if I disagree."

Turning the tables on Mr. Schenck I asked a star how he accounted for Mr. Schenck's success in managing players.

"Equity," said Doug Fairbanks. "You can disagree with him without ruffling his vanity. Producers sometimes get the swell-head as well as stars. Joe will change his mind if he can be convinced he's in the wrong. And he tells you the truth. That's about the rarest thing in this business—the truth. When you find a man who will tell it to you, you have found a friend."

I therefore submit this list of box office stars as the most truthful rating that can be given. It is not infallible, not invariable; some who are up are doomed to come down, and some who are down will be up in a year or two.



## Red Hair and A Piano

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

"That was the best acting I have ever done," she told me, with a twinkle in her eye. "I was unconscious."

Ethel had the title role in "The Girl Who Came Back," played opposite Charles Ray in "An Old Fashioned Boy," and was one of the daughters in "Daughters of the Rich." More recently she has been seen opposite Syd Chaplin in that riotous comedy, "Charley's Aunt," and in another mirth provoker, "Stop Flirting."

She is now reaching the climax of her career, for she has just signed a five-year contract and is in New York making "The Cherry Tree," the first of her new pictures. It's her first visit to the big city. She writes that, owing to the high prices, she will probably have to sell the family piano to get out.

## Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Mr. Gilbert did not reproduce the original, but he did create an original and fascinating fellow of high volatility. He was convincing in all his fervid gesticulation.

The idea of a homely hero winning the love of a screen heroine is manifestly incredible.

"But why?" interrupts Musette Adoree. "In life women love homely men. I—I personally detest handsome ones, as a rule."

To which our only reply is—"Goody, Goody!"

I'D like to see Renee Adoree and John Gilbert in another love match with King Vidor as referee. They wouldn't be Romeo and Juliet exactly, but a team like that doesn't need Shakespeare. Considering the temperature of their emotion his old wooden balcony would be condemnable. What they need is a fire-escape.

SPEAKING of great directors, where are they? King Vidor stands unchallenged in the lists today, save possibly by Lubitsch. D.W. Griffith has gone stale. Cecil De Mille is wandering some place in the dark ages with his flash-backs. Von Stroheim is uncertain, and Rex Ingram is sunning himself on the Riviera while gaily thumbing his nose at the bosses back here.

Everyone has been given credit for "The Big Parade" except King, to whom it belongs. True, he had the cooperation of two exceptionally creative players, as well as Irving Thalberg. But it takes a great artist to recognize cooperation. Griffith used to have a circle of original minds from which he took ideas. So did De Mille. So did the lesser chief, Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte. But directors, as well as players, invariably reach the point where they feel they can go it alone. Like the late Kaiser, they murmur—"Me and God."

King remains humble. He has his ideas, but he can accept others.

"The Big Parade" germinated from a simple idea. Examine the full-grown product and you'll find that the characters and situations make the entertainment. They are gems on an old cotton string.

THE above is no argument against stories. It is possible for a director of story-telling talent to develop a play as he goes along. On the whole, however, a strong, detailed script as a starting point will save a lot of re-takes.

I'm sick of those "little touches" for which directors are being extolled. "The story is trite," we read in the reviews, "but director Abracadabra's little touches make it."



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The fact is that a lot of directors don't want stories. They want to strut forth single-handed and alone, shoot out their cuffs and cry, "Presto! See the cute little rabbit right out of my silk hat where there was nothing at all before. Clever!"

The same desire for a solo performance makes a director inimical to close-ups for players. Too much attention for the stars may make you forget the genius behind the megaphone. Anything to make it a director's picture. Such are the clever directors. They are not creators of pictures, they are merely retouchers.

AT a dinner party the favorite table topic came up: What's a Genius and Who, in Hollywood? Several were seriously injured, while others escaped with slight scalp wounds. Tragedy was averted by the timely arrival of PHOTOPLAY with my definition, to-wit: Genius consists of the infinite capacity to supply me with copy.

To prove by example, I chose Renee Adoree, whose histrionic power is on current display in "The Big Parade." When I came to set down my gleanings after the interview I felt that the six-foot bookshelf wasn't long enough

to contain all the classic words of wit, wisdom, philosophy and romance. What I recount is not the half of it, nor is the telling what it should be, for I'm without the new orthophonic attachment.

Nevertheless, Mlle. Adoree steps to the head of Prof. Howe's exclusive class of geniuses this month.

AMID the dinner discussion, during which chicken bones, silverware and flasks were hurled with suitable epithets, some one glanced me with a bookish definition:

Genius is a term which originally meant in Roman mythology a generative and protective spirit. Everyone has his genius who is not his creator, but comes into being and is allotted at birth.

"In the case of movie stars," I opined, "that must be Mama."

ABOVE the din came another whoop out of Webster: Genius is a term to express the degree of original greatness which is beyond ordinary powers of explanation.

If this is taken for authority, genius runs rife in Hollywood, for most of the greatness is beyond any human power of explanation.

## Wicked?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

subtle intrigues and hinted at scandalous romances. All this we did before, finally, Mary Dugan was star material.

It's curious, how one can be poured into a mold. And brought out complete in shape and expression and usefulness. It wasn't long before we had grown to accept Marie DuGanne as the wicked little lady of hot sunshine and castanets and the scent of orange flowers. Not that we believed the press stories—no, indeed! But every one else did. And that was all that mattered.

I SAW a great deal of Marie in those days. Our names clung together—always I wrote her stories. She talked to me more freely than she talked with some of the others. And her talk was not at all the sort that the feature writers made popular in the fan magazines.

Here is an extract from a typical interview, of that period:

"Marie DuGanne leaned back among the chiffon pillows on her chaise longue. She seemed a strange exotic presence—rather than a real person—in her negligee of dull gold and dead black. One slim hand touched languidly the head of her great, silent dog. A wolf hound, her constant companion. Her eyes were moody and strange.

"After all—' she said slowly, with just the merest trace of an accent in her slow, musical voice, 'men are only—how shall I say it—toys! We play with one—we women—until it is shabby and broken. And then we discard it, for a new toy—so—' here she sighed—'so it goes! Voila.'"

That interview was widely quoted. It furnished the inspiration for more than one sermon. But—curiously enough—at that time Marie DuGanne had never known a man in the romantic sense. She had never been kissed—really. And she talked like this when she was alone with me—

"Say," she would exclaim—biting into a square of fudge—"say—what's it all about. I wonder? I thought I wanted to be a star—but it's not so hot, bein' one. I don't get much fun out of life. Studying, all day, and seeing a bunch of people—an' maybe they're kidding me for all I know! And leading a dumb dog on the end of a string, and riding in a car that's not paid for yet. Know what I'd like, really?"

I looked at her. A different Marie DuGanne than the feature writers saw. A childish, slim

person in dimity pajamas—curled up on a rug in front of the fire. Eagerly licking candy from sticky, pink finger tips. I wondered, in my heart, what did lie at the end of her rainbow before I spoke my denial—

"Know what I'd like?" Marie repeated. "I'd like to bob my hair, and live in a bungalow and do my own work—and have furniture instead of a bunch of dust catchers. I'd like to marry a big, regular, two fisted guy. Irish—with red hair. And have a baby. Maybe three babies!"

\* \* \* \*

And it wasn't so much later that Marie met her Irishman. On the surface he looked almost the picture that her fancy had painted. Big he was and his hair was red. But—somehow—he didn't give the impression of being just exactly two fisted. He got out of difficulties by being smooth instead of by the fighting genius of his race. At least, he got out of some difficulties.

Where he came from nobody knew, exactly. He was one of those charming, inefficient men who are so much in demand where there are tea parties and dances—and ladies with shawls and fans to be carried. He was what I call, in my own mind, a dabbler. He wrote a little, and painted a little and sang a little. He even acted a little. And it was his slight acting ability, as well as the fact that he photographed well, that got him into the pictures. He played very minor parts—and tried, while playing them, to get on easily familiar terms with each of the principals!

IT was while working in one of her pictures that the man met Marie. He was a flamboyant, romantic personality as he loomed up, beside her, on the set. She was doing a dance in the center of a built up place of stucco and artificial vines and real palm trees. A hacienda, I suppose, of old California—I've forgotten. She was dancing with her head thrown back, with a rose between her sharp white little teeth. At the end of the dance she was to turn, with a sudden swirl of skirts, to throw the rose into the hands of the smiling hero. But she threw it, instead, at the red-headed stranger—and we had to film the whole sequence over.

"Why on earth did you do that?" I questioned crossly, a few moments later, in her dressing room.

But she only looked past me, dreamily. And—



"What's his name, anyway?" she asked.  
His name, we discovered, was O'Hara—Alan O'Hara. A flamboyant name—to suit his personality. Probably not his real name, at all. But that didn't matter to Marie.

"It's as real as mine," she said defiantly.  
"Where do you people get off, anyway?"  
And a few hours later, we saw him driving away with her through the cool of the evening.

Oh, as I said before, I think, really, that Alan O'Hara was the first man whom Marie had ever glanced at. And I know that he was the first man who had ever cast sentimental eyes upon her. As an extra she had been one of a group—a large group. As a suddenly risen star she had become the possessor of a reputation that rather frightened the wary ones—and what man isn't, at heart, wary? No one wanted to be a toy—a toy to be worn out and discarded. But Alan O'Hara didn't care. Perhaps he had never read any of the stories printed about Marie DuGanne. Perhaps—as the director said, with a contemptuous sniff—he couldn't read!

At any rate Marie DuGanne had fallen in love. Swiftly and consumingly—and with a man that no one had picked for her. A man from God knows where, who had a way of looking past the eyes that tried to find his own. A man who, we felt, could not be quite trusted. We, who had had our will of her home and her dog and her chaperon and her frocks, found ourselves suddenly ignored. Suddenly unwanted.

FROM the first I saw the way it was going. Marie had chosen her mate—quite naturally reverting to the ways of her real ancestors. O'Hara—well, we were divided in our opinions. Either he loved Marie—he *did* have a certain way of devouring her with his glance—or he thought her a rather safe bet, matrimonially. We weren't quite sure. But, at any rate, Marie went about in a happy daze—and spoke, in lyric rhyme, of a home and all that a home could mean. Eden in Hollywood—beyond a doubt!

I don't know that the wedding day had been fixed at the time of the snake's entrance into this Eden. But I do know that mutual vows had been taken, and that many kisses had been exchanged. And I do know that Marie wore proudly, upon a third finger, a stupid little ring. How O'Hara—on his pittance—had come by it no one knew, at the time. She was vastly proud of it.

"There's only one thing that gets my goat," she told me, when she first displayed the diamond set token—"only one thing. It's kind of a shame they've given me such a rep—you know. Making me out a vamp, you know. When I've always been so regular. Not that Alan believes any of the truck that's printed, but still . . . Well, it's hardly fair on a man that his wife should be hung with scandal like a Christmas tree is trimmed with glass balls. And it won't be any fun—believe me—keepin' old magazines away from the kids when they're big enough to read!"

She was serious, dead serious. And her concern was—well, sweet. I patted her hand.

"Don't you bother, dear—" I said, just as seriously—"there'll have been fifty new vamps—you'll be forgotten—by the time your children can read."

Strangely enough Marie DuGanne had a flash of pride in her peacock glory.

"Quite forgotten?" she said, just a little wistfully.

It was then that I kissed her.

"No one," I said, "will ever forget that bit, in your first picture. When you said your little prayer over the body of your dead love. That was—art!" And Marie was comforted.

And then the snake. Little and blond and baby eyed. Coming, as did the real baby in the nursery rhyme, from "out of the everywhere into the here." Coming with a quivering, silly little mouth and a bedraggled newspaper clipping from a middle western paper. Coming to the studio, day after day, and asking

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to see Marie DuGanne. We thought, at first, that she was just a pest—one of the sort that haunts all studios. But she was so pathetic that finally word of her reached Marie. And the long and short of it was that Marie let them bring her up to the star's dressing room, at the rest hour.

The girl—she was little more than a girl—stared long at Marie, from the doorway of that dressing room. Marie, made up in her most alluring manner. One could fully believe the press stories, looking at her. All white and red and black, she was—all glorious. The girl—before her—was washed out, drab, by comparison. And yet she, too, in her way—her blond, ineffectual way—was pretty. Until she began to cry.

Marie—sympathetic, always—started forward. So did I—who had been chatting with Marie. But the girl backed away from us, as if we were something unclean. And one small, chubby hand extended the aforementioned clipping. It was I who took it from her hand—and ran through it hurriedly. It was the announcement of Marie's marriage plans—and it was decorated with her most sophisticated picture beside a photograph of Alan O'Hara. The heading was spectacular. It said:

"Local boy wins Movie Vamp."

"So," I said, "so Alan's from Iowa, eh?" I had often wondered. And then I spoke to the girl—"What's it all about?" I asked.

The girl gulped back a sob. Her small nose was quite pink from crying, already.

"Is it true?" she asked of me. "About her—Alan?"

Marie had taken the clipping from my hand. She was reading it with a curiously prideful look on her face—

"Why, yes—youngster," she said, "it's true!"

ALL at once the girl had started forward. At first I thought that she was going to strike Marie. And then, suddenly, she had fallen upon her knees.

"Oh, Miss DuGanne," she beseeched, "oh, you mustn't. Why—Alan. I love him. I love him. You can't take him away from me!"

Marie DuGanne bent above the little figure. There was real pain on her face. And her voice was gentle. But—

"I'm awfully sorry, dear," she said, "but I love him, too. And he loves me. I—I haven't taken him away from you. I never knew you existed. I never knew that any girl back in his home town was caring for him. I'm sorry, but—"

Viciously the girl's voice spoke—

"You're sorry!" she shrielled. "Yes, you are. Men are like dolls for you to play with. I know what you said. Alan—he's just something new. You don't care for him, not really. But—he belongs to me. Me. Why—*it's the ring he was buying for me that is on your finger!* He came out here to make money, so as we could be married. You both have been laughing about me, probably. You're bad—you are—and you've made my Alan bad! But bad or not—he's mine. He's got to marry me. He's got to. *You don't count.*"

All at once the veneer of poise that was Marie DuGanne slipped from the slim shoulders of Mary Dugan. All at once she was the girl that the casting director had called "dark Irish." Her right hand was shaking as it pulled the stupid little ring from her left one.

"This may be yours," she said, "though I think you're lying. You can have it back—a ring doesn't mean a darn thing in my life. But my man—you can't have him!" she laughed—a high, hysterical note—"You can't have him. Just try and get him. *Just try!* What do you mean, belongs to you? Alan is mine. Mine. Try and make me give him up. Why I—I'd kill you—or anybody else—before I'd let you have him. Do you—get me?"

White lipped, dry eyed, the girl on the floor looked up into the dark, passion-swept face above her. And then—

"But I've got to have Alan," she whispered. "If I'd known before he left, I wouldn't have let him come out here . . . Don't you—understand? He's *got* to marry me . . . I can't go home—unless—he—does—"

All at once she had toppled over into a limp little heap.

Across her body Marie DuGanne's eyes met mine. She was very pale. For a moment she didn't speak. And then—

"Better send her to a hotel," she said. "My maid can take her, in a taxi. Say—life's funny— isn't it? Awfully . . . funny . . ." You see, she did understand—quite perfectly.

And, that night, she wrote a letter to Alan O'Hara. I sat beside her, at her desk, as she wrote it. I can tell the contents of the note to you, word for word—and with no breach of confidence. For the whole world knew it, a day after it was penned! This is what she wrote:

"My dear Alan:

It was all a mistake—and I guess

it's time to tell you that I'm through.

I guess I don't know what love is—

maybe I never will know. You'd

better go back home, away from here.

Maybe there's some girl waiting for

you—and, if there is, you'd better

marry her—and forget—Marie."

A stilted, badly worded, but gallant little letter. Sent by a blasé messenger, after Marie had kissed the envelope with a passionate, quivering mouth.

A stupid, small letter. But when it was found, the next day, the red stains upon it had dignified it—and made a gruesome classic of it.

For Alan O'Hara blew his brains out, above that poor little note of dismissal. Thereby proving, to those of us who were skeptics, that he had loved her, after his own fashion!

YOU can imagine, of course, what the papers said. One headline, especially, was livid.

"Vampire's Latest Toy Ends Life—" it read—"Broken Hearted Lad, Disillusioned by Screen's Wickedest Woman, Commits Suicide."

Marie read the newspaper reports—all of them. She didn't cry, not a tear. Her face had already assumed the lines that have made it like a lovely mask. She avoided reporters—making no single statement in her own defense. What could she say, after all? Only a certain blond girl could have cleared her name of the charge of supreme cruelty—and that girl had disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared! There were moments when I—for one—doubted the absolute truth of the girl's story. But Marie never questioned it. Indeed, her only remark in regard to the tragedy—her only comment, mind you!—concerned the girl.

"Poor kid," she said, "she was crazy about him too. This must've knocked her—as hard—" she didn't finish that sentence, but, after a moment, she spoke again. "I wish I could find her," she said at last. "Her clothes were pretty shabby—she looked hard up. And she'll be needing money, before long . . ." That was all.

Oh, Marie DuGanne didn't cry—no one ever saw her cry, again! No one ever saw her laugh again, either—unless she was doing it for the watchful eye of the camera. She has no intimates, and attends strictly to her own business, when she isn't on location. And she wears black always—a strange whim, they say. And young girls shudderingly flock to see her every release.

She's good for a page of publicity any day—the press agents adore Marie DuGanne—when news is a little scarce . . . There are always rumors about her . . . And sometimes, when the rumors grow a bit thick, the smaller theaters feel that they must bar her pictures.

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## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115 ]

### That So Dear Publicity

Tacoma, Washington

I wish to offer a prize through your magazine to every dear young thing who raves about her hero's smile, his eyes, his "tigger," etc. Said prize being a lovely bottle of chloroform, with full directions as to drinking heartily.

Then, I wish you would tell some of our brightest stars to guard some of their vital secrets more carefully. Take Jack Mulhall for instance—I saw him in a pair of tights once—how I wish he had worn balloon pants! And another young actor tells the world too much about his matrimonial troubles. What would matrimony be without a perfectly corking fight every once in a while? But why tell the world about it?

Two of our finest male leads insist upon smiling in every closeup. The suspicious looking lines we see at a distance burst into a group of glorified soup grooves. I find myself wondering if the film has suddenly turned into an educational feature and that I am gazing at a relief map.

Still we have something to be thankful for—the ever lovely Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and Norma Shearer. As for the men, the magnetic Colman, Jack Gilbert and Richard Dix.

May they all guard their frailties (if they have any) carefully!

P. R. SQUIRE.

### Gee, We Liked the Girl

New York, N. Y.

I have just seen Norma Shearer in "His Secretary." Why must producers constantly place these strains on the credulity of their audiences? Not only is the idea absolutely threadbare but bears not the slightest relation to practical experience. No beauty parlor in the world could work so great a transformation in one visit.

Not only was the secretary terrible in appearance, but she was also a prude of the deepest dye. Certainly seeing her employer overcome by the charms of another woman could not have been so great a shock to her as to make her suddenly draw on her savings (and she appears to have been as long on economy as she was short on charm) and invest in a set of costumes that very evidently came from some shop not generally patronized by girls who bring their own lunch.

No, changes don't occur in a second. They take time. This girl's whole personality and make-up couldn't, even if she had willed it so, have been changed by seeing her flirtatious employer's attention to another woman, or even by hearing the man she was in love with say that he would not kiss her on a bet.

FRANCINE GALWEY.

### That Finishing School Finish

Hinton, W. Va.

Pictures are improving to such an extent that even the so called "intelligentsia" are dismounting from their high horses to make favorable comments. My sister was in boarding school several years ago, when attending movies was strictly prohibited, but I am now attending the same institution and we were encouraged by the school to see "The Freshman," "The Midshipman," "The Vanishing American," "Ben Hur," and several others. It's a strict old southern school, too, and the putting of its mark of approval on the cinema means something—to its students and alumnae, at least.

We hear about Alberta Vaughan, but not so much about Larry Kent; he's a dear—collegiate is the word!

MARY ELLEN DARS.



## The Telephone at the Centennial

ONE hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the infant telephone was first exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition.

Since the dawn of civilization, mankind had sought some means of communicating over distances which unaided human speech could not bridge. Drums, signal fires, runners, the pony express, and finally the electric telegraph were means to get the message through. It remained for the telephone to convey a speaker's words and

tones over thousands of miles.

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## Honest, She Dislikes Jack!

New York City

The great vogue and popularity of Jack Gilbert are amazing to me—I do not like him. He does not interest me in the least. His personality is so obnoxious to me, and so dominates his acting, that, although he may have a great talent, I could never enjoy him on the screen, and it is hard for me to understand how others can. I have seen "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow," and enjoyed them, but not because of Mr. Gilbert,—in spite of him.

But, of course, "every one to his own taste." But I am so tired reading all the extravagant praise of Mr. Gilbert, that I want the world to know that there is one person who hasn't fallen for him.

Mr. Gilbert is called dashing, brilliant, the most charming, and the best actor the screen has ever known! In my opinion, there are no dashing actors on the screen; there is one brilliant one—Adolphe Menjou (I saw him in person the other night and he is fascinating); only three really charming ones; Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess and Ramon Novarro. These three, of course, have talent. Mr. Barthelmess, in my opinion, being the most versatile and Mr. Colman the most attractive. The best actors on the screen, in my opinion, are Emil Jannings, Wallace Beery, Lon Chaney (without his grotesque disguises), and Mr. Menjou. Charlie Chaplin, of course, stands alone—the most interesting person on the screen and the most appealing.

MARY STOUT.

## Tommy Meighan, Please Note

Ashley, Mass.

"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," the habits of stardom are peculiar.

Milton Sills wins stellar honors for his performance in "The Sea Hawk." Qualified to play middle-aged adventurers in picturesque, swift-moving tales, he suggests rôles like *Sir Henry Morgan*, *Francis Drake* and the soldier of fortune in "St. Martin's Summer." Instead, he appears as a lovely young policeman, a prize fighter, and a bashful Italian duke—and these in puerile stories which the critics warn us to avoid.

In "The Miracle Man" Thomas Meighan gives a gripping portrayal of a crook who discovers his conscience. The sequel—stardom. Now Meighan plays college youths, local boys who make good, and dear whimsical chaps who romp with the kiddies. Even the Meighan fans—and there are none more loyal—are beginning to wish that Tom would do some real acting in a real story. Meighan has been quoted as wishing to play rôles from Conrad and Eugene O'Neill. He is also said to have more latitude in production management than any other player on the lot. What's the answer?

These are only two of numerous cases which lead the fan to wonder why stardom so often means miscasting, poor stories and cheap and jumbled production.

E. M. STONE.

## You Know What You Like

Tatum, New Mexico

If you agree with me, say "I"—Norma Talmadge is the prettiest female star. Ben Lyon is the most handsome male star. Richard Dix is the best all around. Constance Talmadge is the best comedienne in feminine moviedom.

Ricardo Cortez is the most passionate lover. Colleen Moore is the most cunning star.

Hoot Gibson is better than Tom Mix in Western plays.

Paramount and First National pictures are best.

Mr. Watkins has funny ideas about Conway Tearle, Milton Sills and Thomas Meighan.

HAZEL GAINER.

## Blossoms for Barrymore

Montreal, Que.

How I wish for the pen of an inspired poet that I might lay a glowing bouquet of words at the feet of the greatest actor of either the American stage or films—John Barrymore.

He must be used to bouquets—but he deserves them all.

His pictures are always worth going to see and his acting is never mediocre. No backsliding for Mr. Barrymore!

Saw his "Sea Beast" last week. No one but Barrymore could have played the difficult rôle of *Ahab*; in his hands this rôle lived with a realism that will remain in my memory for a long time. When he changed from the ambitious, handsome, laughing *Ahab* to the surly embittered *Ahab*, who lost his leg—a little bit of my heart died and didn't revive till he came into his own again. . . . and yet I go to the movies at least three times a week!

I'd love to see him in a straight rôle where he remains young and handsome to the end. . . . could you people do anything to help this along?

MURIEL HOVEY.

## Watta Bouquet!

Woodford Wells, England

My biggest bouquet goes to Constance Bennett, the loveliest girl in the motion pictures. She is not only beautiful, and by far the best actress I have ever seen, but she also has real ability. Are there stupid enough people who say that she cannot act? Well, that girl is a real find and most emphatically do I say that she is a wonder. I have pleasure in being able to say that I have not missed a single one of her pictures, and have come to the conclusion that Miss Bennett is steadfastly improving. "Into the Net," "Cytherea," "My Wife and I," "Code of the West," "My Son" and "The Goose Hangs High," are not all these pictures proof enough that she is just fine?

I do not suppose that anyone who saw her in Nazimova's last screen offering can forget her portrayal of the rôle of *Betty Smith*. The flappers, which the fair Miss Bennett enacts, are real, they are human, not mere puppets. Hers lack nothing and have the mark of individuality, which is so essential, whereas, those of our other stars are rendered too theatrical to make the modern woman convincing.

May Constance Bennett be always remembered as an actress worth idolizing. Any one who differs with me about this brilliant young artiste, let him stand up and say so. I believe there is no one who can hold a candle to this charming and graceful creature.

M. RICARDO SALCEDO.

## They Were Marvelous

Philadelphia, Pa.

Scenes I shall never forget:

Ronald Colman and Lillian Gish, saying farewell in the first part of the "White Sister"; Norma Shearer's sweet cordiality to her country-Dutch mother-in-law in "The Snob"; the sleigh scene from "His Hour"; Marcus and McTeague, on the desert in "Greed"; all of "Greed"; Carol Dempster waiting at the food line in "Isn't Life Wonderful"; Gloria Swanson's imitation of Charlie Chaplin in "Man-handled"; Charlie's roll dance in the "Gold Rush"; the pastoral scene from "The Wanderer"; the dinosaur walking through the streets of London in "The Lost World"; John Barrymore, as *Ben Brummel*, parting from his servant, Alec B. Francis; Ben Turpin giving an interpretation of Eric Von Stroheim; Rudolph Valentino and Lila Lee on their wedding night in "Blood and Sand"; the first time I saw Corinne Griffith on any screen; Corinne telephoning and picking up rides in "Classified"; Mary Philbin grinding the carousel-organ in "Merry-Go-Round."

It is scenes like these which have raised the motion picture to the highest level of art and entertainment. May they have many successors!

MRS. ALFRED B. GUNDLACK.



## Romance Wanted

St. Louis, Mo.

Is Romance in motion pictures disappearing? This is the big question concerning today's films. Formerly, one was carried by the beautiful theme into the realm of *Male Believers*. Picturesque scenes formed beautiful back grounds for the players. These days most of the films are of hectic life, gin and motor cars. The girls wear frowsy bobs and few clothes. Musical revues are being made into film stories and musical comedy actors elevated to motion picture stardom; the result being a great number of mediocre film presentations. Keel life is made to coincide too closely with real life. A film which I enjoyed very much was "The Dark Angel" presenting to us the foremost portrayals of dramatic romance, Ronald Colman and beautiful Vilma Banky, who is more nearly the ideal American than are the jazzing flappers of our own country.

JEANNE BOARDMAN

## So Do We

Portland, Oregon

You have got to hand it to Charlie Ray. He has shown us folks that he can act successfully other rôles than country ones.

'Member those good old pictures when you just wished you were Charlie, with his bare feet, tattered hat, his fishin' rod in hand, off for the old swimmin' hole?

We all enjoyed him then, and now he comes along as Bobby Wharton, millionaire son in "The Auction Block" and he certainly "steps right out."

Eleanor Boardman, the heroine of the story, deserves a great deal of credit. Ever since her great success in "Souls for Sale," this young lady has succeeded in giving everyone enjoyable entertainment. I wish a great deal of luck to these two and hope they continue their good work.

LOLA MILLER.

## Fancy This!

Philadelphia, Pa.

All interest and endeavor of the fan public is quite a thankless occupation and non-considerable so far as producers are concerned. How many countless fans have been clamoring for the revival of Wallace Reid's films and the come-back of Ethel Clayton? But—has the wise producer heeded? No!

And all this beauty contest stuff. Those fortunate twelve make me "laff."

I only could name one thoroughly beautiful actress among them all. She is Kathryn Williams. In Miss Williams the screen has all the qualities it can over possess. Others may imitate, but Kathryn Williams down through all her long years as a screen luminary stands alone.

H. E. WALKER.

## Woof! Woof!

Chicago

Please tell me why some of the old men of the screen don't retire and let some of the young sheiks come up? For instance, Huntley Gordon, Lowell Sherman and Milton Sills, old enough to be grandads.

Who wants to see two old people like Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills make love? Another silly couple, young and old, Ben Lyon and Anna Q. She's old enough to be his mother.

Why all this silly sex stuff of Aileen Pringle and Robert Edeson as the villain? Why not clean American stuff, more of Richard Dix, George O'Brien, George K. Arthur and Ramon Novarro; not Milton Sills, Conway Tearle and Huntley Gordon.

Give us young girls, such as Esther Ralston, not Aileen Pringle; Mary Brian, not Florence Vidor. We want young, American girls—not divorced women.

GRAY EYES.

# Dear Lady

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## Isn't It the Truth?

New York City  
What beautiful thoughts of life and love are revealed to us in the movies and how splendidly such roles are portrayed by John Gilbert and his former wife, Leatrice Joy. But no story in real life could be so full of pathos and heart throbs as the real story of these charming stars.

I was fortunate enough to secure a seat directly in back of them at the opening of "The Big Parade" and witnessed a touching and sweet sight to see them sitting there—holding hands! Imagine the joy of being still in love and devoted to each other, although divorced and parted!

I am rooting so hard for Leatrice and John to again become united as I don't think there is a sweeter, truer pair of people than these two, and with their charming little daughter, Leatrice 2nd, I am sure they would find worlds of happiness together.

BIRDIE BAKER.

## Why Do They Do It?

Mt. Vernon, New York

Here is a bouquet with a brickbat inside. Last week I saw "Sally, Irene and Mary." I enjoyed the picture immensely and think that Sally O'Neil is just as sweet and cute as she can be. BUT, with producers spending large sums of money and travelling to other countries, why did the one responsible for the death of *Irene*, who was on her way to Greenwich to be married, have the train that struck her drawn by a steam engine? I live in Westchester county, New York, which is the direct route to Greenwich from New York City. Any school child can tell you that the only railroad that runs from New York to Greenwich is an electric road. Also the road to Greenwich is the famous Boston Post Road and not once between New York and Greenwich does a railroad cross the road. How come, Mr. Goulding, how come?

BETTY DRUM.

## Oh, Poor Lou

Milwaukee, Wis.

It seems too bad that Lou Tellegen cannot "act his age" and let some of the younger and newer stars have a chance. Nothing is more disgusting to me than to see him playing opposite Elaine Hammerstein and trying to act "kittenish." He must remember that "every dog has his day" and he has had his.

MRS. CATHERINE WILSON.

## Broadway Loves Leon

Bridgeport, Conn.

Whoever heard of Leon Errol as an actor? He belongs in a hospital instead of on the screen, and what has happened to Nita Naldi's cleverness? For her to appear in such an impossible picture as "Clothes Make the Pirate," with such an impossible actor as Leon Errol, is an insult to her own art. Why waste the public's time on a picture like this when John Gilbert or Gloria Swanson could be using the screen to such good advantage?

AGNES MORRISSEY.

## Bessie's Love

Rogers Park, Ill.

I would like to throw a big bouquet to Bessie Love. People are always writing and saying who the perfect type of American boy is—why is nothing ever said about the perfect type of American girl? I'm sure if some of PHOTOPLAY's readers would think it over they would think that Bessie Love comes nearest to it. I think she acts so very natural and unaffected, and that's more than most of our younger actresses do.

The two pictures I liked her best in were: "New Brooms," and the "Song and Dance Man." I love the picture of her in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY. Let's have more like it.

M. H.

## Grace Notes

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here are the songs stars suggest to me:

"You Can Never Tell What a Red-headed Mamma Will Do."—Gloria Swanson.

"Sweet Alice—Ben Bolt."—Alice Terry and Ben Lyon.

"Hot Lips."—Mae Murray.

"Don't Cry, Little Girl, Don't Cry."—Betty Bronson.

"Oh, You Beautiful Doll."—Claire Windsor.

"My Beautiful Dumb Dora."—Corinne Griffith.

"Russian National Anthem."—Pola Negri.

"O, Sole Mio."—Ricardo Cortez.

"Indian Love Call."—Richard Dix.

"Sweet Adeline."—Lois Wilson.

"Boy of Mine."—Richard Barthelmess.

"When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy."—Renee Adoree.

"Mother O' Mine."—Ruby Lafayette.

"Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."—Thomas Meighan.

MRS. P. W. H.

## Some Brickbat

Greene, Maine

I am aiming a whopping brickbat at Leatrice Joy. She is trying to start a new fad by changing her personality. No one can change their personality. I think she is horrid, and I simply detest her newest bob.

I throw another brickbat of the same dimensions at Mae Murray and fully agree with Vevie Spencer, of Buffalo, who won the \$5 letter in the February PHOTOPLAY. All the movies are nearly the same, because in every one there is at least one scantily dressed girl prancing around in your face.

I think that "Sally, Irene and Mary" is indecent. If only there were more movies with decent acting.

DISGUSTED JUNE.

## They Were Great!

San Francisco, Calif.

As long as we have pictures directed as well as Ibanez' "The Torrent," with its blending of Beauty and Truth, we need not fear for the fate of the motion picture industry. In particular, two notes stand out in bas relief: the one where the heroine sees the hideous tragedy of what the years have done to her lover, whom she has visualized as remaining young and charming, unscathed by the mediocrity of his life; and again the final note where the poor woman, catching a glimpse of the dancer in her limousine, surrounded by the things wealth can buy, remarks, "She must be happy, for she has everything she wants." A touch of O. Henry in its satire of life, finely handled.

And again look at "The Big Parade." The thing haunted me for days—that tramp through the woods—it was immense. Let us have more like these.

AILEEN DE VILBISS.

## For Gloria

Winnipeg, Man.

I am an ardent booster for Gloria Swanson and of course I think she is the best star, also the best artist in the movie world. She is a most fascinating personage with those gorgeous gowns and most expensive dresses of hers, but believe me she surely did let us fellows know what she was made of in "Stage Struck," and I hope she appears as much as possible.

Therefore, three hearty and welcome cheers for our Great Gloria who has so successfully won the hearts of all people.

MR. EDWARD LEPEBURE.

## Short, But Not Sweet

Chicago, Ill.

Here is a brickbat for each of these three. In my mind they are the worst on the screen. They are Gloria Swanson, Lon Chaney and Carol Dempster. Her "Sally of the Sawdust" was awful.

NANCY LESH.



## He-Men Wanted

Newark, N. J.

Last night I went to see "Winds of Chance" and "Flower of the Night"—the latter, I understand to be written by Hergesheimer for the fair Pola Negri. If this picture is supposed to be art—then give me death.

The acting was terrible. Ye gods! Pola makes love to the hero, who seems to be wondering what it is all about, and Pola's acting verges on the maudlin sentimentality. Ridiculous, silly and very disgusting—I would say.

The audience? They were disgusted—there were snickers and sneers when Pola makes love to the hero, for who wants to see a woman making love to a man? Bosh! The man witnessing such a scene is filled with contempt for the hero—the woman, well, it goes against her grain—it just isn't done.

This is the second picture I have seen that has a woman making love to a man. In "Man and Maid" there were grunts of disgust from the men in the audience and the women laughed contemptuously. Why? The heroine makes love to the man, while he lies nonchalantly stretched out on the "sofie." Oh! Death! Where is thy sting?

Cut out maudlin sentimentality in pictures—it just doesn't take—it disgusts the audience and they are quick in voicing their disapproval.

MISS CECILE NEWMAN.

## William's Kisses

Swampscott, Mass.

In the December number of PHOTOPLAY Alma Reittmann remarked on the perfect kiss of Reginald Denny and Mary Astor. Well, if that was perfect what about William Haines' kisses?

Those who saw "The Tower of Lies," "The Denial," or "The Midnight Express" may recall William Haines in his love scenes. Why doesn't someone "discover" William? He is an unusually fine actor but has been miscast in nearly all of his pictures.

The scene in "The Midnight Express," where the British villain encounters William Haines in a lonely shack on the mountain side, was remarkably well done. Instead of bravely stalking up to the villain to fight him, the hero tries to run away and shows his fear plainly. In this part, Barrymore, Valentino or any other actor could not have done better.

I hope some director will hear my plea and give William Haines some rôle suited to him—and an important one. I have seen nearly every picture that he has been in since "Three Wise Fools," and, in spite of the fact that he has never sent me his picture, which I have written for at least a dozen times, I shall continue to see all of his pictures.

BETTY CARPENTER.

## Beauty and "The Dark Angel"

Miami, Fla.

A picture has been presented to the American public which contains beauty. A million eyes have seen it as "The Dark Angel."

Even as real beauty is always scarce, so is this type of play. It was not flawless. Perhaps that is good. The great masses seldom, if ever, care for the cold splendor of perfection. Much credit is due to our amazingly good comedies but the truly beautiful picture is a very welcome addition to the screen.

A hint of the unknown quantity arrests one's attention when Vilma Banky is first seen. There is something about her which commands your interest. It seems to tell you that here is a personality which will either achieve greatness or make a tremendously interesting failure.

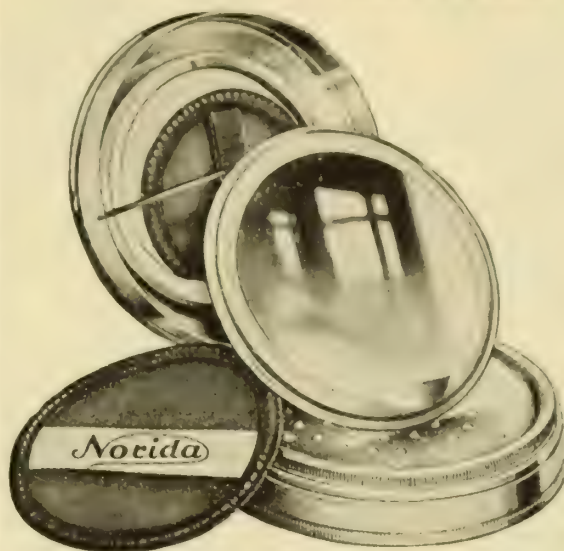
Not a great actor, yet one who never makes you conscious that he acts, who always invests his rôle with charm; that is Ronald Colman. To the combined efforts of the producer, cameraman, and actors belong the laurels of this lovely production.

PETER CURTIS.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

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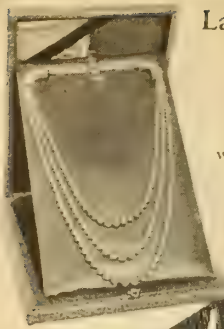


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## The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

### BRIDE OF THE STORM—Warner Bros.

A GRIPPING melodrama against the background of the sea. The talented and beautiful Dolores Costello is the chief claim to your attention and again she gives an excellent performance. There are splendid characterizations throughout the picture by Tyrone Power, Sheldon Lewis and Otto Matieson, but at times they become gruesome. However, at the opportune moment, a dashing young American (Johnny Harron) appears on the scene and relieves the monotony.

### DESERT GOLD—Paramount

A MELODRAMA of the great open spaces, adapted from a Zane Grey novel, will not stand minute inspection, but is mighty good entertainment. Shirley Mason is a sweet senorita who is desired by the wicked villain (William Powell). She is rescued by Neil Hamilton and Robert Frazer, the former doing the noble act of giving her up because she loves the latter. How gallant our movie heroes are getting!

### BACHELOR'S BRIDES—Producers Distributors

THE title has nothing to do with the story, so don't let it fool you. The story has nothing to do with either comedy or melodrama, though it assays both. It's an obvious attempt to do another "Bat" comedy-mystery. Instead of being funny, it's merely cuckoo. Rod La Rocque, as an English lord, is pretty sad. Elinor Fair, DeMille's new discovery, acts as though Cecil had better look again.

### THE NUTCRACKER—Associated Exhibitors

NOT all that it's cracked up to be. The story itself is amusing and had it been developed properly, this would have been a perfect riot. Instead, it just rambles on, furnishing a few smiles now and then. It's all about a henpecked husband who fakes loss of memory to get away from his wife. But just try and fool a wife! Edward Horton and May Busch are fair.

### THE RADIO DETECTIVE—Universal

AN excellent serial for the boys. The Boy Scout Movement co-operated in the production of this picture, so the youngster will find this enjoyable. Jack Daugherty is the hero who perfects a device whereby the poor folks will obtain as much amusement from the radio as the wealthy. The Villain and his gang are anxious to obtain this piece of work—but do they get it? See it, it's great!

### SIBERIA—Fox

HERE are Russians rushing all over the place, trying to start a revolution every five minutes. It deals with the efforts of the down-trodden to throw off their imperial shackles and pictures the fate of those leaders who were so bold as to champion the cause of freedom. The picture is fairly interesting and boasts of a well-known cast, Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Lou Tellegen, Lilyan Tashman and Tom Santschi.

### THE PRINCE OF PILSEN—Producers Dist. Co.

TRY if you can to laugh at this, for it's supposed to be a comedy, but in an effort to gag it up a great deal of the humor is lost and the picture becomes tiresome. The only saving grace is the presence of Anita Stewart in the cast. We wish Anita wouldn't neglect us so, by her disappearance every now and then. The remainder of the cast is composed of George Sidney, Allan Forrest and Myrtle Stedman.

### THE Highbinders—Associated Exhibitors

WILLIAM TILDEN as an actor is a better tennis player. Evidently the producer thought his name tacked on to a picture would draw the curious to the box-office. It is a thinly woven plot that puts you to sleep and when you awaken you still know what it's all about. Tilden is by no means a photographic study and he's as awkward as an ox. A word to the wise is sufficient—use your own judgment.

### THE SAP—Warner Bros.

AND the sappiest picture we have ever seen. The plot is very stupid—a boy, brought up on his mother's apron strings, is erroneously decorated for bravery during the war. The town turns out to welcome him on his return, but through several incidents they find he's "yaller." The boy fights cowardice to win the girl and again becomes the town idol. Bring on the newsreels, they're more interesting than this!

### THE MIRACLE OF LIFE—Associated Exhibitors

WELL, it will be a miracle if you are able to sit through this. It is one of those obscene themes—the least said about it the better. We are surprised at Percy Marmont and Mae Busch for even thinking of appearing in such cheap trash. All we can say—stay away from this.

### THE FIGHTING BUCKAROO—Fox

EVERYTHING that is expected of Buck Jones can be found here. Fights, thrills, laughs galore and whatnot! The story is woven around an Arizona buckaroo who raced across the continent to close an option—only to find that the owner was the girl he loved. The boys will love this, for Buck, in a careless little way, starts the laughing muscles to be limbered up again.

### RUSTLING FOR CUPID—Fox

BELIEVE it or not, Cupid in this case is cow thieves. Now what could be sweeter and more romantic? George O'Brien and Anita Stewart are the lovers who are parted when his father is accused of cattle rustling. But there's a family skeleton in her closet and eventually everything is made known. The scenery is beautiful.

### THE FIGHTING BOOB—F. B. O.

ANOTHER boring Western. Not one of the trite old tricks is left out. It contains everything, from a stagecoach holdup to the kidnapping of the gal. The whole thing is terribly muddled. Bob Custer and Violet Palmer have the leads, if that's any encouragement. Even the kids will turn it down.

Rules for \$5,000 Prize Contest on page 58



## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125 ]

### She Likes 'Em Imported

Shreveport, La.

In that interesting picture, "The Torrent," it is gratifying to see that Monta Bell is keeping up the good work. Greta Garbo is a splendid actress and a very beautiful woman. I'm hoping she climbs the stellar heights, but retains the simplicity and spontaneity that distinguishes her acting.

Vilma Banky and Greta Nissen are two other "importations" who are splendid. Miss Nissen is especially lovely to behold and let the weary sophisticate who says there is nothing new under the sun view her charms and weep for his shattered illusion. And God preserve Adolphe Menjou for years to come.

JEAN.

### She's a Darling

Oberlin, Ohio

I want to say fully and frankly what I think about Esther Ralston. She is not an artistic actress, but she has a certain realistic, quiet, quaint charm about her which attracts the public. The first picture I saw her in was "Peter Pan." She made a lovely mother. I am glad now she can play in younger parts. "The Lucky Devil" and "The American Venus" were good pictures.

To Miss Ralston goes the bouquet for her perseverance she has had during her screen life. I hope she succeeds to take big her steps to stardom. I would like to see Miss Ralston in quaint pictures, such as "Robin Hood," "The Thief of Bagdad." Congratulations and many lovely feelings to my favorite star—Esther Ralston!

LILLIAN MAE MILLAN.

### New Faces

Danville, Ill.

I am much interested in these new personalities which are continually cropping up on the screen. They challenge attention, these youngsters—some of them aren't very young, at that, are they? There is Sally O'Neil, that charming bit of the Emerald Isle. She is so fresh and vital. And Joan Crawford—she seems to typify so perfectly Irene in "Sally, Irene and Mary"—she seems just that sort of a girl. Douglass Gilmore is a very interesting young man. He seems to have something of the fatal fascination of Adolphe Menjou. Then, there are Constance Bennett and John Patrick, who aren't so new to the screen, but who seem to have acquired new popularity. Roy D'Arcy. He is the most interesting figure on the screen today, in my opinion, with Vilma Banky as his feminine rival. I haven't seen Louise Brooks as yet, but her picture looks perfectly delectable. Too, we have those charming blondes, Joyce Compton, Dorothy Seastrom and Gwen Lee and that handsome youngster, Raymond Keane. What do they promise? Are they the Gloria Swansons, Norma Shearers, Valentinos and Novarros of the future? It is interesting to watch.

ALICE LEE DOUGLASS.

### Why, Olive!

Quanab, Texas

Why does Corinne Griffith insist on keeping her mouth open every minute?

Why doesn't Conway Tearle get a pleasant look on his face?

Why do they allow Mary Pickford to play on the screen?

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## Paging Jackie's Barber

Yonkers, N. Y.

Do you suppose anyone could induce Jackie Coogan to wear his hair to denote his sex? An American born boy of his age with a bang! It is inconceivable. The boy has had all childhood directed out of him! A few runs with "Our Gang" would much benefit the child; right down to little *Farina* with the "twelve pound look" of shoes could give Jackie valuable points and make him realize that his head has the appearance of a "Jap" baby.

Mr. Eugene O'Brien should be relegated to the middle aged players. Featured as the young American in "Graustark" he was a joke; while Miss Talmadge is old for the character she assumed, Eugene appeared like a step-father walking in his sleep!

Wish the Conway Tearles, O'Briens and a few others would vacate as youngsters and give the genuine ones a chance. Kenneth Harlan, Ronald Colman are excellent; Bert Lytell also. I don't know his age but Mr. Lytell at least registers and appears the part of being young!

F. W. SLOANE.

## Some Like Them Hot

San Francisco, Cal.

With so much talk lately about screen lovers and love scenes, I'd like to put in a word. Do you know whose love scenes I enjoy more than any other actor's? Doug Fairbanks'. And I know of many other fans who agree with me. Doug's love scenes lack the passion of the perfervid Valentino, and the sensuousness of John Gilbert's, but, oh, how gloriously chivalrous they are, taking us out of this mundane world for a brief but ecstatic hour. They contain real tenderness, a quality greatly to be desired, but sadly lacking in most love scenes.

The sinuous, snaky, and sheik-like embraces, so popular with a certain class, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with Douglas Fairbanks' bubblingly joyous, effervescent love scenes. Why aren't there more love scenes like Doug's?

MISS CAROL FRENCH.

## Down with the Censors!

New York City, N. Y.

Until recently I was "on the fence" as regarded censorship of the films. But the treatment accorded "Sally, Irene and Mary" has changed my opinion. Now, I am decidedly opposed to censorship.

I first saw this picture at the Capitol and thoroughly enjoyed it. Weeks later it played up-town, and I went with friends, promising them good entertainment.

To my utter surprise the picture had been censored, with entirely new sub-titles substituted, and important sequences cut.

The performances of Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford were ruined. By the sugar coating of the action the audience presumed that they were over-acting.

The picture was handed to Sally O'Neil since she was fortunate in her non-censorable rôle.

Such censorship has its tongue in its cheek. Every normal, intelligent person can guess at the true significance of the story. Thus a picture becomes doubly suggestive.

And such censorship is too personal, permitting of partiality, to make or break actors and directors.

Indeed it should be abolished.

AUDREY BASIL.

## Wally's Successor?

St. Louis, Mo.

Just a few words in praise of my favorite, George O'Brien. I think he is without doubt Wally Reid's successor and is altogether as handsome and loving. Now come on everybody, give three cheers for George O'Brien, and a big brickbat for anyone who dares to criticize him, the most lovable, dashing hero of them all.

GLENN TWEDEL.

## Good Luck to Yourself

Kansas City, Mo.

Thanks to sensible authors and intelligent producers, our movies are practically perfect. They entertain, educate, and inspire, with variety to please all.

"The Live Wire" made me laugh.

"Little Annie Rooney" made me cry.

"A Kiss for Cinderella" made me dream and wish.

"Graustark" thrilled me with romance and adventure.

"The Lost World" filled me with pride to think that I am fortunate enough to be living in an age when man's achievements reach such heights of knowledge and daring.

"The Phantom of the Opera" began beautifully with COLORED pictures MOVING, but too exciting to see finished.

Lewis Stone, James Kirkwood, Norma Talmadge, Norma Shearer and Betty Bronson are particularly to my liking. Each of them seems to have a very charming personality.

Good Luck to the makers of the reels, they're real.  
MRS. H. R. LINDENBERGER.

## Cataloguing the Favorites

Grinnell, Iowa

I have my March issue of PHOTOPLAY read through from "kiver to kiver" and want to say that I think it is the best number in a long while.

Now I understand why the titles and stories are changed on the screen, and especially glad to know why "Graustark" was so changed. I was greatly disappointed in it, but now I know why; it was screened for Norma and not for the story, and I didn't like Norma so, therefore, I didn't like the show.

As for St. Johns' article about actors and types, it was fine. The public is a fickle lot (including myself); they like what they like and what they don't like they don't, and that is just about all there seems to be to it!

I am decidedly a movie fan and I have many, many favorites and I have tried to classify them according to whether I like them as actors, types or personalities. Here they are: *Actors* (who are their characters, forget themselves and make you do the same): John Barrymore, Dick Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, John Gilbert, Rudolph Valentino, Lon Chaney, Pola Negri, Alice Terry, Dorothy Gish, Mary Pickford, Colleen Moore; and when they have the chance—Gloria Swanson, May McAvoy, Dorothy Mackaill, Ronald Colman, Doug Fairbanks. *Types*: Lillian Gish, Marion Davies, Constance Talmadge, Betty Compson, Bessie Love, Tom Mix, Tom Meighan, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Harold Lloyd, Lewis Stone. *Personalities*: Richard Dix, Forrest Stanley, George O'Brien, Ricardo Cortez, Tom Moore, Viola Dana, Alice Terry, Bebe Daniels. *Those I should truly like to know*: Alice Terry, Dorothy Gish, Richard Dix and George O'Brien.

HARRIOTT LUKE.

## For Uncritical Enjoyment

Chicago

After reading over all your letters in the last issue, I've come to the conclusion that not only some people are crazy, but that some are crazier than others.

When I read of some child expressing an opinion, I try to be tolerant, but when some supposedly intelligent adults take it upon themselves to pan actors and actresses it burns me up.

In my opinion pictures are to be considered from every available angle, before criticized. If everybody expresses a different opinion about everything how is anyone ever going to find out just what the public wants, when the public doesn't know itself what it wants.

Your magazine is thoroughly enjoyable to me because I give everything due consideration before I criticize anything. If everyone did this there would be more bouquets and less brickbats.

MRS. E. M. RYAN.



### 'Ray for Renee

Hollywood, Calif

To my mind Renee Adoree is the most charming and talented actress on the screen today. She has played everything from tragedy to comedy; been by turns a fashionable French vamp, a humble peasant girl, a rogue, and a saint. She can play anything! And get away with it, too! She's got brains! And she's got a face one loves to watch—attractive without being of sugary prettiness, fascinating in its rapid change of expression, in its eloquence, in its tears and dimpled smiles, its coquetry and archness, its sincerity and vivacity, its tragedy and its joy. Long live Renee! And may she rise to the highest heights—her proper domain!

CANADIAN AMERICAN.

### Looking Backward

Chicago

I wonder why, when speaking of revivals, no one mentions D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East." In my opinion, that is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen. I'll never forget its excellent photography, where every bit of scenery was a work of art—its tremendous story interest—its excellent cast of characters. Who can forget the drowsy farm scene, where even the cat was caught dozing away—the pathetic waltz of the hero and his mother—the unfortunate heroine's tragic realization of her baby's death—the "jawing" gossip, only too anxious to convey each trivial bit of news to the sewing circle—the storm—the field of daisies by the brook—its comic as well as all its tragic incidents? I am enthusiastic in its praise. It will live in art, as a Beethoven Symphony or a Rembrandt painting. I'd be willing to see it again.

Now, as to the best acting I've seen on the screen, I have to hand the bouquet to Pauline Frederick, when she acted the mother's part in "Madame X." She made me shed a tear, but that was several years ago. I wonder if she could make me cry again. Where is she hiding now, that we do not see her anymore?

EDWARD JACKIM.

### Sure, So Do We

Harrisonburg, Va.

Please do not get the impression I am a grouch, crank or calamity howler. I like motion pictures very much. I think that, despite their wonderful advancement in recent years, there is a more wonderful future for them yet.

There are, however, a few things I, as one individual, dislike. First, imitation. If a producer makes a picture that takes well with the public, there are at once a score of imitations. Second, I dislike the tendency on the part of some stars to "hog the limelight." Third, I hate to see a picture advertised as having been made from this or that story and find the finished version nothing like the story. What would the general public say if a stage play was booked and when the audience got to the theater an entirely different play was produced? I think screen stories will gradually have a technic of their own. They will be written by trained, well paid individuals who think and devise plots in terms of the picture only. When that time arrives, I think pictures, as a whole, will be even better than the best we have now.

FRANK G. DAVIS.

### She Does Pretty Well, Though

Marshfield, Oregon

Cannot we have less of Mme. Elinor Glyn and her outlandish ideas on love and sex, which do more to corrupt our ideals, than to inspire us to "greater heights of young man or womanhood"?

It is a consoling thought that she may fool some of the people some of the time, but she can't fool all the people all the time.

R. A. F.

# CLEOPATRA HAD IT—

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Stationers, department stores and many druggists have Dennison's Crepe Paper and instruction leaflets. Or "How to Make Crepe Paper Hats" will be sent you, free, if you will send this coupon.



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Send me the free instructions like Jobyna Ralston has, for making Crepe Paper Hats.

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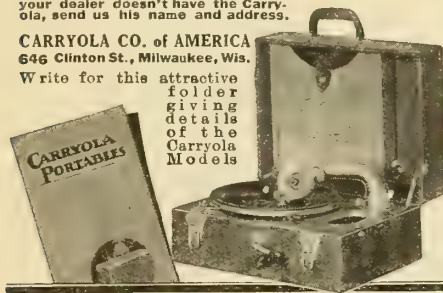
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Why have gas—sour stomach—or bad breath? One or two tablets, and your stomach has the alkaline it needs for smooth, serene digestion.

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Every druggist has Stuart's tablets, 25c and 60c. Or, a full box free if you write the F. A. Stuart Company, Dept. 184, Marshall, Mich. Get a metal box of Stuart's for the pocket—and keep it filled! It's instantaneous relief.

## STUART'S

### DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

## Face Your Destiny Number

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127]

numbers 4 or 5 you will have a leaning toward the physical side of life. But if you attempt to attract creature comforts with the destructive side of the plane, you will inevitably come to grief. With these numbers in your destiny number, you should choose such work as will keep you on the physical plane. You will make a good architect, or an engineer, or a business man. It will make you attentive to details and give you physical endurance. But if you envy some job out of your line and select one that will take you into intuitive lines solely, you will be plunged eternally into such soul conflicts as will wear you out and greatly retard your success.

The EMOTIONAL plane will lead you to dart off on fantastic temperamental tangents that cause everybody trouble and that will be likely to tear you and your job to smash unless controlled. If the number 9 or 3 figures in your destiny number, see to it that you control your emotions, instead of boasting of your temperament. A young woman, who is constantly wondering why she is fated to be a storm center in life and always in some emotional scrape of some kind, is always excusing her bursts of temper because of her "artistic temperament."

It has cost her several excellent engagements in the world of pictures.

"But I am such an emotional creature," she will tell you plaintively. "I am really a victim of my own emotional nature. People never seem to understand or to make allowances."

She plunges herself—and her unhappy friends—into emotional orgies on every possible occasion. She will rend her soul to flinders over a chance remark of one of her associates. She sees every trivial incident with the false reasoning of her own emotional nature and is continually involved in misunderstandings and explanations with her friends.

SHE is constantly caught in the trap of her own reactions. And she wonders why she is so frequently depressed and so beset with such volcanic experiences. As far as the artist or the actress is concerned, the ones who take the greatest pride in giving way to their temper under the excuse of an emotional temperament find in the long run that lack of emotional control destroys not only their work but their ability to put it across. Emotion is an excellent leavening quality—used as such. But it should be guarded as carefully as fire and never permitted to get beyond control.

The INTUITIVE plane is that of inspiration. It belongs to the 5 and the 7. It gives the key of knowledge without reason or study. If you are intuitive, you know things without realizing how or why you do. It is the cryptic link between that which we know and that which we desire to know. It is a power in any line of work and, with this assistance, you need have no fear of failure in any job. It will take you through any difficulty, if you trust to its power. Properly balanced with the PHYSICAL and the MENTAL planes, it will lead you to phenomenal success in any line. It is the one plane that is as efficient in one line of business as another, for it gives you ability that is sometimes known as "magnetism."

The MENTAL plane has for its symbol the numbers 1 and 8. This is the plane of logic and reason. If your destiny number is either 1 or 8, you may choose any calling in which you will have an opportunity to develop your power of reasoning and deduction. You would make a good judge or head of a large organization. Anything that has to do with a wide field of financial and business endeavors will give you an opportunity to get ahead. You should seek a place in a large corporation—and then head for the top. You should choose not only your vocation, but all your friends and associates

from this influence. It gives you an ability not only to master facts, but to administer business affairs.

CAREFULLY study your destiny number when choosing or changing a vocation. Therefore, if the PHYSICAL or MENTAL numbers predominate, you cannot go wrong in any business where buying and selling are done, or where you may have the opportunity of making large plans in contracting or promoting. Putting your entire energy into your job, once chosen, and using only your constructive influence, will land you on the top rung of the ladder of success.

If you have a destiny number on the INTUITIVE plane, then go in for art in some form. You will win as a sculptor, writer, actor or musician. Led by your intuitive power in its highest and best form, there is no limit to your rise.

Having changed or chosen your vocation according to your law of numbers, you can endure any trials that may come to you with an assured mind. No one would be entirely happy without a few hurdles to jump. A monotonous round of success would be as unbearable as a climate that never varies from day to day. So with the knowledge of your numerical power to help you, you can face life as a great adventure in serial form—one that can be depended upon to give sparks at any point of contact. It is like the old days at school.

If we make the grade we get the promotion; and we manage to extract a heap of fun out of the process.

Let us look now at the destiny of two of the famous screen personages:

Betty Bronson

November 17, 1906

Ideality.....	8
Aids.....	7
Destiny.....	8
1926 Law.....	1

This name gives its owner an individuality of 8—a motivating power that will always make her ambitious for money and honors. It brings her, at the same time, a sense of complete justice, a fairness with those she may deal with and rather an even temper. She is inclined to be well balanced in every way. It bestows upon her a contempt for petty ways and petty plans or people—she likes to deal with large ideas. She will be surrounded, however, with jealousies that will be difficult to handle, coming from friends who secretly resent her successes. Her best remedy in times of difficulties of any kind, either mental or physical, will be music—it will have a real remedial power for her. The conditions surrounding her will make her a good listener, a sympathetic friend; but inclined to be reserved about her own inner affairs and thoughts. Her destiny number being the same as her ideality, she will find fewer obstacles than the majority of people in attaining her ambitions. In any emergency she should use her reasoning, rather than her emotional qualities; that is, she will unconsciously work with the law and get in the current of success. This destiny number calls on her to work with a wide horizon—to help many people. The moment she fails to give of her own abundance, that moment her material supply will begin to dwindle. She will be a careful administrator and has the art of delegating detail work to others. She must learn to be willing to give much and to demand from those surrounding her the same loyalty she gives herself.

She will be required to exercise much faith in her work with others and will carry with her to success many who work with her.

Her law for 1926 will be that of the 1. This will take her in new paths of endeavor, either changes in viewpoint or environment or work



being before her. It will be a year of creation, when she will find herself fairly bursting with restless desire to see the result of her own creation. She will want to plan and to see those plans grow under her own supervision and may be inclined to dominate a bit in order to make her plans come true.

Thomas Meighan

April 9, 1879

This name carries with it the following numerical strength:

Ideality	4
Aids	7
Destiny	2
1926 Law	4

It bestows, as used, an individuality of 4. This means that the motivating power is that of a material quality and without intuition to help. He must conquer literally by the sweat of his brow, facing the facts of life with a very literal application. It brings him the power of steadfastness and hard work, with an ability for detail that will often pull him through when others depend upon opportunity. It gives him aspirations for material success and a tendency to neglect nothing that will give him this success. He is willing to work hard and can obey any order, or follow exactly any rule that will bring him closer to his ambition. He is subject to periods of intense discouragement and depression and always views his surroundings from a personal standpoint. The only thing he envies in others is knowledge.

HIS destiny number being 2, will give him the ability to adjust himself to almost any situation and will bring him in contact with many phases of life that should help him in carrying out his ambition, unless he is inclined to scorn the smaller things of life that they offer him. But he will climb to his ambition only through these smaller rungs and keep his achievements only by close attention to detail and hard work. While nothing comes to him without application and hard work, nothing will get away from him that can add to his collection of knowledge. It is evident that he had some rather marked or radical change in his life, his environment or his viewpoint around about the age of 23 or 25 and that he found difficulty in making the adjustment.

It should have given him more freedom, however, if he accepted the experiences that came to him then with faith, with more power for self expression.

After he is fifty, his destiny number will surround him with both the desire and the opportunity for study and quiet surroundings. If he does not obey, in a measure, this desire, he will find himself in many mental conflicts which will rob him of his fullest ability to pursue his chosen calling. He has had to learn to mix well with "many strata" of life and many varieties of people, and to be tactful and diplomatic in order to gain his way. While he greatly prefers peace and tranquillity and likes to be surrounded with happy conditions, he will often enter arguments as a peacemaker, in an attempt to settle disputes and to make peace.

If he does not learn his lesson of 2; he will find himself surrounded by constant annoyances and will destroy what his individuality has sought to build up.

If he does learn his lesson of destiny well and thoroughly, the good things of life will always attend him.

## Lo, and Behold

A COUPLE of fans were standing in front of the theater at which Richard Dix, in "The Vanishing American," was being heavily advertised.

Said one, looking at the billboards, "Lo, the poor Indian."

Said the other, "Don't be a fool all your life. Loew ain't no Indian."

# Best Rinse is Lemon

## Try It On Your Bob

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"For soap, I know, always leaves a curd, no matter how many times you rinse it with plain water.

"Now I use the California Lemon Rinse. The mild, harmless citric acid of the lemon cuts the curd and removes all traces of it. My hair

is then really clean—lustrous and soft. It isn't limp and sticky, so a curl or wave remains.

"Most of the moving picture stars of Hollywood that I know use this rinse. All beauty shops in California advocate it. And now millions of women, I understand, who wash their hair at home employ it."

*Lillian Rich*

You will use it always after one trial, so make that trial next time you wash your hair. Or tell your beauty shop about it.

California lemons are richest in juice and best for the rinse.

## How To Do It

Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 qts.) and rinse with this, following with thorough rinse in plain water.

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Please send me free book, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

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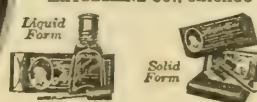
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are aglow on each witching curve of her radiant cheek. The clear warmth of her flush holds the ardent spell of moonlight and the colorful glamour of roses in June.

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Mail 12c for sample of Pert compact Rouge ☐. Pert cream Rouge ☐. or Pert Powder ☐. (Check one desired.) Samples are 12c each.

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In every circle you see many people who have lost their excess fat. Probably some of your friends are among them. When you meet one ask how she reduced, and we think she will tell you Marmola.

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25c Sample  
Free

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## The Fall Guy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

We come to Reginald Denny . . . the guy that always gets into trouble—just like Wally did. The guy that always gets dirty—just like Wally did. The guy who gets booted out by dad, but finally gets the girl—just like Wally did.

Maybe it is chance selection of stories by Universal, to whom Denny is contracted. Maybe it is premeditated. But if you will look back over the recent years of Denny's career you will find stories such as "California Straight Ahead," "What Happened to Jones," "Skinner's Dress Suit," "Rolling Home." Stories of the guy who always gets it in the neck—until the last reel.

REGGIE is rapidly achieving a fan following that is similar to Wally's. Men, women, children. They follow in the wake of the guy who always gets into trouble. Read Denny's fan mail. Look up the Exhibitors' reports on Denny pictures. Look at the booking sheet in the Universal Exchange. Denny is ringing in money for his company. And they know it.

I am not saying that Reggie has taken Wally's beloved niche. No one could—ever. It isn't in the scheme of things that one man shall be an exact reproduction of another. Nor has Reggie exactly the same screen characteristics of Wally.

But Reggie has that wholesomeness—that charm—that happy-go-lucky personality that is universal in its appeal. He embodies all that Wally did in Reggie's own way. He is youth emerging triumphant from its apparently overwhelming tribulations.

"Once," said Reggie, crossing his white-knickered legs, and drawing his lips into a humorous line, "I played in Chicago in a show that was so bad that Percy Hammond, in reviewing it, said it must have been written by Lydia Pinkham."

And then he grinned, for Reggie was telling me about himself.

"And I have played in India, but that was before I became an aviator and flew for Britain.

"It was in 1912 that I came to America with 'The Quaker Girl'—quite a jolly little show. But I didn't stay long because of the war."

Reggie can't lose that Surrey accent. He

was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, a bit over thirty years ago. His wife, too, is from England. Rene Denny, her name is now, but before she met and married Reggie she was famous in England on the musical comedy stage.

Rene is beautiful. I know. I have seen her. She is small—vivacious—with brown eyes that sparkle. Reggie's eyes twinkle, because they are blue. Blue eyes always twinkle, you know.

"Rene went back to England two years ago," recalled Reggie. "She was tired of America. Wanted to see her home again . . . dreadfully lonesome for it, you know. She would stay a year, she said. But she stayed only one week in England, dashed to France and Italy and hurried home as fast as she could. Now we are building a house on two acres that I bought overlooking the Santa Monica Bay district."

Reggie is tall and bronzed. Particularly bronzed the day I saw him, for he had just returned from a fishing excursion along the coast of Lower California. The expedition had encountered a terrific storm and had crammed the papers with news of their loss at sea.

REGGIE'S exploits often make the front page. Occasionally the white roadster that he spins about in leaves the road—with Reggie in it—and Reggie spends several weeks mending a collarbone.

He is vital. He does everything with enthusiasm.

The same way with his fishing exploits. Reggie takes the "Barbarene"—named for his ten year old daughter, Barbara, and his wife—and goes out to catch a shark or two. And it's no parlor yachting party that sails the deep in his thirty-four foot boat.

"I went into pictures in 1914. And there were 'The Leather Pushers'—I played in them too!"

Reggie smoothed his abrupt blonde pompadour with a tanned hand that Madame Glyn would label "virile."

And then Reggie grinned—that nice boyish splendid grin. And I thought of Wally—who had a nice boyish splendid smile—and I was glad, somehow, that it was Reggie who was playing the parts that Wally left behind.

## They Go Smiling On

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

laughed at her, and wrote them!—modifying them, of course, to suit the talents of Viola, whose small stature and piquant ways called for comedy as light as thistle-down.

Edna by that time had succumbed entirely to the lure of the studios, abetted by the charm of that Tennessee gentleman, Harold Shaw. And Shirley, tiniest of those small sisters—not one of them is five feet tall—was also learning of love, for handsome Bernard Durning, also of the Edison studio, had discovered an all-consuming devotion to the "kid" sister of the Flugrath girls.

Shirley was only thirteen when she found love. It was romantic, the way it came. They were staging a wreck scene and in the smoke and debris of the catastrophe they wanted a thin arm to wave. Shirley was chosen, for, being at that uncertain age of thirteen, arms are usually meager.

Shirley's girlish arm waved and waved and waved above the smoking wood. And then it sank, for Shirley was becoming faint from lack of air. It was then that big Bernard Durning

dashed in and rescued her. It is usually at a time like this that romance is born. It was in this case. A lusty romance that culminated in marriage when Shirley was sixteen.

Six months before Shirley married there had been another wedding in the Flugrath family. From faraway Johannesburg, South Africa, came word of the marriage of Edna to Harold Shaw. Echo of that romance born when they met at the Edison studio. Shaw had gone, like a pioneer, to England in 1913 to found the first British film company and had sent for his troupe, which included his leading lady, Edna Flugrath.

All three of the Flugrath girls married. All three married to the men who guided their film destinies to the heights. Happy. Gay. Contented. Edna, Viola and Shirley whose happiness was to be so short-lived.

Viola, with that strain of occultism in her being, was the first to be touched by the shadowy finger of tragedy—Viola, whose John was going to war. Bernard was going to war, too, but when Viola looked into his face to sav



good-bye at the Pennsylvania Station it did not change into a ghastly skull as had John's.

Viola, sorrow in her heart like a grim, foreboding pain, did not tell John, or Shirley, or Bernard what she had seen. She smiled that brave smile that the Flugrath girls have learned to give when their hearts are twisted by sorrow.

The next day they brought John home from the training camp. A fever of 104 degrees. Flu. John lived five days. Viola a widow. She collapsed, too. Flu contracted by nursing him.

A train leaving for the West in several weeks took a wan but smiling Viola to Hollywood. She was to play a comedy rôle as light as thistle down in "Satan, Jr." that John had written before he left . . . to go to war.

A comedy. Laughter. Life. Gaiety. Viola laughing. John would want her to. John had seen her laughing in the part. John who laughed when she told him she wanted to play vampire rôles. And had written in comedy, light as thistle down.

Viola went smiling on.

A number of years passed. Six, to be exact. Shirley and her husband were going to New York. Bernard was to put that merry-making couple, Gallagher and Shean, into pictures. Such a glorious time as they were to have in the East! And "Berny" had received glowing tributes about his work.

Then "Berny" became ill. The papers said it was pneumonia that took him, but it wasn't. It was typhoid. Snatched him away in less than a week.

Shirley a widow.

And Viola, calling long-distance from Hollywood, heard the brave voice of her "kid" sister, faint, faraway, but courageous:

"I'm all right, Vi!"

"I know, Shirley dear. Remember—I went through the same thing."

SHIRLEY went back to Hollywood and the films. Smiling, too, for Shirley was the flapper sort of girl who never cried—in pictures. Shirley a widow at twenty. Viola a widow, too.

Nothing could happen to Edna and Harold. They had braved the perils of German air-raids in London, had hob-nobbed with the Bolsheviks in Russia, had stolen bread from the Germans in revolt in Berlin to sustain life, had worked and sweated beneath the South African sun to bring, triumphant, from the veldt a film of the winning of the continent.

There had been those long days spent by Harold convincing the natives of the harmlessness of the rifles to be used in the hands of the Dutch colonists—the Boers. There had been the day of the great scene with cameras cranking and the Boers, desiring bloodshed, shooting gravel and showering death and injury on the natives, with resultant revenge by the blacks.

There had been many, many hazardous undertakings by Harold Shaw and Edna Flugrath Shaw. The fate that haunted Viola and Shirley could not visit that intrepid couple.

Edna and Harold returned to America three years ago. Harold directed Viola in several Metro pictures. Edna, retired from the screen, opened a little beauty shop on the boulevard. Life nodded along.

Then one morning about four months ago a newsboy shouting: "Extra! Film Director Dies in Auto Accident!" In that raucous voice that only a newsboy has. Then Shirley, driving hurriedly to the shop, paper in hand, and bundling bewildered Edna into her car and to the hospital. Too late. Harold Shaw of the perilous expeditions felled when his speeding motor was struck by another speeding car.

Edna a widow.

And Viola, calling from the High Sierras where she was on location, saying:

"I know, Edna dear. Remember—I went through the same thing."

And now there is Edna who must go smiling on, for in her little shop she must daily meet her patrons with a smiling face. Gloom would dispel her trade.

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IF YOU are troubled with Excessive Armpit Perspiration, we are prepared to prove that you can be free from this annoying and embarrassing condition. By the use of NONSPI (a free sample of which we will furnish, if you wish) you can protect your personal daintiness, avoid armpit odors and save costly dresses from ruinous perspiration stains.

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I will send you, with your lessons, a dainty practice costume, slippers, phonograph records, and a dancing bar—everything necessary for a practice studio in your own home, all absolutely without extra charge.

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Studio A-125 1924 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Viola, however, has defied the fate that broods over the Flugrath girls. About a year ago she married "Lefty" Flynn, dare-devil actor of Western pictures.

"Aren't you afraid, Viola? Afraid that 'Lefty,' too . . . ?" hesitant friends ask.

And Viola, answering their unvoiced inquiry, shakes her brave head gravely and replies:

"Nothing can hurt 'Lefty.' He was a Yale football star for years. He came through unscathed. Nothing can harm him now!"

But Shirley, the "baby" sister, is not so sure. Rumor had her engaged to Harlan Fengler,

auto racing ace. A wreck at the Indianapolis Speedway knocked him into a hospital, where Shirley dashed from Hollywood to his bedside. When he returned, after a long convalescence, he invested in a garage—it was said at the pleading of Shirley, who begged him to abandon his hazardous career.

Recently Fengler started building two new racers, and intimate friends of Shirley say there is a coolness between Shirley and Harlan since his decision to return to the race track. A coolness caused by fear of the fate that nemesis-like haunts the Flugrath girls.

## The Genius Enchanting

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

Adoree is the explanation of the hundred-and-one-thousand marriages between American soldiers and French girls. She is the French girl at best with her very special allure.

MADEMOISELLE has been depicted a vampire, hovering at street corners or flirting boldly at a bar. Nothing is further from truth. Gentleness, shyness, a maternal sweetness, these are the charms of the French girl which are to be found, in moitie at least, even in the demimondaine.

The French girl is reared for marriage and to please. Invariably you find in her that touch of maternal sympathy which every great charmer must have. And a concentrated, wholly enveloping interest. When you talk to her she gives a fascinated attention. When you take her to a cafe she does not glance around at the other tables or wiggle her fingers in the air, squealing;

"Hello, Bill! How are you, Tom? Call me up sometime, Lew!"

The American girl may scoff at this subserviency, but in the end it is woman's triumph. France is a feminine nation. Even the Frenchman will tell you that woman is the substance and the saviour of France.

In Adoree's work there is a great-hearted vitality. She is ripe, arch and irresistible, with now and then a bravado jauntiness, an occasional bird-like swagger.

Her conversation is a sparkling enlivenment. She makes a moué. Her hands flutter and take flight in the air. They beat her breast. They alight defiantly on her hips. They fly in distraction to her head, with a smothered *Nom de Dieu!*

She has a manner, too, of tossing her eyes to one side, and upward, as though abashed, then, suddenly, quizzically and intimately into yours.

In her eyes and this expression of them you recall the divine Sarah.

Adoree is Bernhardtian. She has the nervous-charged intensity, over-rippled with humor.

It has been said of Bernhardt that she was always Duse. It was said of Duse that she was ever Duse. They are saying of Adoree that she is always Adoree. And all quite true. The work of the great artist is a reflection of self. The greatness of her art is in proportion to the greatness, the breadth and depth, of that self.

"Don't call me an actress, pleas'," pleaded Adoree the first time I congratulated her. "I do not act . . . I just do things."

The word acting has for her a shuddering touch of artificiality. She contends that there is no such thing as an actor in the special sense. We are all actors, our worth depending not upon our expression but upon what we have to express.

"What then is an actress?" I asked her. For definition she touched her heart and her head.

"That is all," she said with finality. "First, it is what is in the heart. The mind, it is a medium. The mind, it brings forth what is in the heart. What is not there can not come out.

"It is true of all art. You a writer, you a painter, you a musician, what can you express that is not first of the heart? *Oui certainement*, you may see something and paint it, you may hear something and play it, you may view something and write of it—so with an actor—but, unless you feel it, unless you have resolved it in your heart you can give nothing more than an imitation. And why give an imitation? Why not leave the original to be as it is unless you can add some new meaning by interpretation?"

"Do you realize that in 'The Big Parade' there were none of what they call 'clinchers'? Only once he took me in his arms."

Adoree explains the poignancy of the love moments very simply.

"They were real. That is all. We both had experienced love very deeply. Never toward one another, but that does not matter. We had loved.

"Another thing, Jack and I are old friends. I had played with him in several pictures, and so I was not embarrassed. You may not believe me, but it is very difficult for me to do love scenes with a man I do not know. If you would tell them that Adoree is shy they would laugh at you, 'What, Adoree shy?' But it is the truth."

The trouble with screen love-making is too much outward gesture.

"That is the trouble with all our screen work," says Adoree. "*Acting*—just that. On the stage you may *act*, on the screen you must *be*."

Even on the stage the greatest acting has come close to being. George Bernard Shaw describes Duse's scene in "Magda" calling for deep embarrassment. Her performance in that single moment served to reveal why she did not wear make-up. Slowly the blood crept into her cheeks, he says. She tried to turn her head to hide her embarrassment.

Finally she put her hands to her face—she was actually blushing.

DUSE of the screen do not have to be moved so actually. They can blush in technicolor. Why not, since they cry in glycerine? As for registering embarrassment in black and white they may count one, two, three, eyes to the side, eyes down, three flutters of the lashes and *voilà!* embarrassment! Expressions as standard and available as their make-up which is labeled No. 1, No. 2, No. 3.

They are not to be blamed, these pantomimists. As I tell the charity solicitors, "What I ain't got I can't give."

All art is autobiographical. Your capital in drama is your own dramatic experience. Duse was born in a wagon of strolling players, and she remained to the end a sad little strolling player of this earth.

Renee de la Fointe was born to the circus. Her father, a Spaniard, was a clown. Her mother, French, did not perform, but she always travelled with the company. The typical French *maman*, with an argus eye upon her three children, two girls and a boy.



They traveled by train, third class, when they had money. When business was bad they traveled by wagons. Circus nomads, they roamed over Europe from Paris to Petrograd, from Madrid to Copenhagen. Most of the time they were hungry.

Renee tells how the children satisfied their craving for candy. The three of them would enter a store and ask the price of something on the shelf.

While the shopkeeper was turning to reach it they filled their pockets with chocolate from the counter.

ON one occasion they resorted to histrionic art. The young brother launched a fit outside a store and his sisters, with piteous concern, dragged him inside. The shop woman was all solicitude for the boy, who was rolling his eyes and letting out idiotic howls, simultaneously grabbing bars of chocolate from the counter. With tearful eyes, Renee tapped her forehead to explain that her brother was hopelessly mad and might become violent if denied anything. So the only thing the good woman could do was to let him pilfer the confections. When his pockets were stuffed the girls with many apologies dragged him outside and around the corner, then all three took to their legs with hysterical squeals.

"So you see I have the experience of a thief, too," says Renee. "I know the promptings and the emotions!"

Her first love experience occurred with her first view of a motion picture. She was just ten.

The little circus had closed in Petrograd. There was some money in the stocking, so the family went to a motion picture show.

Renee's love, a Russian boy with square-cut hair, followed them into the theater and chose a seat next to Renee. On the other side sat *maman*, usually grimly alert but now so distracted by the picture she did not see the boy's hand steal into Renee's.

"I almost died with excitement. My heart seemed to beat loud enough for everyone to hear.

"If *maman* had known!

"That is love. No matter how old you grow it is always the same. Not clinches and kisses, but just a touch or a glance and you are on fire. Love is a beautiful illusion. It is perishable. You can kill it with clinches. The beauty of it is in the fearful joy, the doubtful, breathless hope that comes before acquisition."

Thus Adoree's screen experiences are an evocation of life. There is a richness and a ripeness in them, a maturity not artificially forced in the hot-houses of Hollywood, but a natural efflorescence that's rooted deep in life.

Though her ability is not limited to the portrayal of a single emotion, her finest moments have been in romance, which is the greatest phase of life. We designate men as great lovers who excel in this greatest of moods. We have no word in English for the actress. "Sweet-heart" is too pale for Adoree. She is the great *amoureuse*.

In her face, as in the face of Ninonde Lenclos, "*La décence et la volupté disputaient l'empire.*"

And it was Lenclos who said, "It requires infinitely more genius to make love than to command armies."

So to the title of L'Amoureuse I have the authority to add that of genius.

## Another Big Contest!

See page 58 of this issue  
for Photoplay's new

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Whose Birthday Can You Make Happier With a Subscription to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE? Turn to Page 143

## I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music —Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play the piano by that method. You are silly to even think about it.

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music.

But how I hated to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had always been for me one of those dreams that never-come-true. Others could entertain their friends. But I was a mere listener.

For a week I resisted the temptation to look at the ad again, but finally, half-frightened, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know.

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found it was easy as A. B. C. A mere child could master it!

I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was so rapid that soon I was rendering popular and classic selections.

For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated.

Finally I decided to play for Jack. He was astonished. "Why... why..." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him where I had learned. "When... how? So I told of my secret. And what did Jack do but start learning the violin. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success, and we are always flooded with invitations. Music has given us popularity! Fun! Happiness!



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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"KIKI"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the stage play by Andre Picard. Screen story by Hans Kraly. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Kiki*, Norma Talmadge; *Renal*, Ronald Colman; *Paulette*, Gertrude Astor; *Baron Rapp*, Marc MacDermott; *Adolphe*, George K. Arthur; *Brule*, William Orlamond; *Joly*, Erwin Connelly; *Pierre*, Frankie Darro; *Pastryman*, Mack Swain.

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by John Grey, Ted Wilde and Clyde Bruckman. Directed by Sam Taylor. Photographed by Walter Lundin (A. S. C.). The cast: *The Uptown Boy*, Harold Lloyd; *The Downtown Girl*, Jobyna Ralston; *The Roughneck*, Noah Young; *The Gangster*, James Mason; *The Optimist*, Paul Wiegel.

"SANDY"—FOX.—From the story by Eleanore Meherin. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Sandy McNeil*, Madge Bellamy; *Douglas Keith*, Leslie Fenton; *Ramon Worth*, Harrison Ford; *Judith Moore*, Gloria Hope; *Ben Murillo*, Bardson Bard; *Angus McNeil*, David Torrence; *Isabel McNeil*, Lillian Leighton; *Timmy*, Charles Farrell; *Alice McNeil*, Joan Standing.

"THE BLIND GODDESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Arthur Train. Scenario by Gertrude Orr. Directed by Victor Fleming. Photography by Alfred Gilks. The cast: *Hugh Dillon*, Jack Holt; *"Big Bill" Devens*, Ernest Torrence; *Moirra Devens*, Esther Ralston; *Mrs. Aileen Clayton*, Louise Dresser; *Tracy Redmond*, Ward Crane; *Henry Kelling*, Richard Tucker; *Taylor*, Louis Payne; *District Attorney*, Charles Clary; *Chief of Detectives*, Erwin Connelly; *Judge*, Charles Lane.

"THE FLAMING FRONTIER"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Edward Sedgwick. Adapted by Edward J. Montagne and Chas. Kenyon. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Bob Langdon*, Hoot Gibson; *Betty Stanwood*, Anne Cornwall; *General George A. Custer*, Dustin Farnum; *Sam Belden*, Ward Crane; *Lucretia Belden*, Kathleen Key; *"Jonsey"*, Eddie Gribbon; *"California Joe"*, Harry Todd; *Lawrence Stanwood*, Harold Goodwin; *Senator Stanwood*, George Fawcett; *Sitting Bull*, Noble Johnson; *Senator Hargess*, Chas. K. French; *Cyrus Penfield*, William Steele; *President U. S. Grant*, Walter Rogers; *Grant's Secretary*, Ed. Wilson; *Rain-In-The-Face*, Joe Bonomo.

"THAT'S MY BABY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George J. Crone and Wade Boteler. Adaptation by Joseph Franklin Poland. Directed by William Beaudine. Photography by Jack MacKenzie. The cast: *Alan Boyd*, Douglas MacLean; *Helen Raynor*, Margaret Morris; *John Raynor*, Claude Gillingwater; *Mrs. John Raynor*, Eugenie Forde; *Dave Barton*, Wade Boteler; *Schuyler Van Loon*, Richard Tucker; *Murphy*, Fred Kelsey; *The Baby*, Harry Earles; *Drug Clerk*, William Orlamonde.

"THE VOLGA BOATMAN"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING.—From the story by Konrad Bercovici. Adapted by Leonore J. Coffee. Directed by Cecil De Mille. Photography by Arthur Miller, Peverell Marley and Fred Westerberg. The cast: *Feodor*, William Boyd; *Vera*, Elinor Fair; *Prince Nikita*, Robert Edeson; *Prince Dimitri*, Victor Varconi; *Mariusha*, Julia Faye; *Stephen*, Theodore Kosloff; *Vasili*, Arthur Rankin.

"THE NIGHT CRY"—WARNER.—From the story by Phil Klein and Edw. Meagher. Adapted by Ewart Adamson. Directed by

Herman Raymaker. Photography by Ed. DuPar. The cast: *Rin-Tin-Tin*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *John Martin*, John Harron; *Mrs. John Martin*, June Marlowe; *Miguel Hernandez*, Gayne Whitman; *Tony*, Heinie Conklin; *Pedro*, Don Alvarado; *The Martin Baby*, Mary Louise Miller.

"RED DICE"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING.—From the novel by Octavus Roy Cohen. Adapted by Jeanie MacPherson and Douglas Doty. Director, William K. Howard. Photography by Lucien Andriot. The cast: *Alan Beckwith*, Rod La Rocque; *Beverly Vane*, Marguerite De La Motte; *Johnny Vane*, Ray Haller; *Andrew North*, Gustave Von Seyffertitz; *Squint Scoggins*, George Cooper; *Nick Webb*, Walter Long; *Mrs. Garrison*, Edythe York; *Buller*, Clarence Burton; *District Attorney*, Charles Clary; *Conroy*, Alan Brooks.

"THE CAT'S PAJAMAS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ernest Vajda. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis Lighton. Directed by William Wellman. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: *Sally Winton*, Betty Bronson; *Don Cesare Gracco*, Ricardo Cortez; *Mr. Winton*, Theodore Roberts; *Bella Darian*, Arlette Marshal; *Mr. Briggs*, Tom Ricketts; *Dave Baldwin*, Gordon Griffith.

"THE SEVENTH BANDIT"—PATHE.—Story by Arthur Preston Hankins. Adapted by E. Richard Schayer. Directed by Scott R. Dunlap. Photographed by Sol Polito (A. S. C.). The cast: *David Scanlon*, Harry Carey; *Paul Scanlon*, James Morrison; *Dr. Shirley Chalmette*, Harriet Hammond; *Ann Drath*, Trilby Clark; *Ben Goring*, Walter James; *Jim Gresham*, John Dillon; *Patty Pettingill*, Charles McHugh.

"YELLOW FINGERS"—FOX.—Story by Gene Wright. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: *Saina*, Clive Borden; *Brute Shand*, Ralph Ince; *Nona*, Claire Adams; *Kwong Li*, Edward Piel; *Kario*, Otto Matieson; *Jagore*, the Rajah, Nigel De Brulier; *Dearies*, Armand Kaliz; *Pegleg Lefarge*, John Wallace; *Higgins*, Charles Newton; *Mrs. Von Kronk*, Josephine Crowell; *Antoinette*, May Foster.

"THE CROWN OF LIES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ernest Vajda. Scenario by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton. Directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Olga Kriga*, Pola Negri; *Count Mirko*, Noah Beery; *John Knight*, Robert Ames; *Karl*, Charles Post; *Fritz*, Arthur Hoyt; *Vorksi*, Mikhail Vavitch; *Leading Lady*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Landlady*, May Foster; *Actress*, Frankie Bailey; *Leading Man*, Edward Cecil; *Stage Manager*, Erwin Connelly.

"THE RUNAWAY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles Neville Buck. Scenario by Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by William de Mille. Photography by Charles Boyle. The cast: *Cynthia Meade*, Clara Bow; *Wade Murrell*, Warner Baxter; *Jack Harrison*, William Powell; *Leshar Skidmore*, George Bancroft; *Wade's Mother*, Edythe Chapman.

"MY OLD DUTCH"—UNIVERSAL-JEWEL.—Story by Arthur Shirley and Albert Chevalier. Adapted by Lawrence Trimble. Directed by Lawrence Trimble. Photographed by Edward Cheller. The cast: *Sal Grattan*, May McAvoy; *Joe Brown*, Pat O'Malley; *Herbert Brown*, Cullen Landis; *'Erb 'Uggins*, Jean Hersholt; *Mrs. Spudd*, Agnes Steele; *Mrs. Smiff*, Patsy O'Byrne; *Bill Sproat*, Edgar Kennedy; *James Crayford*, Frank Crane; *Al*, Rolfe



Seddon; *Mary Arnold* (age 3), Violet Kane; *Herbert Brown* (infant), Kathleen O'Malley; *Herbert Brown* (age 3), Sheila O'Malley; *Herbert Brown* (age 12), Newton Hall; *Mrs. Arnold*, Zama Zametia; *Dion Cross*, Jane Winton; *Workhorse Nupt*, George Siegmund.

**"WILD OATS LAND"**—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by Benjamin Glaser. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by David Kesson and Donald Keyes. The cast: *The Girl*, Viola Dana; *The Boy*, Robert Agnew; *The Priest*, John P. MacSweeney; *The Mother*, Margaret Seddon; *The Father*, George Barnum; *The Dude*, Jerry Miley; *The Detective*, Scott Welch; *The Kiptomania*, Robert Brower; *The Gangster*, Eddie James; *The Bum*, Mitchell Lewis.

**"THE BARRIER"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAVER.—Story by Rex Beach. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Meade Burrell*, Norman Kerry; *Gale*, Henry B. Walthall; *Stark Bennett*, Lionel Barrymore; *Nadia*, Marceline Day; *Sergeant Murphy*, George Cooper; *No Creek Lee*, Bert Woodruff; *Alluna*, Princess Neola; *Poleon*, Marie Carillo; *First Mate*, Pat Harmon; *Nadia's Indian Mother*, Shannon Day.

**"SECRET ORDERS"**—F. B. O.—Story by Martin Justice. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Chet Withey. Photographed by Roy Klaffki. The cast: *Edlie Delano*, Harold Goodwin; *Bruce Corbin*, Robert Frazer; *Janet Graham*, Evelyn Brent; *Spike Slavin*, John Gough; *Mary (Janet's Friend)*, Marjorie Bonner; *The Butler*, Brandon Hurst; *The Cook*, Frank Leigh.

**"THE BRIDE OF THE STORM"**—WARNER.—From the novel by James Francis Dwyer. Adapted by Marian Constance. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. Photography by Nick Musuraca. The cast: *Faith Fitchugh*, Dolores Costello; *Dick Wayne*, John Harron; *Hans Kroon*, Otto Mattieson; *Piet Kroon*, Sheldon Lewis; *Jacob Kroon*, Tyrone Power; *Faith's Mother*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Faith at 8 years of age*, Evon Pelletier; *Heinie Krutz*, Ira McFadden; *Funeral Harry*, Tutor Owen; *Spike Mulligan*, Fred Scott; *Angus McLain*, Don Stuart; *Ensign Clinton*, Walter Tennyson; *Commander of the U. S. Baltimore*, Larry Steels.

**"DESERT GOLD"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Scenario by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by C. Edgar Schoenbaum. The cast: *George Thorne*, Neil Hamilton; *Mercedes Castanada*, Shirley Mason; *Dick Gale*, Robert Frazer; *Landree*, William Powell; *Sebastian Castanada*, Josef Swickard; *Richard Stanton*, George Irving; *One Round Kelly*, Eddie Gribbon; *Yaqui*, Frank Lackteen; *Sergeant*, Richard Howard; *Goat Herder*, Bernard Siegel; *Verd*, George Rigas; *Halfwit*, Ralph Yearsley; *Alacon's*, Aline Goodwin.

**"BACHELOR BRIDES"**—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING.—From the play by Charles Horace Malcolm. Adapted by Garrett Fort and G. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by William K. Howard. Photography by Lucien Andriot. The cast: *Percy Ashfield*, Rod La Roque; *Lady Ashfield*, Eulalie Jensen; *Mary Bowing*, Elinor Fair; *Henry Bowing*, George Nichols; *Pansy*, Julia Faye; *Beamish*, Lucien Littlefield; *Maid*, Sally Rand; *Glasgow Willie*, Eddie Gribbon; *Strang*, Paul Nicholson.

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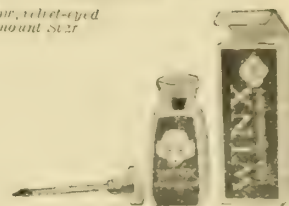
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"THE NUTCRACKER"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the novel by Frederick S. Isham. Adapted by Madge Myton. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham. The cast: *Horatio Slip-away*, Edward Everett Horton; *Martha Slip-away*, Mae Busch; *Oscar Briggs*, Harry Myers; *Isaac Totten*, Thomas Ricketts; *Julia Totten*, Martha Mattox; *Saki*, George Kuwa; *Hortense*, Katherine Lewis; *Senor Gomez*, George Periolat; *Senor Gonzales*, Arthur Priscoe.

"THE RADIO DETECTIVE"—UNIVERSAL.—Based on the stories by Arthur B. Reeve. Screen story by Arthur B. Reeve and Fred J. McConnell. Directed by William Crinley. Photography by E. U. Ullman. The cast: *Easten Evans*, Jack Dougherty; *Ruth Adams*, Margaret Quimby; *Craig Kennedy*, J. P. Prince; *Hank Hawkins*, Wallace Baldwin; *Ken Adams*, Howard Enstet; *Prof. Ronald Vario*, Jack Mower; *Rae Vario*, Florence Allen.

"SIBERIA"—FOX.—Based on the drama by Bartley Campbell. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Sonia Vronsky*, Alma Rubens; *Lenoid Petroff*, Edmund Lowe; *Egor Kaplan*, Lou Tellegen; *Alexis Velkin*, Tom Santschi; *Commandant*, Paul Panzer; *Beautiful Blonde*, Lilyan Tashman; *Beautiful Brunette*, Helen D'Algy; *Kyrril Vronsky*, Vadim Unareff; *Andrei Vronsky*, James Marcus; *Governor*, Daniel Makarenko; *Ivan the Nameless*, Harry Gripp; *Feodor*, Samuel Blum.

"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING.—Based on the musical comedy by Frank Pixley and Gustav Luders. Screen version by Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Paul Powell. Photography by James C. Van Trees (A. S. C.). The cast: *Hans Wagner*, George Sidney; *Nellie*, his daughter, Anita Stewart; *Frederick*, *Prince of Pilsen*, Allan Forrest; *Princess Bertha of Thorwald*, Myrtle Stedman; *Bandit Chief*, Otis Harlan; *Lady in Waiting*, Rose Tapley; *Captain of the Guard*, W. Von Brincken; *Court Physician*, W. Von Hardenburg.

"THE HIGHBINDERS"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Story by William T. Tilden. Adapted by Calder Johnstone. Directed by George W. Terwilliger. The cast: *David Marshall*, William T. Tilden; *Hope Masterson*, Marjorie Daw; *Roy Marshall*, Ben Alexander;

"Humpty" Dugan, George Hackathorne; *Wadsworth Ladd*, George Marion; *Bill Dorgan*, Walter Long; *"Stump" Rogers*, Tammany Young; *Mike Harrigan*, Edmund Breeze; *Mrs. Briggs*, Hattie Delare; *Mrs. James Cortright*, Effie Shannon; *James Cortright*, George Nash; *Alice Van Slake*, Kathlene Martyn; *Arnold Blair*, Hugh Thompson.

"THE SAP"—WARNER.—Story by E. T. Lowe, Jr., and Phil Klein. Scenario by E. T. Lowe, Jr. Director, Erle Kenton. Photography by Ed. Dupar. The cast: *Barry Weston*, Kenneth Harlan; *Janet*, Mary McAlister; *Vance*, Dave Butler; *Barry's Mother*, Eulalie Jensen; *Janet's Father*, John Cossar; *Weinie Duke*, Heinie Conklin.

"THE MIRACLE OF LIFE"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Story by Olga Printzlau. Directed by S. E. V. Taylor. Photographed by A. G. Penrod. The cast: *Blair Howell*, Percy Marmont; *Janet Howell*, Mae Busch; *Helen Chasten*, Nita Naldi.

"THE FIGHTING BOOB"—F. B. O.—Story by William Lester. Photography by Art Reeves. Directed by Jack Nelson. The cast: *The Tiger*, Bob Custer; *Clayton*, Frank Whitson; *Timothy Steele*, Sheril Tansy; *Jasper Steele*, Hugh Saxon; *Helen Hawksby*, Violet Palmer; *Old Man Hawksby*, Andrew Arbuckle; *Jeff Randall*, Sam Lufkin; *Bowers*, Thomas Bay; *Dolores*, Joan Meredith; *Bobby*, Bobby Nelson; *Ortega*, Artie Ortega.

"THE FIGHTING BUCKAROO"—FOX.—Story by Frank Howard Clark. Scenario by Chas. Darnton. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Larry Crawford*, Buck Jones; *Betty Gregory*, Sally Long; *Glenmore Bradshaw*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Percy H. Wellington*, Frank Butler; *Richard Gregory*, E. J. Radcliffe; *First Crook*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Second Crook*, Ray Thompson; *Andy Parker*, Frank Rice.

"RUSTLING FOR CUPID"—FOX.—Story by Peter B. Kyne. Scenario by L. C. Rigby. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Bradley Blatchford*, George O'Brien; *Sybil Hamilton*, Anita Stewart; *Hank Blatchford*, Russel Simpson; *Mrs. Blatchford*, Edith Yorke; *Tom Martin*, Herbert Prior; *Dave Martin*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Jack Mason*, Sid Jordan.

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of Photoplay Magazine Published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1926

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KATHYRN DOUGHERTY,  
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1926.  
[SEAL]

M. EVELYN McEVILLY,  
(My commission expires January 3, 1927.)



## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

MILDRED GILBERT, TOLEDO, OHIO.—I'll agree with you, Jack Hoxie knows how to ride a hoss. And he's not so shy on the love, either. Watch him in his next picture—that's where I've been taking my lessons. Jack was born in Oklahoma about thirty-two years ago. He is six feet, two inches in height and weighs 103 pounds. I should say he's a big boy. His hair is black and his eyes dark blue. Jack married his leading lady, Marin Sais, in 1921. And in 1926 they are still happy.

THOS. H. P., CHICAGO, ILL.—What a question box you are! Mary Astor played opposite Doug in "Don Q." Madge Bellamy and George O'Brien were the leads in "The Iron Horse." Eugene O'Brien appeared in Norma Talmadge's last picture, "Graustark." Carl Miller was *Oscar Plect* in "We Moderns." Yes, Vilma played in "The Eagle," and she also played with Ronald Colman in "The Dark Angel." Greta Nissen played opposite Buster Collier in "The Wanderer." Any more? Hurry up, shoot 'em!

CHESTER LANGDON, UHRICHSVILLE, OHIO.—Buck Jones is working at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Douglas Fairbanks is traveling in Europe now and won't be back to the States for a number of months. Perhaps if you write his studio they will forward the letter—Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Richard Talmadge does his stunts at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

BRONSON, BREMEN, IND.—Write Betty at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Buck's address is just ahead.

L. C. O., LOUISVILLE, KY.—So William Boyd went over big with you. Well, I can't blame you a bit for Bill is a prince. Since "The Road to Yesterday" I have received a number of letters from fans who were impressed with him. And don't think for a minute the girls in Hollywood overlooked that bet. Dainty Elinor Faire, who plays opposite him in "The Volga Boatman," has just become Mrs. William Boyd. The aforementioned picture was their first engagement together. William liked Elinor and she liked him, and all of a sudden they started talking about weddings, and what one should wear, and how one should act, until simultaneously the personal marriage idea struck them both. But getting back to facts, William measures six feet, one inch in height. Jack Gilbert has completed "La Boheme" and is now working on "Bardelys the Magnificent." Ronald is not divorced, although he is separated from his wife. Anything else?

B. O., CHICAGO, ILL.—Now don't take me too seriously. If you are really interested read Anita Loos' latest book, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It is delightful. You can write to Rin-tin-tin at the Warner Bros. Studio. Dick Barthelmess is separated from Mary Hay. Call again!

DISPLEASED, OXFORD, N. Y.—I really didn't think that such conditions existed in any city—no matter how small it is. However, I am sorry I cannot help you, but I would advise you and some of your friends to speak to the manager of the theater and explain the type of picture you desire to see. At present Ruth Roland is dabbling around in real estate in Hollywood, having forsaken the screen during the past few months. But she'll be back again with us shortly.

And I take it that you are rather anxious to see her again.



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**BROWN EYES.**—How to get into the movies? Of course I know—and I'll even guarantee it—go right up to the theater box office and buy a ticket and, believe it or not, you can walk right in. Now, please don't take offence and think I am joshing you, Brown Eyes, but just get that idea right out of your head. At present there are thousands and thousands of girls in Hollywood that have been working on the different lots for years and still they can't get ahead. Hollywood is filled with talented people who are anxious to obtain work in the movies.

Just take the advice of a wise old man and forget all about the movies. Let me hear from you again!

**CONNIE OLSON, CONCORD, MASS.**—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is now publishing a book "Stars of Photoplay" that can be purchased for \$1.25. It contains 250 photographs of the leading moving picture stars, with a biographical sketch of their career.

**M. A. H. & K. E., GLENDALE, CALIF.**—You certainly must have the boy-friends under your thumb if you could persuade them to go out and get a trick hair-cut like John Gilbert's in "The Merry Widow." I admit he looked fascinating in the picture, but I really don't think I would like it in real life. I had some photographs taken, but something happened to the camera and they couldn't be developed. I'll get my courage together again some day and have others taken. But here I am drifting away from the most important subject—John Gilbert—he was born on July 10, 1897, five feet, 11 inches in height and weighs 160 pounds.

His eyes are brown, his hair, dark brown. Anything else?

**MISS INQUISITIVE, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.**—I don't think you are. You only asked three questions. Richard Talmadge is about twenty-eight. He is not married. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winan. Marie Prevost was born in 1898. Write again!

**EDWARD CARTO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.**—Have a heart, Ed. Turn over to the Studio Directory and you will find where all the actors and actresses are working.

**F. B., CHICAGO, ILL.**—Nothing mean about your taste. John Gilbert was born on July 10, 1897. He is five feet, 11 inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. His eyes are brown, his hair, dark brown. Address Jack at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal. Ben's eyes are dark blue, his hair, dark brown. You can reach him at the Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St., New York City.

**WHITMORE, JR., BELLE BUCKLE, TENN.**—Write to Colleen and ask her for a photograph. She is working at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**THERO DARLING, NEW ZEALAND.**—Why I shall be glad to hear from you any time. I love to hear from people so far away. I suppose you are lonesome at times, but cheer up, better times are coming for all of us. I'm sorry your letter was returned, but the stars shift about so, from one studio to another, it is very difficult to keep up with them. At present, Tom Moore is working at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. I am quite sure if you address him there, he will receive it. I will be delighted to receive that "personal call."

Don't forget now—that's a promise. Let me hear from you again!

**CORA AND RUTH, PECKVILLE, PA.**—Lloyd Hughes was born October 21, 1897. Address him at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Ramon first saw light on February 6th, 1890. He's not married. You may reach him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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USE COUPON ON PAGE 143



**Nobody from Maine.**—My, my, such a doubting nature. Sure I'm a man, one of those terrible he kind. Alberta Vaughan is not yet but in June twenty years pert. She's five feet, two and weighs 100.

**Peggy H., Illinois.**—Not such silly questions, Peggy. I get 'em worse. So Lloyd Hughes is your favorite actor? Well, that's too bad, for Lloyd's married to Gloria Hope and lives in Hollywood. He hasn't any children. Nice guy, Lloyd.

**E. A. K.**—Did you read Ike St. John's article on your boy friend, Hoot? And you still want more information on him? Gee, you fans are never satisfied when you fall for a man. Well, Hoot is in his thirties, his thirty-fours, to be exact. Sure, he's married. Look at the picture of Hoot and the girl friend on the family front doorstep. I doubt if you'll see Hoot and Laura La Plante in the same picture for some time. They are both getting too valuable to be put in one film. Call again. The paper cutter is always out.

**Jones M., New York.**—Well, Jones, let me tell it to you. Renee Adoree—and never did a name fit a gal better than that same—is playing around the exciting age of twenty-five. (A gal at eighteen is still fresh. At twenty-five they are either dead ones, or they've got some sense. Renee is 9,287 miles from being dead.) She is five feet, two in height. She was born in Lille, France, and once upon a time she was married to Tom Moore. But no more now. You can get her picture by writing her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

**A William Haines Admirer.**—So'm I. Bill was born in Staunton, Virginia, on the first day of the first month of the first year of the twentieth century. He is six feet high and weighs 172 pounds. He was educated at the Staunton Military Academy and started in pictures in 1922. Bill is not married, though not long ago he was reported engaged to our little Pola. But you know how much that means.

**Pamella J., Gloria, Norma, Betty, Mary, Gwen, and Nazimova.**—That's a neat bunch for one letter, I'll say. Gloria's little girl's name is Gloria Somborn. I'll speak to the editor about publishing those pictures you want. Betty Bronson started in pictures in 1922. Since "Peter Pan" she has played in "Are Parents People," "Not So Long Ago," "The Golden Princess," "Ben-Hur," and "A Kiss for Cinderella." Gwen Lee's only been in pictures a few seasons, but with legs like Gwen's, you can't keep her down. Sure, Nazimova's been on the stage. Long before she went into movies she was one of the greatest actresses of the stage. She still is, for that matter. You're no trouble, I'm sure. Come again.

**Betty and Netty.**—Well, girls, it's this way. The most popular man in pictures is the one you like the best, all of you girls together. Just now the race seems to be between Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman. The Lee kids are in vaudeville, getting better and taller every day.

**Miss K. M.**—You can get the stars' pictures by writing them at their individual studios—see the studio directory—and enclosing a quarter per picture. That will help to make you all happy.

**Another Sweetheart.**—Honest? You mean it? Isn't life wonderful? Old? I'm so old that if I reach out my right hand I touch my hundredth birthday. As for my being male, you ought to see me eat roast beef. You want to know if I'll be sweet enough to give you Marie Prevost's address. I'm sweet enough to do anything, even melt away. Write the petite Marie in care of Metropolitan Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Good-bye, darling.

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**SONG POEMS WANTED. MUSIC WRITTEN.** Fred Mierisch, 24 Times Square Station, New York.

**GLENN.**—You certainly do like George O'Brien, don't you? Your hero was born in 1900, but how big his feet are I don't know.

**Miss T. E. O., PITTSBURGH.**—Yes, Billie Dove played the lucky lady opposite Tom Mix in "The Lucky Horseman."

**M. G., DENVER, COLO.**—Jack Holt is thirty-seven years old. Married to a non-professional. Billie Dove is twenty-one. She's married to Irvin Willat, the director.

**B. G., IRON RIVER, MICH.**—Clive Brook's first name is pronounced with the "i" as "eye." He's married. Mr. Brook is thirty-four years old.

**B. MCG., OTTUMWA, IOWA.**—If you'll watch, I wouldn't be surprised if you wouldn't see a nice picture of Colleen Moore very soon in PHOTOPLAY. Her latest picture is "Irene."

**ROSE M., WEBSTER GROVE, MO.**—I'll answer all the questions you ask but I refuse to let you have my photograph. I know you'd never write me again, that's why. Norma Shearer is working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. She was born on August 10, 1904. William Haines is twenty-five. Neither Haines nor Norma are married. William works at the same studio as Norma.

**JANE E., GLENDALE, CALIF.**—Norma Shearer is Norma's real name, so it isn't likely that she was the "Phyllis" you saw at Catalina. Probably just another case of a movie star with a double. Norma's hair is not bobbed. Address Rudolph Valentino at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

**J. K., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**—William Haines was born on January 1, 1900, at Staunton, Va. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

**M. C., UNION CITY, IND.**—The lady who played in "The Shock Punch" was Frances Howard. She has since married Samuel Goldwyn. Address her as Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. She's not playing in pictures any more.

**HELEN, OMAHA, NEB.**—I suppose girls want to go into pictures or on the stage because they have no idea how hard the work is or how heart-breaking it is to get a good start. You see, in spite of all that has been written, they only think of the bright side. I daresay they would be surprised to know how many of the players who have achieved what seems like sudden success really have worked for years and years in small parts. Anyway, you're an unusual girl because you're not stagestruck, and I congratulate you on your good sense. Now after that little sermon, I'll answer your questions. Most of the screen stars are small because the camera seems to exaggerate both height and weight. The little ones film better than the stately ones. J. Warren Kerrigan was born on July 25, 1889.

**A. W., PITTSFIELD, MASS.**—You don't know what a good strong digestion I've got. Stop tempting me. Yes, Anna Q. has been married but she is unmarried now. She got her divorce a few months ago. The cutie opposite Johnny Hines in "The Live Wire" was Mildred Ryan. Let not your heart be troubled. Ramon Novarro is not married. George Walsh is divorced. Come again.

**T. N. A., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**—What a lucky fellow you were. Here I was slaving at my desk and didn't even see the Pageant in the news reels. But you can bet your boots I'm going to see "The American Venus," in which the winner of the pageant plays one of the lead- ing roles. Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass., Sept. 9, 1890. He entered pictures in 1917. Oh yes, he's married.

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E. O. S., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Yes, George O'Brien was in the Navy during the World War. I don't know where he was stationed, but his present address is the William Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Maybe he was the same George O'Brien that you knew.

CONSTANT READER, NEW YORK—Malcolm MacGregor was born on Oct. 13, 1890. He weighs about 150 pounds. Johnny Walker weighs 160 pounds. I'll speak to the Editor about your request. That's the best I can do.

B. A. K., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I agree with you. I think you're very wise too. Mary Pickford is divorced from Owen Moore. Gloria Swanson is twenty-eight.

E. M., TUPPER LAKE, N. Y.—Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. She was on the legitimate stage before marrying Tom. Yes, they're still married. Francis X. Bushman is still in pictures—you don't mean to tell me you didn't know he is *Messiah* in "Ben-Hur"? Shame on you. He was also in "The Masked Bride" with Mae Murray.

LORD, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Are you on Betty's trail? She's not engaged.

LILLIAN FLOWERS, NEW ZEALAND.—A number of fans are quite anxious to see Olga Petrova again. At present Olga is very busy with legitimate stage productions. She doesn't seem to give a thought to the movies. We'll just have to wait and see. Brains? That lady sure has 'em.

FLORENCE B.—Connie Bennett married a young millionaire lately, Philip Morgan Plant, and it is said she has retired from pictures. You can reach her, however, if you write her in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California.

M. L. B.—Fancy dots you use over your I's, Martha. You want to know "all about" Ricardo Cortez, Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry, do you? Ricardo was born in Alsace Lorraine, where the coal comes from, September, 1899. He isn't married. Before going into pictures he was on the speaking stage and used the name of Jack Crane. Tony Moreno was born in Madrid, September, 1888. He played on the stage before he went into pictures in 1910. Tony is married and very happy about it, too. The beautiful Alice Terry is American, though her native town has a Frenchy sound. It is Vincennes, Indiana. Alice came to brighten up its landscape about twenty-nine years ago. In 1921 she married the handsome Rex Ingram.

Alice never was on the speaking stage. Is that enough for you?

REMOLO ROBERTI.—Remolo, I understand your enthusiasm for that blonde goddess, Esther Ralston. Esther's just twenty-three, but she got married just the same. Fierce, ain't it? You can write to her just the same in care of the Lasky Studios, Hollywood.

FRANIE.—You want to hear about our old friend, Lou Tellegen. Lou's in "Siberia." That's his latest movie. He was born in 1881 and he's six feet handsome.

ARDIS R.—That handsome guy with Gloria was Lawrence Gray. Harrison Ford used to be married to Beatrice Prentiss, but, yes, he is divorced now. Write to him in care of Lasky Studios, Hollywood. Brickbats and Bouquets to PHOTOPLAY'S New York office.

J. D.—You adjective slinger. But I don't mind, particularly when you sling them at my pet, Connie Talmadge. The youngest of the acting Talmadges was born April 19, 1900. She is five six, nice and slim with 120 pounds weight and has brown eyes. She was recently married to Captain Alastair Mackintosh, member of an old Scotch family.

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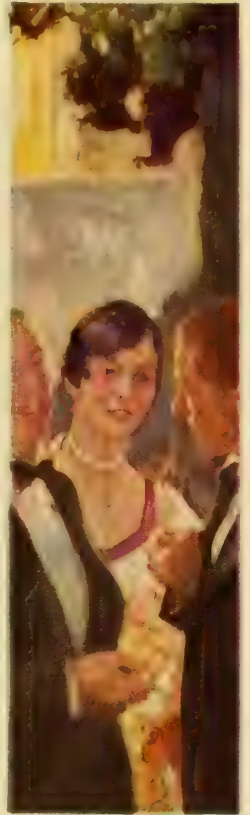


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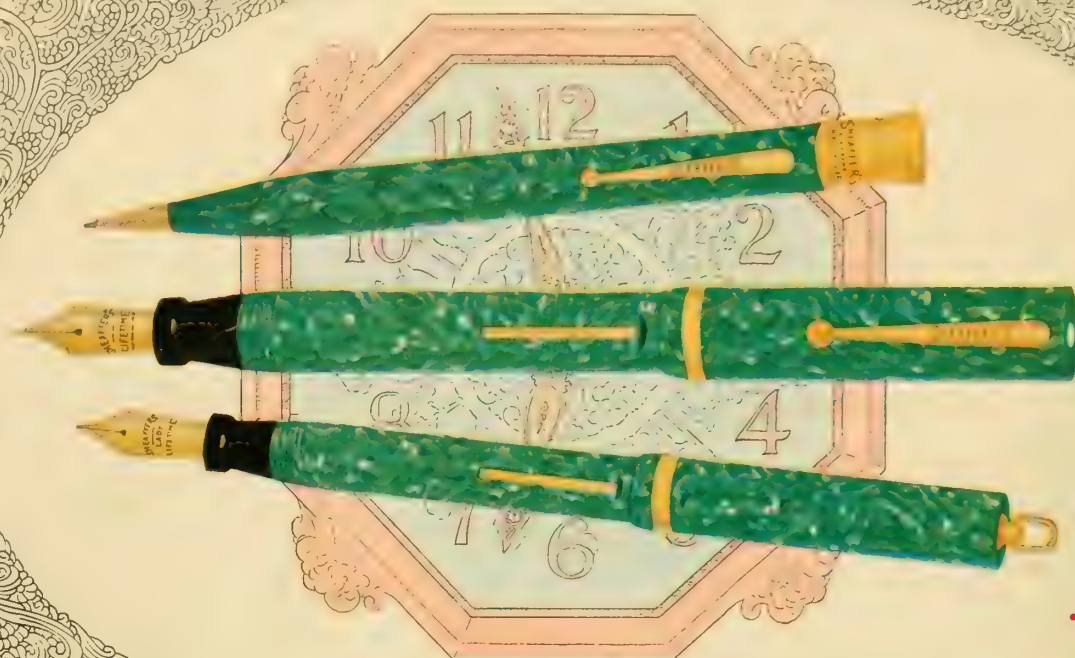
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"Lifetime" pen, \$8.75—pencil, \$4.25—Lady "Lifetime," \$7.50—guaranteed

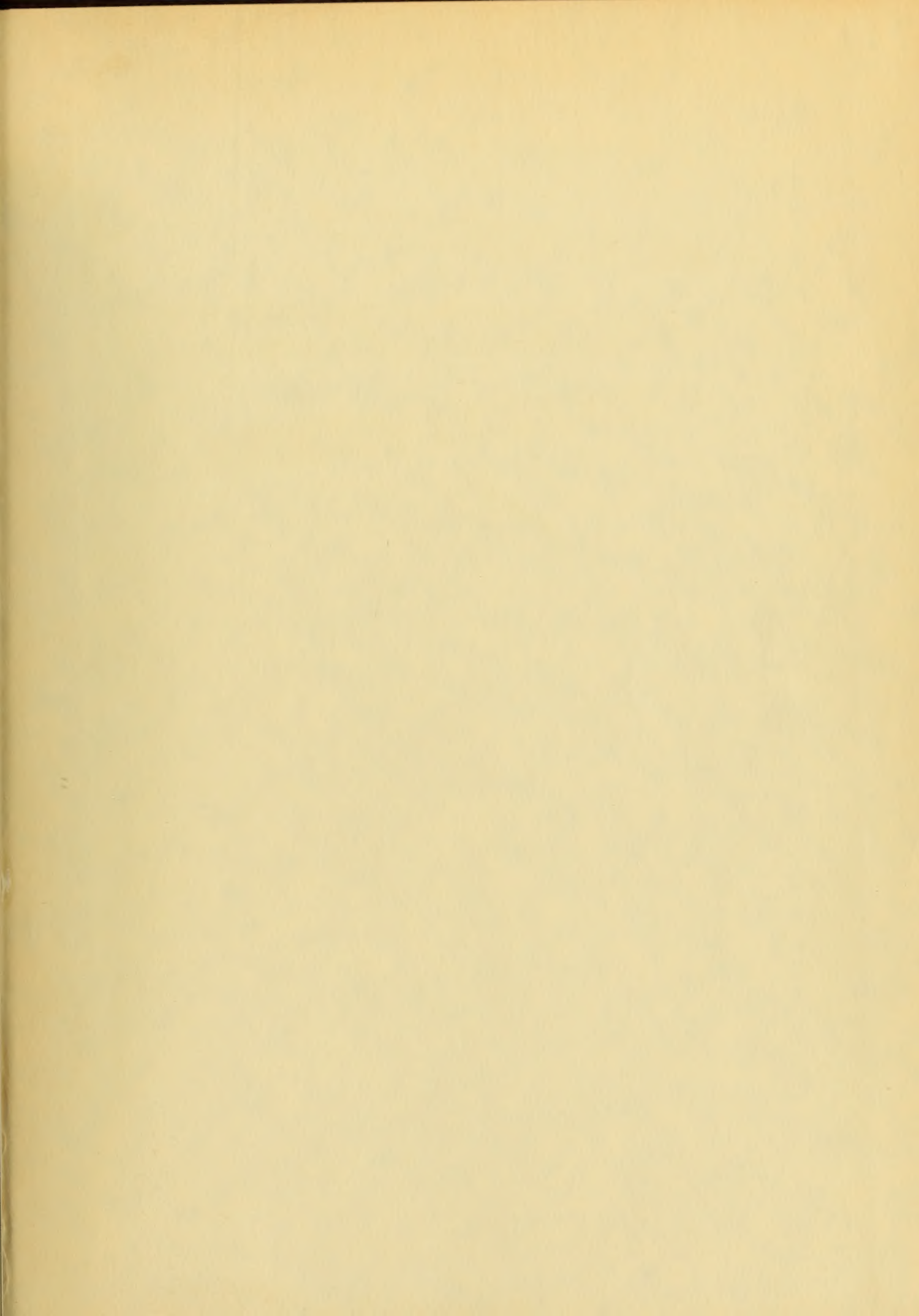
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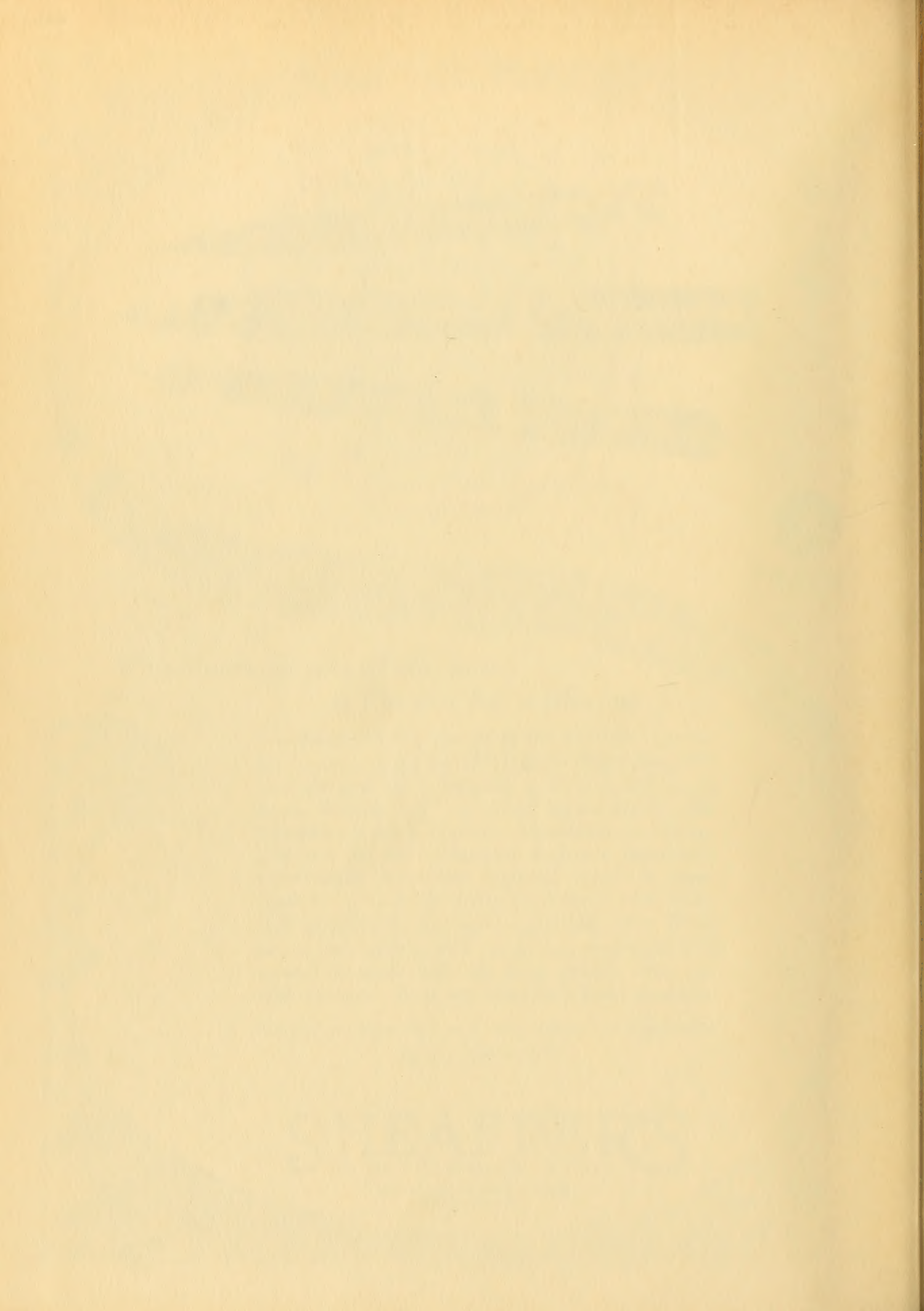
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